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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM E. BURTON.

VOLUME II.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement;—such a man is *a gentleman*;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high born and the rich.

DE VERE.

PHILADELPHIA.
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TO OUR READERS.

The completion of another Volume of The Gentleman's Magazine calls for another prefatorial address to our Subscribers and Friends. We respectfully offer the list of Contents to their notice, as evidence of the exertions made to deserve their favors. We have allowed nothing to check the "untiring purpose of our soul" in rendering this miscellany worthy the station it has assumed; and the long list of subscribers satisfactorily assures us that we have not toiled in vain.

Several new contributors, of distinguished name, have graced the pages of this volume with their lucubrations. We look forward to a continuance of their correspondence with much satisfaction; and hope also to consociate them with others of no mean degree who have promised us a taste of their quality. We depend, also, on the continuance of the good offices of our old friends and fellow laborers, to whose kindness we attribute the chiefest portion of our success.

The insertion of "The Anniversary Register and Monthly Calendar of American Chronology," forms a novel feature in the history of magazines, and we believe that it has given unlimited satisfaction to our friends—an assurance that repays us for the extraordinary expenditure of time and labor necessary in the compilation.

W. E. B.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1838. No. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, AND SERVICES

OF

COMMODORE CHARLES STEWART,

OF THE

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

INTRODUCTION.

PENNSYLVANIA may justly claim the honor of having contributed as largely to the proud list of American philosophers, statesmen and heroes, as any other state in the Union; and yet, in consequence of the peculiarly unostentatious and unpretending character of her people, she has hitherto forborne to assume the rank, or lay claim to the honor, to which the merits and services of her sons justly entitle her. Reposing on the justice of this claim, and upon the concession that she is the "keystone" of the federal arch, and that her honest, industrious, and patriotic yeomanry are unrivalled in all the attributes that render a state great, prosperous, and happy, she has never singled out from the constellation of her sons, for especial commendations, the "bright and shining" stars with which that constellation is adorned.

What a galaxy of glory is concentrated in the names of Franklin,* Rittenhouse, Rush, Fulton, Morris, M'Kean, Wayne, Brown, Decatur, James Biddle, and Stewart! How proudly do we point to this array of illustrious citizens! The world will perceive in this list the genius who snatched the lightning from the skies; the man who went deep into the mysteries of creation, and

"Looked through nature up to nature's God;"

and he who, with a skill which has rendered him immortal, encountered death at the sick man's bed, and stayed his uplifted arm: and he who, by a certain modification of machinery, the result of his own all-conquering genius, has filled the waters with steam-boats, and created a new agent in the application of steam-power; he who rescued the country from impending bankruptcy, in the period of the revolution; and he who rivalled the Cokes and Mansfields of England, and brought order, harmony, and effect out of the confusion of the law, and he who was the hero of Stony Point, the hero of Fort Erie, and the conqueror of the Macedonian—the conqueror of the Penguin, and the conqueror of the Cyane and Levant, were all PENNSYLVANIANS. We are well aware that the fame of these men belongs to the state, and that the humblest of its citizens inherits a portion of their renown. The policy of Pennsylvania has been to appeal, not to her great men, but to her free institutions—her peaceful and prosperous people—to her stupendous public improvements, and her agricultural, and almost boundless mineral wealth, for the evidences of her lofty and merited rank and power in the Union. For herself, *as a state*, she has claimed much, and it has all been cheerfully accorded—yet she has been slow in forcing the claims of her distinguished sons, forgetting the beautiful example of the *Roman mother, who, when asked for her jewels, proudly pointed to her children.*

The writer of this sketch has deemed these observations due, not only to Pennsylvania, but to himself, and to the subject of this biography. In presenting to the public a brief sketch of the life of *Commodore Charles Stewart*, it is but simple justice *to him* to trace to the unobtrusive character of his native state, that

* Though born in Boston, Pennsylvania was the theatre of his glory.

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apparent indifference to his history, which has suffered a long life of faithful services, amidst the toil and perils of the sea, and of battles, to remain so long unwritten. We cannot doubt that the following hasty notices of the life of this distinguished *son of Pennsylvania*, which are designed to supply this deficiency, will be an acceptable offering to our fellow citizens, not of Pennsylvania only, but of the Union. The facts detailed belong to *history*, and the only objects aimed at, in their publication, is to disseminate truth, and perform an act of justice to a meritorious and successful vindicator of the rights of our common country, and a distinguished contributor to her renown—For,

"Thro' fire and smoke, and wind and wave,
On every sea Britannia call'd her own,"

he has for forty years, gallantly and triumphantly borne the flag of his country.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, &c.

THE position of Commodore CHARLES STEWART has been, for many years, one of great distinction. His name and services are associated with many leading events in which the glory of his country, and his own fame, are blended. To find materials for a brief memoir of this distinguished citizen, we have had recourse to biographical sketches of his compatriots; to official documents, and to history. It is not our purpose to enter into a minute biographical detail of Commodore Stewart's eventful life, but to give to his fellow-citizens a summary of his public services.

Charles Stewart was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the twenty-eighth of July, 1778, the month after the British army evacuated the city. His parents were natives of Ireland. It was his misfortune to lose his father before he had attained his second year. He was the youngest of eight children. On he death of his father, his mother was left, in the midst of the revolution, with four children to provide for, and with limited means for their support and education. Being a woman of talents and great energy, she was not found wanting in this arduous task.

At the age of thirteen, Charles sought and found employment in the merchant service, in which he gradually rose, through the several grades, from the situation of cabin boy, to the command of an Indiaman; and here, in the full tide of successful mercantile enterprise, he relinquished all that he had toiled for, and offered himself to the service of his country. On the ninth of March, 1798, he was commissioned Lieutenant in the Navy of the United States, and received orders to join the frigate United States, then in command of Commodore John Barry. He continued in this ship until July, 1800. Part of this time the frigate was employed in the West Indies, to look after and restrain the French privateers, and to protect our commerce against their depredations, in which service she was eminently successful. In the latter part of the year the frigate was engaged in transporting the commissioners for treating with France to that country, and was thus deprived of the opportunity which, under other circumstances, might have led to other and higher honors.

On the sixteenth of July, 1800, Lieutenant Stewart was appointed to the command of the U. S. schooner Experiment, of twelve guns, in which he sailed on a cruise to the West Indies, having under his command those distinguished officers, Porter, Caldwell, and Tripp. Arriving on the station assigned him, he fell in with, on the night of September the first, the French armed schooner Deux Amis, (Two Friends,) of eight guns, and brought her to action, which terminated in ten minutes: the Deux Amis having struck her colors, she was sent to the United States for condemnation. Being short of water, he proceeded to Prince Rupert's Bay, in the Island of Dominica, and while there, watering his vessel, his Britannic Majesty's ship ———, Captain Nash, accompanied by his Majesty's ship Siam, Captain Matson, arrived, and anchored, soon after which, Lieutenant Stewart received a letter from a citizen of the United States, named Amos Seeley, stating that he had been impressed on board the British ship Siam, and claiming an interference for his release. Although Lieutenant Stewart's power was inadequate to enforce his demand for the surrender of Seeley, the two ships mounting twenty guns each, his patriotic heart could not withstand the appeal of his countryman, and, prompted by that chivalry and patriotism which were destined to blaze out in after life so gloriously, he resolved on opening a correspondence with the British Captain for the release of Seeley. A polite note was addressed by Lieutenant Stewart, to the senior officer, conveying the request that Amos Seeley might be transferred from his Majesty's ship Siam to the schooner under his command; that he might be restored to his family and his home. The British captain demurred, but in answer requested a personal interview, wherein he remarked to Lieutenant Stewart that the war in which his Majesty was engaged was arduous; that the difficulty of obtaining men for his numerous fleets and ships of war was great, and that he should encounter great hazard of being censured by his government should he lessen his force by yielding up his men; urging, moreover, that the example would be injurious to the service. Lieutenant Stewart replied, in substance, that the British officers had too long trampled on the rights and liberties of his countrymen, and it was high time they had learned to respect the rights and persons of an independent nation; that, whatever power his Majesty claimed over his own subjects, he had no right to exercise it over a people who had forced him to acknowledge their independence; that to resume this power was to belie his own solemn act, and practice a deception on the world. It was stated in answer, that Seeley was impressed in England as an Englishman; to which, Lieutenant Stewart replied—"Then prove him so, and I have done; but if you cannot, I am prepared to prove him a citizen of the United States." Whereupon, it was agreed to

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surrender him; and Seeley was put on board the schooner.

The Experiment, having obtained her supply of water, left the Bay, and continued her cruise under the lee of Barbuda. At daylight on the thirtieth of September, two sails were discovered, bearing down on the Experiment, with all sail set, and English colors hoisted. The Experiment continued laying too, with the British signal of the day flying, until they approached within gun-shot, when, finding one to be a brig of war of eighteen guns, and the other a three-masted schooner of fourteen guns, and that they would not answer the signal, Lieutenant Stewart determined to retreat from such superior force, and avail himself of any opportunity that might offer for cutting off one of those vessels.—It was soon discovered that the Experiment could outsail them, and after a fruitless chase of two hours, on the wind, they gave up pursuit, hoisted French colors, fired a gun of defiance to windward, and kept their vessels off before the wind. He, being now satisfied of their character and force, manœuvred to gain their wake to windward, and thus became the pursuing vessel in his turn. Sail was crowded on the Experiment, and at about eight o'clock at night she came up with the three-masted schooner, (then the sternmost vessel,) and taking a position on her larboard quarter, poured in a broadside. In a few minutes, the three-masted schooner struck her colors, and surrendered to the Experiment. She proved to be the French national schooner Diana, of fourteen guns, commanded by Captain Perandeau; Lieutenant de Vaisseau, with a detachment of thirty invalid soldiers, and a crew of sixty-five men, and General Rigaud, on board, on his way to France, under the convoy of the brig of war, which made her escape, and got into Saint Bartholomew. This prize was despatched to the United States, under command of Lieutenant James R. Caldwell, and was restored to the French under an article of the treaty, but the captors were never compensated by the Government for this vessel, as others were in many cases.

After disposing of the prisoners at St. Christopher, Lieutenant Stewart continued on his cruising ground, and recaptured a number of American vessels which had been taken by the French, and thus rescued a considerable amount of valuable commerce from the grasp of their privateers—amongst which was the brig Zebra, of Baltimore, captured by the Flambeau privateer, of sixteen guns, and in her company at the time; the wind was so light, and the day so nearly over before he could approach, that he could only cut off the Zebra, and the Flambeau made her escape, under cover of the night, and reached Guadaloupe.

On the sixteenth of November, at midnight, he fell in with an armed vessel, and after repeatedly hailing and requesting her to heave-to that a boat might board her for the purpose of ascertaining her character, and receiving no answer or other satisfaction, he determined to bring her to action, and try his force to compel a compliance. The vessel kept up a running fight with great spirit and determination, for forty minutes, when she became so cut up and crippled by the Experiment's fire, that she was obliged to strike and submit to be boarded. She proved to be the Louisa Bridger, of Bermuda, carrying eight nine-pounders, with a stout crew of Bermudians. She was so much cut up that the officers and crew of the Experiment were occupied until three o'clock next day in repairing her damages; having two shot through her bottom, she was almost in a sinking condition, and when Lieutenant Porter boarded her, was found to have four feet water in the hold. After putting her in the best repair that circumstances admitted, Lieutenant Stewart dismissed her on her cruise. The Experiment had only one killed (the boatswain) and two wounded slightly. The wind, during the action, was strong and squally, and the Experiment careened so much, that Lieutenant Stewart, to enable his guns to be sufficiently depressed, found it necessary to cut three inch planks into short lengths, and put them under the trucks of the gun carriages, to raise the guns sufficiently from the lower port sills.

On the return of the Experiment to St. Christopher, Commodore Truxton ordered Lieutenant Stewart to proceed with a convoy from Martinique to the island of St. Thomas, and thence to Curacoa, to look for the United States brig Pickering, and frigate Insurgent, but nothing could be heard of those vessels at that place; they had both foundered in the equinoxial gale, with a store ship under their care, and all hands perished. On leaving Curacoa, the Experiment was ordered to proceed to Norfolk. Standing in for the Mona passage, early in the morning, a vessel was discovered in distress, and beating on the reef off Saona Island. On nearing her, many persons were discovered to be on board. After anchoring the Experiment at a safe distance from the reef, he despatched Lieutenant Porter with the boats to their relief, who, with much difficulty and danger from the breakers on the reef, succeeded in rescuing from destruction about sixty women and children, with seven men of the vessel's crew. They were the families of the most respectable inhabitants of St. Domingo, flying from the siege of that city by the blacks. They had been on the rocks for two days, without any thing to eat or drink; and at the time of their rescue, only a small portion of the quarter deck was above water. After the sailors had recovered as much of the property as they could, by diving into the vessel's hold, the Experiment proceeded to the city of St. Domingo with the rescued persons, where they were all landed the next day, and restored to their friends. Their gratitude was unbounded, and the Experiment was most liberally furnished, gratis, with every refreshment the place afforded. The President of St. Domingo wrote a letter of thanks to the President of the United States (Mr. Jefferson) of which the following is a copy.

Translation of a Letter from Don Joaquin Garcia, Governor of the Spanish part of St. Domingo, to the President of the United States.

SIR:—The great humanity (the offspring of a magnanimous breast) of a military officer of the United

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States, deserves the greatest applause and consideration from me and my whole nation. It was displayed in his recent conduct towards two numerous families who were removing from this city to Porto Rico, and composed of many small children and ladies of quality.

This officer is Charles Stewart, Esq., captain of the armed schooner, Experiment, who, whilst the accidents of the sea threatened to overwhelm him, observed that near the Island of Saona, a schooner, with a multitude of women and children, cried out for help to save themselves from becoming the unhappy victims of the tempest, or of the want of nautical skill in Captain Christian Graneman, a Dane, who, in the hardness of his heart, strove to save his person and effects, by going on shore and leaving so many human creatures exposed to the turbulence of the waves, an extremity which presented to them a near prospect of death.

This brave and generous officer, his crew, and all under his command, impelled by humanity, alertly strove to save these wretched ladies, and succeeded. A few moments after their safety was accomplished, the schooner sank. Amid thanks, vows, and lamentations, this worthy officer learnt that Captain Christian was on the mountain of Saona, with his effects. Without neglecting the ladies, he endeavored to secure a wretch, who ought not to live among mankind. This he effected, and, through the humanity of the ladies, used no greater severity towards him than to take him on board and bring him, well secured, to this capital. He treated the ladies with the greatest courtesy, accommodating them with his cabin, his table, and every convenience.

They have requested me to communicate these circumstances to your Excellency, and that in their names, I should present to you their cordial thanks, assuring you that it is an action which will remain forever impressed on their hearts. For myself, and in the name of my nation, and of all who know of the occurrence, worthy of so cultivated a nation and of an officer of the United States, I present you my thanks with that sincerity which belongs to my character; and I shall have the honor to render an account of it to my master, the king of Spain, in order that such an action may redound to the honor of this officer, of his flag, and of all his brave and generous crew.

God preserve you many years.

May it please your Excellency,

JOAQUIN GARCIA.

Santa Domingo, Jan. 21, 1801.

On the arrival of the Experiment, in 1801, at Norfolk, she was sold out of the service, under the act of Congress fixing the Naval Establishment. Lieutenant Stewart was amongst the thirty-six lieutenants retained under that law, and was placed in charge of the frigate Chesapeake, in ordinary, at Norfolk. In the following year, 1802, he joined the United States frigate Constellation, as first officer of Captain Murray, who was ordered to the Mediterranean to blockade Tripoli, then at war with the United States. This was a short cruise of one year, and afforded no opportunity for the ship or officers to distinguish themselves. On her return to the United States, Lieutenant Stewart was placed in command of the brig Siren, then being built at Philadelphia, and received orders to superintend her. Her equipment was effected in seven days after she was launched, when she sailed for the Mediterranean to join the command of Commodore Preble. She was engaged giving protection to our commerce by convoy, and conveying the Consular presents to the Dey of Algiers. The squadron rendevouzed at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily. From that place the Siren was engaged in the expedition sent under Lieutenant Stewart to destroy the frigate Philadelphia, which had grounded off the harbor of Tripoli, and was surrendered to the Bashaw. Lieutenant Decatur was sent in the Intrepid, ketch, with seventy volunteers, to board and burn the frigate, which he accomplished in the most gallant manner; and, with the aid of the Siren's boats, under Lieutenant Caldwell, effected his retreat out of the harbor. After this successful expedition, the Siren, Lieutenant Stewart, with the Vixen, Enterprise, and Nautilus, under his command, were employed in a rigid blockade of the city of Tripoli and the adjacent harbors. During this period, the Greek ship, Catapoliana, and the British brig, Scourge, of twelve guns, were captured by the Siren, for a violation of the blockade. The ship was restored to the Greeks, and the brig put into the service of the United States by Commodore Preble. During this blockade, Lieutenant Stewart frequently led in the vessels of the blockade to the attack of the batteries and flotilla, to accustom the officers and men to the enemy's fire, and to force the Tripolitans to expend their ammunition; and on one occasion, they attacked and destroyed two batteries the enemy had erected to the westward of the city, for the protection of their coasting trade.

On the first of August, 1804, Commodore Preble arrived off Tripoli with the frigate Constitution, two bomb or mortar vessels, and six gun-boats—united with the Siren and Argus, brigs of eighteen guns, and the Nautilus, Vixen, and Enterprize, schooners of twelve guns, he determined to attack the town, flotilla, and batteries of Tripoli. On the third, the wind proving favorable, at meridian the signal was made to prepare for battle, when the whole force, forming a line ahead, led on by the brig Siren, Lieutenant Stewart, advanced to the attack, and when within reach of the enemy's fire, the gun-boats were cast off; and immediately boarded the gun-boats of Tripoli, twenty of which were moored in a line, outside of the reef which formed the harbor. Three of them were carried, and brought off under cover of the vessels of war, and added to the American squadron. On this occasion were issued the following

GENERAL ORDERS.

The gallant behavior of the officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron, in the action of yesterday with the enemies' batteries, gunboats, and corsairs,

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claim from the Commodore, the warmest approbation and praise he can bestow.

Captain Stewart of the Siren, Captain Hull of the Argus, and Captain Smith of the Vixen, will please to accept the commodore's thanks, for the gallant manner in which they brought their vessels into action, and their prompt obedience to signals, particularly that to cover gunboats and prizes.

Captain Somers will please to accept the commodore's thanks for the gallant conduct displayed by him in attacking five of the enemy's gunboats within musket shot of the batteries, and obliging them to retreat after a warm conflict.

The very distinguished judgment and intrepidity of Captain Decatur in leading his division of gunboats into action, in boarding, capturing, and bringing out from under the batteries, two of their gunboats, each of superior force, is particularly gratifying to the Commodore, and Captain Decatur will be pleased to accept his thanks.

Lieutenant Commandant Dent, and Lieutenant Robinson, commanding the two bomb vessels, are entitled to the thanks of the Commodore for the judgment and bravery displayed by them in placing their vessels, and for the annoyance they gave the enemy.

Lieutenant Lawrence of the Enterprize, and Lieutenant Read of the Nautilus, (commanding these vessels in the absence of their commanders,) merit the Commodore's thanks for their active exertions in towing and protecting prizes.

The Commodore deeply regrets the death of the brave Lieutenant James Decatur, who nobly fell at the moment he had obliged an enemy of superior force to strike to him.

Lieutenant Bainbridge, in pursuing into the harbor and engaging the enemy, and his conduct through the action merits and receives the Commodore's thanks.

Lieutenant Tripp will be pleased to accept thanks for the gallant conduct which distinguished him in boarding, capturing, and bringing out one of the enemy's gunboats of superior force, after having received eleven wounds.

I have now to tender my warmest thanks to the lieutenants, sailing masters, marine officers, and other officers of the Constitution, for the prompt support I received from them.

The conduct of the officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron, have not only in the action of the third, instant, but on every other occasion, merited the highest encomiums.

Given on board U. S. Ship Constitution, at anchor off Tripoli, the fourth day of August, 1804.

Signed, EDWARD PREBLE.

For the whole of this month and part of September the city of Tripoli and the batteries were kept under the fire of the squadron, and the bombardments of the mortar vessels, at least whenever the wind permitted the squadron to approach and retreat—they were invariably attacked day or night until several of their flotilla were sunk, the town and batteries considerably injured, and many of the enemy were killed and wounded. The squadron, however, were not without their casualties, whereby the Siren had three officers and eight seamen killed, and thirteen wounded. After this distinguished service, Lieutenant Stewart was promoted to be master commandant, and placed in command of the frigate Essex, which vessel, after the conclusion of peace with Tripoli, proceeded with the rest of the squadron, commanded by Commodore Rogers, to Tunis Bay, for the purpose of checking in that regency a rising disposition to commence hostilities on the flag and commerce of the United States. The hostile attitude of the squadron, while there, induced Mr. George Davis, consul of the United States, to leave the city and seek refuge on board of the fleet. The state of our affairs now drawing to a crisis so serious, it appeared to the Consul General, Colonel Lear, that the flag officer ought to strengthen his acts with the advice and consent of his principal officers; in consequence of which, the Commander-in-chief called a council, consisting of Captains Campbell, Decatur, Stewart, Hull, Smith, Dent, and Robinson, to whom the situation of our affairs with the regency was explained, and the opinion of the officers demanded whether hostilities ought not to immediately commence. It was at this council that the opinion of Captain Stewart carried with it the assent of all the officers, and preserved the peace of the country with that regency. It was on receiving that opinion, as delivered in the council, transmitted by the Consul General and the Consul, Mr. Davis, to the President of the United States, that Mr. Jefferson expressed to his cabinet, the high satisfaction he felt at having an officer in the squadron who comprehended the international law, the constitution of his country, and the policy of his government. Captain Stewart gave it as his opinion, that there was no power under the Constitution of the United States which authorized hostilities and war on others, but that which was lodged exclusively with Congress; that the President of the United States could not exercise this power, without the action and authority of Congress, much less a commander of an American squadron; that due respect for the laws of Nations forbade aggression, and only justified self defence by vigilance and convoy for the protection of our citizens, their property and commerce; but where hostile attempts were made on either, he would be justified in seizing all persons engaged in them, but no farther would his country sanction his acts. The policy of the United States was at all times pacific, and especially so with a people remote from our country, with whom we must war with every disadvantage—that we had just terminated a war with one of those powers, even more insignificant and assailable than Tunis, at considerable expense—the loss of one frigate and several valuable lives—it was true, the enemy had been punished for forcing war on us, but might we not be punished through disaster, by forcing war upon Tunis; that their threats were well calculated to put us on our guard, but would not justify aggression.

This sound reasoning and discretion prevailed; our Consul was restored to his post, peace was continued, and the Bey of Tunis sent a special minister (Melley Melley,) to the United States, who received

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every satisfaction at the hands of Mr. Jefferson. On the termination of this affair with the regency of Tunis, Captain Stewart took command of the frigate Constellation and returned to the United States. On his arrival he was promoted to a post captaincy.

Navy Depart., 24 April, 1806.

SIR:—It affords me real pleasure, to have it in my power to transmit to you, herewith, a commission, to which your honorable services so justly entitle you.

I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient servant. R. SMITH.

To Capt. CHARLES STEWART, Philadelphia.

Navy Depart., April 30th, 1808.

SIR:—I herewith transmit to you an impression of the medal, presented to the late Commodore Edward Preble, in pursuance of the resolution of Congress of the 3d March, 1805.

This is given to you, as one of the officers of the navy, who honorably participated in the gallant achievement, the memory of which it is intended to preserve.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, sir, your most obedient servant, R. SMITH.

Capt. CHARLES STEWART, Philadelphia.

During part of the years 1806 and 7, Captain Stewart was employed in superintending the construction of gun-boats at New York, and was afterwards engaged in prosecuting mercantile enterprizes to the East Indies, the Mediterranean, and Adriatic. During these voyages, he was fortunate enough, through his spirited intercession, to release several of his fellow citizens who had been impressed into British ships of war. On the declaration of war with Great Britain, in 1812, he proceeded, in conjunction with Commodore Bainbridge, to Washington, for the purpose of seeking service; but on presenting themselves at the Navy Department, they were informed by Mr. Goldsborough, the chief clerk, that it had been decided by the cabinet to place all the ships of war in the harbor of New York, for its defence, and thus deprive the marine of all opportunity for distinguished service. They saw at once the injurious consequences of such an order, the disheartening of the service, by such a withdrawal of confidence in the navy; the paralyzing effects, and the national humiliation it would produce in thus tacitly acknowledging the invincibility of the enemy, without an effort to arrest it. They immediately stated their apprehensions to the Secretary of the Navy, and asked him what the navy had done, that its members were to be deprived of so favorable an opportunity of plucking trophies from their renowned enemy on his own element, the ocean wave. The Secretary of the Navy stated the anxieties of the government on the subject, and that nothing had perplexed them more—apprehending that our very limited marine would be immediately overwhelmed and crushed by superior force and numbers. The inexperience of our officers generally, the want of artillery practice in our seamen, who were not inured to scenes of blood, seemed to forbid their being opposed to a marine which had triumphed over every flag in every sea, with the advantages of twenty years' constant practice. To this formidable array of cautious reasons, they replied with arguments that convinced the Secretary of the erroneous position, and a spirited letter written to the President that night, by Captains Bainbridge and Stewart, convinced him also; he immediately directed the Secretary of the Navy *to send the vessels of war to sea, to seek their enemy, and he would take the responsibility on himself.* Mr. Goldsborough, who was acquainted with the contents of that letter, sought it in vain at the hands of Mr. Madison, for insertion in his work on the Naval History of the United States.* The brother officers of Captains Stewart and Bainbridge nobly sustained the opinions given on that occasion; by their gallantry on the ocean and on the lakes, they verified their predictions, and released those gentlemen from their pledges to the Executive Government.

It will be borne in mind by the reader that the declaration of war by the President's proclamation took place on the nineteenth June, 1812; on the twenty-first, Captains Stewart and Bainbridge presented themselves to the Government, and on the twenty-second, it was determined by the President, in conformity with the suggestions of these officers, that the ships should be sent to sea, and to sea they were forthwith ordered. Captain Stewart was appointed to the command of the brig Argus and Hornet sloop of war, which vessels formed a part of the squadron of Commodore Rogers, but were ordered to be withdrawn for the purpose of allowing Captain Stewart to make a dash with them amongst the British West India Islands.† This command was accompanied by a private letter, dated 23d June, 1812, from the Secretary of the Navy. We only extract the last sentence of it to show his feeling towards Captain Stewart.

[EXTRACT]

You know not how you have risen in my mind by the *magnanimous* conduct you exhibited yesterday. May God Almighty bless you, and crown you with success and honor.

Signed, PAUL HAMILTON.

In December, Captain Stewart was appointed to the command of the frigate Constellation, then repairing at Washington. In November, the Secretary of the Navy addressed to him the following letter:

Navy Department, 11th November, 1812.

SIR:—The naval committee are desirous of possessing the most comprehensive information upon naval subjects, in particular as to the description of marine force best adapted to our defence, and the relative efficiency of vessels of different rates; I have, therefore, to request of you, as a professional man, your opinions at large upon the following points:—

* The author presumes the President thought this letter too important a cabinet secret to be divulged.

† In consequence of the squadron under Commodore Rogers having left the waters of New York, this order was not carried into effect.

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First. What, in your opinion, is the relative efficiency of ships of the line and frigates—say seventy-fours and large frigates?

Second. What, in your opinion, is the relative efficiency of large frigates and sloops of war?

Third. What description of naval force do you think best adapted to the defence of our coast and commerce?

Fourth. What description of force do you think best calculated to prosecute the present war, and any future war in which we may be engaged?

Fifth. Would not the erection of docks for the repairs of our vessels produce a great saving in expense, labor, and risk? Would not docks greatly expedite the refitting of our ships?

Be pleased to favor me with answers, assigning your reasons at large for your opinions, as early as may be in your power.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Paul Hamilton.

Capt. Charles Stewart, of the Navy.

To which the following reply was given:—

[copy.]

United States' Frigate Constellation, Nov. 12, 1812.

Sir:—I have received your letter of the eleventh inst., in which you state that it is "the desire of the naval committee to possess the most comprehensive information upon naval subjects, particularly the marine force best adapted to our defence, and the relative efficiency of vessels of different rates." In compliance therewith, I have the honor to answer the questions you proposed as follows:—

Question First. What, in your opinion, is the relative efficiency of ships of the line—say seventy-fours and large frigates?

Answer. The relative force of a seventy-four gun ship and large frigate is as one to three.

Comparative Force.

Frigate of 50 guns.

Gun Deck,	30	24 pounders.
Quarter ditto,	14	32 lb. carronades.
Forecastle,	6	32 ditto.
Guns,	50	1360 lbs. each round.
Men,	430	
	480 Guns and Men.	

Ship of the Line, 74 guns.

Lower Gun Deck,	28	42 pounders.
Upper ditto,	30	24 ditto.
Quarter ditto,	16	42 lb. carronades.
Forecastle,	8	42 ditto.
ditto,	2	24 pounders.
Poop,	4	68 lb. carronades.
Guns,	88	3224 lbs. each round.
Men,	650	
	738 Guns and Men.	

Argument. By the above comparison it appears that a seventy-four gun ship discharges at one round 3224 pound shot, and a frigate of the first class 1360 pounds; it therefore clearly proves the position of relative force in point of metal to be one to three, or thereabouts.—When this circumstance is considered jointly with the following, it must appear to others as it does to me, that as you increase the class of the ship, you increase the force in proportion of one to three, and diminish proportionately the expense of building, equipping, and supporting them in commission, which may easily be established by estimates from the Department and the experience of all other marine nations.

Ships of the line are much stronger in scantling, thicker in the sides and bottom, less penetrable to the shot, and consequently, less liable to be torn, or battered to pieces, or sunk: the additional room being more in proportion to the additional number of men, leaves greater space for water and provisions, and admits of her wings being kept clear, that shot, penetrating through below the water, the holes can readily be plugged up from the inside, and her sinking thereby prevented. Hence, we have seen ships of the line capable of battering one another for several hours, and if not too much crippled in the spars and rigging, enabled to renew an action on the following day. I am aware that some are of opinion that a more divided force is better calculated for action, from the advantageous position that would be given to a part. Suppose three frigates of fifty guns were to undertake to batter a seventy-four gun ship, and that two of them were to occupy the quarter and stern of the seventy-four, (this is placing them in the most favorable position,) the other frigate engaged abreast—every thing then would depend upon the time that the frigate abreast could maintain that position, to enable the other two to act with effect upon the stern and quarter. But it must be evident to all acquainted with the two classes of ships, that the frigate abreast could not withstand the fire of so heavy and compact a battery many minutes, and in all probability, would be dismasted or sunk the first or second broadside. This would decide the fate of the other two. Much might be said of the superiority of ships of the line over frigates, in the attack of batteries, or their defence; on the security of valuable convoys of merchant ships, or troops sent on an expedition; but their advantages, in these respects must be evident to all, however unacquainted with nautical affairs.

Question Second. What, in your opinion, is the relative efficiency or force of large frigates and sloops of war

Answer. The relative efficiency of large frigates and sloops of war is, at least, one to two.

Comparative Force.

Sloop of War.

Gun Deck,	16	24 pounders.
Quarter ditto,	8	24 lb. carronades.
Forecastle,	4	24 ditto.
	Guns 28	480 lbs. of shot.
	Men 180	
	208 Guns and Men.	

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	Frigate.		
Gun Deck,	30	24 pounders.	
Quarter ditto,	14	32 lb. carronades.	
Forecastle,	6	32	ditto.
	Guns 50	1360 lb. Shot.	
	Men 430		
	480 Guns and Men.		

QUESTION THIRD. What description of naval force do you think best adapted to the defence of our coast and commerce?

ANSWER. Ships of the line are best calculated for the defence of our coasts, and for the protection of our commerce, inward and outward, when engaged in war with a foreign maritime power.

ARGUMENT. It cannot be supposed, in a war with a foreign maritime power, that that power will only send to our coast frigates and smaller cruisers because we possess no other description of vessels. Their first object will be to restrain, by ships of the line, our frigates and other cruisers from departing and preying upon their commerce. Their next object will be to send their smaller cruisers in pursuit of our commerce, and by having their ships of the line parading on our coast, threatening our most exposed sea-port towns, and preventing the departure of our small cruisers, they will be capturing what commerce may have escaped theirs, and recapturing what prizes may have fallen into our hands. Thirdly, they can at any time withdraw their ships of the line, should a more important object require it, without hazarding much on their part, and return in sufficient time to shut out our cruisers that may have departed during their absence. Fourthly, they can at all times consult their convenience in point of time and numbers, and will incur no expense and risk of transports for provisions and water, but can go and procure their supplies at pleasure, and return to their station ere their absence is known to us.

QUESTION FOURTH. What description of force do you think best calculated to prosecute the present war, and any future war in which we may engage?

ANSWER. For the prosecution of the present war with most effect, a mixed naval force of the following description, in my opinion, is the best calculated.

Ships of the line, to rate, in honor of the year of our independence, seventy-sixes, to mount as follows.

28 42-pounders, on the lower gun deck.
30 24 ditto, upper ditto.
24 42-pound carronades on quarter deck and forecastle.
2 24-pounders on forecastle.
4 68-pound carronades on poop.

88 Guns.

Frigates to rate forty guns, to mount as follows:

30 24-pounders on gun deck.
20 32-pound carronades on quarter deck and forecastle.

50 Guns.

Frigates to rate thirty-two guns, to mount as follows:

26 18-pounders on gun deck.
16 24-pound carronades on quarter deck and forecastle.

42 Guns.

Corvette ships to rate sixteen guns, to mount as follows:

18 32-pound carronades.
2 12-pounders.

20 Guns.

ARGUMENT. By having a proportion of these classes of ships of war, the inner squadron, or "*garde di costa*" may be composed of the ships of the line, and a few of the thirty-two-gun ships for repeaters and look-out ships—hence it would produce one of two results, either that the enemy would be obliged to abandon our coast, or bring on it a much greater force, at least double our number, out of which they would be obliged to keep on our coasts a superiority at all hazards of the sea, and at great additional expense and risk of transports for provisions and water. But should they, from other circumstances, be unable to keep up this superiority on our coast, the door will be kept open for the ingress or egress of our cruisers and their prizes, while our other classes of ships may be sent in pursuit of their smaller cruizers and commerce. These observations will apply to all future wars in which we may be engaged with maritime powers; but as we might more frequently be engaged with the Barbary powers, the frigates and sixteen gun ships would be better adapted to that species of warfare. They have no ships of the line. Our ships of the line could then be laid in ordinary, dismantled and preserved at a small expense.

QUESTION FIFTH. Would not the erection of docks for the repairs of our vessels, produce a great saving in expense, labor, and risk, and would not docks greatly expedite the refitting of our ships?

ANSWER. A dry dock, agreeably to a plan I furnished the department some time since, to be freed from water by pumps or drains, will be indispensable for the repairs of ships of war, and will be the least expensive way of repairing the bottoms of our ships, and will expedite the outfits, in point of time, one to ten.

ARGUMENT. A ship of war, wanting repairs done to her bottom, or coppering, must be turned down, one side at a time, to undergo that repair; therefore, to prepare a ship for that process, requires that all her upper masts should be taken down, and all her guns, stores, water-casks, ballast, ammunition, &c., should be taken out, which leads to great loss, waste, and labor, and the time occupied in the process, will be from two to three weeks, and as much more time will be required to re-rig, re-equip, and re-place her guns, stores, and other materials. The preparation to dock a ship of war can be done in *twelve hours;* all that is necessary to be done, is to take out the guns, and pump the water out of the water-casks; and when in dock, the repairs of her bottom can progress on *both sides* at the same time.

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Should a ship of war require a thorongh repair throughout, it can never be effectually done but in a dock: for instance, in repairing ships of war in the water, they are liable to have the fine form of their bottom spoiled by hogging, spreading, or warping, which will materially affect their sailing. Ships wanting thorough repairs, require all the plank ripped off inside and outside, their beams, knees, and clamps taken out; these are all they have to bind their frames together, and thereby preserve their shape; but when stripped of these to make room for the new, they are liable to hogg from the greatest weight and body of timber being in the *fore and after end*, at which places there is no pressure upwards, caused by the water, as those ends are sharp; the two extremes of the ship are liable to sink in the water, while the body or middle of the ship rises with the upward pressure of the water. The next consideration in repairing the bottoms in the water, though not of such vital importance, is not unworthy of serious attention; the bolting into the bottom ought to be driven from the *outside*, but when repaired afloat, they are under the necessity of driving them from the inside, hence the bottom will not be so strong nor so well secured.

The time for answering the several questions propounded to me in your letter of the eleventh inst. being very short, and a great deal being required by my other avocations, will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for my not going more largely and minutely into the subject, as also for any inaccuracies which I may have committed. I will, therefore, close this communication with an expression of my hopes that whatever may be proposed by the naval committee to Congress on the subject, they will strongly recommend to their consideration the necessity of having what they propose for the increase of the navy of the best seasoned materials, which will be by far the cheapest, and be longer in a state for active service. I trust their past experience will prove this position to their satisfaction, that the best materials are always the cheapest, and that a slow increase is better than a hasty and temporary one.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Signed, CHARLES STEWART.

HON. PAUL HAMILTON.

We agree with Captain Stewart, in the within statement, in all its parts.

Signed, { ISAAC HULL. CHARLES MORRIS.

In December, 1812, this ship was equipped, and ready for sea, and Captain Stewart embraced the occasion to give a splendid entertainment on board that vessel, to all the branches of government, and the citizens of the district; there were upward of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen on board, where they passed without accident a most agreeable day, and returned to their homes at night, delighted with the entertainment and hospitality of the captain. Soon after the citizens of the district gave a return ball to Captain Stewart, and the officers of the navy; it was *at this ball room*, about *ten o'clock at night*, that Midshipman Hamilton, the son of the secretary of the navy, and the aid of Captain Decatur, arrived with the flag of the Macedonian frigate, and the despatches of Captain Decatur, giving an account of his having captured her with the frigate United States. The dancing ceased, the flag was spread on the floor, the despatches read to the President, and the assembled ladies and gentlemen; to describe the scene which followed would require a more graphic pen than we hold. The reader might well be left to his own reflections and feelings, and glorious sympathies. Nor will he, we are certain, omit to recur to that gallant impulse which led Stewart and Bainbridge to Washington, to remonstrate against the inglorious policy that had been adopted, of shutting up our ships, and the way to those brilliant scenes which lighted up the ocean and the lakes, with such unfading glory! We cannot resist the impulse to say something of that memorable occasion. The building, large and commodious as it was, as the flag lay in the midst of the brilliant assembly, literally trembled to its foundation with the plaudits. Ladies were seen laughing and weeping with joy; gentlemen embracing one another; members of Congress who were opposed to each other in the morning, on questions concerning the war, were found in each other's arms; the opposers of the war recovered, for the moment, their lost patriotism, and in the arms of their democratic colleagues, their hearts beat in unison with each other over the glory acquired for their country, while the tears of gratitude streamed from their eyes, and fell on the prostrate flag of Britain. *The venerable Macon*, forgetting his stern consistency, exclaimed, "I never beheld an officer of our navy, without the expansion of my heart making me feel as much affection for him as I could for a brother." In the general confusion, and the loss of *all* personal distinction, through the patriotic feelings of the moment, the *President* himself received the fraternal embrace of a federal senator. In this ball room, and on this occasion, the Secretary of the Navy, (Mr. Hamilton,) stated to those assembled, "IT IS TO CAPTAINS BAINBRIDGE AND STEWART YOU OWE YOUR NAVAL VICTORIES." We do no more than repeat the history of the times, when we say, that *it was to the victories of our brave tars, on the ocean, over the English, that the first impulse and success of the war are to be fairly ascribed.*

Unprepared, at its commencement, the *nation divided* on the question; and the fleets of the enemy hovering on our shores, doubt and darkness enveloped *its* declaration, and made the boldest hearts quail. Who that remembers that day, will ever forget the shouts of joy which rang through the land, as victory upon victory was announced, and flag after flag of the proud mistress of the deep bowed to the star spangled banner of freedom! The national pulse beat high in every bosom: and every valley, and every hill top, sent forth its song of praise. Our cities, towns, and hamlets blazed with illuminations, and our armies marched joyfully to battle. The spell was broken! The foe had been confronted, on his *own* element, ship to ship, man to man, and gun to gun, and never had the stars and stripes of our country come down. The

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heart of the traitor shrivelled up within him, and the notes of despair died upon his lips. Our foe was struck aghast at his defeat, and trembled as he grappled with us, on sea and land. Mr. Madison's administration acquired strength, his friends confidence, the people hope, and the army and navy assurance of victory and fame. Such were the results of the noble council of Captains Stewart and Bainbridge, and such the glorious fulfilment of their predictions! One only of these chivalrous heroes lives to witness the deep and lasting gratitude of his country. Death has set his seal upon the other, and *sanctified his memory in the affections of his countrymen.* The fruits of their generous patriotism will long be seen in our elevated national character, in the glory of our arms, in the potency of our influence, and in the arrest of the ruffian hand of impressment, from touching the humblest head that seeks shelter beneath our "*striped bunting*," once so contemned and despised. American decks are now as inviolable as the American soil, and the proudest foot in the enemies' rank *dare* not tarnish them with rudeness or insult. The last American sailor has been long since dragged into foreign bondage, on the high seas.

Amongst the assembled fashion and beauty on the memorable occasion referred to, we observed Mrs. Madison, Miss Mayo, (now Mrs. Gen. Scott,) the Misses Caton, Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, and many others.

Captain Stewart shortly after proceeded to Hampton Roads, in the Constellation, preparatory to going on a cruize, but unfortunately, the morning after anchoring there, he discovered the enemy approaching his anchorage with a superior force of two seventy-fours, three frigates, and several small vessels of war; he lost no time in preparing to retreat. It being calm with him, he commenced kedging his frigate towards Norfolk; the enemy's vessels approached rapidly with a fine breeze, which they fortunately lost off Willoughby's Point, and they were, in consequence of the ebb tide, compelled to anchor. The Constellation was kedged up on the flats off Sowell's Point, where she lay aground the rest of the day; Captain Stewart continued to press the river craft and lighten his vessel. In case the enemy, by kedging up their seventy-fours, or by means of a breeze, had reached his position, he was prepared for burning the Constellation; the night flood however made; when about eight o'clock, his ship floated, sail was made on her with a fine breeze, boats with lights and pilots were sent to point out the shoals, and at eleven o'clock, P. M., the Constellation was safely moored between forts Norfolk and Nelson, where she afterwards contributed to defend that place, and with her cannon and her crew, repulsed the enemy's attack on Crany Island, and defeated the expedition sent to capture Norfolk and its dependencies.

In the summer of 1813, Captain Stewart was ordered to assume the command of the frigate Constitution, then undergoing repairs at Boston. In December following he proceeded on a cruize. After exhibiting that ship on the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina, about the Bermuda Islands, off the coasts of Surinam, Berbice and Demerara, to windward of the island of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Martinico, off St. Christopher's, St. Eustatia, Porto Rico, and Santa Cruz, and destroying the Picton of sixteen guns, a merchant ship of ten guns, the brig Catherine, and schooner Phœnix, he chased several British ships of war, and the frigate La Pique, in the Mona passage, without being able to overtake any of them, in consequence of the worn out state of the sails of the Constitution. Capt. Stewart determined to return to Boston, and replace them, for the old sails had served throughout the periods of Captain Hull's and Captain Bainbridge's former cruises. In April, the Constitution arrived at Marble Head, in Massachusetts bay, having with great difficulty escaped from the British frigates, the Junon, and La Nymphe, of fifty guns each.

In December, the Constitution proceeded on another cruize, under the command of Captain Stewart, having been refitted with great care, and furnished with new sails. On the twenty-fourth, he captured and destroyed, to the eastward of the Bermudas, the brig Lord Nelson; off Lisbon, he captured the ship Susan, with a valuable cargo, and sent her to New York; and on the twentieth of February, 1815, after a sharp conflict of forty minutes, he captured the British ships of war, the *Cyane* of thirty-four guns, and the *Levant* of twenty-one guns, having three men killed, and thirteen wounded, the British ships having in all thirty-five killed, and forty-two wounded.

The following is the official report of that action.

United States Frigate Constitution,
At Sea, 23d February, 1815.

SIR:—On the twentieth of February last, the Island of Madeira bearing W. S. W., distant about sixty leagues, we fell in with his Britannic Majesty's *two* ships of war, the Cyane and Levant, and brought them to action about 6 o'clock in the *evening*, both of which, after a spirited engagement of forty minutes, surrendered to the ship under my command.

Considering the advantages derived by the enemy from having a divided and more active force, as also the *superiority* in the weight and number of their guns, I deem the speedy and decisive result of this action, the strongest assurance which can be given to the Government, that all under my command did their duty, and gallantly supported the reputation of American seamen.

Enclosed you will receive the minutes of the action, and a list of the killed and wounded on board this ship—also, enclosed you will receive for your information, a statement of the actual force of the enemy, and the number killed and wounded on board their ships, as near as could be ascertained.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Signed, CHARLES STEWART.
To Hon. Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

Captain Stewart proceeded with these prizes to the Island of St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, with a view to divest his ship of the numerous prisoners, consisting of the officers, seamen, and marines of both ships of the enemy, amounting to nearly four hundred. While making arrangements for despatching them at

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Port Praya, for Barbadoes, the British squadron, consisting of the ships of war the Acasta, of fifty guns, the New Castle, of sixty-four guns, and the Leander, of sixty-four guns, under the command of Sir George Collier, reached his position under cover of a thick fog. Notwithstanding their near approach, Captain Stewart determined to retreat, and immediately the Constitution and her prizes cut their cables and crowded sail to escape. He was fortunate in being able, by his skilful management and manœuvres, to save from their grasp his favorite frigate Constitution, and the Cyane. The Levant was captured by the squadron, and sent to Barbadoes.

After this escape, he proceeded with the Constitution to Maranam, in the Brazils, and landed the prisoners, refreshed his crews, refitted his vessel, and returned to Boston, where he and his officers were received with the usual courtesies by their fellow citizens. On his way through New York, the Common Council honored Captain Stewart with the *freedom of their city*, in a gold box, and extended towards him and his officers the courteous hospitalities of that great city, by a public dinner.

New York, June 21, 1815.

SIR:—In communicating to you the enclosed resolution of the Common Council of the City of New York, I beg leave to add the expression of my highest respect, and to request information when the Common Council can have the pleasure of meeting you, for the purpose of carrying into effect the object of the resolution.

The delay of this communication has arisen from the daily expectation of your arrival in this city.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
JNO. FERGUSON.

CHARLES STEWART, Esq.,
Com. U. S. Frigate Constitution.

On his arrival in Philadelphia, the legislature of his native State (Pennsylvania) voted him their thanks, and directed his Excellency the Governor to cause a gold-hilted sword to be presented to Captain Stewart, in testimony of their sense of his distinguished merits in capturing the British ships of war of superior force, the Cyane and the Levant.

Philadelphia, August 8th, 1817.

SIR:—Charged by his Excellency, Simon Snyder, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with the presentation to you of a sword, and other testimonials of the grateful sense entertained of your distinguished services, I will thank you to apprise me when and where I can have the honor of an interview with you for that purpose.

With sentiments of high consideration and esteem,
I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
WM. DUNCAN, Aid-de-Camp.

Captain CHARLES STEWART.

On the meeting of Congress, the assembled representatives of the nation passed a vote of thanks to Captain Stewart, his officers, and crew; and resolved that a suitable gold medal, commemorative of that brilliant event, the capture of the two British ships of war, the Cyane and Levant, by the Constitution, should be presented to Captain Stewart, in testimony of the sense they entertained of his gallantry, and that of his officers, seamen, and marines, under his command on that occasion.

Navy Department, February 10th, 1820.

SIR:—In compliance with a resolution of the Congress of the United States, the President directs me to present to you a gold medal, in testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of your gallantry and good conduct and services in the capture of the British vessels of war, the Cyane and Levant, after a brave and skilful combat.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SMITH THOMSON.

Commodore CHARLES STEWART, U. S. Navy.

The war having terminated with Great Britain, the Constitution was put out of commission, and laid up in ordinary. In 1816, Captain Stewart was placed in command of the Franklin ship of the line, of seventy-four guns, and in 1817, she was fitted out at Philadelphia as the flag ship of Commodore Stewart, who was directed to take command of the American squadron in the Mediterranean sea. In November, 1817, he sailed for England, to convey the Hon. Richard Rush as minister to the court of Great Britain, who was landed there in the latter part of December, after which the Franklin proceeded to the Mediterranean, and Commodore Stewart took command of the forces of the United States in that sea. In a profound state of peace with all the world, there was no farther field for the Commodore to exhibit his talents, skill, and chivalry, which a state of war calls forth; but here we must view him in a new and different situation from the former, controlling a formidable force, preserving its discipline amongst the officers and crews, corresponding with various governments, their most distinguished men, our own ministers and consuls in Europe and in Africa, preserving our relations with all the Barbary powers in particular, placing his forces in such attitudes as effectually kept them in check, and restraining any disposition in the king of Spain to retaliate on our commerce the seizure of his possessions in Florida by our national troops under General Jackson—conveying to our government the earliest and most important intelligence, growing out of the revolutionary disposition of the Spanish and Italian (Neapolitan) reformers and patriots; cultivating the good disposition of the surrounding governments and people, protecting their commerce and our own from piratical depredations, and relieving their vessels and crews from disasters and distress; receiving and entertaining on board his magnificent ship, the princes, nobility, and monarchs of the adjacent kingdoms—all this called forth an energy and diversity of tact and character which few men are fortunate enough to combine, but was, in this instance, fully developed, to the

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lasting advantage of his country, the honor of the navy, and the approbation of his fellow citizens.

Commodore Stewart proceeded to Naples Bay with the squadron under his command, at which city the Emperor of Austria had arrived, with his court, on a tour through the south of Europe. The Marquis Cherchelli, prime minister to the king of the Sicilies, sent an invitation to the Commodore to attend a grand fête to be given the Emperor, at the king's villa. This was accepted, and the opportunity was embraced by the Commodore, to invite their majesties to visit the ships of war under his command, to which they readily assented. They came on board the Franklin seventy-four, where they were received with manned yards and a royal salute, and were entertained in the most courtly manner by the Commodore and the officers of the squadron.

They visited every part of the ship, and expressed themselves highly gratified with their reception; when they were about to depart, the Grand Master of the Empress, mistaking one of the wind sails for a mast, attempted to support himself against it while stepping over one of the hatchways; the wind sail, yielding to the pressure, the poor gentleman was precipitated to the lowest deck—his ankle was unfortunately broken, and he was otherwise severely injured. Immediately, all was consternation with the party; he was taken into the wardroom, and his ankle set by Doctor Salter, the surgeon of the ship, with a rapidity and skill which called forth the admiration of their majesties, who were much attached to the unfortunate member of their household.

The delay caused by this untoward event detained the party after night, when they all returned to the shore. It was on this occasion that the Emperor manifested his gratitude for the attentions and skill of Doctor Salter, and directed a purse of gold to be tendered to him, which the Doctor politely declined receiving for a professional act in the cause of humanity. This conduct contributed to raise the American character for humanity and disinterestedness as much as the exhibit of the high order and discipline of the squadron had done to impress on their majesties and their courts, the progress the American people had made, and were making, to future naval renown. After Commodore Stewart had thus cultivated the kind feelings of those distant nations towards his countrymen and their commercial enterprises, the squadron left the bay of Naples, and proceeded to exhibit themselves to the Barbary powers, with a similar view.

In 1820, the Franklin returned to the United States, and remained in ordinary until the following year, when she was again fitted for service in the Pacific, and Commodore Stewart placed in command. Out of the revolt of the colonies of Spain, in South America, there had arisen danger to our commercial and whaling enterprises in the Pacific and on its coasts, which seemed to admonish the government that nothing but an imposing force would avail; yet such was the nature and delicacy of the service, originating in the attitude of the hostile parties, the obligations of the United States toward Spain (one of them) under the laws of nations and treaty stipulations, and on the other hand, the sympathy of the people of the United States for the struggling patriots and their cause, whose independence and power had not yet been acknowledged; with a disposition, on their part, to seize on neutral commerce under every frivolous pretext, and thereby acquire the means of carrying on the war; while, at the same time, the United States were not disposed to hazard their peaceful attitude with either belligerent—this situation called for the exercise of great discretion, and imposed on the commander a necessity for exhibiting great prudence and firmness in giving efficient protection to his fellow-citizens, their commerce and their property; while, at the same time, he had to guard himself against the misrepresentations of those who, in their enthusiasm for the cause of either party to which they became wedded, through feelings or interest, had lost sight of their own honor, and involved, in some measure, that of their country.

Thus, placed between these excited and hostile parties, opposing the interests of the one, and the high policy of the other, in giving advice, countenance, and protection to his countrymen, and the interests of the state; with no orders, save the crude and undefined laws of nations as his guide, which one of the parties held at naught, as they were not yet admitted into the great family of nations, and the other opposed by their policy and their laws of the Indies, the Commodore could not be long in discovering the very critical attitude he had been placed in, the arduous duties he had to encounter, and the reputation which he risked on the occasion. To yield protection was an imperative duty—that complaints would ensue there was no doubt, and that the prejudices and sympathies of his countrymen, their agents, and the press, would join in the general clamor, there was every probability; and that this would lead to unpleasant results, he could not question, knowing how much the Executive Government lacked firmness when the general voice impugned the acts of their officers, and how willingly they avoid every responsibility of the acts of their national forces. In thus casting a glance at his perplexing position, he determined on his course—that which patriotism, duty, and honor, alone could point out. To yield every protection, to break down lawless blockades, and with them the Patriots' *pretexts* for plundering and sweeping our commerce from the Pacific sea, to interpose his forces and efforts in the restraining of the piracies and robberies of the buccaneers claiming the protection of the Spanish flag.

The following letter was written in comformity with the foregoing principles, to General Sucre, the Civil and Military Commander-in-Chief.

[COPY.]

U. S. Ship Franklin, Callao Bay, July 14, 1823.

To His Excellency, General Sucre,

Civil and Military Commander-in-Chief, at Callao.

The letter your Excellency did me the honor to write me on the eighth instant, in reply to mine of the thirtieth ultimo, has been duly received. It does not, perhaps, belong to me to discuss the principles your Excellency contends for, with respect to the declared blockade of the western coast of Peru by the Patriot Government;

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it may only belong to me to notify my respectful protest against its illegal and injurious operations, so far as the commerce of the Republic of North America is concerned, and in compliance with my orders to guard it against those effects, leaving the principles and points contended for to the discussion of the two Governments. But the Government of Peru may have been led into an error on that subject, by the infraction of those principles of the laws of nations, during the late wars in Europe, between France and England, and then for the first time adopted by Great Britain, and, as your Excellency states, not opposed by her commanders on this station. If I bring to the notice of your Excellency some important facts, out of the strict line of duty attaching to my command, I hope and trust your Excellency will do me the favor to believe that it only originates in a strong desire to guard our respective rights, and to preserve a lasting harmony between the Governments.

After the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France in '92, so long as it was the interest of England, and during the existence of the marine of several European powers, that Government observed and applied the principles of the laws of nations to all the blockades instituted. But when she had destroyed, in turn, the marine of the other European powers, her policy was then changed. International law was rejected, honor and common honesty were abandoned; power gave right, and a war of destruction was waged against the unoffending neutral; commerce was given up to its cormorant rapacity, and that which escaped its talons, she forced her open enemies to prey on, under pretext of retaliation. Against such principles, I need not now remind your Excellency, the United States resisted, even with England, successfully, and as the Republic of the North was the first to contend for just principles in the late war, she was also found the last in the field defending them.

The conclusion your Excellency has drawn from the tacit conduct of the British Naval Commanders on this station, are not applicable to the United States, and perhaps those commanders may not be instructed to interfere with any kind of blockade the Patriot Government may deem proper to impose, especially one founded on principles so lately and newly exercised by themselves. England, the most politic nation, has always been guided in her conduct towards others, by principles of policy and interest often times just, but as often at variance with justice and previous conduct. She may reserve to herself the right of discussing, and demanding indemnification of the Patriot Government hereafter, for any violation of her rights, to preserve a future cause of quarrel with these governments, to obtain some exclusive commercial advantage as indemniy hereafter, to apply the same rule to the commerce of this country in her future wars. Whatever infraction of her rights she may deem proper to tacitly acquiesce in now, does not and can not constitute a reason that the government of the United States should also yield theirs. Your Excellency very justly observes that a blockade declared by the commanders of a ship of the line or a schooner, legally commissioned for war, does not import less in the one case than the other, and it will be but just to add, that the declaration of a blockade, originating in their will, imports nothing. The commander of a ship of war, or commander in chief of a squadron, can institute a blockade in very distant seas—the urgency and necessity of the case renders it legal. The act of a belligerant involving certain rights of a friend is an act of sovereignty; it belongs to that authority to declare it, and only to the commanders to carry it into effect. But the belligerant's right, and will, to do so, and the declaration of it, does not constitute the act, unless combined with an object that is legitimate, and a force competent to sustain it. With respect to the legitimacy of the object, that can only exist in depriving your enemy of all external means of annoying you, and external resources of continuing the war, and is in a great measure dependent on their actual situation; hence the right of the neutral to introduce all articles of a perfectly innocent nature, and which do not contribute any thing towards carrying on the war. It would be preposterous to blockade a port, by sea, against the entrance of provisions, which has an extensive and abundant country adjoining to supply it. In such a case the belligerant would only be injuring a common friend, without prejudice to his enemy: this the law of nations forbids his doing; but on the other hand, where a possibility exists of your reducing your enemies to terms, by excluding such provisions, your right is legitimate to do so, and the injury done the neutral is accidental. With respect to the competency of the force, it will depend on the localities of the port or ports blockaded, and not on the size of the vessels, or the weight or number of their guns—with this neutrals have nothing to do; it is sufficient for them that the place is susceptible of being blockaded, and the force applied is of such description and so stationed, as to render it extremely hazardous to enter: so also with respect to the force of your enemy; if he possess a thousand ships of war more than the blockading power, and does not see proper to drive it from his ports, it is effectual against the neutral so long as that blockade preserves and does not voluntarily abandon its stations.

A blockade originelly legitimate and legally instituted, may derive an opposite character from the conduct of the belligerant blockading. Thus the forces stationed to carry it into effect, negligently and partially executing it, the Government contravening its legitimate object, and by partiality or licence permitting one or two neutral flags to trade while all others are excluded, thereby rendering it a subject of convenience to themselves, or a source of *tribute* to their *coffers*. Admitting, in consequence of the localities of the Western coast of Peru, that it be susceptible of blockade by as small or a smaller force than the same extent of coast in any other part of the world, yet the whole naval force of Peru, even if actually engaged in that service, is not a competent force for the blockade of a coast, eight hundred miles in extent, and containing very many ports and harbors. I, however, believe very little of the naval force of

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Peru has been employed on that service, and in fact this extensive blockade has often been left for months, with no other vessel beyond a schooner; and also there can no doubt exist, of exclusive privileges having been given by the Government of Peru to particular persons and flags, to trade by licence, with this coast declared under blockade.

The principles here contended for, the United States are also contending for with Spain in the North Atlantic, where they operate in favor of the Patriot Government. It would be absurd for the government of Spain, to declare under blockade, and the operation of the laws of the Indies, the whole coast of Chili, Peru, and Mexico; and as the most susceptible and convenient mode of sustaining that declaration, to cause a naval force, superior to that of the Patriots, to cruize to the westward of Cape Horn, and there arrest every vessel coming or going, under pretext of violating the laws of the Indies and blockade of the coasts—yet this conduct on their part, would not be less effectual or more absurd than the blockade of an extensive coast by the Patriots, without any thing like an adequate naval force to sustain it.

I pray your excellency to accept the assurance of the high respect and consideration, with which

I have the honor to remain

Your excellency's most obedient,

Very humble servant,

Signed, CHARLES STEWART.

On the receipt of the foregoing letter, the blockade was immediately annulled.

The reader will here contrast, by the following address of his countrymen residing abroad and on the very coast where Commodore Stewart's command extended, the difference of their opinion of his acts and conduct and that entertained of him by some of his countrymen at home.

Lima, May 2d, 1824.

To Commodore Charles Stewart,
Commander-in-Chief of the
U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific.

SIR:—Impressed with a high sense of the zeal and ability you have manifested in the cause of your country, during a period of upwards of twenty-six years of public service, the undersigned citizens of the United States, at present residing or transacting business in Lima, beg leave respectfully to express to you their sense of your conduct in the command on this coast you are now about to leave. The duties you have had to perform have been no less arduous than various, from the peculiar situation of the countries to which your command extended. You arrived at a time when the revolutionary governments of Peru and Chili, intoxicated with success, and regardless of every principle of national law, preyed upon the unoffending neutral at will. By your firmness, their rapacity was restrained, and by your skill, their friendly relations, which our government is so anxious to maintain, has remained unimpaired.

We are grateful to acknowledge the readiness with which you have at all times listened to the complaints or wishes of your countrymen, and the promptness with which you have afforded them all the protection your situation would permit.

With these feelings, which are as sincere on our part as they are well founded, we look with peculiar regret to your departure; and especially at this moment, when circumstances so strongly demand rather the increase than diminution of force on this station.

Within a few days, an unauthorized blockade has been declared under the flag of a country which, in reality, has no longer any existence, and which, therefore, leaves us without the smallest hope of future reparation for any wrongs it may inflict on us. The experience you have acquired during your long command in this ocean, and the imposing force of the Franklin, would obviously be of the greatest utility to the distinguished officer who has come to succeed you, and your remaining here a very short period would greatly facilitate his future operations.

With these views, and under the urgency of circumstances which have so recently arisen, we most earnestly hope that you may be induced to delay your departure for a short period; since, by so doing, the new danger that threatens the extinction of our commerce may in all probability be removed. The amount of interest at stake, the distant position of our country, and the threatening evils to which we allude, all seem to us to require it; and we have therefore, no doubt they will justify to our government your remaining a few weeks longer. Perhaps a few days only may dissipate the dangers that are gathering. You may in this case probably have the satisfaction of having contributed to save a large amount of property to your fellow citizens, of which, if they are despoiled, neither they nor their government have any power to look to for future compensation.

Whatever may be your determination, we offer to you our most cordial wishes for your safe return to your country, where, we feel satisfied, you will receive the approbation from your government and fellow citizens, which your long and efficient services so justly merit. We have the honor to be, sir,

Your friends and fellow citizens,

DANIEL W. COIT,
WM. H. CONKLING,
JNO. C. GREEN,
SAMUEL ERWIN,
RUSSELL BALDWIN,
MOSES GIBBS,
AMBROSE H. BURROWS,
PERRY BOWERS,
WILLIAM JOHNSON, JR.,
HENRY L. DEKOVEN,
HIRAM PUTNAM,
J. A. STEVENSON,
JOSEPH M'COMB,
ROSMAN LAWRENCE,
JOS. JAMES,
JAMES BRADLY,
J. M. SEBOR,
JNO. DONNEL,
CHARLES MANCHESTER,
J. JONES,
NIXON & M'CALL.

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On returning to the country he had so nobly served, Commodore Stewart was subjected to a degrading arrest for one year, and to the costs of an expensive court martial. An acquittal, more honorable than the records of any naval tribunal can furnish, was the result accorded him, under the oath of twelve of his brother officers, distinguished for their patriotism, valor, experience, and fidelity to their country and their corps.

Navy Department, 5th September, 1825.

SIR:—I inclose to you the judgment of the Court-martial, which the President of the United States has approved, acquitting you most honorably of all the charges which have been made against you, and of which the government has been apprised, while you commanded the squadron in the Pacific. The number and nature of the charges, and the character of those who presented them, were such, that an inquiry was demanded by your own honor, and the duty, which the government owed to itself and the interests of the nation. The result of the investigation has been satisfactory to the Executive, will be useful to the public, and honorable to yourself. It has furnished a conclusive answer to public and private accusation, and redeemed your fame from reproach—a fame heretofore dear to your country, and hereafter to become still more precious.

I am, very respectfully, &c.,
SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD.

Captain CHARLES STEWART,
U. S. Navy, Washington.

At a general Court Martial, convened at the city of Washington, on the eighteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-five, by virtue of a precept from the honorable the Secretary of the Navy, bearing date the seventeenth day of August instant:

Present—Captain James Barron, President; Captains William M. Crane, Robert T. Spence, John D. Henley, Jesse D. Elliott, Stephen Cassin, James Renshaw, Thomas Brown, Charles C. B. Thompson, Alexander S. Wadsworth, George W. Rogers, and George C. Read, Members; and Richard S. Coxe, Judge Advocate.

This court, having fully and maturely investigated the matters submitted to it in the case of Captain Charles Stewart, and considered the charges and specifications, the evidence and the defence of the accused, proceeded this third day of September, in the year aforesaid, to which time the court had been adjourned, from day to day, to determine upon the same. And after such deliberation, it is of opinion that the first and second specifications of the first charge are not proved, that the third specification is so far proved, as it alleges that the said Captain Stewart did prevent the captain of the Peruvian brig Belgrano from taking and sending in for adjudication, the American ship, the Canton, then engaged in a lawful trade; that in so doing the said Charles Stewart was acting in strict obedience to his duty, as indicated both in his instructions and by the laws of nations; and that his conduct on this occasion was highly meritorious and praiseworthy. The court is also of opinion that the residue of the specification is not proved. The court is also of opinion that the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth specifications are not proved. It is of opinion that the tenth specification is so far proved as it alleges the purchase of the articles therein mentioned to have been made from the Canton, but the court is decidedly of opinion that there was no impropriety in the act, that it was proper and correct, and that the residue of the specification is not proved. In relation to the eleventh specification, the court is of opinion that it is so far proved as it relates to the employment of the carpenters and other persons attached to the Franklin, in the manner stated, but it is also of opinion that such employment was, in all cases to which the proof reaches, proper, consonant to the practice of the service, and in every view perfectly unobjectionable; and that the residue of the specification is not proved. The twelfth specification is not proved. The thirteenth is so far proved as that it is shown by the testimony that the said Eliphalet Smith was on one occasion employed as a matter of convenience to Captain Stewart, and in aid of the public interests, to carry a despatch, which had no other than public objects, and that this employment of Captain Smith was designed for the public good, and had not the remotest reference to, or effect upon, any other interests, and that the residue of the specification is not proved. The court is also of opinion that the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth specifications are not proved. The seventeenth is so far proved as it relates to the building of three small schooners, with the aid of the carpenters, &c. of the Franklin, but not out of government property; that this was in the judicious and faithful exercise of an unquestioned right, and that the individuals thus employed were thus employed by their own free choice, for their own benefit, and compensated for their labor. It is also of opinion that the eighteenth specification is proved, but the act therein alleged is in conformity with the practice of the service, in fulfilment of one of the duties which public vessels owe to the commercial interests of the nation, and essentially useful and necessary. In the circumstances accompanying this particular act, it was wholly unobjectionable and not attended with any loss or injury to the public. The nineteenth specification is also proved in point of fact, but this likewise is deemed by the court one of those acts in which the convenience and comfort of those engaged in commerce may be essentially promoted without the slightest public injury, and that in this instance it was wholly unobjectionable. As regards the twentieth, twenty first, twenty-second, and twenty-third specifications, it is the opinion of the court that the said Weaver was absent from the Franklin, with a permission granted on proper and sufficient grounds, till the arrival of the Franklin at Callao, on or about the first of August, 1822, that subsequent to this period he was absent without leave: that the muster rolls transmitted to the department did not precisely accord with that on board the Franklin, but the variances between them were wholly immaterial, such as could not have been designed, because

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not calculated to produce the smallest inconvenience or injury, and which the court believes were purely accidental: nor can the court perceive any grounds upon which to attribute this mistake, innocent and unimportant as it was, to any inadvertence of the accused. It is also of opinion that the muster roll, which was approved in November, 1824, was approved in a regular manner, and at a proper time; that the entry contained in it corresponded with the fact, and with the information previously communicated to the department. The court is likewise of opinion that the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth, the only remaining specifications of the first charge, are not, nor is either of them, proved, and it does adjudge and declare that the said Charles Stewart is NOT GUILTY of the first charge.

The court is also of opinion that the first, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh specifications of the second charge are not proved, and that the second specification is only so far proved as is set forth in the opinion of the court upon the third specification of the first charge, and therefore does pronounce and adjudge that the said Charles Stewart is NOT GUILTY of the second charge.

The facts set forth in the first specification of the third charge have already been passed upon by the court, in its opinion upon the twentieth specification of the first charge, and reference is therefore made to the finding of the court thereupon. The second and third specifications are not proved. The court does therefore adjudge and declare that the said Charles Stewart is NOT GUILTY of the third charge.

In relation to the specification of the fourth charge, it is the opinion of the court that the same is not proved, and therefore the said Charles Stewart is adjudged and declared NOT GUILTY of the said fourth charge.

In terminating a trial which has awakened so general and so deep an interest, and in submitting the result to the Executive, the court trusts that the peculiar character of the accusations which have been investigated will furnish an excuse for appending to the record a few remarks.

When rumors and reports are widely and industriously disseminated, calculated to impair the high standing and usefulness of an officer in whom great trust and confidence have been reposed, it becomes the duty of the Executive to afford to such officer, by the convention of a proper tribunal, an ample opportunity of vindicating himself before the world. To afford this opportunity and to preserve from the insidious effects of unmerited reproach, a reputation dear to the nation—won by the honorable services of seven and twenty years—to extinguish prejudices and suspicions created by misrepresentations or misconceptions of public agents and private individuals, and finally, to do all which the laws, which justice, and which honor exact, this court has been convened.

Charges and specifications have been preferred, embracing all the accusations made against Captain Stewart; an investigation has been made into their truth; it has been conducted by the judge advocate in the most exemplary manner, yet with a minuteness and fulness calculated to leave no doubt or cloud of suspicion resting upon the character of the accused. This investigation has produced what was desired by Captain Stewart, and intended by the Executive—a development of all the important transactions attending the late cruize of the Franklin in the Pacific, and the principles and motives which guided the conduct of her commander. These charges and specifications the court has adjudged not to be proved; to be in some respects utterly groundless, and in others to have originated in a misconception or misrepresentation of the most innocent and meritorious acts; and Captain Stewart has been most fully and most honorably acquitted of every, even the slightest, impropriety.

The court however conceives that the peculiar character of the accusation is such that it would not render that full measure of justice which is required at its hands by a simple judgment of acquittal. It is therefore impelled by a sense of duty to go farther, and to make unhesitatingly this declaration to the world, that so far from having violated the high duties of neutrality and respect for the laws of nations, so far from having sacrificed the honor of the American flag, or tarnished his own fair fame, by acting upon any motive of a mercenary or sordid kind; so far from having neglected his duty, or betrayed the trust reposed in him by refusing proper protection to American citizens and property, or rendering such protection subservient to individual interests, no one circumstance has been developed throughout the whole course of this minute investigation into the various occurrences of a three years' cruise, calculated to impair the confidence which the members of this court, the navy, and the nation have long reposed in the honor, the talents, and the patriotism of this distinguished officer, or to weaken in any manner the opinion which all who knew him entertained of his humanity and disinterestedness. These virtues only glow with brighter lustre from this ordeal of trial, like the stars he triumphantly displayed, when valor and skill achieved a new victory to adorn the annals of our naval glory.

JAMES BARRON, President.
W. M. CRANE.
ROBERT T. SPENCE.
JOHN D. HENLEY.
J. D. ELLIOTT.
S. CASSIN.
JAMES RENSHAW.
THOMAS BROWN.
CHARLES C. B. THOMPSON.
ALEXANDER S. WADSWORTH.
GEORGE W. ROGERS.
GEORGE C. READ.
RICHARD S. COXE, Judge Advocate.

The proceedings and sentence of the court are approved; with the exception of the exclusion of Samuel Brown as an incompetent witness. The grounds of objection to his testimony apparent on the face of the record, being considered as going to his credibility and not to his competency.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Washington, 8th September, 1825.

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On Commodore Stewart's return from Washington, where his trial took place, to his native city, (Philadelphia,) his friends greeted him with a public dinner, in approbation of his services in the Pacific. During the years 1825 to 1830, he was variously engaged in appropriate duties, such as examining Midshipmen, and sitting on Courts Martial, &c. &c.

In March 1830, Commodore Stewart was in Washington, and while there received from the secretary of the navy the following circular, enclosing a copy of the resolutions of the Senate of the United States.

[CIRCULAR.]

Navy Department, March 3d, 1830.

SIR:—I send you herewith a copy of a resolution of the Senate of the United States of the first instant, calling for information relative to the necessity for employing marines on board our vessels of war, and whether seamen could not be usefully substituted in their place, &c., and have to reqnest that you will, in conformity with the terms of the resolution, furnish me with your opinion in writing, upon the different points embraced by it, as early as practicable.

I am, respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BRANCH.

Com. CHARLES STEWART,
United States Navy, Washington City.

(COPY.)

In Senate of the United States.
March 1, 1830.

RESOLVED,—That the Secretary of the Navy be directed to furnish to this House, information on the following subjects:

Whether it is necessary to the armed equipment of a vessel of war, that *Marines* should compose a part of its military force.

Or whether marines may not be usefully dispensed with, and a portion of the seamen be instructed in the use of small arms, and perform all duties which can be required of marines, either in battle or in ordinary service.

Whether seamen are not now instructed and practised in the use of small arms; and generally, any information which may elucidate the inquiry whether marines can or can not be beneficially dispensed with on board of our public vessels of war.

Whether the petty officers and seamen who have been in service, but from age or slight disabilities, are rendered unfit for the active duties of their calling on ship board, can be usefully and safely employed as guards at the navy stations, in lieu of the marines now assigned to that duty.

And farther, that the Secretary of the Navy obtain from the officers composing the Navy Board, and other naval officers of rank now in the seat of Government, their opinions in writing on the foregoing subjects, to be transmitted with his report to the Senate. Attest:

Signed, WALTER LOWRIE.

Washington, March 8, 1830.

SIR:—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the third instant, covering a resolution of the Senate of the United States relative to the marine corps, requiring information on the following points:

FIRST. Whether it is necessary that "marines should compose a part of the military force of a ship of war?"

To this I answer, that I do conceive them proper, and necessary, to constitute a part of the crew of a ship of war.

SECOND. "Whether marines may not usefully be dispensed with, and a portion of the seamen be instructed in the use of small arms, and perform all the duties which may be required of marines in battle, or on ordinary service?"

To this I answer, that, for the mere purposes of battle, perhaps the seamen might be instructed, in a limited degree, in the use of small arms.

THIRD. "Whether seamen are not now instructed and practised in the use of small arms?"

To this I answer, that a portion of the crew (other than the marines) are now, and always have been, instructed and practised in the use of small arms; but that instruction and practice is very limited, as it necessarily must be.

FOURTH. "Whether the petty officers and seamen who have been in service, but, from age or slight disabilities, are rendered unfit for the active duties of their calling on ship-board, can be usefully and safely employed as guards at the navy stations, in lieu of marines?"

To this I answer, I think not; but as I have never had any command or control over a navy yard or station, I cannot speak to this question from actual experience. The foregoing answers would seem to comprise all the honorable the Senate of the United States require on this subject; and it would not have been proper to go farther, were it not for that part of their third question, requiring also any general information in elucidation of the object of the resolution, "whether marines can, or cannot, be beneficially dispensed with on board our public ships of war?" Under this clause, I would beg leave to remark, that the marines are the only portion of the crew of a ship of war that is wholly military, and the only part which could be rendered such, by the nature of the service, as well as the nature of those comprising the other classes. If, then, it is at all desirable or useful to have a portion of the force of a ship of war wholly and completely military, that portion must be composed of a regularly organized infantry, for this reason—that the sea officers, from their employments and occupations in ships of war, differ materially from military officers, because the ideas and general habits of sailors unfit them, in a great measure, for infantry soldiers; and because the limited space in a ship of war would not admit of their training; and their general duty and employment would be too much deranged and interfered with. In order to ascertain the necessity and utility of having a portion of the crew of a ship of war organized as infantry, it will be necessary to inquire into the object and duties of such a corps.

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The first object is, to instil into them these sound military principles—obedience, subordination, and respect, that they may be entitled to confidence in the discharge of their duties as sentinels to watch over your magazines, spirit-rooms, store-rooms, gangways, galleys, and look-outs; to preserve order, and prevent interruption to the cooking duties, and to guard your prisoners of war, who sometimes outnumber the crew. In port, they constitute the deck-guard, and at sea they are (at least, a large portion of them,) always near their arms; thus they prevent surprise from without, and check mutiny within. In the ordinary duties at sea, the marine watch perform the same duties on deck which would be required of any other body of men, except going aloft; consequently, their usefulness and force as men are not lost; for there must be some men kept on deck, in reefing and furling, to haul the rigging, and manage the cordage for those who are aloft. In battle, when the ship is engaged on both sides, or when otherwise necessary, they can be distributed among the carriage guns, for working the artillery. Should any operation, wholly military be required of them on shore, they would be more efficient and competent to its performance. Should the combined efforts of seamen and marines be required for the surprise of posts, or the escalade of a fortress, the marines, as a supporting column of regular infantry, would form a disciplined body, whereon to rest the security of the other classes who are appointed to make the grand effort, and would yield them a steady column and military support in case of failure, when they would constitute the reserve, and cover the retreat and embarkation of the seamen. The latter are a class of men, whose onset and first efforts are tremendous and formidable; but, if resisted and discomfitted, they break into a hundred groups, which cannot be rallied, and they become a mere mob, who, without a body of regulars to sustain them, must fall a sacrifice. Seamen have a particular aversion to the infantry drill, and, generally speaking, can be brought to little more in that art than to load and fire. That strict subordination and obedience to orders, and the pride of feeling, intuitive in a regular soldier, cannot be attained by a seaman: hence the entire confidence of the officers, for the performance of the ordinary duties on posts, cannot be yielded them; frequent punishments would ensue for neglect and irregularities, and disgust to the service would follow. But, sir, there is another evil in attempting to make marines of sailors: the scarcity of seamen, and ordinary seamen, would embarrass more and more the manning of our ships of war, if those who act as marines be substituted from the other classes. To take them from landsmen, no advantage would be gained as regards the increased nautical efficiency of our ships; but much would be lost with respect to the military portion—we should have the men without the seaman's or the soldier's profession. In the above observations, I have referred to the possibility of mutiny in our national ships of war. That mutiny has occurred in our navy, there is no doubt. One instance took place on board the Constitution, in the Bay of Leghorn, in the year 1807. The mutiny broke out, I think, in July, and was near becoming serious. By the formidable appearance of a column of marine bayonets, supported by nearly a hundred gallant officers armed, it was not only suppressed, but twenty of the ringleaders were secured, and sent home in the ship, ironed, for punishment; but the Government deemed it most advisable not to punish them, *as they were right, and the commander was wrong*. It appeared that the period for which the men had engaged *had expired*. This practice of keeping the ships of war absent beyond the period for which their crews are engaged, is becoming a fruitful source for mutiny. Commanders, anxious to execute all the objects of the Government in sending them abroad, lose sight of their obligations to *obey the law*, thereby rendering themselves liable to encounter death at sea, in the shape of mutiny, and *civil prosecutions* on shore, for detaining their men beyond the period for which they engaged. Their paramount duty is to return to the United States, and discharge their crews, after they have faithfully performed their part of the contract. The Government should as faithfully perform theirs, by returning them to their country and homes, and not suffering them to be discharged pennyless in distant seas, to encounter starvation, or to beg, or become pirates.

Very many persons are under the impression that most of the mutinies in the British navy originate in their practice of impressment; but I believe there is scarcely an instance of the kind on record. Their mutinies originate from *oppression*, and not impressment. I also believe there is no case where the *marines*, as a body, participated in the mutiny of the seamen. If we refer to the very serious mutiny of the Channel fleet at the Nore, in 1797, I think we will find (I speak from impressions on the memory only) that nothing was stated by the *mutineers* as a grievance for redress on the part of the impressed men, except that sentence of death for desertion, committed by an impressed man, was urged on the King as too severe a punishment; and those who volunteered for the service, and took the bounty, insisted on being discharged every seven years. About the same period, a bloody mutiny took place on board the British frigate, the Hermione, on the West India station. This mutiny originated in the oppression and tyranny of the commander on that occasion. All the officers (except a master's mate) encountered death. Captain Pigot, the commander of that ship, was of such a tyrannical and intemperate disposition, as to wholly disqualify him for the command of men. If mutinies have not more frequently occurred in our ships of war, it has been owing to the mildness of our commanders, the good feelings of the seamen towards their officers, and the support afforded the latter by a steady column of bayonets. There are some who will say that marines are useless except for idle parade. But even form and parade, in a military system, is perhaps more essential, in aid of the preservation of discipline amongst republican citizens, than with the subjects of a king.

The whole business of life may be considered as little more than bent, so far as the desire of distinc-

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tion goes, towards appearances. Men are at best but grown up children, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." Take from military service its distinguishing trappings, the possible "pomp and circumstance of war," the probable vote of thanks of the National Legislature, and what will then be left them to aid their patriotism, in calling for the whole energies of the man, to support them in the perils of the battle and the ocean, the deprivations of their homes and its comforts?

If we refer to the past services of the marine corps, they will be found to be among the most distinguished. Whether you take them at the charge of the bayonet, in unison with the seamen wielding the sabre and the pike, boarding the gun-boats off Tripoli, in their various actions on the ocean, or in their efforts with the seamen under Barney in resisting the advance of the British columns to your capital, you will find they have ever sustained a high reputation for discipline, conduct, and courage. Under these circumstances, I am decidedly of opinion that the *marines* cannot be beneficially dispensed with in our national ships of war.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STEWART.

The Hon. JOHN BRANCH, Secretary of the Navy.

In the month of August, 1830, he was appointed a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, at Washington, where he remained until August, 1833; he then retired to his farm, in New Jersey. In the month of July, 1836, he received the following letter of instructions from the Navy Department, associating with him those distinguished officers, Commodores Dallas and Bolton, Commanders of the West Indian squadron, and of the Pensacola Navy Yard.

Navy Department, July 8, 1836.

To Commodores CHARLES STEWART, ALEX. J. DALLAS, and W. C. BOLTON.

GENTLEMEN:—Under the act of the third of March, 1827, the President of the United States was authorised to cause the Navy Yards of the United States to be thoroughly examined, and plans to be prepared and sanctioned by him, for the improvement of the same, and the preservation of the public property therein; from which plans no deviation is to be made but by his especial order. This has been done with all, except the Navy Yards at Pensacola and New York. You are hereby constituted a Board of Commissioners to make the examination, and prepare the plan agreeably to that act for the Navy Yard at Pensacola. Mr. William P. Sanger will report to you, and will act under your direction. His assistance as an engineer, will be serviceable in the discharge of the duty assigned to you.

The object of the law referred to, is to make such an arrangement of the improvements and buildings at the yards, and such plans for future expenditures upon them, as shall best promote economy, and best fit them for the public service, and the transaction of the public business, and save the necessity of charges hereafter, by which the public money would be uselessly expended. The plan to be adopted is designed to be permanent, and to embrace all the buildings and improvements which will at any future time be necessary at the Pensacola Navy Yard.

For the discharge of your duty, therefore, it will be indispensable to look to the probable extension of this yard for future service. An enlarged view of all the matters connected with it as a dock yard and as a building and repairing establishment will be required, to enable you to make such a plan as will be permanently useful. To officers so experienced and intelligent, it is not necessary to enumerate the buildings and improvements which will be hereafter called for by the service.

You will be careful to provide for them all, and upon an accurate map of the yard, you will designate the position in which every building and every improvement is to be placed. In your recommendation for these improvements, you will, of course, consider the means of approach by water, as well as the location on the land.

I am, respectfully, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

M. DICKERSON.

In compliance with the foregoing instructions, Commodore Stewart proceeded to Pensacola, in the United States sloop of war, Natchez, Captain Mervine. The following joint report was made from Pensacola:

Pensacola, September 27, 1836.

SIR:—We have the honor to submit to you, (as commissioners to whom was assigned the planning of the Navy Yard at this place,) in compliance with your instructions of July the eighth, a plan of the Navy Yard, with all the docks, slips, and buildings, which, in all probability, will in future be required for the public service, and which appears to us necessary, at a station of such high national importance as this seems to the commissioners to be.

The commissioners have been obliged to keep in view some peculiarities attending this extensive bay, such as its almost constant and strong ebb-tides, the destructive effects of the marine worm, and the invariable sandy nature of the soil.

Under the influence of these considerations, they deemed it essential, and therefore projected on the plan, a sea wall, sufficient to afford all the wharfing accommodation for ships in ordinary, repairing, masting, or fitting for service, as well as all transports employed in bringing the necessary supplies for the establishment at any future time.

About a quarter of a mile in the rear of the Navy Yard there exists a constant fresh-water lake, adequate to the supply, at all times, of water for the wet dock which this sea wall will form, to furnish all that may be required in the Navy Yard in case of fire, and sufficient for watering the ships of war. Thus the fresh water in the wet dock will prevent the effect of worms on the dry dock gates, as well as all wooden structures in its vicinity; it will also furnish the means of destroying the living principle in grass,

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barnacles, and other fouling substances of ships' bottoms, and act as a cleanser to their copper on coming from sea, as well as to preserve their bottoms from fouling while repairing, fitting, or lying in ordinary at the Navy Yard. The rigging loft is placed near the rope-walk for convenience sake, on part of the sea-wall wharf, and under it we contemplate having sufficient store room for cables and cordage, handy to be put on board ships in its neighborhood, or boats to convey to ships elsewhere, with as little manual labor as possible. The sail-loft is also conveniently placed on the sea-wall wharf with the same view: and underneath store-room will be found sufficient for all the pitch, tar, turpentine, rosin, and oil, where they will be convenient to water carriage, as well as for extinguishing those combustible articles should they accidentally take fire. On the opposite angle of the sea-wall we have placed the building slips, boat and mast houses, with the heavy blacksmithery, anchor, and tank foundries, castings, and plumberies, from whence all those heavy appurtenances for ships of war can be conveniently boated and transported; and with a view to concentrate the necessary working fires as much as possible, we have located the cooper-shop, bake-house, and cook-house in the vicinity, with the accommodations for negro laborers, near the entrance gate, under the eye of the marine guard there stationed.

The commissioners, in obedience to the farther instructions of the department, of August tenth, made a reconnoisance of the grounds *contiguous to the Navy Yard* for a site for the marine barracks; and they find the ground to the right too unequal in its surface, and too many water-pools on and about it, to answer that purpose. On the left, the ground is more favorable, and would present an eligible position stretching along the front of the bay, open and airy, with a pleasant water view; but here the ground is, in part, occupied with settlements under lease from the Government, which might not be conveniently or easily got rid of: in which case, there only remains the rear of the Navy Yard, about five hundred feet in depth, with the same extent as the Navy Yard; which would afford ample room to erect all the necessary buildings, accommodations, gardens, and parade ground, that may at any time be found necessary.

The commissioners, in compliance with your letter of August twentieth, have examined the two several places pointed out as eligible sites for a Navy Yard within this bay; that is to say, the Navy Cove, opposite the town of Pensacola, and a place above the town called Five Fathom Hole. The former, (Navy Cove,) the commissioners are of opinion would not answer the purpose at all, and is liable to very many objections; its location is beyond the reach of any immediate protection from the fortifications or their garrisons, for any small military expedition would be able to surprise it through the Santa Rosa sound; it is shut in from the advantages of the sea breezes, and, consequently, is excessively hot for laborers and mechanics; and, indeed, were those disadvantages removed, the extent of the flats is too great to be overcome without very heavy expenditures. With respect to the latter, (Five Fathom Hole,) the commissioners cannot discover any advantages over the present location to induce their recommending a change; ships there placed would be much exposed to the great range of easterly winds, which are the strongest that blow in this quarter; it is, also, at the head of the deep water in the bay, and will be that portion of it most liable to fill up and shallow hereafter, when the surrounding country becomes cleared, cultivated, and liable to wash from the heavy rains of the summer season.

All of which is most respectfully submitted,

By your obedient servants,

CHARLES STEWART,
A. J. DALLAS,
W. C. BOLTON,
Commissioners.

To Hon. Mahlon Dickerson,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

During the stay of the Commodore at Pensacola, he made extensive notes, and observations, and shortly after his return to Philadelphia, he addressed the following letter to the Secretary of the Navy.

Philadelphia, November 20, 1835.

SIR:—In your instructions directed to me of the eighth of July last, relative to the plan for the construction of the navy yard at Pensacola, you direct that "All the buildings and improvements should be comprised in the plan which at any future time would be necessary at that yard;" and that "an enlarged view should be taken of all the matters connected with it as a dock yard, or a building and repairing establishment." Having completed a plan for the improvements of the yard, and submitted it to you, I beg leave now to submit to you, also, some ideas which occurred to me in taking that enlarged view of this establishment which your instructions seem to aim at.

In studying the position of Pensacola, with reference not only to our own adjacent coast, and the great outlet of the Mississippi which it is so favorably placed to protect, but also to the neighboring countries of Mexico and the islands of Cuba, Jamaica, and St. Domingo, which are all liable at some future period to be occupied by nations at enmity with the United States, the national importance of the place could not but force itself on my mind, and excite some surprise that it had not hitherto attracted more the attention of the Government. In evidence how little has as yet been done there, I may mention the fact, that the revenue schooner Dexter had to resort to Charleston to get her sides caulked, and a few other trifling repairs which she needed. Yet, at the same time that the great section of our country, of which Pensacola must hereafter become the naval depot, has been thus overlooked, we find large appropriations applied to the construction of navy yards in the middle and eastern states. Casual observers unacquainted with the lukewarmness with which the development of our naval energies has been prosecuted, might naturally conclude that this disparity had its origin in an indifference to our true policy, or in sectional selfishness; or how else could they account for the extraordinary fact, that our whole seaboard from Norfolk to the Sabine, an extent

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nearly two thousand miles, does not afford the means even repairing a sloop of war; whilst to the north nd east, in less than one thousand miles of coast, the eans not only for repairs, but for construction, are so ngularly multiplied, that in the Chesapeake waters e have two—the navy yards at Norfolk and Washgton; and in the bay of Massachusetts, two others—ne at Portsmouth and one at Boston. There is great ficiency in the southern section of our country, as spects preparation for naval defence, where it may e most needed, to protect the rich and exuberant gion which has its outlet in the straits of Florida. the event of war, every means would be wanting afford a permanent protection for its great and valuble products issuing forth through so many arteries, nd now rendering all Europe tributary to us, and romoting the prosperity not only of the states which roduce them, but at the same time the wealth, power, nd aggrandizement of our whole Union. Through he Florida stream flow all the commerce and valuable roductions of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alaama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Missouri, Indiana, and Illinois. All the produce of hese various states, except that of South Carolina and Georgia, must pass through the straits of Cape Florida, he only practicable outlet of the great Gulf of Mexico, which is thus constituted for egress, a close sea, as much so as the Mediterranean, owing to the northeast rade wind which prevails to the south, and the island f Cuba and the Bahamas closing it on the east.

All the states enumerated are highly interested in he establishment of an efficient naval depot within he Gulf of Mexico, embracing all the elements nesessary for the repairs, construction, and equipment f ships of war, and the gradual acclimating of troops or southern service.

By means of the strong current of the Gulf Stream, naval protection could be afforded to Georgia and South Carolina with as much facility and despatch from Pensacola as from any of our northern naval stations; and, on the contrary, a naval force rendezvousing at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, or Norfolk, would be as unavailable for our coast and commerce in the Gulf of Mexico, as a naval force at Brest or Cherbourg would be for the protection of the south of France and her commerce in the Mediterranean. Indeed, the ships of our northern ports would be still less available than the French ships under those circumstances; for, owing to the circuitous navigation round the south of Cuba, which the strong currents of the Gulf of Florida render necessary, it would take from thirty to fifty days for a fleet to reach the Gulf of Mexico from any port on our north Atlantic coast. The Natchez sloop of war, in which I took my passage in the fulfilment of the orders of the eighth of July last, took thirty-four days to get from New York to Pensacola; and the year preceding, the same ship was fifty-six days in conveying Commodore Dallas from New York to the same place.

France, situated precisely, with respect to the Mediterranean, as the United States are to the Gulf of Mexico, found it necessary to establish her great naval depot at Toulon; and Spain, with her establishment at Ferrol, and another at Cadiz, immediately by the straits of Gibraltar, could not protect her Mediterranean commerce, without another formidable establishment at Carthagena. Thus must it be with the United States. The Gulf of Mexico is our Mediterranean, and Pensacola will become our Toulon; also, at no distant period, some port on the coast of South Carolina or Georgia must furnish the same facilities as Cadiz, for the protection of the exterior mouth of the straits of Florida.

However inclined some may be to pass over this important question, it does appear to me, that if our Government be true to the purposes of its institution, they will accord ample protection to every section of our Union. The period for according this protection may be delayed, to the injury of our interests, and the dishonor of our national character; but it cannot be always avoided, for, in some future maritime war—such as, sooner or later, must take place, and which we may be engaged in—the productions of that vast empire, which has for its only outlet the straits of Florida, will be effectually locked up, to the fatal injury of the country, or possibly to the dissolution of the Union.

It is not probable that an enemy will hereafter ever attempt to make permanent conquest of any part of our territory; yet past experience has shown us with what facility an inconsiderable military force, sustained by a naval one, could agitate our whole seaboard, harass the militia, burn our towns and plantations, and arrest entirely our commerce and coasting trade, for the want of adequate means of defence, proportioned to the resources and real power of our country. At a later period, we have seen with what facility a handful of pirates, without territorial protection, skulking into and out of the harbors of the neighboring islands, could pillage and destroy our vessels trading to the Caribbean and Mexican seas, and sacrifice the lives of our citizens with relentless barbarity.

Foreign powers, with whom we are liable, from conflicting interests, to be brought into collision, border on our territory, and occupy a chain of formidable posts, stretching along and overlooking our whole southern coast—such as Jamaica, Mexico, Cuba, Bermudas, and the Bahamas; some of which are maintained at great expense, and might be the rendezvous for future means of annoyance and attack of our territory and commerce.

The Gulf of Mexico and Straits of Florida, constituting as they do the outlet of so many productions of a rich and valuable nature, thus surrounded by various nations, bid fair to be the scenes of much future contention. Our own interests in that quarter are of immense and rapidly increasing value, and which being thus open to assault, it appears to me it would be a wise policy in our Government to provide the arsenals and establishments for ships of war necessary to the protection of our vast interests in that sea, and thus prevent its falling a prey to the rapacious grasp of future belligerants, as well as to avoid the necessity of our ships of war navigating (perhaps in a crippled condition) a dangerous coast of such extent, to procure

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the necessary repairs and refit, from the destruction of battle, the disasters of the elements, and the decay incident to our vessels, and subject to great loss of time in going from and returning to their stations at the south.

The new principles of European policy and reform in relation to their American colonies, aided by the fanatics, spread over our own country, exciting an insurrectionary spirit among a numerous class of our south-western population, together with the cupidity which the rich productions of that country are calculated to create, seem to admonish us not to trust too far to our own peaceful habits and passive disposition, but to apply all the means in the possession of the Government for the permanent defence of that interesting portion of the Union.

If these impressions are just, it appears to me of the greatest importance that the construction of the dock and navy yard at Pensacola should be pushed on with all possible despatch; and that the navy should obtain there every essential to its efficiency; and the Government and country should find at that place, on the first emergency, all the means of defence for the coast and its commerce. The best harbor in the Gulf of Mexico, accessible at all seasons of the year, enjoying an exemption from tropical diseases, and a mild climate, nature seems to have formed it for the great naval depot and rendezvous for our ships destined to protect the Mexican seas. This harbor admits, with facility of ingress and egress, the largest sloops of war and merchant ships; but this will not be "adequate to the future wants of the nation in the Gulf of Mexico." The deepening of the bar, or entrance, so as to admit vessels of the largest class, is essential to that port, and is an experiment well worth trying. Should, however, the experiment fail, a new channel could be cut through the island of St. Rosa, which, I should think, would not be a work of much difficulty, as the island is very narrow, and has deep water close to the shore on the sea side.

The abundance of the finest timber for the construction and repairing of vessels of war, which grows on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and immediately in the neighborhood of Pensacola, which now has to be transported to the northern navy yards at a great expense and labor, added to the facilities which the internal improvements in a state of progress in that country will afford for the transportation of every material for fleets of war, constitutes a strong reason for the early establishment of a school of workmen and mechanics, so essential to the ends proposed, of meeting "any future wants at that place," and developing its utility as a naval depot and rendezvous for the ships of war.

Considering the exposed state of this section of our Union from the causes before enumerated, and that the Gulf of Mexico and its outlet (the Straits of Florida,) is our vulnerable point, through which flows so large a portion of our national wealth, no time ought to be lost in rendering Pensacola the key to, and the defence of, the Mexican seas.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, sir, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STEWART.

To the Hon. MAHLON DICKERSON,
Secretary of the Navy.

On the first of July, 1837, Commodore James Barron resigned the command of the Navy Yard, at Philadelphia, and Commodore Stewart was placed in command of that establishment.

By the most strenuous exertions, Commodore Stewart succeeded in launching the line-of-battle-ship Pennsylvania, on the eighteenth day of July. This ship, not only the largest in our navy, but the most magnificent in point of model and construction, was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to be removed from Philadelphia to Norfolk, *to be coppered*, and Commodore Stewart was appointed to equip and take her to that place for the purpose.

The order of the Secretary of the Navy to transfer the Pennsylvania to another place to be coppered, produced a deep and universal dissatisfaction among the citizens of Philadelphia, and indeed of the whole State.

Large and spirited public meetings were convened to remonstrate against the measure, and to urge upon the Executive, the necessity of having her completed in the yard where her keel was laid.

In this just state-pride of his fellow citizens, Commodore Stewart warmly participated; but the determination of the Department was irreversable, and he yielded with regret to the fiat of the department, which took from the State of Pennsylvania the honor of giving the finishing stroke to the noble ship that bears her own name.

The want of a dry dock at Philadelphia, was the alleged ground of justification for this procedure, and called the immediate attention of Commodore Stewart to this important appendage of a complete navy yard at this city.

The commercial importance of Philadelphia, its facilities for procuring timbers and other materials for building and repairing ships, and its central location, all combined to force on his mind the propriety of recommending the establishment of a dry dock, and enlisted the utmost energies of almost all the public men and people of Pennsylvania in support of the measure.

As the Commodore enters into the matter with his characteristic vigor, it is hoped that in a short time this salutary object will be attained, and all agree that it will materially contribute to the benefit of the many industrious mechanics and laborers who will thus find employment, and to the advancement of the commercial interests and prosperity of his native city, as well as to the naval resources and strength of the country.

Should this undertaking prove successful, it will stand a monument, as enduring as the "right angled city" itself, commemorative of the public spirit and devotion to the navy, which have ever distinguished his career.

Commodore Stewart is about five feet nine inches in height, erect and well proportioned, of a dignified and engaging presence, and possessed of great constitutional powers to endure hardships and privations of all kinds. Although fifty-nine years of age, he is still as active as if he was but in the prime of life.

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His complexion is fair, like that of Mr. Jefferson, but bears the weather-beaten marks of naval service. His hair is of a chesnut color; his eyes blue, large, penetrating, and intelligent. The cast of his countenance is Roman, bold, strong, and commanding, and his head finely formed. It has been pronounced by a phrenologist, the head of a man of great vigor and mind, high sense of justice, and inflexible resolution of purpose. It is well known that his character corresponds perfectly with these indications.

His mind is acute and powerful, grasping the greatest or smallest subjects with the intuitive mastery of genius. He not only fully understands his profession as a naval commander, but all the various interests of commerce, the foreign and domestic policy of his country, the principles of government, and the "law of nations," are as familiar to him as "household words."

Let any person consult his numerous official letters and reports, embracing a wide range of subjects; or sit down and converse with him upon the political and social relations of our country, its internal resources, and the *true* policy of developing them, and he will be astonished at the extent and accuracy of his information. Often has the question been asked, how did this man, amidst the rapid events of a life spent in the active service of his country, acquire so much useful knowledge beyond the apparent life of his profession? The answer is,—Commodore Stewart has always been an observer, a reader, and a thinker. Nothing has escaped his vigilant attention. He has devoted himself to the service of his country, and he holds that who ever would serve his country well, should understand its government, its laws, and its interests, in order to uphold, represent, and sustain them.

His control over his passions is truly surprising, and under the most irritating circumstances, his oldest seamen have never yet seen a ray of anger flash from his eye. His kindness, benevolence, and humanity are proverbial amongst those who know him, but his sense of justice and requisitions of duty are as unbending as fate.

That this is not the strained language of panegyric, recur to the indisputable account, in the preceding sketch, of his noble rescue of the women and children from a watery grave, for proof of his humanity. Recur to his invention of our cannon sights, an event which added so much to our superiority in gunnery, for proof of his mechanical genius. Recur to his able and masterly letter to General Sucre, among many others, the principles of which have now become the guide and rule of our government, on the subject of blockades, for a proof of his knowledge of the Law of Nations. Recur to the magnanimous stand taken by him in conjunction with Commodore Bainbridge, on the employment of the navy at the outset of the war, for proof of his chivalric patriotism; to which circumstances alone are justly attributable—according to the Secretary of the Navy—our glorious victories on the ocean, victories which covered the flag of the nation with imperishable honor, and inspired the drooping hearts of our countrymen with that confidence and valor which enabled them to vanquish the foe, wherever they met him on sea or land. Recur for proof of his skill and bravery to the many actions in which he fought and commanded, and especially to his victory over the Cyane and Levant, a victory unprecedented in naval history, by which he reduced to practice his own prior theory, that one large ship could capture two ships of combined superior force.*

Recur to his numerous reports to the Navy Department, and to the President of the United States, at different periods, for proof of his intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with the domestic policy and interest of his country; and, if farther proof be needed of his ability and patriotism in the service of his country, every President, from Mr. Jefferson down to Mr. Van Buren, has conferred upon him his emphatic approbation, and some testimony to his satisfactory discharge of every duty.

Such is a brief outline of the character of Commodore Stewart, a son of whom Pennsylvania, as well as the entire Union, has just reason to be proud. His counsels and his services have contributed so much to the glory of the Navy, that they must be gratefully remembered, as long as the star spangled banner affords protection against foreign aggression to those over whom it floats, and is honored and respected throughout the world.

Long may he live to serve his country, and to behold the navy, with which he has been so long and so honorably associated, hoist her flag in every breeze, and protect her commerce and her rights on every sea.

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* See his Letter, twelfth of November, 1812, to the Secretary of the Navy.

THE BUDS OF HOPE.

The fragile hope-buds of an old man's heart
As the pale snow-drops into being start;
They bloom a day 'mid winter's chilling breath,
The next—become the property of death. B.

APPEAL TO DEATH.

Dan Death, much do I muse and marvel, Dan,
That thou canst so intrude, old gentleman,
To double-rap at *my* door twice for me,
Who at *thy* door did never ring for thee!

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RESUSCITATED JOES,

VERSIFIED.

From out of the old fields cometh the new corn.—*Proverb.*

NUMBER II.

No. VI.—THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

When the devil engaged with Job's patience in battle,
Tooth and nail strove to worry him out of his life,
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses, and cattle,
But, mark me, he ne'er thought of taking his wife!

But heaven, at length, Job's forbearance rewards:
And in time double wealth, double honor, arrives;
Heaven doubles his children, slaves, houses, and herds,
But we don't hear a word of a couple of wives!

No. VII.—A DISHONEST BUTCHER.

"You're a thief," said a wag, "and I'll show it,"
To a butcher, with angry feeling;
"'Tis a scandalous fact, and you know it,
That knives you are constantly *steeling!*"

No. VIII.—LIKE AND NOT LIKE.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
'Twas drawn by some enchanted hand,
It seemed so much like life.

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amazed
To view the painter's skill.

"This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."

"And has it kissed thee back, my dear?"
"Ah, no! my love," said he;
"Then, William, it is very clear,
It's not at all like ME."

No. IX.—CONNUBIAL COMFORT.

Cries Sue to Will, 'midst matrimonial strife,
"Cursed be the hour I first became your wife!"
"By all the powers," said Will, "but that's too bad!
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

No. X.—I TOLD YOU SO.

A farmer once, with many a comfort blest,
Honest and plain—his plough too always going,
Still wanting something more to crown the rest,
Took to himself a wife, active and knowing.
Their days they passed with harmony full fraught,
And nothing knew of matrimonial strife,
Save from a cant phrase that his dear had caught,
Which proved the torment of the poor man's life.
To cut the matter short, a curious power
She boasted, of foretelling each event:
And did it rain, she knew there'd be a shower;
If sinners turned, she knew that they'd repent.
Whene'er the good man, vexed, would say, "My dear,
Old Hodge's hogs the corn-fields have been plundering,"
Or that the cows had eat the clover bare,
"I told you so," she'd cry—"why are you wondering?"
When freshets rose, and swept a fence or gate,
If barns blew down, or cattle went astray,
Or neighbor bowed beneath the stroke of fate—
"I told you so," his loving spouse would say.
One day, to prove her wondrous foresight more,
He hit upon a plan somewhat uncouth:
He ran into his house, and stoutly swore
The hogs had eat the grindstone up smack smooth.
Up starts his rib, so ominous to prove it,
And gazing in his agitated face,
Cries out, "*I told you so*, then, why not move it?
I knew it stood in an improper place."

No. XI.—SHARP SHOOTING.

A cockney sportsman, gunning, to a country squire declares,
That he, one morn, 'ere breakfast time, shot three and thirty hares.
"Indeed! shot three and thirty hares!" "Yes, truly!" looking big;
"Then," says the squire, "you surely must have *fired at a wig!*"

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No. XII.—A WHET BEFORE DINNER.

Too late for dinner by an hour,
The dandy enter'd—in a shower
Caught, and no coach when mostly wish'd,
The beau was, like the dinner, *dish'd*.
Mine host then, with fat capon lined,
Grinn'd and exclaim'd, "I s'pose you've dined.
Indeed, I see you took—'twas wrong—
A whet, sir, as you came along."

No. XIII.—THE MODERN SAINT.

Here and there it is our fate,
To meet a sort of reprobate,
Who makes us feel the proverb lame,
That man and master are the same.
It chanced within a century,
There lived at B——
A saint, who well deserved
In rum to be preserved.
So pious and so fond of freedom,
No one to slavery would *he* doom,
But *whites* with him were not the crack ones,
His charity was all for *black* ones.
One day, a man—a common case—
Was looking out *to get a place*,
When he was told that there was room
In this said mansion for a groom.
He came—the master most observant,
Strict in the hiring of a servant,
Went thro' the forms inherent to the scene,
Of character, of wages, and of warning,
Good morals, sober, honest, steady, clean,
Shun plays, hate girls, rise early in the morning:
All which, though wisely he defined it,
He found just as he wished to find it;—
The man himself said so—
And *he* must know.
But now, though Thomas thought it all too much,
There yet remained this final master-touch.
He said—his visage graced with saint-like airs—
"When you have rack'd your horses up,
You'll comb your hair, and wash and sup,
And then, I shall expect, attend at prayers.
There like myself behave,
And sing a stave."
At this, the man—somewhat confused—
Scraped, scratched his head, and mused;
"Yes, sir,—oh, yes—but if I must—
As it is right to do what one engages—
Your honor won't object, I trust,
To let it be considered in my wages."

No. XIV.—IRISH REFLECTIONS.

Pat at a mirror stood, with eyes
Close shut; when one, in great surprise,
Exclaimed, "What means the ape?"
"What mane I, honey? widout book
That's answered—to *see how I look*
When I am fast asluep!"

No. XV.—AN OVERCHARGE.

Some twenty years ago—it may be more—
When Bonaparte was in lofty station,
He vowed he'd fly his eagles on the shore,
And freedom give to all the British nation.

Now, John Bull relished not this kind intention;
He knew *that eagles were much given to peck;*
So thanked the Emperor for his attention,
Yet firm resolved his progress he would check.

From John 'o Groats to Cornwall's austral end,
A race of volunteers immediate springs,
And valiant hearts their country to defend,
Who swore they'd clip the Imperial eagle's wings.

Sam Miles, a lad with heart of British oak,
(His head was somewhat of a softer mold,)
Among the awkward squad his station took,
And in a moment grew a soldier bold.

The drill was over—well he'd play'd his part.
Now homeward to his loving spouse he hies;
Explain'd the mysteries of the martial art,
And held the musket to her gazing eyes.

"Come here, my love; I'll quickly fire the piece,
And you shall hear the wondrous noise it makes."
He loaded—twirled the rod about with grace,
And, soldier-like, his footing firmly takes.

He touched the trigger, but the piece was dumb,
For why? our hero had forgot to prime!
He scratched his head, and after many a hum,
"There's not enough," so charged another time.

Yet all was hush; his efforts were in vain—
A third he tried—nor yet the fourth was right—
He charged and rammed, and rammed and charged again,
Till down the tenth he forced with all his might.

But now a ray of reason glanced his soul,
"I see—I see my error—never fear.
All's right, my love; I quite forgot the hole—
I ought t'have put a little priming here."

He fired—bang! with a tremendous sound;
The piece was burst, and straight to atoms flew,
Laid our brave warrior sprawling on the ground,
And by his side, unhurt, his wife so true.

After a while, the wife began to rise;
Sam seized her fast—roared out with voice of wo,
"Janet, Janet, keep still, and shut your eyes,
'Tis only once! *she's nine times more to go.*"

No. XVI.—ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept, and from his side,
Woman in all her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman "bride,"
And *his first sleep became his last repose!*

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A DAY ON LAKE ERIE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues, and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs and brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground.

Fletcher.

THE first bell had sounded when I stepped from the wharf at Detroit, on board one of the mammoth steamboats that daily ply across the lake. It was a lovely morning, and the breath of the early day came from the warm south, "fragrant with nature's odors." I mounted upon the upper deck, and gazed upon the motley group assembled on the wharf. A steamboat had just arrived from Buffalo, and the embarking and disembarked passengers of the two vessels were mixed in sweet confusion. Emigrants hunting for locations; western men journeying to the seaboard cities for their supply of fall goods; tourists, of both sexes, from all parts of the states, crossing each other in their way to Niagara and the Upper Lakes; land speculators from Green Bay and Chicago; Irish laborers and lake sailors; town and city growers, with pockets full of plats and plans of lots of wild land that under their care are eventually to become so many Western New Yorks. Indian traders, journeying to attend the pay-day of the rendezvous of the red men; Yankee dealers in every variety of down-east ware, travelling for custom. Two young men with moustached lips attracted universal attention—they were British officers, about to penetrate into the northern parts of the territory, the regions of ice and granite, with the enthusiastic intention of raising a regiment of half-breeds for the service of Texas. A cluster of hardy peasantry from the banks of the sunny Rhine were gabbling bad French with some Canadian *voyageurs*, who were anxious to descend the St. Lawrence to their homes in the island colony. Not a negro was to be seen on the quay, but a young Indian of noble mien stood on the hill rise, and gazed on the busy scene below with a curious eye. He belonged to the Potawattomies, a numerous and warlike tribe. He was considerably above the usual height of men: his black and shining hair was parted along the centre of his head, and hung in lengthy braids down his back, like a Swiss peasant girl—a huge mass of feathers, plucked from the eagle's wing or the wild turkey's tail, was fastened to the end of every braid. His whole attire was of Indian character, for the unmixed blood of the red man filled his veins.

A strong contrast to this genuine son of the forest was afforded by a ragged dirty looking Indian, who was standing at a grog shanty door, and begging for a drink of whiskey. He was an Oneida, a debased and worthless straggler from the reservation on the Saginaw. He had been loafing about the streets of Detroit for many days, living upon rum and tavern crackers, and sleeping in the corners of the unfinished houses. I had met with him in one of his bar visitations, and heard him tell the landlord that he had been eastward to visit his son who was a student at one of the colleges. He spoke English tolerably well, and said that he was the only Indian on the reservation who could write; he had been educated by the "mission mans," but the fascinations of the fire-water had transformed him into a beast.

The last bell rung, the stragglers hastened on board, and the boat swung her huge bows towards the centre of the stream. The white cottages on the high bank of the Canada shore glistened in the beams of the morning sun; and the river, "big with the waters of its many lakes," bore us swiftly along—its current acquiring greater rapidity from the conjunction of its stream which had been divided by Hog Island, famous for rattlesnakes and pork.

I descended to the engine deck. A small circle of listeners had gathered round a tall old gentleman, in whom I immediately recognised a fellow sufferer during a long day's travel over corduroy roads, in one of the abominations called Kalamazoo stages. He was somewhat eccentric in his opinions, and rather verbose in his diction, but he spoke in a round deep voice that commanded attention and enforced respect. He was dressed in a brown single-breasted long surtout, which he always had closely buttoned up to his chin. A few straggling gray hairs hung over his coat collar, and he wore a drab wool hat of excessive breadth of brim. His small black eyes shone brilliantly, and his long hooked nose would not have disgraced the Cæsars. His mouth was large, but well made; and a general expression of good nature pervaded his features. He signed himself Colonel in the hotel registers, and had been politically conspicuous for several years.

"I know the Potawattomies," said he. "The tribe now dwelling on the western banks of the St. Joseph's river are called The Indians of the Wood; they are soon to leave their native forest, and find another home in the boundless prairies west of the Mississippi. The white man wants their land. The young Indian whom you observed upon the wharf is one of this tribe, but he is in disgrace, and has bidden an eternal adieu to the friends of his youth."

The listeners pressed the Colonel to relate the particulars of the Indian's offence.

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"Gentlemen, I speak from positive knowledge of the facts I am about to relate. Wee-sau was an Indian chief of considerable popularity amongst the Potawattomies; he was also in good odor with the whites, for he had not acquired the habits of drunkenness which too frequently degrade the red men of the west. Wee-sau was a handsome Indian—social and affable, but with all the native pride of the warrior of the woods. He was determined to avoid the compulsatory emigration of his tribe, and had signified to the settlers in the vicinity of the reservation that it was his intention to remain, and be as one of them.

"It is a custom with the Indians to hold a grand feast upon the first of July, which they term the month of blue fruits. At the feast that occurred this year, a large quantity of whiskey and rum were provided, and the whole of the day and succeeding night were passed in the savages' heaven of intoxication. Even Wee-sau himself, who scorned the habitual drunkard, gave way before the excitement of the scene, and drowned his scruples in the liquid fire.

"Towards morning, the old chiefs squatted round a pile of blazing fagots, and vaunted of their individual prowess in the days of blood; the warlike achievements of the tribe were recounted; and the songs in praise of the departed heroes of many scalps, were chanted to the slow and solemn melodies peculiar to their hymns of war. The young men crowded round the veterans, and listened to the tales of other times; their eyes sparkled with delight when they heard of the bye-gone glories of their tribe; and the enthusiasm of the young warriors, heightened by a fresh supply of rum, broke forth in the war dance, and a mad interchange of blows.

"The son of Wee-sau, a noble looking fellow, joined in the sport; he was intoxicated for the first time, and gave loose to his fiery spirit with a freedom that defied all bounds. In the midst of the club play, a blow, from an unseen hand, felled him with terrific violence, and he rolled several yards down a slight declivity. When he recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, his comrades laughed loudly at his mishap, and denied all knowledge of its committal. The young Indian slunk away in the darkness unperceived—his heart was bursting with the insult, and he resolved upon instant revenge.

"Fortifying his determination with another cup of rum, he stole to the lodge of his family, and loading his father's rifle, crept cautiously back to the scene of drunken riot. In the dimness of the light, he saw a crowd of Indians dancing in triumph round a feathered chief—young Wee-sau's heated imagination fancied that the hero of the mob could alone be the author of his disgrace. The circle opened—the fire blazed brightly, and developed the outline of the chief—young Wee-san took deliberate aim—and his victim fell.

"The war whoop resounded through the woods. The young Indians rushed to the spot; and the murderer, after a short chase, was conducted a prisoner to the council fire. The smile of deadly satisfaction that had illumined his features gave way to a burst of agonised remorse, when the flickering light fell on the countenance of the slain. He had shot his father through the brain.

"The parricide would have been slaughtered on the spot where he had committed the crime, but for the interference of the old chiefs, who restrained the drunken justice of the younger Indians. The neighboring settlers interested themselves in the affair; the customary rendering of life for life was not enforced, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case. An escape was connived at; and the murderer left his native woods never to return.

"The young Indian who was standing on the wharf at Detroit, was this very man—the parricide! he is on his way to the Canadas. The horror of his crime weighs heavily on his mind; he has abjured the touch of spirituous liquors—but he goes forth a vagabond, with the mark of Cain upon his brow, and the murder of his parent upon his soul."

The old gentleman bowed to his auditors, and, taking my arm, proposed a stroll about the boat. He seemed to be acquainted with the majority of our fellow passengers, their occupations, and pursuits; and he depicted their peculiarities with graphic brevity and force.

"That pale, thin, young man is a Philadelphian. He was well educated, and the blossoms of his life promised golden fruits. Misfortunes, partly the effects of his own imprudence, reduced him to poverty; he went to the far west, and passed two miserable years in the district of the mines. He worked on the soil with his own hands, like the commonest laborer; and after many fruitless diggings, he had, at last, the fortune to strike upon a *lode of metal*, as it is called, of considerable value. He will be very rich. He is now journeying to reclaim his aged mother from indigence, and to see if the girl of his affections has preserved his remembrance. His patient labor at Galena has obliterated the faults of his former life, and he deserves to be happy—but his hectic cheek and attenuated form tell of consumption, and I fear me he will not return."

"That florid-faced man in the Boston wrapper, who paid double fare for the luxury of a state room for himself alone, and insisted upon retaining it, maugre the remonstrances of several unaccommodated married men and their ladies—that man embarked to cross this lake, six years ago, without the price of his passage in his pocket. The captain put him ashore at Cleveland; he worked on the canal there as a day laborer, and afterwards opened a log house for the sale of rum, and made several hundred dollars in a short time. He then progressed across the Peninsula to the shores of lake Michigan, and fixed his grog shanty in a swamp at the mouth of one of the rivers. An appropriation was made by congress to form a harbor there—the rum seller walked to the land office, and entered fifteen hundred acres of the locality at the government price. He is now worth half a million of money."

The steamboat now over-reached one of the lake schooners, and dashed rapidly past her, although she was making good headway, with all her sails bent to the breeze. "A fit emblem of the past and the pre-

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sent!" said the Colonel. "The perfectability of modern science is as superior to the boasted wisdom of the ancients, as the swift rush of our mammoth craft, with its world of contents, is to the creeping progress of yonder vessel—and yet, our forefathers would have thought her rig and build surprisingly beautiful. Archimedes imagined he should be able to raise the globe itself, if he knew but where to fix his lever. Fulton has done more; steam, yet in its infancy, has revolutionised the world. It has nearly annihilated time and space; and brings within the brief scope of our mortal days, the attainments of knowledge and travel which formerly would have occupied a patriarch's life."

By this time, we were passing amongst the beautiful islets that speckle the face of the lake. I pointed them out to my companion, and reminded him that Perry's victory took place in their immediate vicinity. "I know it," said he, "and although every American ought to gaze upon the scene with pride, I am unable to look upon that island without remembering a sad event which happened there, and blighted many a joyous hope.

"I was crossing the lake, a few years since, with my daughter—an only child. Her health had suffered in the cold regions of the northwest, and I was journeying to a warmer clime before the rigors of winter had spread upon the earth. The steamboat—the Niagara—I mention her name because it will not injure the owners, as she has long since been removed from this station—was neither properly engined, manned, nor commanded. Her cabins were filled with passengers, and her decks were crowded with luggage and freight. We were unable to face the severity of an equinoctial gale, and the captain, a poor weak man, every way unqualified for the command of a vessel, proposed throwing overboard the luggage of the passengers; and, in spite of our protestations, would have carried his absurd proposition into effect but for the resolute conduct of an officer in the United States' Navy. This gentleman, pitying the situation of the poor emigrants, who would have lost their all, upon finding remonstrance useless, actually confined the captain in his cabin, and assumed the direction of the boat. The crew were ashamed of their commander's pusillanimity, and cheerfully obeyed the naval officer's orders—we were, therefore, *eventually* landed at our desired port. It is the only instance I have ever experienced, wherein mutiny was positively praiseworthy.

"The gale was awfully severe. The light waters of these fresh-water seas are easily agitated by the wind; and the waves dashed over our boat in a volume that would not have disgraced the Atlantic press. Fearing that we should be driven on shore, we ran into Put-in Bay—a nook formed in the largest island in that group. Perry, like us, found shelter there, when his fleet was dispersed by a storm. We were detained in this humble roadstead for three days; all our provisions were exhausted, and we were unable to obtain any thing from the only farmer on the island but a few bushels of potatoes. We had fresh water in abundance, certainly, but it was asserted, and I believe with truth, that the use of this lake water seriously affected the sweetness of the breath. Perhaps the still water in the bay was tainted with the decomposition of vegetable matter, and had acquired an offensive fetor from not being [illegible] to the action of the winds.

"Our sufferings were dreadful. For three days we had barely sufficient nourishment to keep life within us. My daughter's spirits sunk under the privation, and her weak constitution received a shock it was unable to sustain. She died in my arms, just as the vessel left the island—and I bore her cold corse across the stormy waters of the lake, to find a resting-place in the stranger's land."

The feelings of the parent overcame the good old man. He turned aside, and wept. I would not insult him with trite condolements, but, leaning over the taffrail, mused on the vagaries of fortune, till the dinner bell summoned us below.

We were enjoying the comforts of the well spread board, when I noticed the captain and the clerk suddenly leave the table, and go on deck. A whisper went the round of the waiters, and they ran up the stairs in a body. We had scarcely time to make our observations on this curious conduct, when sounds of confusion were heard from the deck. Several of the passengers left the table to inquire into the cause of this disorder: a voice was shortly heard, from upon sky-light, requesting some of the men to come up, for the ship was on fire, and the flames were raging furiously.

The reader must form his own opinion of the confusion which such an announcement would make amongst upwards of two hundred passengers, with more than the usual complement of women and children. I shall not attempt a description of the sudden and universal dismay.

I succeeded in getting upon deck, and was almost suffocated by a cloud of dense black smoke. The beams adjoining one of the fire places had caught fire, and the frame work of the boiler was in flames. The head of the vessel had been put for the nearest point of the shore, which was about five miles off. Buckets of water were freely applied, but the violence of the flames did not seem to abate.

The wind, being off shore, had driven the thick body of smoke over the after part of the vessel, and the whole of the passengers were compelled to crowd the forward deck to escape being choked.

A cry arose—"The boilers must shortly burst—let us take to the boats." A movement was made; when my friend, the Colonel, jumped on a pile of wood that had been thrown from one of the fire rooms, and his clear round voice sounded distinctly above the tumult.

"My friends, there is no danger of explosion, and the boats are too small to carry even one-tenth of us to the shore. What man would suffer his wife, sister, or daughter, to go alone, and yet what man could think of occupying a seat in the boat, to the exclusion of that sex we all delight to serve? The fore part of the vessel must remain unconsumed till we reach the shore—follow my example, and we shall all be safe."

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The old gentleman doffed his long brown coat, and took his turn in handing the buckets. Several of the passengers followed his example; the water flowed in a continuous stream, and in a short space of time the flames were totally subdued.

The head of the boat was again turned to its required point; the ladies, who had behaved with surprising calmness in the trying moments of our situation, retired to their cabin; the men took a dram each; the sailors repaired the damages of the fire; and the deck passengers administered a little wholesome Lynching to an individual, who had amused himself by breaking open several of their chests during the confusion.

I joined the Colonel, and we retreated to the upper deck. One of the passengers, scorched and blackened, was lying panting on one of the seats.

"Did you observe that man's conduct during the fire?" said the Colonel. "He was more indefatigable in his exertions than captain or crew, and must not be allowed to suffer unregarded."

The good old gentleman went below, and shortly reappeared, followed by a couple of waiters carrying refreshment. A little brandy and water soon revived the sufferer's strength, and he was carefully carried down stairs, and placed in one of the berths.

"A few days rest will restore him," said the Colonel. "He is an English farmer. I saw him yesterday at the window of the land office, securing a portion of the public domain which had pleased his fancy. His wife and children, and two brothers, were left at New York; he has been on a short tour of observation, and now returns to fetch them to his location; in a few weeks they will be settled in the bosom of the wilderness. I saw him jump aboard the boat this morning with the elastic spring of hope and joy. He came forth a dove-like messenger in search of land, and now returns with glad tidings and ardent hopes of rich success. One such emigrant is worth a dozen of the idle skulking knaves who crowd our seaboard, and rot in laziness and rags.

"That good-looking man, with a large breast pin, and chain of gold conspicuously displayed across his velvet breast, is a blackleg of the vilest class. He is insinuating himself into the society of those young men for the purpose of making up a card party, when the work of plunder will commence. He has a scar upon the back of his left hand—I will tell you how it was gained. He was travelling down the Mississippi in company with some southerners, and succeeded in provoking them to gamble. One of them soon became a heavy loser—he suspected foul play, and narrowly watched the stranger's conduct. He soon discovered that the blackleg secreted the winning cards of the pack, and produced them at his pleasure. The southerner had lost heavily—more, indeed, than he could afford—when he saw the end of a card peeping out from beneath the other's outstretched hand that was lying flat upon the table. He drew his spring-back dirk from his pocket, and, with one jerk, drove it through the hand of the gambler, deep into the top of the table. He was compelled to remain, nailed to the place, with the evidence of his villainy perfectly visible, till every body on board the boat had been invited to look at him, that they might know and avoid him for the future. All his winnings were taken from him, and he was put ashore at the first wooding place. But the unblushing scoundrel is at his dirty work again, as confident as if no such exposure had ever occurred.

"How sofily beautiful the sunbeams fall on the surface of this sweet clear lake! it is God's own mirror, reflecting the face of heaven."

A boy, about six years of age, was clambering up the nettings of the bulwarks. His mother called him to her by the name of Ahasuerus. The frequent repetition of this strange word excited much attention, and drew the following remarks from the old Colonel.

"The rage for out-of-the-way names is peculiar, I believe, to our country—though we may not rival the Spanish in the multiplicity of appellations bestowed upon an individual. Many of our sponsorial titles are absurd. You have doubtless heard of the poor woman who had her infant christened Belzebub, because it was a scripture name. I knew a man who swore an oath that his first child should be named Thomas Jefferson—of course, he calculated upon having a boy; but his first born was a female. He kept his oath; and the lady owning that masculine nomination is still alive. An eccentric auctioneer at New Orleans christened his twin daughters Ibid and Ditto; and a gentleman of the name of Stickney, now living upon the banks of the Miami, has designated his children in numerical rotation, commencing with the first born, as One Stickney, Two Stickney, and so on, up to the infant who is called Five Stickney. No other name or distinguishing mark is affixed to male or female."

"A curious family, indeed," said I, "though not a singular one. The father is determined that each child shall cut a figure in the world; but has he assumed no rank of place to himself in the enumeration, or is he but a cypher in the account? What a subversion of arithmetical propriety must occasionally be heard in his dwelling! as thus—

"John, go to the children; take Three from One, and Five will remain."

"If One Stickney can eat twelve peaches, how many can Five eat? *Answer—half a one.*"

"Please, sir, One Stickney has been fighting with his brothers and sisters; he knocked Two down stairs, kicked Three, shut Four up in the wardrobe, frightened Five to bed, and the whole family is at sixes and sevens."

A steamboat, bound to the land we had left, passed within a cable's length of our wheels. An enormous pile of luggage filled the fore deck of the vessel, which was of the largest class, and crowded with passengers. "They are emigrants," said the Colonel, "from *blazéd* Europe—at least I judge so from the appearance of their luggage. The inhabitants of our Atlantic cities know but little of the depth and breadth of the stream of emigration that now flows with a steady current into our western settlements.

"Deucalion, the Noah of the Mythological Deluge, is said to have repeopled the world after the flood by

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throwing stones over his shoulder—the said stones turning to men as they touched the earth. Cadmus obtained an army by planting, in a ploughed field, the teeth of a serpent—the said teeth growing into soldiers in regular rank and file. If these worthies had settled in this country, and exercised their peculiar privileges for a score of years, I doubt whether the land would have been so thickly peopled as it is. Nor could the unceasing work of Amphion, who built up Thebes by the music of his harp, have excelled us in the facility of city making."

A well dressed youth was parading the deck with an air of self-satisfaction, and amusing himself by poking a large silver tooth pick into his mouth. His arrogant bearing offended the Colonel's ideas of propriety, and he seized the arm of the youth with such a jerk, that the dandy's hand nearly followed the toothpick down his throat. "Young man, if your mother's sugar plums have rotted your teeth, and you must pick them, go below and get a quill tooth pick from the steward; or, beg a pen from the clerk, and cut it into the required shape. Use it privately. To clean your teeth in public is a sign of vulgarity—but to torment your gums with a metal spike, when you can treat them to the softness of a quill, is sheer stupidity."

The young fellow stared, and said nothing; but he put his tooth pick in his pocket.

The sun was setting with a splendor and a glory unequalled even in "the golden skies of fair Italia's land." Masses of clouds assumed every possible variety of wondrous form and gorgeous tint. Dark and mountainous appearances in the fore part faded in the centre to a clear and sunlit distance. Grades of light and shade heightened the illusion. Rocky steeps and castellated crags frowned over an extensive valley of inconceivable loveliness; and streams of shining silver meandered through the purple and yellow fields. It was a most remarkable combination of effect, and elicited general surprise and admiration. The whole of the passengers collected on the after part of the upper deck, and when the first expressions of delight had passed away, they gazed in silence upon this striking development of the beauties of nature.

One of the passengers, a stout farmer-looking man, with his wife and daughter hanging on his arms, took off his hat, and said, in a loud tone—"These are thy works, Parent of Good! The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, and the firmament proclaims thy handy works. Blessed be the name of the Lord God!"

These apposite quotations forcibly struck the minds of the standers-by; and, with one accord, the hats of the male passengers were removed from their heads. A holy feeling of reverential awe pervaded our bosoms as "we looked through nature up to nature's God."

A thin cadaverous-looking fellow took a hymn book from his pocket, and in a snuffling tone, requested his brethren to assist him in *improving the occasion.* He mounted the top of the rudder post, and gave out two lines of a hymn in a canting drawling manner, and led off the singing at the top of his voice. One or two of his friends joined in the discord, but the rest put on their hats, and turned jeeringly away.

"There," said my friend, the Colonel, "you may note the difference between the effects of genuine impulsive piety and the second-hand cant of the Pharisees—the outward spiritual sign and the inward spiritual grace. The righteous over-much thrusts his worldly sanctity down your throat in disagreeable doses—but the voice of pure religion emanates from the heart, and is sure to find a responsive chord."

Passing forward, I overheard one of the deck hands thus deliver himself "in communion sweet" with the firemen. "Them there sarm singers aboard boats is never no good. I went as hired help to two on 'em west o' the mountains, and down Mississippi; they were raal stingy and mean—they'd pick a pismire off the ground and steal the crumb out of his mouth. They used to preach and pray and sing all day, and steal a nigger at night. They got catched in Looseyanney, and Lynched right away; and I guess, if I hadn't a strecked, I should a been Lynched too, for keeping bad company."

The old Colonel bade me farewell, and, dreading the effects of the night breeze on the lake, retired to his berth. The lights of Cleveland, my port of destination, soon appeared in view. I selected my portmanteau from the general mass of luggage; and while inquiring for a porter, I saw a police officer busily engaged in handcuffing the psalm singer. The constable had been some time on the watch for his victim, who was a principal agent of the western gang of counterfeiters.

(From the Literary Souvenir for 1838.)

JUVENILE JUMBLING.

Thron'd on his mother's knee, the hopeful heir,
Lisps out his little "now-I-lay-me" prayer;
While drops his head, as in sweet dreams he'd wander,
Till, starting up—half earnest, half in play—
He whispers softly—"Mother, may'nt I say
That *other pretty prayer, 'bout goosey, goosey gander!*"

Z. E. B.

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MARION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAHAMA BANKS."

WHO has not heard of Marion? and as the name fell upon his ear, his imagination has conjured up an image of unfailing truth and devotion to his country's cause, of unyielding firmness, daring and desperate bravery.

And such he was. In the most desolate and gloomy time of the Southern war, when Carolina, overrun by British force, weakened and betrayed by her own sons, fettered and curbed by armed posts and fortresses, and scathed by the remorseless forays of her haughty invaders, lay trembling and paralyzed at the feet of the British lion; when her best and bravest were prisoners in the hulks of St. Augustine, and resistance was at an end; then Francis Marion, and a few kindred spirits, betook themselves to the unhealthy and impregnable retreats of the forests, and the spark of hope still faintly glimmered in the hearts of these brave men.

Some one has said, "Thanks be to God for mountains!" So might we say, thanks for the impassable and unlimited swamps of the South. Far hid in their intense gloom, under the sombre canopy of the dull cyprus, and surrounded by the dark and rolling Pedee, Marion sought and found a fortress; ill armed and scantily provisioned, he burst suddenly and with the swoop of an eagle on the exposed points of the royal troops. Not a single corps could change its position, but the keen eye of Marion saw it; and if in the carelessness of fancied security, they rested from the most perfect vigilance in the dead hour of night, the sharp rattle of the riflemen carried death among them, and long ere they could recover from their astonishment and return an ineffectual fire, the assailers were far beyond reach, speeding on some other quest.

Unceasing war, till the last red coat left the soil, was Marion's determination, and well did he carry it out. His name was a perfect terror, and gallantly did he maintain his character.

After a long and weary march through the centre of what is now Charleston district, the second and third companies of the forty-seventh infanty, and a battalion of loyalists, who had that morning left Monk's Corner, at length reached the Santee. Officers and men alike fatigued—even the strict discipline of the British service could scarce keep them in their usual regular array. Staggering and weary, worn out with the heat of the day, and the deep sands over which they had travelled, the men marched with uncertain and wavering step. Behind them came the newly raised loyal volunteers—as pretty a specimen of rascality and misrule as could well be produced. All the efforts of their officers to make a creditable appearance were vain. In the most complete disarray, jostling, swearing, and quarrelling, the turbulent crowd came on, loaded with the most various and motly articles of plunder, which they had obtained in the course of their march to join the regulars. Here, an ill-visaged rascal, in the hunting-shirt and tattered leggings of the upper country, had thrown over his sprawling shoulders the wardrobe of a woman. Lace handkerchiefs and rich dresses hung in elegant confusion about his ungainly person, while his musket, suspended across his body by a rich scarf, supported some half dozen fowls and ducks, the pillage of a hen-roost. By the side of this worthy, toddled along a thickset sturdy fellow, with but one eye, and that deeply scarred by the nails of some antagonist, yet glimmering with the vacant expression of advanced intoxication. His upper man was cased in one of those old fashioned and deeply embroidered coats, which were then the mode, and which being made for a tall and elegant figure, reached to his ankles, thereby concealing the deficiency in the garniture of his lower limbs; from the coat pockets projected the necks of several bottles, one of which he extracted and endeavored to apply to his gaping mouth.—After many an effort, in the course of which the red seal became acquainted with every part of his face but the right one, he got it fairly lodged, and after deducting a reasonable portion of its contents, threw it upon the ground, d—ning it for the most washy stuff he ever tasted. "Here, Long Jack," said he to his companion, "just take another of these nasty things out for me. for the cursed holes is so far behind, I can't get my hand in 'em no how. Blast the things, I won't tote 'em no furder, they makes me reel about so. Just take 'em out, won't you." Jack inserted his hands, and extracting them one by one, handed them over till he came to a bottle of different form from the rest. This the drunkard thought proper to taste, and decapitating it with his dirk, took an immoderate gulp of the contents. The effect was instantaneous; he reeled, staggered and fell—the bottle contained ether, and the dose he had taken destroyed his senses instantly. No sort of attention was paid him by the rest, except that his next neighbor stripped him of his finery, and left him uncovered to the full rays of the burning sun.

Never was there a greater collection of miscreants: and their roar of drunken and brutal laughter, oaths, and execrations, at length drew the attention of the commander of the detachment. Orders were given for the volunteers to fall back, and wait until the regulars had passed the ferry. As the boat was small, and the stream very rapid, they were a long time in passing over. The ferryman, a low, dark-visaged, very spare and muscular, though small-framed man, with

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the negroes who assisted him, carried over the major and the first company, and, as he was about to return, the officer detained him to obtain information.

He asked if he were well affected to the royal cause. The dark eye of the ferryman lit up with a sudden spark, and his lip quivered as he answered—"I have suffered enough."

"Well, my good fellow," said the major, "you shall make up for all this when the king enjoys his own again; by the way, have there been many passing this way lately?"

"Not many, sir; but I can tell you who did go by here yesterday afternoon: some one you'd be glad to lay hands on."

"Who was that?—speak out, my man—you'll lose nothing by telling me!"

"Well, then, it was that stuttering devil, Horry, that they say was with Marion. He went by here at full speed, grumbling mightily about something or other."

"Aha! then the coast is clear—that's what I wanted to know; he could not tell that we were going to move this morning, and my poor devils of men may sleep sound to-night."

Again that grim smile played across the dark features of the ferryman, but he soon relapsed into his ordinary composure.

A second and third time did the heavily-laden boat work slowly up the wooded bank, and then shooting across the current, land her living freight; but when the order came for the negroes to proceed again for the tories, they positively refused, and betaking themselves to the woods, disappeared in their dark recesses. The ferryman, apparently very angry at their disobedience, dashed into the forest after them.

After awaiting his return for some time, the major ordered some of his own men to row the boat over for the refugees, and with a long delay, they all stood on the left bank of the Santee. The sun hung in the west some three hours high, and with many a curse on the strange conduct of the ferryman, they continued their march. Meanwhile, the light form of the boatman might be seen speeding rapidly through the woods, until he burst through a thicket of small and tangled pines, and stood in a glade of the forest, surrounded by a stream of densest foliage. Here the negroes awaited him; one busily employed in accoutring a horse of the true southern breed, whose arched neck, thin mane, small and well set head, and dry, bony limbs betokened the purity of his blood. The other drew from their hiding-place a light and keen sabre and short rifle, and belted them carefully on the body of his master. The proud steed was now brought forward, and having glanced at the equipments and felt the girths, Marion, for it was he, vaulted into the saddle, and bidding the negroes take care of themselves, shook the reins and darted forward. "This day must prove your blood, Selim," said he, as the gallant horse bounded on amid the thickly clustered trees. Few horsemen could have held such rapid way through the forest unharmed, but to Marion it was safe as the most beaten road; darting from side to side to avoid the huge trunks in his rapid career, and stooping oft-times to his saddle bow to clear the curling festoons of the wild vine, he soon emerged into a narrow and grassy road which wound through the forest.

Through a succession of such by-paths, ever and anon rousing the wild deer from their coverts, he galloped on, and two good hours passed ere he drew bridle on the bank of Black river. After a brief breathing pause, he struck his heels into the sides of his foaming steed, and a few of minutes desperate exertion placed them in safety on the opposite side. Again that rapid courser was urged, till at last he halted, and advanced more slowly to the edge of Tearcoat swamp. There stood an immense tulip tree, and beneath its shade, now spreading far to the east in the rays of the setting sun, were picquetted two or three horses. The riders bounded to their feet at the sound of advancing hoofs, and, with presented rifles, shouted "who goes there?" "Marion," was the reply, in a deep and soul-stirring voice, which rang through the hearts of the soldiers. "'Tis the general," said the sentinel, rushing forward to seize his bridle, and grasp the hand that kindly met his pressure. The general dismounted, and throwing the reins of his noble courser into the trooper's hand, said, "Call Roberts, Charles, and let him rub Selim down; and do you hasten to Major Horry, and let him know I want him, and bid the men get ready, for we have something to do to-night." Hastily the soldier led the horse into the recesses of the woods, and speeded on his way to the quarters of the men. The moss covered and slippery roots of the cyprus bridged the way across the morass, and springing from knee to knee, he soon reached a dull and dark stream, deeply tinged with fallen leaves and decaying roots, which drained the swamp, crossed by the fallen and insecure trunk of a noble cedar. With firm and careful step he passed, and arrived at the rendezvous—a knoll of elevated ground in the heart of the swamp.

Trees had been felled to admit the fresher air; a deep, thick, stifling smoke rose from the frequent fires that were fed by the resinous tops and branches; and closely cowering around them, to avoid the clouds of moschetoes, was the chosen band that for freedom and their country's cause, endured such hardships. Nearly all were in the prime of youth, or the full flush of early manhood, but it would have been difficult to recognize in the thin forms, the sallow, and smoke-dried countenances, and uncouth garbs, those who once moved in the highest circles of provincial distinction. Still the eye, unfailing index of the soul, beamed bright, and as at the thought of some new deed of violence it kindled into life, you might perceive the energy of the mind and will still unabated. As the messenger rapidly advanced, they rose to meet him, and having delivered his orders to the major, he communicated to the rest the arrival of the general, and his orders to prepare for action. Then burst forth the spontaneous cheer, and with eager satisfaction, they hastened to prepare their arms and equipments. Several clustered around the messenger to listen to his tale.

"Which way did Marion come, Charles?"

"Heaven only knows," said he, "but he burst through the woods from the direction of Santee; and poor Selim,

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you ought to have seen him: he was foaming and wet; and when Marion dismounted, he hung his head and seemed drooping; and you all know it's no trifle that brings him down. And, boys, you ought to have seen how Marion smiled when he told me to tell you there was work to do; whenever I see him smile that way, I look that my sword be keen and my old rifle in order. By the way, you youngsters had better take my advice, and make a hearty supper before you start, for I swear you'll want it."

All was bustle and eager preparation; horses were sought, rubbed, and equipped; flints tried, powder-horns filled, and the moment of departure eagerly expected. Soon after sunset, while the dim fading light was struggling fainter and fainter through the trees, in every variety of hue, the command was given. Not with shout and martial music, pealing its soul-stirring notes among the sombre arches of the venerable trees—not with steady and disciplined step, did they, the few, and high souled, come from their retreats. Man by man, silently and warily threading the narrow passes of the morass, they gradually united on the firm land. Then, as each man looked on his fellows, moved by the same kindred spirit, the quick wringing pressure of the hand, and the frank, though stifled greeting, told their union of heart in the one cause.

Their leader came forth, and the throb and murmur of exultation and eager crowding round him, testified their regard. The gray suit of coarse country cloth no longer enveloped him, but a dark green rifle frock and horseman's boots and casque, without ornament except a white plume, set off his easy and determined carriage. He spoke but few words: he told them of the collection of tories, and their march to join the invaders, and while he spoke of those traitors to their country, his bosom swelled and voice heaved with emotion. "There are three hundred of them, my lads, but who would think of numbering such men?" and his deep tone of scorn rung through the hearts of his auditors: "three hundred, and we are one—but what then? your country, your parents, your dearest, nerve your arms and strengthen your hearts—they are paralyzed—we must disperse them; but in the thickest of the fight, remember they are still men, still your countrymen; if they resist, strike them down; if they disperse, let them go, and carry the story magnified by their fears to their homes. We must first surprise the regulars; if they surrender, spare them; if not, think of Hayne, think of their thousand atrocities. But, I need say no more—to your saddles, gentlemen, and follow me."

The fair moon rose, round and brilliant, on their march, and the bright host of heaven smiled around their queen, as the brave band rode on. But, as they reached the open ground, on which the British bivouacked, and beheld the watch fires gleaming at a distance, clouds rolled on from the west, and obscured the fair face of heaven. They fastened their horses in a skirt of woods, and slowly and carefully approached the line of sentinels. The English commander, unsuspicious of danger, had chosen his resting place for the night at some distance from the disorderly bivouac of the tories, and, having placed a line of sentinels, had caused his men to pile their arms and retire to rest; the polished barrels and bayonets gleamed in the red firelight, while a dark line of bodies showed where the sleeping soldiers lay. Marion arranged his plans, but waited till late at night ere he put them in execution. Several of his choicest men, silently, and with great precaution, approached each sentinel, as he carelessly walked backward and forward. They crept up till within a short distance, and, favored by the weeds and under brush, remained concealed. Suddenly—a long, sharp whistle, and, in an instant, each of the outposts was mastered, clasped in the strong gripe of the assailants, gagged and disarmed. But a single sentinel was able to discharge his piece, and the warning came too late.

A dark line passed swiftly before the eyes of the half-wakened soldiers, and as they sprung to their feet, the click of a hundred rifles sounded in their ears, while the trumpet-voice of Marion shouted to surrender or die. Unarmed and unprepared, the commander thought it madness to resist, as resistance must be bloody and desperate.

"To whom am I to surrender myself?" said he.

"To Francis Marion," was the reply.

At that dreaded name, he instantly submitted, and was ordered to leave the ground, and told that if resistance or communication with the tories was attempted, they would be instantly attacked. At this moment, a loud and wild cry of surprise and horror sounded from their camp, with the noise of hurrying feet, and crowds were dimly seen rushing by their fires in the confusion of despair. A fugitive from the royal camp had declared that Marion, with a thousand men, was upon them. The English major naturally supposed, from the tumult, that another body of assailants had attacked the tories, and gave orders to his men to disperse and save themselves. Himself and his subalterns were detained prisoners by Marion, and when the English had disappeared from the field, he ordered a small detachment to pursue the tories, and not permit them to unite again. Eagerly did the avengers rush on to their work, and ever as the loyalists rallied for resistance and reunion, the fatal fire of the pursuers, and the quick tramp of their charge, broke them, and drove them into indiscriminate flight. For many a weary mile, they fled before the flashing swords of the horsemen; and great as was the number of fugitives but few were slain, for Marion's strict charge was to disperse and alarm, but not to kill.

By the dawn of day, no one remained upon the field, but the few horsemen who guarded the captive English officers. The troops, disarmed and helpless, had, by Marion's order, taken their course to the place whence they had come, for he was unwilling that by the approaching light, they should see that they had been captured by a force too weak to keep them prisoners.

Deep, indeed, was the shame and vexation depicted on the war-worn features of the veteran Englishman, as he saw, by morning's dawn, the rude equipment and undisciplined appearance of his captors. But his chagrin wore away before the bland and winning

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manners of Marion; and, when the time came for an exchange of prisoners, the English officers willingly testified that though their fare had been scanty, and their couch hard, they had enjoyed more luxuries than their captors. More than one pondered, in the blue silence of the starry night, among the moss-covered trees, on the prospects of future success, in a war against such men, and under such auspices.

Such was one scene in the daily life of Marion. I have touched it with a faint and unskilful hand; but the bold and daring attacks which he planned and executed, deserve the pencil of a master. Where sleeps the wizard that evoked the shade of Marion, in the best American tale that was ever written?

H.

EDITH:

OR, WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

THE sun, with bright and cheerful beam,
Broke in a sufferer's silent room;
The midnight lamp, with feeble gleam,
Paled, as the morning broke the gloom.
It linger'd with a soften'd ray,
Upon a couch of wo and pain,
Where eyes awoke to greet the day,
That ne'er might see its rise again;
Where death stood by with giant might,
To quench life's flickering lamp of light.

A motionless and shrivell'd hand,
Lay resting in a youthful palm,
Whose touch, like an enchanter's wand,
Gave to the weary sufferer balm.
The glaring eyes in earnest love,
Were fixed upon a child-like face,
As, though in after years above,
Her spirit might its looks retrace;
A widow'd mother's gaze was cast,
Upon her child, her first, her last.

Above that mother's couch of care,
A youthful head with grief did bow,
'Till silken locks of sunny hair
Floated across an aged brow,
Like tendrils of the clinging vine
That clasps the o'erworn oak around,
Their golden fibres fondly twine,
With silver threads time's snows had crown'd,
And lay above that face of death,
Brightly, as woo'd by summer's breath.

No sound came thro' the silent gloom,
Save the quick throbbing of the breast
For which the deep and yawning tomb,
Threw open wide its gates of rest,
'Till murmurs of a dying breath,
Thro' the still, quiet chamber stole,
My Edith——and the wings of death
Bore the freed spirit to its goal;
And when it reached the Eternal Throne,
The orphan, Edith, stood alone.

Alone——for she who mark'd the path
Whereon her childhood's footsteps trod,
Had left the world of storms and wrath,
To dwell in glory with her God.
She, who had taught her heart to pray,
To bless the storm, however rude,
Who bade her infant lips to say,
Father—"whatever is, is good;"
To breathe, tho' clouds might shade her sun,
"Thy will on earth," not mine, be done.

Like dew showers on a summer rose,
That bids it weep yet know not why,
Is the sad tear that sorrow throws
In childhood's bright and sunny eye.
She wept—the heart, tho' young and weak,
May feel its earthly trials deep,
And yet may want the words to speak
The aching thoughts that will not sleep;
And time alone may chase the cares,
That childhood's early bosom wears.

Years sped away—and Edith's cheek
Wore a bright beam of ruddier glow:
Her heart's glad streamlet, pure and weak,
Had swell'd into a wider flow:
She loved not flowers and fields the less,
Because she loved them not alone,
She shrunk not from the kind caress,
Tho' the fill'd heart kept back its own,
And she who had a thousand friends,
But to one idol fondly bends.

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She loved———oh! what a troubled sea
  Is that whereon to launch our bark!
What a wide waste of misery,
  Without one sure protecting ark!
A raft upon a swelling wave,
  With day's declining ray to guide,
Each less'ning beam but shows the grave
  That yawns beneath the treach'rous tide:
A shrine where sacrifices burn,
Wrung from the heart's too trusting urn.

She loved—and he whose sunny smile
  Gilded her heaven with ev'ry beam,
Knew the dark world's intriguing guile,
  Wherewith to color life's glad stream;
The eloquence of ages hung,
  Rich as Golconda's golden mine,
In priceless gems upon his tongue,
  The fav'rite of the gifted nine;
And never did the laurel bow
Upon a loftier, nobler brow.

They wedded—and the vaulted aisle
  Echoed their vows of youth and love,
Oh! mother, did'st thou fondly smile
  Amid the hosts of saints above—
Better thine Edith's youthful heart
  Had burst the bonds of life with thine,
Than thus have pledged its dearest part
  Upon a faithless altar's shrine,
And vow'd to honor and obey
One who held faith a toy of play:

One, who could see the morning rise;
  Watch the mute flower in day rejoice;
Hear the glad lark raise to the skies,
  In matin hymns, his warbling voice;
Mark the dumb brute go forth to share
  The glory of its early light;
Yet one, whose impious spirit dare
  To own no knowledge of its sight—
To whom eternity was shown
In the world's wilderness alone.

She knew it not—altho' in prayer,
  He never bent with her the knee,
She hoped his creed a form might wear
  Acceptable to Deity—
But when above his couch she bent,
  When pain and sickness rack'd his form—
And heard dark words with madness blent,
  And mark'd the wild, internal storm—
Deceit's dark veil had left her sight;
Her temple was a place of night.

Tho' the dark wing of death was there,
  Waiting to bear the soul away:
Her Maker heard the wife's fond prayer,
  And bade the feeble spirit stay:
He who had mark'd the contrite knee
  Bend morn and night at mercy's throne,
Would save the sinful soul, that she
  Might win to worship with her own;
And cleans'd from guilt, its sins forgiven,
Might share her heritage of heaven.

Unlike the rock whose waters flow'd
  Beneath the holy prophet's hand,
No hallow'd stream, like diamonds, glow'd
  Upon his bosom's desert sand;
Forgetful of the early vow
  That won her at the altar stone,
He heeded not the change of brow
  That spoke the weary heart, alone;
Nor heard the prayer, nor mark'd the eye
Which proffer'd gifts that never die.

Back, like a bark 'mid ruin wreck'd,
  Came the crush'd heart of early years,
'Mid hope, that once it fondly deck'd,
  It found a haven in her tears.
Few years had past—yet, o'er her face,
  Was stamp'd the marks of time and care;
Oh! mother, thou could'st scarcely trace,
  In its sad lines, thine Edith there—
Could'st never deem in eyes so wild,
Spake the wrong'd spirit of thy child.

"Thy will be done, (was still the prayer,)
  Who doth my earthly trials send;
Nerve my weak heart its pangs to bear;
  Let not my weary spirit bend—"
Her woman's heart, though humbled low,
  Faithful, as to its trust the dove,
Thro' a wide wilderness of wo,
  Pursued its mission'd course of love—
Lonely and sad, but not in vain,
For peace brought back its bough again.

Time past———she clasp'd within her own
  A dying hand, but youthful still,
The early light of life was gone,
  And joy no more its pulses thrill;
Yet she had taught that heart to bow,
  Submissive to th' uplifted rod,
And, faithful to her early vow,
  Had led her husband to his God;
The pleading prayer a woman gave,
Yielded a life beyond the grave.

Mother, rejoice—like burnished gold
  Bright from the fiery furnace won,
Again thy gentle child behold—
  Her last sad earthly trial done—
Spread thy maternal arms once more,
  And clasp her to thy loving breast;
Her bark hath anchor'd on the shore
  To seek faith's meed, a place of rest.
She who a soul from sin had won,
Now breathes in heaven, "Thy will be done."

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

And as I gazed with a heart enwrapt,
The pulses of my being beat anew.
COLERIDGE.

"You will not fail me to-night?" said Lady B., as I was putting her into her chariot, at the door of a house where we had been visiting; "your beautiful cousin from Westmoreland is coming. Is she not too lovely?"

"Most fortunate, at least," said I, "since she has your *imprimatur*: but upon my word, I have never seen her."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to her to-night;" and smiling most graciously the fair speaker drove off.

I stepped into my own carriage, which was waiting, and directed the coachman to my aunt's, in Bennet street, who had come to town a few days before. I had called there once, but they were not at home, and my curiosity to see my lovely cousin was not so great as to make me much regret that the same answer was given at the door on this occasion. It wanted an hour to dinner, and to beguile the time, and enjoy the fine air which was blowing, I drove round by Kensington Gardens.

We were passing leisurely through a quiet lane somewhat out of the city, when a horse, mounted by a groom, galloped rapidly by the window, manifestly beyond the control of his rider. The carriage pulled up, and looking out, I saw a lady just in front of us, whose horse, as I judged from his restlessness, was about to follow the example of his fellow. I sprang to the ground, and seizing him by the bridle, asked the lady if she would dismount. With a faint cry of joy, she threw herself into my arms, and I placed her safely on the ground: meanwhile, my hand being disengaged from the bridle, the horse darted off, and was out of sight.

The lady seemed about eighteen years of age, and was marvellously beautiful; I was conquered in a moment. "Oh! thank you! thank you!" said she, in a trembling voice, which thrilled through my heart; then blushing deeply, she looked round in great embarrasment, and said, "My father turned off a little while ago to speak to a person, and promised to meet me at the corner."

"I beg, madam," said I, "that you will do me the honor to make use of my carriage. I will meet your father, and explain to him how you have gone."

She thanked me with a reluctant voice, and with an air of hesitation, walked towards the carriage, and I handed her in. To get into it myself was a liberty which, of course, I could not take. "You will be good enough," said I, as the steps were putting up, "to tell the coachman where you will be driven." She perceived the difficulty herself, and, as if unwilling to compel me to walk, yet fearing the propriety of any other arrangement, fixed her large black eye upon me for a moment with an air of doubt. I could not choose but gaze upon its witchery, for there is a refined delight in studying the perplexity of a lovely face. Then, closing the door, I wished her good morning, and the carriage drove on.

O! soft as the dew that melts along the rose, and richer than the holy fountains that well forth the nectar of the gods, is the gentle tide of young love as it flows with an ecstatic anguish round the heart, and pulses through the quivering veins, till nature is dissolved in a flood of rapture, and to live is luxury. In that moment, when, like the sunrise of the tropics, where twilight is not, the gladness of Paradise tones through the soul, and as yet no doubt has breathed a dimness on the glass of life, and custom has not worn off the down of glory; man feels as on earth he feels but once. Reality assumes the hues of fancy, and fancy works the effects of reality. A sunbeam darts through our path of life, and, when it crosses, earth grows spiritual amid the thoughts of heaven,—heaven grows corporeal amid the things of earth.

Through the whole of that afternoon, my spirit was wandering through uncertain visions,—the architecture of the hopes,—where fancy piled picture upon picture with tumultuous prodigality, and one fragmentary dream rose on the crumbling ruins of another. I was sitting alone in my chamber about midnight, with "cloudland, gorgeous land" around me, when my servant came in to remind me of Lady B.'s ball, an event which, together with the rest of the material world, had, till that moment, been buried in profound oblivion. I cared little enough, to be sure, for the host of gossiping fools which that lady might call together, but I remembered my promise, and was conscious, too, that however

"The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Might hang upon the beatings of my heart,"

I had upon my "inward eye" a shape of bliss, which must go with me wherever I might go; I accordingly arranged my toilet, and sat off.

"I remember my promise of the morning, about your cousin," said Lady B., as I paid my compliments to her, "and if you will come to me after I have re-

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ceived this caravan which is entering the door, I will take your arm to fulfil it."

I strolled along through two or three apartments till I came to a room less crowded than the others, at the head of which I beheld to my dismay the heroine of that morning's adventure. At the thought of meeting and speaking to her in public, I experienced, I could not tell why, a sensation of absolute terror; my heart beat, and my composure of mind was utterly gone. I thought, once or twice, of rushing from the house, but as that would be prodigiously foolish, I summoned all the courage I could collect, and looked round for some one to present me to the lady. Fortunately I discovered near me my good friend Mrs. G., whose "old familiar face" somewhat re-assured me. Still it was with a trembling voice that I made the request even to her, and when the words were fairly out of my mouth, and I realized that I *must* go through the ordeal, I would have given untold treasures to be delivered from the necessity. Mrs. G. very calmly took my arm and dragged me towards the object of my love and fear. I talked wildly, laughed incessantly, with a mouth as dry as dust, in order to show myself at ease, and made a thousand excuses for delay upon the way, till my conductress could not conceive what was the matter with me. At length the voyage was completed, and I was in front of the "dear dread." Mrs. G. made some polite speech for the purpose of opening the conversation, and then left us alone. A schoolboy, brought forcibly into a large company of ladies, could not have felt more distressingly than I, a practised man of the world, did at that moment. I was absolutely speechless, and I felt that my whole person was shivering, and the lady shared the same embarrassment. I at length inarticulated some absurd inquiry, which she answered in corresponding manner, and we continued conversing mechanically for some time, asking questions without knowing what we said, and replying to them without remembering what had been asked. In a few moments I began to recover my consciousness, and was able to perceive that I was certainly standing on my feet,—a circumstance of which, till then, I was by no means certain. I had scarcely seen her distinctly since I came into the room, and I turned now in a calmer mood to gaze upon her, as she stood in the rich neatness of her splendid purity.

Wondrous, and surpassing the lot of ordinary blessedness, was the beauty of that girl. Her face was a mystery of loveliness; and unlike those which reveal all their meaning at a glance, hers seemed to exhale an odorous enchantment, like a circling halo, which it baffled the observer to traverse. Fascinated by the inexhaustible expressiveness of her countenance, long and earnestly did I look upon her soft features and her graceful form,—her figure, somewhat beneath the ordinary size, but moulded in exquisite roundness and proportion,—her features, not fickle in expression, but serene, in a timid brooding upon some inward consciousness,—above all, her dark sensitive eye, a very soul of feeling, but softly glancing with an uncertain light, and combining the interest of black with the gentleness of blue. It was then, as I gazed upon her, amid the blaze of lamps and the loud sound of music, and in the brilliant scene of splendor and excitement, that a more fervid vigor of emotion than I had before experienced arose within me. Refined pestuous wildness of my first morbid passion, a new from the turbid vehemence, and clear from the tem- and glorious spirit swelled freshly through my soul, and vibrated through my frame with an exalting joy. My former love was the love of boyhood, which cowers darkly in the shade; this was the love of manhood, which meets the world with an open front.

Protracted and delicious was the conversation we held together. Without considering sentiments, the mental pleasure and profit of discourse between man and woman is greater than between two persons of the same sex. A woman's source of opinion is expression—a man's, perception: the one studies subjects in their nature, the other, by their effects on the spirit: the one judges things more accurately; the other appreciates character more delicately: the one is an intellectual eye-glass, the other a moral mirror. The interblending of these two origins of thought is a rich advantage. Where a feeling of tenderness mutually exists, intellectual intercourse extends it wider, and attaches it more firmly, for every kindred notion becomes a mental arch, along which spirits renew their sympathy, and thus minds are married by an appreciant communion. There was in the fair being before me an excellent gentleness of spirit, and an exquisite purity of feeling, and the shape of the one and the silver whiteness of the other were upon every remark which fell from her lips. A chaster soul had I never contemplated; she seemed to be one upon whom some anxious eye had rested from her cradle, and every hour of whose life could be accounted for.

We had been talking, I know not how long, with great animation, when some one happening to pass us saluted me as Mr. Pulteney. The lady looked at me for a moment with some surprise, and then said very gravely, "I wonder, sir, whether you are not my cousin."

"Oh! no," said I, looking round in astonishment, for I thought she had taken leave of her senses, "there *is* a cousin of mine here, from Westmoreland, but I cannot conceive how I should be *your* cousin." The idea of this person being *that* cousin, never occurred to me for an instant. "I will ask Lady B., however, whether you are my cousin, or I will just ask Mrs. G.," and I was moving toward her, "what your name is."

"Never mind," said she, laughing heartily at this *naive* proposal. "My name is Sidney, and if your name is Pulteney, I am certainly your Westmoreland cousin."

It was with no diminution of either passion or delight, though with a change in the nature of both, that I slowly took home this truth to my heart. We had met as strangers, and as strangers had conceived a stronger feeling of attachment than any subsequent alteration in our position might destroy; and the only effect of this new circumstance was to give to both of us a certain natural property in those affections

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which it did not diminish. "It was in ignorance of our relationship," said I, after a pause, "that there grew within my breast a deeper regard than cousins are wont to experience. Henceforth," I added, kissing her soft hand, "we will feel towards one another with the confidence of cousins and the tenderness of lovers." The rich eloquence of a look assured me that that tenderness was mutual, and that confidence complete. Oh! warm and pure was the love which thenceforth grew between us.

At that moment a gentleman whom I knew very well, came up, and claimed the hand of my cousin to dance, in virtue of a previous engagement. It was with an assumed reserve and a constrained courtesy that she complied with his request: I noted in his countenance, too, an expression of surprize, and a not very loving glance towards myself. Leaving them, I strolled into another part of the rooms.

"Many thanks to you, my dear Lady B.," said I, as I happened to meet our entertainer, "for your kind promise to present me to my cousin, but I have just made her acquaintance by accident. Do you know, I talked to her an hour without knowing who she was? Droll! was it not? By the by, what is her first name? for our families, having always lived apart and without any correspondence, I am profoundly ignorant of all but her loveliness."

"Her name is Elizabeth, but her friends call her Lilly. You have a rival, however, in your friend Mr. Rafe, who has at least the advantage of a longer acquaintance than you have."

It must be a strong arm or a wily head, thought I, as I stepped into the carriage, that shall win from me my sweet Lilly Sidney.

CHAPTER II.

How oft the smallest act a smiling man may do,
Becomes the hinge whereon his after life must turn.
CAREW.

MR. RAFE was a person whom I had met frequently in society, and with whom I stood on that sort of careless intimacy for the nonce, which men of the world find it agreeable and convenient to make together in society. What was his family, or who were his connexions, neither I nor any body else knew; but he spent money freely, possessed gentleman-like manners, and had talents for being agreeable; and any one with those qualities may circulate freely in the best company of any capital in the world. In despite, however, of the gayety of his address and the wordliness of his principles, he possessed a temperament unusually morbid, and it was manifest to me that in his inward feelings he was far from happy. I had often observed in conversation with him, an occasional violent eccentricity of manner, which indicated some strong passion in his breast that at moments he found it impossible to control; and in the midst of mirth and jesting, I sometimes caught his eye fixed upon me with a savage and suspicious glance, which in its turn awoke suspicion. He had been acquainted with my cousin, it seemed, before she came to London; and I understood that a day or two after my first meeting her, he had offered himself to her, and been resolutely rejected. This circumstance made of course no difference in our external behavior to each other, but I saw that it rankled deeply in his heart; for neither affected to conceal from himself that I was the cause of his refusal.

A week or two after the occurrences described in the last chapter, I went down with a large party to a celebration at Oxford. In returning, I gave up my seat in the chaise to an old gentleman who was obliged to reach town early on some business, and I came on, on horseback. This was a period at which the English roads were infested with highwaymen to an alarming degree. Government had enough to do in repressing municipal disturbances, and defending the country from foreign dangers; and accordingly, foot-pads, in every part of the kingdom, were left to practice their profession with considerable security. When I saw Hounslow Heath extending before, and heard no sound of a vehicle on either side of me, I felt by no means comfortable, for I was entirely unarmed; still, the resources of a cool heart and a fertile head had often delivered me from greater dangers than I was now exposed to, and "summoning up my blood," I spurred my mind and my horse together, and cantered confidently along.

I had not reached the middle of the plain, when a ferocious-looking fellow stepped deliberately from behind the bushes, and seizing the bridle of my horse, raised above my head a heavy club shod with lead, and demanded my purse.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried I, in a coarse voice, "that is a clever joke; you were going to rob an old brother of the craft. Why, you scoundrel," said I, throwing myself off my horse, "I am the famous Dick Wilkins you've often heard of, if you've been much upon the York road. But come, here's a carriage close by,"—at that instant I heard the sound of wheels—"filled with gentry whose pistols I drew at the last tavern. I'll show you how we do these things at the north," and I led my horse to the side of the road.

The *ruse* succeeded completely. "Well," said the man, gruffly, "I'm sure I did'nt know you were Dick Wilkins. But come, let us get behind the bushes."

"Pooh!" said I, "I've given up bushing long ago; we'll walk right along the road; the carriage can't turn before we're upon it. Hark ye! I seize the horses and stiffen the driver: you open the coach."

I stopped the horses, and saw in a moment by the liveries that it was the carriage of Lord D. The other had his hand upon the door, when I stole up and pinioned him with the grasp of a vice. "Don't fire," cried I, as I saw a long pistol making its appearance through the window. "I am Mr. Pulteney. Let some one get out and assist in binding this fellow."

The rascal was safely tied, and as soon as the footmen were recalled from their flight, he was mounted on the box, his big club being wielded over his head,

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with many threats, by one of the servants, and the carriage drove on, I following closely.

As we set forward, Lord D. put his head out of the window: "I say, Pulteney!" called the good-natured nobleman, quite too indolent to be at all excited by the adventure, "when we get to town, I'll have you made a Bow-street officer. Your manner of taking thieves is really beautiful. Have a pinch of snuff!"

"Your lordship," said I, as I took his box, "evinces such a charming coolness on the occasion, that I will allow you the pleasure of catching your own thieves for the future."

My affair with the foot-pad gave me quite a renown in London. My courage and ingenuity were talked of every where, and there happening to be at that time no three-head savages in town, I was a decided lion for a day and a half.

I called some time after to pay a visit to Rafe. He received me with a painful embarrassment, which I attributed to our relation in the matter of my cousin. While I was sitting with him, a servant came in with a letter in his hand: "Here is a letter, sir, addressed to Mr. Harford, which was directed to be left at this house."

Rafe colored deeply, but took the letter, and said quietly—"Yes, I will give it to him." Affecting not to observe his disordered looks, I rose and took my leave.

In due time, I was summoned to the Old Bailey at the trial of the foot-pad for felony. I had finished my evidence, and was leaving the bar, when I saw a man standing near one of the pillars, enveloped in a large cloak, with heavy hair, manifestly false, over his forehead, and the lower part of his face concealed by his hat. His eyes were fixed upon me with a ferocious glare, and I knew in a moment that I had encountered that glance before. I paused involuntarily: "Can that be Rafe?" thought I, "that look belongs to no one else; but what can he be doing here?" I walked toward him to ascertain if my suspicions were correct, when he turned quickly round and presented his back to me. I left the court-room immediately, but that circumstance suggested a clue explanatory of the difficulties which had puzzled me before.

As I was going through the outer hall of the sessions-room, I was joined by Lord Wilford, who, having been in the carriage of Lord D. on the night that it was stopped, had been requested to attend as a witness.

"Unless my memory is singularly deceptive," said his lordship," that man resided some years ago near my estates in Lancashire. And if that opinion be correct, he is now being tried under an assumed name."

"Would you," said I, "be likely to remember the name which he formerly bore, if it were mentioned?"

"I am certain that I should."

"Was it any thing like Harford."

"The same, beyound a doubt. I am sure of it, on account of its resemblance to Hertford, for I recollect having noticed formerly the similarity of the two names. But, have you known him before?"

"I have not," said I; "but I had some suspicions connected with that name. I wish you good-morning."

That the name of Rafe was Harford, and that he was nearly connected with the prisoner, were very probable suspicions, and such as explained those peculiarities of manner which I had observed. How close that relationship might be, I scarcely ventured to suggest to myself. Probably near enough to assure me, who well knew the character I dealt with, that I should share the hearty vengeance of the younger man.

On the trial of the prisoner, various robberies were proved against him, and he was accordingly convicted and sentenced to speedy execution. A few days after, I read in a morning paper that a person, stating himself to be a relative of the condemned, had procured admission to him about dusk the day before, and that when his cell was visited at night, he was found dead by poison.

CHAPTER III.

> Et le bonheur de ma vie,
> N'est plus qu'un rêve effacé!
>
> MILLEVOYE.

MEANWHILE my sweet cousin and myself continued to meet daily, and my affection for her grew stronger and purer as our intimacy increased; for the unsullied virtues of her character tempered passion with a kind of veneration. In her behavior to me, there was none of that capriciousness or affectation with which most ladies think it discreet to treat their lovers, but a perfect trustingness of love—a confidence which reposed all upon my sincerity, without a doubt that any could be abused. In company I was always by her side, and when she chose to decline society, my evenings were constantly passed at her house. I shared the envy of all my acquaintance, and was glad to find that the prospect of our alliance was agreeable to all her friends; every visit that I made, her mother observed with increased perspicuity the singular resemblance between the cousins, and the Viscount, her father, begged it to be clearly understood how entirely he approved of my whole conduct on the day that I first met my cousin; and seven times a week, when the cloth was removed after dinner, demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner, precisely how it was that he became separated from his daughter, pulling out his repeater every time at the same point in the story, and tracing the localities on the table with his finger moistened with wine.

For my part I was as happy as the craving fancy could have pictured. My life was a dream of joy; there was nothing in the present to detract from my delight, and nothing in the future to cast a shade over my enjoyment, and I gave myself up with a delightful intoxication to the

> "Sensations sweet
> Tingling the blood, and felt along the heart,"

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which awaited me wherever I turned. It is in love only that man rests in the present; under all other conditions of his being, he looks forward or looks back. That heaven is love, explains therefore the meaning of an "eternal now;" for endless time would be to the heart a changeless eternity.

Two or three weeks had thus past on when I called one morning upon my cousin, and was struck by the unusual agitation and restraint of her manner. I asked immediately the cause of her discomposure, and begged that if there was any thing which it was in my power to remove, she would suffer me to know it.

"Nothing," said she, with a sadness of voice, and fixedness of look, which convinced me that there was a great deal.

"Are you going to Lady Belford's to-night?"

"I am not;" and there was a dead pause. I thought, too, that I saw a slight tear in her eye.

"What is the matter, my dear cousin? Have I offended you? Have I done any thing wrong? Tell me, for heaven's sake, the cause of your extraordinary manner. I am miserable in this horrid doubt."

"It is nothing;" and her eye had a reproaching sorrow which convinced me that I was the cause of her sadness. "Had we not better join my mother, up stairs?"

There, too, I met from both parties with the same silence and coldness. I endured it for a few moments, and then left the house, overwhelmed with perplexity and distress. I could not form the faintest conjecture as to the reason of this strange reception. I called the next day, and was told that the ladies were not at home; as I had seen them in the drawing-room, from the opposite side of the street, my surprise and anxiety were doubly increased. On both the following mornings the reply was the same. I could sustain it no longer. I sat down and addressed a note to Lord Sidney.

"My Lord:—Three times on as many successive days have I called at your house, and three times have I been repulsed from the door. I pretend not to conceive that these denials have been accidental. If any change has taken place in the inclinations of Miss Sidney since that time in which I presumed that my visits were not wholly disagreeable, or if for any reason your Lordship has ceased to approve of the footing on which I have hitherto been allowed to stand in your family, I beg that I may be informed of what resolution has been taken, and I shall submit to it—with what feelings, it becomes me not to say. Whether it be fact or suspicion, I think that I am entitled to request that your Lordship will let me know to what cause I am to attribute the very marked alteration in the feelings with which my visits are regarded, that I may at least be relieved from the painful ignorance in which I now find myself.

I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

HENRY PULTENEY."

In a few minutes, I received the following answer:

"Sir:—Of the circumstances as to which inquiry is made in the note with which I am this moment honored, your memory must be capable of supplying you with a more detailed account than I am able to afford. It is sufficient for me to say that intelligence of certain recent events, of which the actor cannot easily be conceived to be ignorant, having reached the ears of my family and myself, renders it impossible that your visits to any member of my family should be longer continued. Any doubt which might have remained in my mind as to the certainty of my supposition, is dispelled by your note.

I have the honor to be, &c.

SIDNEY.

P. S. It may be proper to say that Miss Sidney suggested, and approves, the determination which is now communicated."

I read this enigmatical letter again and again without being able to devise what "events" it could possibly allude to. The last sentence, especially, baffled my imagination to explain. I addressed another note to my uncle, assuring him of the total error under which I was convinced that he labored, and earnestly desiring a more explicit understanding before a course of conduct was adopted which might be fatal in its results. The letter came back unopened.

My pride was now irritated. Conscious of the innocence and propriety of my entire conduct, and feeling the deep injustice which was done me by accrediting suspicions of baseness before an opportunity of confuting them had been permitted, I armed myself with resentment to sustain the distress which the disrupture of affection occasioned. About a week after this, during which time I had scarcely once left my room, I strolled out to Lady B.'s, where there was a small party. I had a faint hope that I might at least *see* my cousin there, or perhaps hear from some one an explanation of the mysterious conduct of my uncle's family. No one who seemed likely to give me any satisfaction was present. I walked through the rooms which had so lately been made bright by her presence, and the gay sounds of merriment which smote my ears, jarred upon my feelings with a distressing contrast. I stood upon the very spot which we had occupied together on that night when all had been joyous and glad. How changed was our relation now! and the ignorance which I had of the circumstances which caused the change, left me the prey of harrowing conjecture.

I was roused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the voice of Lady B. at my side. She said in a whisper—"Your cousin is very ill."

"Ill!" said I. "Good God! what *can* the matter be?"

"Hush! There is some dreadful mistake I am afraid; but what it is, I cannot imagine. You have done nothing?"

"Oh! nothing. I love my cousin with a devotion which no language can express. Every thought of my heart is her's. I *could* not do any thing to offend her. Do try, my dear lady, to find out this distressing

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mystery. I can live no longer under this horrible doubt."

A tear glistened in the eye of the kind-hearted woman as she replied—"I will do all that I can, but I spoke to Lord Sidney this morning, and he answered in such a way that I can do nothing more in that quarter. They leave town to morrow for Westmoreland."

"For her health?"

"I presume so."

"Ah! I see how it will end; what a madman is my uncle!" and I walked out of the house.

I sent one of my servants the next day to Westmoreland, to gather all the information which he could as to the changes in my cousin's health, and to send me daily accounts; I chose to remain in town myself, to pursue some investigations which I had on foot for discovering what occurrences those were which my uncle alluded to in his note to me. It was manifest that the mistake into which he had been led, was the result of a deep plot on the part of some one; but by whom it had been laid, and how it had been conducted, was more than I was yet able to understand.

Meanwhile the accounts from Westmoreland became daily more and more gloomy. My cousin was worse—much worse—at length, not expected to live. I could not endure this horrid distance from the only object of interest in the world to me, which falsified every message long before it reached me. I set off at once for the country, leaving every thing in care of a confidential servant, with orders to bring me instant intelligence of any thing which he could discover.—If I could approach Lord Sidney with proofs, it might not yet be too late to reverse misfortune.

I reached the house where my servant had taken lodgings for me, within sight of my uncle's residence.

"Where is John?" said I.

"Gone up to the castle," said the woman, in a sorrowful whisper, as if her voice at that distance could disturb the sick.

I walked into the room and threw myself on a chair in a sort of stupefaction. The servant returned in a few moments, and came into the chamber where I was. I looked at him in silence. Without appearing to notice me, he walked nervously round the room once or twice, affected to arrange some articles of furniture, and walked back to the door; as his hand was on the knob, his face being turned from me, he stood still for a moment, and then muttered in a hoarse voice "Miss Sidney is dying," and left me.

I arose and approached an open window, which commanded a view of my uncle's residence, and the beautiful landscape around it. The air was mild and silent, the sky clear, and all looked peaceful and pure. And in a scene like this, was my cousin dying! I looked upon the grounds through which she must so often have walked, and upon the house where she now lay breathing her faint and fleeting breath. A visible sadness seemed to hang upon the motionless trees, and float above the silent castle. In a thousand various attitudes and expressions, each distinctly fixed as in marble, the face and figure of my cousin rose upon my mind. And she was dying! She upon whom my every hope was placed;

Where I had garnered up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up:

that single source of promise and of joy to me, was stopping darkly at its source. She was dying blindly in her error! Fancy-slain by one who had been true to her beyond the magnet's truth! I thought of her meek sufferings in her fever chamber, and her uncomplaining grief, and her silent anguish; I beheld, pale and sad, that face which had so often been turned to me in perfect happiness and love; I remembered that a word might have prevented this. It was now too late.

As I looked towards the castle, I presently saw the shutters of a room drawn to, and the flag which had floated on the tower, taken down. I knew that all was over, and that the glory of the house of Sidney was no more. I sank upon a chair, in agony unutterable. I thought that my frame would be rent asunder by the violence of my emotion.

It is a wise provision of our nature, that some of those mighty sorrows which fall upon us in life, exceed the strength of the sensibilities to grapple with them. Great griefs lie like sluggish loads upon the mind, oppressing but not torturing it; it is only when they have become familiarized to the feelings, that we are able to measure their extent, and taste their full bitterness; it is only when remembrance at her leisure flashes darts from what before has been one globe of suffering, that the racking of a loss is commensurate with its magnitude. There are many misfortunes of which it may be safely affirmed, that they can never be adequately felt. It was in a dark bewilderment that I existed at this time—a maze of dull despair, through which no clear reality was seen. As I now look back upon it, I wonder that I lived.

On the following day, the servant whom I had left in London, came down. He had detected the mystery of the iniquity by which such ruin had been wrought. Some one whose presence he had constantly traced, but whose name and person he could not identify, had determined to destroy my character in the estimation of my cousin and my uncle, and had arranged a wide and intricate scheme for the purpose. I listened to the account of my servant with perfect amazement; it seemed that nothing but a demon's depravity could have suggested such enormous villany, and nothing but an arch-demon's ingenuity have directed its execution. It is not my intention here to unfold this scheme; but it is such, that from the circumstantial evidence which reached my uncle, I could not but allow that he was reasonably justified in concluding my infamy. Yet a single question to me would have dissipated all his convictions.

"But one of the accomplices," said the servant, "the female attendant of Miss Sidney, may certainly be convicted, and made to feel whatever your vengeance can prompt."

"No, no!" said I, "let them go; let them live if they can. It would be a mockery of my grief to think that any revenge could satisfy it. It would be a crime against her memory to imagine that the loss

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could be compensated to my heart. I feel no enmity against them; it is a wrong too deep for resentment."

That afternoon Elizabeth Sidney was buried. The lonely and sombre evening was gathering about the earth when I set out for the castle of Lord Sidney. I opened the door, and passing a group of surprised attendants, entered the parlor, where my uncle was sitting alone.

"My Lord!" said I, with vehemence, "it is idle at such a time to talk of exclusion. I *will* be heard. The monstrous contrivances by which you were abused, have this day, for the first time, reached my ear. You have done me utter and most fatal wrong. In the hearing of God, and in the awful presence of the spirit of my cousin, I swear that you have done me wrong."

The viscount trembled as he listened to me, and his face became distorted with emotion, for he felt that I spake truly. He rose and walked to a secretary in the corner, and taking out some letters, put them in my hands.

"Did you not write those letters?" said he in a screeching voice, and he panted so that he could scarcely speak.

"Oh! never, never!"

"Was not your green carriage at my door on the evening before Lady Belford's ball?"

"I sold that carriage a week before."

His frame shook as if it had been palsied. Every feature of his countenance quivered with masterless disorder. In a broken whisper he sobbed, "It is awful," and bowed with anguish—he tottered from the room.

I went out from the house, and wandered I knew not whither. It was midnight before I had consciousness enough to think of returning home. My way lay past the village grave yard, and I was beside it before I was aware. By a mechanical impulse I looked over the wall, and my eye fell upon a small fresh mound of earth, which I knew to be the grave of Elizabeth Sidney. I leaned over the wall, and gazed upon the narrow ridge. The silence of the scene and the holiness of the spot subdued me to a softer temper than I yet had felt. I rested upon the roof of the bricks and wept.

After some time, I was startled by a slight noise at my side. I turned and saw a man wrapt in a cloak, standing still and looking upon me. As I moved, he took off his hat, and the moon shining clearly upon his face, revealed the countenance of Rafe. His face was deadly pale, and much attenuated; his eye glared with a fiendish power, and there was a savage exultation on his rigid lip.

"That is one drop in the cup of revenge," said he.

"And you have done this?"

"Listen to me," said he. "Along this path, and in yonder grounds, I walked in former years with Elizabeth Sidney; your emotions may tell you what was my affection. She went to London, and when I again met her, you had crossed my path, and fatally. My suit was rejected; and I determined that your success should be your ruin. You seized upon the highway one whom necessity and a wounded mind had led to that life. That man was my father. The incessant efforts of his son had at length procured for him a foreign post of credit and emolument, in which he might spend his declining life, and the night on which you met him was the last which he would have spent in England. He was a felon to the world; but to me he was a father. I knelt by his lifeless body in a convict's cell, and I swore that while you lived, the sole purpose of my life should be revenge. One step of the ladder by which you descend to the lowest depth of misery and despair, has been taken. Know now, that go where you will, mingle in action, or repose in idleness, my hate has marked you for its own. Sleeping or waking, at home or abroad, my eye is upon you, and my hand about you. When fortune seems to smile, and peace suggests a hope that your doom has been conquered, say to yourself, 'Destruction only pauses.' When the thunderbolt of ruin bursts over your head, and the tempest of desolation wreaks its rage upon your happiness, say then, 'This is not the last; for there shall be another and another. My vengeance may have leaden feet, but it will have hands of iron."

He left me; and I remained, stunned, upon the spot.

[To be continued.]

RHYMES,

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A SMELLING BOTTLE, WHICH SHE HAD BORROWED OF THE WRITER.

To my fair friend, Miss Murray, I write in a hurry,
(And haste must excuse an abundance of faults,)
Requesting the freedom, as I shall not need 'em,
Of returning the bottle of volatile salts.

When, quite sentimental, you sadly are bent, all
In tears, o'er some story of Cooper's or Galt's,
You'll find it restoring—for fainting is boring—
So pray you accept of the volatile salts.

Nay, do not refuse it, you oft-times may use it,
In ev'nings fatigued with cotillion or waltz,
If better it find you, oh let it remind you,
Of when you first saw these same volatile salts!

That night when you met me, a head ache beset me,
But beauty the soul over suff'ring exalts—
Ere the hour of forsaking, my *head* had ceas'd aching
But my *heart* needed, lady, the volatile salts!

I pray you may never have cause to endeavor
To cure any ill 'neath the heaven's high vaults,
But had I the power, I would give at this hour,
A charm o'er them all to these volatile salts!

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PHILADELPHIA PUN-GENTS.

A RELAXATION.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity!
Quips and *Cranks*, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe' cheek,
And love to dwell in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Milton.

THE denizens of the equilateral city of Penn have long been distinguished for a proficiency in the practice of punning. Is it from the influence of the many lawyers who crowd about the State House, and fill the adjoining streets? Lawyers are a word-loving, quibbling, phrase-twisting race, and have ever been notorious in the annals of good living and good humor. Sheridan tells of one who wrote his puns on the back of his brief, and found them of great use in a dry cause. Do we of Penn pun by *warrant of Attorney?* Or has the intersection of the streets any connexion with the interweaving of our words? Can the frequency of bi-angles of brick and mortar induct a propensity to pun, by suggesting a double point to our jokery? Can the contiguity of the two rivers produce a biparous flow of ideas? Can the unequalled purity of the atmosphere have an hilarious effect upon our minds? Can habits of extensive intercourse give a *party*-colored tinge to our conversation that eventuates in punning? It is likely, for wine and wax-lights assist the wit, and jokes tell best after the celery and over the Sillery. At one time, I imagined that the clearness of the Schuylkill water had some influence on our wit, but I have since been convinced that champagne, properly administered, produces the most brilliant puns; I have not yet ascertained the relative value of the various brands, but I believe that a few large *draughts* of Biddle put a man into better spirits than any thing else.

A word or two in defence of puns: "There are a sort of men so loose of soul," that they assume a despicable opinion of the practice of punning, generally because they are unable to perpetrate even a pigmy. I have heard men of some repute say, "I never condescend to pun!" and know others who condemn the propensity as a low habit, devoid of any portion of wit's estate. Punning was much in vogue among the Grecians and the Romans; many hundred instances can be adduced in support of the antiquity and classicality of the pursuit.

With regard to the claims of the pun to be estimated as wit, I would observe that we must first ascertain what wit really is.

Dr. Barrow, the celebrated divine, in his sermon against vain and idle talking, has exemplified the ills of jesting in a strain of the purest wit; wishing, perhaps, that the subject of his discourse should cause its own destruction, as the fire-encircled scorpion is supposed to sting itself to death. But a perusal of the doctor's powerful sermon against wit, as Addison somewhere observes, affords the highest evidences of its utility in argument, and the consequent necessity of its cultivation by all men of mind. Read what the learned divine, who was himself celebrated for wit, says against wit—and in his comprehensive definition, observe how closely the nature of the pun is described, although the inanities of this working-day world deny its wittiness or grace.

"It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in *pat allusions to a known story*, or in *seasonable application of a trivial saying*, or in feigning an apposite tale; sometimes it *playeth in words and phrases*, taking advantage from the *ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound;* sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under *an odd similitude;* sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a *quirkish* reason, in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly, divertingly, or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperpole, in a startling metaphor, in a *plausible reconciling of contradictions*, or in *acute nonsense;* sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it. Sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being. Sometimes it riseth only from *a lucky hitting upon what is strange:* sometimes from *a crafty wresting of obvious matter to the purpose.* Often it consisteth of one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language."

This extract is sufficiently convincing that punning is "a portion of the realm of wit," and the general prevalence of its use exhibits the estimation it is held in by authors of the first celebrity. The puns of Shakspeare are innumerable; and he cared not how a

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word required twisting, if it could be turned into any sound resembling its archetype. The pronunciation of the word Rome has long been a point of dissention—some followers of the old school call it as if it was spelt *roam*, while others, imitators of John Kemble, mince it into *room*. A Shakspearian once cited his favorite author to prove that the last pronunciation was correct, and instanced the bard's puns of "there's *room* enough in *Rome*,"—"The honored gods keep *Rome* in safety, and the *chairs* of justice,"—"Let me have *room* with *Rome* to curse awhile." These instances seemed conclusive; but the antagonist, advocating the open sound of the great city's name, also quoted Shakspeare in his behalf, and cited Winchester's threat from Henry the Sixth—"Rome shall remedy this," with Warwick's punning reply, "*Roam* thither then."

But Shakspeare makes all his characters, whether kings or clowns, tops or Bottoms, warriors or carriers, pun and cross-pun, till occasionally the interest of the scene is marred, and we sicken somewhat of the fiery word-play that characterises the *dram. pers.* in "the keen encounter of their wits." Perpetual punsters are always annoying, whether on or off the stage. We cannot always be quaffing champagne, and even partridges will pall upon the palate, as Cardinal Richelieu discovered, when Louis the Thirteenth compelled him to feed for several days upon that dish alone, for remonstrating with the profligate monarch upon his infidelity to the queen.

"He who would make a pun would pick a pocket," is the stereotyped dogma fulminated by all laughlynchers—the cast-iron damper let down upon a funny fellow's fire, just as he begins to bubble and lets off a little steam. And the obfuscated donkies impute the origin of the insult to Doctor Johnson—stultiloquently maligning the ponderous Sam. In Boozy's records, we perceive in the Doctor's remarks an obvious straining after wit—an unceasing attempt at smartness, which occasionally produces "a good thing," but seldom attains the eminence of a pun. I say, seldom; for the leviathan lexicographer did sometimes succeed; "and then," says his biographer, "he would look round upon the company with an air of conscious superiority." No! the spiteful adage was the produce of John Dennis, the vinegar-cruet critic, whose morbid temperament rendered him unable to enjoy life; his crab-apple notions kept him in the shade, and he vented his spleen upon the happy dogs on the sunshiny side of the way. Pope, Steele, Addison, Foote, Gray, and all the wits that frequented Button's coffee house, used him as their butt; annoyed by the clack of the clique, and unable to antagonize them at their own weapons, he resorted to the usual malignancy of mean minds, and fell upon them with abuse. A wit will never be without his Dennis.

John Kemble loved a pun, and shook his Roman sides with cachinnations, "not loud but deep." He made one once, and laughed at it, extempore, for a month. It has never been published, and is scarcely worth writing, but it will serve to show how easily the immortal and glorious John was pleased by his own production. An actor named Ryan had been hooted off the stage for his incapacity; he encountered Kemble afterwards, and, relating the fact, supposed that he should never make an actor. "Yes, yes, you will," said John, with a Coriolanus shrug, "and from what you have told me, we may even now call you the great *hissed Ryan* (histrion);" and then John Kemble chuckled greatly, and all the actors laughed at the manager's joke, as in duty bound.

There is not a barber's boy in Philadelphia who would not have made a better pun. I once heard a farmer, who was retailing vegetables from the tail of his wagon, in High Street, achieve a pun of far superior merit. "Farmer, have you any flowers?" said a young girl. "No, no; I don't sell flowers, not I," said he, rather roughly. "Well, don't be so proud," retorted the girl. "Proud!" said the farmer, "I am not proud—I grows taters and things in a quiet, plain way—if I was proud, I should be a *haughty culturist*, and then you could have some flowers." The man never could have uttered this joke, if he had not been regular in his attendance at Philadelphia market for some years.

I am intimate with a round dozen of jolly companions—Philadelphians—

> "Fellows who ne'er can ope their muns,
> But out will pop a brace of puns,"

that is, in convenient season, for the beauty of a pun depends upon its fitness in every sense and bearing—and I would not barter their fellowship for an intimacy with the twelve Cæsars, were it possible to resuscitate the imperial jury, and endue them again with the taint of mortality. Before the reader and I part company, I intend, in one of my chapters, to exhibit a few of the puns of these worthies, requesting him to bear in mind that jokes which excited unbounded mirth at the moment of delivery, appear flat and dull upon paper. Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician, remarks that "the pleasure afforded by wit is founded on the surprise of the hearer at the command which the man of wit has acquired over a part of the constitution so little subject to the will. Hence it is that we are more pleased with a *bon mot* which occurs in conversation, than with one which appears in print."

There is a game frequently used by the younger branches of society as a means of winter-evening amusement, called "What are my thoughts like?" In the course of this play, many excellent puns are occasionally brought forth. The leader of the party thinks of something—a noun—and, keeping his notion to himself, inquires of his right-hand neighbor, "What are my thoughts like?" The person asked must immediately respond aloud, naming any thing that he pleases; the question goes round the company till every body has stated some subject in answer. The leader then tells his thoughts, and requires each person to find a comparison between the selected object and the subject of the answer previously given. For instance, I ask a party what my thoughts are like, and am answered by the several individuals—an auction-room—a dead body—a dancing master—a bed—and a hen fowl. Now here is a pleasing variety of

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similitudes to be embodied in one word—and that is SHIP, which I declare to be the object of my thoughts, and require the first speaker to give a reason why a ship is like an auction-room. The answer is obvious—*sales* are requisite to both of them. Dead bodies require *shrouds*, so do ships. The next must be a little farther fetched—a ship is like a dancing master, because it *gives balls*. *Sheets* are the connecting points between ships and beds. Why is a ship like a hen fowl? this is rather puzzling, I confess, but we must stretch a point, and say that although a ship cannot lay *one* egg, she can *lay to*, and abounds in *hatch-ways*.

I have been explicit, but not tedious, I trust—hoping that this game may be seasonable to some of my young readers, and help them to pass more than one merry evening. Several good punning conundrums will be the result of an hour's relaxation this way. I once heard an excellent and witty answer given at this game, to a demand why a soldier was like a grape vine? the reply was—because he is listed and trained, has *ten-drils* and shoots.

Just before the line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania left her moorings opposite the navy yard, some of the visiters observed a couple of sailors under the guard of a marine for an offence against the discipline of the service. "What will be their punishment?" inquired one of the party. "They will merely be placed in irons," said an officer. "At sea, they would receive a dozen lashes each." "I am glad," said a lady, "that their poor backs will not be lacerated, and I dare say that they rejoice in the difference of punishment." "No doubt," said the gentleman, "they would sooner be *ironed* than *mangled*."

Judge Peters, a Philadelphian and a punster, has left behind him a countless host of well-remembered puns. Some few of his rarest are well worth recording. In the blaze of their brilliancy, I shall retire; intending, at some future opportunity, to perpetrate another chapter on the puns of Penn.

A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said, "He is my *all*." The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your *awl*, and your *last* too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a *strapping* fellow."

When on the District Court Bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carroty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

During one of the public days connected with La Fayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the General, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

When practising as a lawyer, he had a case on trial before a judge who was well known to indulge in extraordinary derelictions from the truth. This judge was evidently biassed against Peters' case, and while the jury were absent, and considering their verdict, he wished to postpone the cause, pleading illness as an excuse, and declared that he was unable to sit on the bench. Peters saw his manœuvre, and said, "If your worship cannot sit, *we know that you can lie*, and therefore you can receive the verdict in a recumbent posture."

He was appointed member of a building committee connected with the affairs of a new church. A wine merchant had made an excellent offer for the use of the vaults of the building, intending to use them as the place of deposite for some of his immense stock. The liberal party were for accepting his offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair was something of a desecration, and wished to decline it. Peters sided with the latter party, and when his surprised friends demanded his reasons, "I have always thought it wrong," said he, "to allow any *preaching over good wine*."

He attended the anniversary dinner of the Cincinnati Society, on the Fourth of July, 1828; and when about to retire, he was assisted towards the door of the room by one of the colored waiters on his left, and a gentleman, a member of the Society, supported his tottering steps upon the right. The Judge turned round to say farewell to his old acquaintances, and looking at his supporters, said—"My friends, I take leave of you in *black and white*." This was his last pun in public, for he died in the course of the succeeding month.

B.

JANUARY.

COLD January comes in Winter's car,
  Thick hung with icicles—its heavy wheels
  Cumbered with clogging snow, which cracks and peels
With its least motion or concussive jar
'Gainst hard hid ruts, or hewn trees buried far
  In the heaped whiteness which awhile conceals
  The green and pastoral earth. Old Christmas feels—
That well-fed and wine-reeling wassailer—
  With all his feasts and fires, feels cold and shivers,
    And the red runnel of his indolent blood
    Creeps slow and curdled as a northern flood.
  And lakes and winter-rills, impetuous rivers
And headlong cataracts, are in silence bound,
Like trammelled tigers lashed to th' unyielding ground.

C. W.

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NATURAL HISTORY OF TEXAS.

We have been surprised, while conversing about the affairs of Texas, to find that few persons, even among the best informed, entertained a correct knowledge of the properties of this interesting country, or were more than partially acquainted with the particulars of its natural or political history; and yet, from its contiguity to the United States of America, Texas has received a larger share of our attention than any other province of the Mexican Republic. The great change that has lately taken place in its political institutions, and the immense tide of emigration that is daily flowing from every part of the Union to the banks of the Brazos, the Sabine, and the Colorado, has given the Americans an interest in the prosperity of the Texians, and created an anxiety to be familiar with every illustrative particular. We have therefore collected, from a variety of sources, a body of facts descriptive of the natural history of Texas, and beg to assure the reader that the strictest reliance may be placed upon their authenticity.

The extreme length of Texas is from one thousand to twelve hundred miles, and its average breadth three hundred and fifty miles; it is, therefore, a country about a third or perhaps a half larger than the island of Great Britain. Its extent of sea coast along the north and north-west shore of the Gulf, is about three hundred miles. One of the most striking features of its character is the number of rivers, great and small, which flow through it into the Gulf, and afford the means of extensive inland traffic by water. The principal rivers are the Brazos, Colorado, Trinidad, Guadulupe, Sabine, San Antonio, Rio de las Nueces, and Naches. The name of the Brazos (in the Spanish language, El Brazos de Dios—the arm of God) is figuratively significant of its character; it being placid and beneficent in repose—mighty and terrible in wrath. It affords the means of steamboat navigation for some hundreds of miles into the upper part of the province. As in the case of most of the other rivers, the Brazos empties itself into a large salt lake, or inlet of the sea, around which, to a vast extent, the land is charged with mineral salt, which may be gathered in abundance during the dry seasons. The river Trinidad, lying east from the Brazos, falls into a large salt-water lake or bay, called Galveston Bay, by which a good deal of commerce has hitherto been carried on with the upper country. The Nueces river bounds Texas on the west, separating it from the province of Coahuila. In Texas, the number of what are called second and third rate rivers is considerable, and among these we find the San Jacinta, which is navigable for thirty-five miles from Galveston Bay—the Navidad, a hundred miles in length, and also navigable for a part of its course—Buffalo Bayou; and some others of lesser importance.

A single glance at the map is sufficient to show the great advantages which Texas derives from its rivers and its local position. In an inland direction, its commerce may be extended many hundreds of miles, into the United States on the one side, and the Mexican States on the other. The intercourse along the shores of the Gulf is easy and safe. A day or two's sail will take you to the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence you may penetrate by water as far as Canada. At an additional day or two's sail from the Gulf, you have Vera Cruz, Havanna, and other West Indian markets. Nature would thus appear to have been prodigal in her favors to this finely situated territory, which may one day be the centre of a prodigious internal and external commerce.

All descriptions of the country coincide in stating its lower regions to be little else than a series of extensive flat plains or prairies, spread out as far as the eye can reach, and here and there interspersed with what is called a rolling country. The greater proportion of the land forms an immense inclined plane, the apex of which is the high land south of the Red River. From this summit, which is by no means high, the inclination is towards the south-east, and surprisingly uniform. The surface is beautifully undulating to within about sixty or seventy miles of the coast, where it becomes level. The whole tract is, without exception, free from marsh or lakes, even down to the inlets which skirt the coast. A geologist, on looking at the country, and examining its soil, would at once pronounce the level region to be alluvial; a mere collection of particles of earth washed down by the rivers from the great central districts of North America.

The appearance of the prairie lands is thus described by the author of the Visit to Texas:—"I was very much struck with the uniformity of the surface in the prairie, which I had often heard of so particularly, but never observed before. I had now run a mile or more over it, without meeting a single irregularity or obstacle, a stone, a pebble, a bush, or even a shrub. Scarcely a blade of grass seemed to rise above six inches in height. And thus this extensive plain, neglected by man, and tended only by the hand of nature, presented a surface as level as the most carefully rolled garden-walk, and was covered with a coat of green as uniform as a smooth shaven lawn, or a vast sheet of velvet. And this scene was not confined to a small vale or meadow, or bounded by a range of neighboring hills, but stretched off to a vast distance on almost every side, on the one hand seeming to melt into the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other to meet the horizon. There was nothing elevated or rough, or wild, to contrast with the flat surface of green; and after a few moments spent in contemplating the plain, finding it varied only by the distant groves which were seen towards the north, the mind feels a kind of surprise at finding that the senses are almost useless

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where there is so little to give them exercise. Such were some of my feelings at the first sight of a prairie." The same writer in travelling near Galveston Bay, remarks—"We had afterwards to pass over another beautiful prairie region, where our eyes were refreshed with the luxuriant scene presented on every side. The grass was nearly up to the horses' knees, and so thick and green, that it entirely concealed every trace of the black surface formed by the burning of the dry plants a few weeks preceding, and which was in some spots discernible when we passed this way before. In some places I observed patches covered with sensitive plants, and in others flowers were blooming in great variety, while we were usually the only living objects to be seen. We saw occasionally the fine cattle belonging to the farms, ranging over their extensive estates; but in the wide intervals between them, we seldom found any thing but the birds possessed of animal life. The cattle had already begun to show the effects of their improved pasturage, and were remarkably fat, sleek, and vigorous, ranging totally unrestrained over regions immensely disproportioned even to their great numbers, and grazing to their hearts' content on herbage which grew tenfold faster than they could consume it. With my pocket compass to direct us, we now set off across the prairies, proceeding somewhat carelessly over the verdant and boundless lawn that spread before us, in some places apparently to the horizon. What acres, what miles, what leagues square of the most fertile land were now in sight without a human inhabitant! And how easy would it be for a stranger to become bewildered in travelling over them! There was not a road to be traced, not even the slightest appearance of a path, or of a single footstep. If any passenger had taken that course before this season, the rank herbage had entirely obliterated every evidence of it. An unbroken surface of grass, intermingled here and there with beautiful flowers, extended on every side of us to a great distance: in some places bounded by a distant grove or range of trees, and in others stretched far between points and islands of woodland, till lost in the thickness of the air. These, however, were often shut out from the view by the thickness of the vapor, and there was nothing to vary the scene, more than is found in the midst of the ocean.

I had never been at all prepared for the indescribable beauty of a Texas prairie at this season of the year, which I now could not avoid admiring, even under such unpleasant circumstances. The wildflowers had greatly multiplied, so that they were often spread around us in the utmost profusion, and in wonderful variety. Some of those which are most cultivated in our northern gardens were here in full bloom and perfection, intermingled with many which I had never before seen, of different forms and colors. I should despair of giving my reader any adequate idea of the scenes which were thus so richly adorned, and through which we often passed for acres in extent, breaking for ourselves the only path perceptible on the whole prairie. Among the flowers were the largest and most delicate I had ever seen, with others the most gaudy. Among them were conspicuous different species about six inches in diameter, presenting concentric zones of the brightest yellow, red, and blue, in striking contrasts. In more than one instance, these fields of flowers were not only so gay and luxuriant as to seem like a vast garden richly stocked with the finest plants, and abandoned to a congenial soil, but extensive almost beyond limitation; for it was sometimes difficult to discover whether they stopped short of the horizon. It was singular also that patches were here and there overspread by mimosas, which, as our horses passed through them, drew up their leaves and dropped their branches whenever they were brushed by their feet; thus making a withered trace on the surface, which was but gradually obliterated as these timid plants regained their courage, raised their stems again, and expanded their withered leaves. The plants whose sensitiveness had thus been overcome, were rendered distinguishable to the eye from others, by the exposure they made of the lower side of their leaves when they folded them up; that side being of a much lighter hue than the upper. There was a phenomenon connected with this striking appearance, which I was at the time unable to account for, and could hardly credit: that was, the shrinking of the delicate plants a little in advance of us, before we had quite reached them. A friend who had witnessed the same thing, accounted for it by supposing that they received a shock through the long horizontal roots which connect them together.

Through these vast and splendid regions coursed occasionally a few deer. We saw several herds of six or eight through the day, and some much larger. Most of them were accompanied by fawns, smooth, red, and beautifully spotted, as innocent and frisky as young lambs, and like them keeping close to their dams wherever they went. We found in this case, as in others, that we might sometimes approach pretty near to them when we came against the wind, but they would scent us a considerable distance from the leeward, and bound far away. We also saw several small droves of wild mustangs as we travelled on, which betrayed greater interest or curiosity towards us. They would start off at their slow gallop with their long manes and tails flying, while their thick fetlocks and foretops gave them a wild untutored aspect; and sweeping off in a semicircle to the right or left, scour over half a mile or a mile of the prairie, and then stop to survey us until we again approached them. After repeating this manœuvre several times, they generally changed their course and disappeared. These little horses, though not ill formed, are destitute of the peculiar beauty and elegance which are attributed to certain wild species of larger size. They are also not very swift, but yet are very valuable to the inhabitants, and will doubtless long prove so.

These regions present no obstacle to the traveller in any direction, except where they are crossed by streams; their soil is also generally rich, and often of almost incalculable fertility. No forests are to be cleared away; and yet, in many places, there is sufficient wood for the limited necessities created by the climate. How many attractions does this splendid country appear at first sight to offer to a settler from

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our cold and northern states! No rocky and barren ledges to lie waste for ever, no steep acclivities to be tilled or to be climbed over; no provision to be made for the housing of cattle; no raising, cutting, curing, removing, stowing, or feeding out of winter fodder; not even the construction of barns or stables for crops and stock. How difficult it is to a northerner to bear in mind the reality, that all these great features of soil, climate, and rural life in his own country, are here to be dispensed with! He naturally inquires, 'What then can remain for the industrious man to do?' The whole business of raising cattle is of course reduced, as it was in the land of Canaan, to the simple operation of letting them take care of themselves, eat, drink, and fatten on the rich pastures and under the genial climate, until the owner chooses to claim tribute of their flesh, hide, and horns."

The rolling lands of Texas are described as not less beautiful than the level prairies, with their flowers and islands, or groups of trees. The author of the History of Texas, D. B. Edward, rises into enthusiasm in describing his sensations on first beholding the undulating plains between the Red River, (a boundary with the United States on the north) and the Trinidad. "Now, reader, your relater is lost for words to describe the landscape after crossing the river Trinidad; as no language can convey to the mind any thing adequate to the emotions felt by the visiter, in ascending this vast irregularly regular slope of immense undulated plains, which expand before the eye in graceful rolls, affording from the summits of their gentle swells a boundless prospect of verdure—blending in the distance, to the utmost extent of vision, with the blue of the horizon. Few spectacles surpass it in beauty and magnificence. The boundless expanse and profound repose of these immense plains, excite emotions of sublimity akin to those which arise from a contemplation of the ocean, in its display of undulatory movements. Yea, a more grand and stupendous silence even broods over these regions, where often neither sound nor sight, foreign to the scene, disturbs the contemplation of the passing traveller.

These rolling prairies are generally divided by a broad declivous vale, through which meanders, in sweeping curves, one of those brooks, creeks, or branches, which enter the Trinidad or Brazos, or Colorado; on which, as they approach these rivers, there is more or less of timber, relieving the eye, in unison with those fine airy groves of every shape, with which the prairie mounds are studded. These rows of timber and picturesque groves are called islands, from the striking resemblance they present to small tracts of land surrounded by water. Nothing can be more natural than the comparison, as the praires often assume the appearance of a lake both in surface and color; and in the remoter parts, the hue melts into that of distant water. And it requires no very great effort of the imagination, especially in certain states of the weather, and changes of the light, to fancy that such is the reality of the scene. Yea, so much has nature contributed to the illusory appearance of these groves, that they often present all the beauty of art; for the trees are of nearly equal size, and grow near together, without underwood, and present outlines perfectly well defined, and often surprisingly regular, some appearing to form exact circles or ovals, while others are nearly square or oblong, with scarcely a single tree projecting beyond; so that it is found difficult to divest one's self of the impression that much of the land had been lately cleared, and these were the remains of the forest. Taking this interesting part of the province in all its bearings, I doubt whether another could be found like it on the continent—from its one mile encircled prairie, to those of twenty miles in extent."

Extensive valles of alluvial soil are found among the mountain ranges in the upper country, particularly upon the water-courses; and the scenery in these hilly districts is at once wild, sublime, and beautiful. They are also considered to be the most healthful and free from the numerous insects which plague the lower regions in the hottest part of the year.

The various natural productions of Texas of course depend on the nature of the climate and soil. The climate of Texas is completely tropical in character, but greatly mitigated by the absence of swamps and thick matted woods, which render some hot countries intolerable during certain seasons of the year. The dryness and openness of the lands give purity to the atmosphere, and cause breezy draughts of wind from the sea, which temper the heats. When the breezes cease, which they do every afternoon, the air becomes hot and close, and consequently produces exceeding languor. The general average temperature is stated to be from seventy-three to eighty-three degrees, but it is often as high as one hundred and three. So powerful and continued a heat, acting on a soil unsurpassed in richness, naturally produces the most luxuriant vegetation. The grass grows so high, and thick, and so rapidly, after being cropped, that it is hardly possible to keep it down by placing any number of cattle upon it. The number of wild flowers, roots, and shrubs, is very considerable. Among the flowers, we find roses of different varieties; the May-flower, the wild pink, the red and yellow lilies, the jessamine, cowslip, golden rod, heart's-ease, hollyhock; among the roots, the angelica, the sarsaparilla, ginseng, beorice, mandrake, wild potato, ground-nut, snakeroot, wild parsnip, onion, garlic, white and black hellebore; shrubs, several kinds of tea plants, and indigo; also the nopal or prickly-pear. This is the vegetable which is fed on by the insect which yields the cochineal dye, and here it grows to a height of ten or twelve feet. This plant produces an immense quantity of fruit, and furnishes food for vast herds of cattle and wild horses. The fruit is nutritious and choice, and on one occasion it saved a whole army from famine. It is found in inexhaustible abundance.

The woods of Texas are very scattered, and are remarkable for growing in patches and stripes of individual kinds. The live-oak is one of the largest and most valuable trees. It grows to an enormous size, some trees measuring sixteen feet in circumference, and keeping this size more than thirty feet from the ground, before they spread out their enormous branches. Larger trees than this, however, are not uncommon; some of them measuring even twenty-one feet in cir-

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cumference. Besides the live-oak, there are the white-oak, the red-oak, the fir and pine, the hickory, the walnut, the ash, the elm, the cypress, the linden, the hemlock, the yellow pine, the spruce pine, the locust, the muskit, the cotton wood, the wild cherry, the pecan, the sycamore, the hackberry, the mulberry, and the buttonwood, besides many other kinds which might be mentioned; also, smaller trees or shrubs, as the laurel, the sumac, the juniper, the sassafras, the willow, the large elder, the dwarf elder, the poisonous elder, the shrub oak, the winter-green, the witch hazel, the myrile wax-tree, the wild plum, the prickly ash, the shin-wood, the spoon-wood, the moose-wood, the fever bush, the sweet fern, the raspberry, the whortleberry, the blackberry, the cranberry, and the choakberry.

Canes or reeds grow to a large extent near the margins of rivers in Texas. Tracts of this remarkable plant are called cane-brakes, and these are so singular in appearance that we shall quote a description of them "The main cane-brakes of the province are between the Brazos ond the Colorado, on what is termed Cany Creek, or Bayou, which never overflows, and where the cane-brakes are from four to twelve miles in breadth, with but few trees to be seen among them through the whole length of this creek, seventy miles. These canes, or reeds, are known in the Northern States as fishing-rods, where they often sell at a high price. To pass through one of these cane-brakes, by one of those narrow paths commenced while they were young, and which is kept open through the year, by the frequent passing and repassing of men on horses, is a novelty seldom to be met with in any country but that of the lower Texas. Consider yourself entering one of these singular avenues, arched overhead, and with the view of the sky shut out, for the space of a mile or so, with an impenetrable wall of reeds on each side of you, to the height of twenty feet or more, and these reeds so slender, that, having no support directly over the path, they must droop a little inward; and so meet and intermingle their tops as to form a complete evergreen bower. The sight of a large tract covered with so rank a growth, of an annual plant, which rises to such a height, decays, and is renewed every twelvemonth, affords a striking impression of the fertility of the soil."

The fruits of Texas are the grape, mulberry, apple, plum, cherry, sweet gum, peach, butter nut, walnut, hazel-nut, pecan-nut, and many others. The grapes, for variety and delicacy, rival those of Italy and Portugal, and might be rendered equally advantageous in commerce. "There cannot be the least doubt, (says our authority,) that the day is not far distant when there will be vineyards in Texas equal to any in Switzerland, France, or Italy, for the quality of their wines and fruits. Those products of industry will indeed be as easily attainable by the inhabitants, and almost as cheap, as the honey, which is at present, and will continue to be collected by the busy bee from myriads of flowers, and by them deposited in the bosom of every hollow tree; so that cutting down (for there is very little searching required) is all that is wanting, in order to procure that delicate and luscious repast! The wax thus obtained is not only valuable to the farmer, by hardening his beeve tallow candles, but as an article of commerce it commands a high price. It often happens, therefore, that the bee-hunters, at a distance from habitations, will throw away the honey and save only the wax. In addition to all these rewards of industry, through the instrumentality of wood, there is another, which has of late years drawn the attention of a number of American agriculturalists; to wit, the culture of the mulberry, a tree to be found very plentiful in Texas, and by means of which silk-worms might be reared to any extent." The abundance of natural nuts is another feature in the productiveness of the country. "Pecan nut gathering is, and will continue as long as people continue to live in sea-coast cities, a source of no ordinary emolument to the Texas farmer—if not every year, at least every second year, as they fall then from the trees by handfuls, and are in general of a very superior quality indeed. These command a constant market, not only in sea-ports of the eastern and western coasts, but in those of Europe also; producing at an average to the first collector, from one to two dollars per bushel. So numerous are the native pecan-trees, in the upper parts of the country, that it requires nothing but their preservation to insure a continual emolument, independent of those the farmers plant around their dwellings, as one of the few ornaments which they could adopt, combining both pleasure and profit. It requires no uncommon exertion, for a family consisting of half a dozen children, say from the age of six years and upwards, to provide themselves during the space of six weeks in the fall, with a hundred and fifty bushels of that pleasant and valuable fruit, to say nothing of the walnuts, and the other marketable nuts of every kind, already spoken of."

Both the climate and soil of Texas adapt it for the production of cotton, sugar from the cane, and coffee. As yet, little has been done to bring these valuable capabilities into operation; but so far as attempts have been made, they have been most successful. "Sugar, coffee, and cotton (says Mr. Edward,) can be raised cheaper than in the United States, or in the West Indies, but owing to the civil troubles not enough is now raised for home consumption." The author of the Visit to Texas thus speaks of the appearance of a cotton and cattle-raising estate:—"The fine estate which we were to visit, presented a beautiful appearance as we approached it. A large part is appropriated to grazing, and left unenclosed, with the exception of a single tract, as a vast pasture ground for the cattle of the owner. The enclosure, though it seemed to bear a small proportion to the whole estate, embraces not less than two hundred acres, and is secured by a substantial fence of twelve rails. It contains the garden, with a noble cotton field, which, the year before, had yielded a crop that sold for five thousand dollars. Even after it had been removed, one of our companions, who was from Alabama, declared there was still as good a crop on the ground as they commonly gathered in his own state. Beyond the enclosed ground lay the boundless prairie, variegated with its numerous islands of trees, and spotted with a scattered herd of six hundred cattle, all belonging to our host

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They all appeared well fed, active, and vigorous, and spend their lives through winter and summer in the open air. Of course, no housing is necessary in such a climate, and no provision of food for them is to be made, in a country where there is perpetual green."

The greater part of the Texian territory, having only lately emerged from a state of nature, still possesses a number of those wild animals which are found in almost all countries when first visited by civilized man. Bears, wolves, wild hogs, wild horses, and foxes, are occasionally seen; the cougar, or tiger, is only to be found in the most remote and higher parts of the country. The opossum and the raccoon are still somewhat troublesome to the goodwife of the house, who prides herself in the goodly number of her geese, turkeys, and chickens. The inferior animals of the country are neither very numerous nor troublesome, although occasionally one may stumble on a mole or a dormouse, or perhaps at times see a skunk, a weazel, or a mink. As for rats, bats, and mice, they are common annoyances, not worth mentioning in any country, far less in this, which has been so recently inhabited. Among the birds fit for food, are the wild turkey, (commonly found in the woods, and near the edges of the prairies,) the turtle-dove, the prairie-hen, the partridge, and the quail; the two last are, however, thinned off by hawks. Among the songsters are the thrush, the mocking-bird, the whipoorwill, and the nightingale.

The rivers and shores of Texas teem with fish of many varieties, and in the bays are found alligators of considerable size. Neither the alligators, nor the wild quadrupeds above mentioned, are so troublesome as the swarms of small insects which infest the country, particularly the lower parts. It would be most improper to overlook this terrific pest, in speaking of the suitableness of Texas for the location of northern settlers. There are a few kinds of snakes in the country, but the trouble which these give, is nothing to that from the insect tribes. "After the house-fly (says Mr. Edward) comes the Spanish or blister-fly, to be found in greater numbers, quite innoxious to the beholder, but dangerous to be handled. Then there are but few countries which can boast of such a number and variety of ants. The woods and the dry prairies literally swarm with this industrious, and because of his industry, pesterous little insect. Of reptiles, there are lizards of every hue, generally harmless, except the smooth or broad backed ones. Spiders also of every diversity abound, from the tarantula, one of the most disgusting and venemous creatures in the country, (which, when full grown, will measure, when expanded, from five to six inches,) to the small slender striped one of the most insinuating appearance, but, as the author can testify by dear-bought experience, of the most poisonous nature. Scorpions and centipedes are as numerous as they are dangerous, especially the flat, black-headed centipede, which grows enormously large, and whose haunts are chiefly to be found under rotten logs and moss-grown rocks.

The camping traveller, and the land hunter, will do well to keep a bright look-out, particularly in the woods and their vicinity, for a species of red bug, and the tick. From them, especially the ticks, there is no escape. In a single night in warm weather, they will gather so affectionately upon one's outer man, as hardly, in the morning, to leave its complexion distinguishable; and such is their love and attachment to humanity, that they cannot be removed without great care and ingenuity. In size, shape, and color, they resemble that bug which is the horror of good housewives. Provided with a proboscis or trunk, monstrously disproportioned to the rest of the body, they nip out a portion of the cuticle, and lay bare the smaller vessels, from which, with their combined powers of suction, they make no trifling draught upon a man's system." Another of our authorities gives a similar account of this dreadful scourge—"The flies are very troublesome at this season in this region; and when the heat came on, we found them intolerable. We had seen them before, and observed the effects of their bite on our horses, but never in such numbers as they now presented. A hundred or more would fasten on each of our animals at once, make a considerable wound in a moment, and suck the blood abundantly, while the poor creatures would show marks of extreme pain, and shrink with dread whenever they felt their tormentors light upon them. It was of little use to drive them off, for they returned immediately, and repeated the bite in another place; and so deep was it, that every spot they had touched was marked with a drop of blood." October and November are the two best months to make observations in, and April and May are the next best, so as to avoid not only the rapid changes of temperature, but the extreme heat of the weather.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

When far away on the deep blue sea,
Remember the friends you have left behind,
And let your soul go forth as free
As the bird that floats on the summer wind—
To your own green land let your thoughts return,
With a feeling devoted, and warm, and true—
And while for their presence your bosom shall burn,
O, think of the bosoms that burn for you.

When you watch the planet of eve decline
In beauty and glory where day has set,
Believe there are eyes that will mark its shine,
Believe there are hearts that will never forget.
And while in its bright, but departing ray,
A type of the pleasures of earth you see,
O, soar to the heaven above, and pray
For the fadeless hopes of eternity.

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THE FALL OF WARREN.

When thoughtless princes sought to bind
In fetters, which themselves had forged,
The free volition of mankind,
The humble patriot whom they scourged
Upon these shores a refuge found,
Where tyrants followed soon, and planted
Oppression's standard in the ground,
While on the air her ensign flaunted.

The exiles, in unholy strife,
A factious crowd strove not to be;
But fearless knelt, and pledged with life
Honor and fortune to be free.
Weary of the tyrant's chains,
The iron bands they snapp'd asunder;
And along Columbia's plains
Awoke the revolution's thunder.

Then peaceful men their war-blades drew,
Their homes and firesides to save;
They swore for liberty, and true,
Each sought his triumph or his grave.
Columbia's banner floated high,
Freeman with ardor hail the sight;
Beneath its folds they chose to die,
Rather than compromise their right.

First in the conflict Warren came,
A star upon the field of blood—
A pharo's light, pointing to fame,
Amid the battle's blaze he trod.
He fell, a hero's death was his,
And freedom's page will tell the story,
How dear a soldier's mem'ry is!
How death-like is his meed of glory!

'Twas freedom's fight! they fought it well;
From many a heart the life-blood ran:
As falls the brave, so Warren fell,
A martyr for the rights of man.
The youthful warrior dauntless led
A little band forth to the battle,
Before them British vet'rans fled,
Tho' harden'd to the war-gun's rattle.

The lighted brand from Boston's heights,
Went blazing o'er a new-born world;
Freemen, oppress'd, rose for their rights—
Oppression from his throne was hurl'd.
The flag of liberty on high
Still bears in pride her stripes and stars,
Beneath them freemen "do or die,"
Like Warren in their glory wars.

Baltimore, 1837.

TO MY SLEEPING BOY,

ON HIS FIRST BIRTH DAY.

There is brightness on the heavens,
The broad sun is ling'ring there,
And his wide-spread smile reposes
On the sweet and balmy air.

The world is blithe around thee,
On the tip-toe of delight;
But all undisturb'd thou sleepest—
Yet how beautiful—how bright!

Thou hast had thy joyous frolic
On the fond maternal knee,
Thou hast leapt and sported wildly
In thy young heart's ecstacy.

But thy voice is hushed in slumber—
Those high and silvery tones,
Those warm monitions of the heart
Which only childhood owns!

Those pure, gently-beaming glances,
Oh, their language all is hid,—
The bonds of slumber linger now
On that perfect, deep-fringed lid!

And the spell of sleep is on thee,
And thy cup of life is blest—
Not a dreamy sigh to startle—
Not a care to break thy rest.

Oh, may that cup for ever
Still thus sweetly pass along,
Like the cherish'd dreams of childhood,
Full of love, and joy, and song;—

May the cup be never broken;
May its pleasures never cloy,
But rich brightness light thy heaven—
Oh, my own—my dark-eyed boy!

One year of mirth and gladness,
One short year of peace and joy—
May years on years as sweetly
Bless thy life, my gentle boy!

Alk

Columbia, Pa., Dec. 11, 1837.

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THE POOR ARTIST.

A FRAGMENT.

BY J. JONES.

THE accomplished Miss Eno was pleading for a native artist in distress. She was addressing a Mr. Gleaner, a frigid-featured man, who had amassed an immense fortune from an obscure beginning, having once been a hawker of commodities in the streets "What is the name of the young man?" inquired Miss Eno.

"I've nearly forgotten—or didn't read it perhaps—here it is—here's his impertinent epistle. I'll read it to you," saying which, Mr. Gleaner pulled the crumpled letter from his pocket, and read as follows:

"Nov. 21, 18—.

"Dear sir—Being reduced by circumstances, of which I had no control, I am induced to offer some paintings, at any estimate you may place upon them. The two I propose disposing of, having once been admired by you when in company with a member of Congress. The gentleman alluded to, you may remember, was anxious to purchase, but considerations that no longer exist induced me to decline parting with them.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"BUONAROTTI BEMAN."

"Let him burn his brush and take up his pen in some counting-house, and there will be no necessity for his begging. The country is full of such lazy vagabonds, who think to live on the generosity of those who toil for a living," emphatically remarked Mr. Gleaner.

"Where did you say he resided, Mr. Gleaner?" inquired Miss Juliet, with a crimson glow on her cheek, and her lips curled in scorn.

"Somewhere—No. 11, I believe, in Dust Alley," said Gleaner, turning off, and inspecting a rich ottoman.

"Ladies and gentlemen, one and all attend, if there is one spark of humanity in your bosoms. Father," said she, addressing a cheerful, gray headed personage, who had done his country distinguished services, "do you take the *chair* on the end of the sofa here, and I'll make a bit of a speech. Mr. President, when we hear of disasters, it matters not who are the sufferers, the first emotion we experience is pity. But when a fellow citizen, who is not unknown, whose genius has elicited the praise of the community in a more propitious hour, and whose reputation as a man has known no diminution through every change of life, is by any means fallen into the disfavor of fortune—we *aid!* It is in behalf of such an individual that I now address you. I move that all present patronise him, and have their portraits taken."

"Huzza!" cried the old general, "I second the motion—who says nay? D—n it, (I beg your pardon ladies,) Gleaner, don't hold back."

"Oh, if Miss Juliet can get you all to help him, I don't care if I do throw away something too."

"Ah, Mr. Gleaner," continued Miss Eno, "if you only knew the tortures of a gifted mind, in indigence, you would not hesitate. It is *true* that genius seeks aliment in its lofty aspirations, whilst the languid body wastes by piecemeal, and yet the innocence of the infant, and the honor of the man, hover round the heart, like the fluttering dove, vainly endeavoring to repel the assaults of the vulture on its young, until the last drop of blood is congealed by death."

"Why should they follow the business then, if it is so unprofitable? Do they expect to have glory and be fed by *us?*" replied Mr. Gleaner.

"Yes!" continued the fair advocate, "were the Americans but grateful to their own artists and authors, they would acquire fame and be fed too. For what do they labor? Do their works not benefit the country that nurtures them? ay, for generations and centuries after the authors are slumbering in their graves! What Englishman does not venerate his Shakspeare, his Reynolds, and his Sterne? True, the last of those suffered sometimes for a morsel of bread, but it only serves to swell the load of man's ingratitude, and teach a lesson for future amendment."

"Bravissimo!" exclaimed a fashionable author, who possessed the anomaly of an immense fortune.

"You have said nothing yet, Mr. Martel," continued Juliet, addressing our hero, but I have observed the assent of your eye to every remark I have made; I therefore take it for granted that your 'expressive silence' may be construed into an affirmative, and in that thought I summon you to attend our august self to the lodgings of Mr. Beman, at eleven o'clock, to morrow morning." The gentleman thus highly honored, made a very low bow, and remarked "that the fulfilment of her commands would ever afford him infinite pleasure."

* * * * * *

It was one of those damp cloudy days which make a city look dreary, and the streets are deserted by the accustomed number of pedestrians, that General Eno, Miss Juliet, and Martel, wended their way through unfrequented alleys and dirty courts, in quest of an unfortunate fellow creature. Angels, if it is true that they take cognizance of mortal affairs, hovered over them. Ah, what was the contrast between this trio on their holy mission, and the inmates of the splendid carriage that wheeled off in giddy speed, and halted at the door of the magnificent jeweller's, where worth.

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less diamonds were purchased at enormous price, to glitter at the opera!

"Bless my life! what a den of a place this is!" ejaculated the general, on arriving at the destined place. The house was dark with the stains of half a century; and was situated in one of the narrow alleys that run in from a street, terminating in darkness about midway to the next. The shingles were covered with green moss, and the bricks seemed as if they had been submerged in the damp earth. On the contracted walk before the door, the swine were regaling on the parings of vegetables. And yet, on a rough board, nailed to the building, was written in rude letters, "Gentlemen accommodated with board and lodging."

"Is Mr. Beman in?" the general inquired of a miserable looking colored girl who answered the repeated raps at the door, and stared at the visiters as a sight she had not often regaled her eyes with.

"Yes sir—walk in and sit down—I'll go tell him to come to you."

"Can you not show us to his painting room?"

"Oh yes—but it's 'way up stairs."

They proceeded up range after range of frail stairway, until they were evidently at the top of the house, then turning into a dark corridor, they felt their way to a door, which, on tapping gently, opened with a sudden jerk on its crazy hinges, and slammed violently against the inside wall. The room was of some strange angular formation, terminating in front by the ceiling running from the centre at about an angle of fifty degrees to the floor; in the midst of this descent was an "attic" window, looking out from the roof. The artist was seated on a leather bottomed chair that might have been made in the days of the Protector, with the brush in his hand, retouching a historical painting. It seemed that his soul was concentrated in his abstract gaze. The violent shock caused by the door flying back, which made the apartment quake, was unnoticed by him. Once he closed his eyes and turned his head aside, as if consulting some bright vision of the mind: when he opened them, they rested fully on the visiters, but the absorbing object of his spirit triumphed over mere tangible objects, and he resumed his labor unconscious of their presence! He was not more than three or four and twenty, yet amidst his graceful dark hair, his ceaseless vigils had sprinkled the gray. His face was sallow and sunken, but the twinkle of his starlike eyes, surmounted by a capacious forehead, rendered his contour noble. Now a smile played upon his lips as he surveyed the finished production, and *such* a smile! It was not the effect of the mere satisfaction of a jest, nor the coarse chuckle of broad hilarity, but the benign, the seraphic radiance of the cherub. And thus it is with the visionary mortal, whose propensities lead him from the ordinary pursuits of man, and retain in his manhood the innocence and simplicity of the babe.

When Beman was aroused by the General, he started up wildly, but instantly became conscious of his condition.

"Please take this chair, lady—gentlemen, I am sorry I have no more at present, but you can see the picture best when standing."

"We come," said the general, "to have our portraits taken, and we thought it best to apply first, having heard a number mention a desire of getting you to do theirs. But d—n it, my lad, you must do it in some other place than this cursed rat-trap!"

"Ay—yes—I have not been here long; it was to finish this, (pointing to the piece mentioned above, and which has since been admired by thousands,) that I selected this place with the view of not being annoyed by the noise of drays."

Poor man! he could not hear thunder whilst engaged. There could be seen in his manner, despite the humiliation of gnawing poverty, a portion of the pride of conscious superiority; and that he would fain conceal his horribly straitened condition.

"When will you be ready to make a commencement, Mr. Beman, and where shall we find you?" asked Juliet, whose emotion disabled her from speaking until now.

"I cannot be precisely certain of the place, but will inform you immediately I take a room. I shall be ready, I think, in a day or two."

"We came," continued Juliet, "with the expectation of a commencement to-day, and will therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity to leave our money, thereby claiming the privilege of the first sitting."

"Thank you—but—no—there is no necessity for doing so. True, I must acknowledge that my finances have become somewhat low; but such sometimes has been the fate of celebrated masters—yet they plied the brush, and never cared a fig for fortune. He—he!— (he affected to laugh)—besides, lady, I shall soon be in funds; I have consented to let that picture and another that is rolled up, go to the rich Mr. Gleaner for something like five hundred dollars, I presume."

It was well the artist escaped the thunderbolt by being ignorant of the contempt of that person for the painter's craft! Alas! that the sanguine expectations of many children of sorrow should be crushed by so many unappreciating Gleaners! The money was left, however, and the party retraced their steps.

FANCIES.

As the beam of the morning comes over the flower,
It displays the lost beauty's of night's lonely hour,
But it brightens the dew-drop to take it away,
And the flower withers soon in the life-giving ray!

As the humming-bird comes to the opening bloom—
A little winged rainbow—to skies of perfume!
For a moment he brightens the jessamine bower,
And is gone with the fragrance and sweets of the flower.

So the fancies that play round the poor minstrel's heart
For a moment may dazzle, too soon to depart;
And departing, with joy and with light they forsake—
Its brightness and beauty and fragrance they take!

J. H. M.

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TO ALETHE.

BY PHILANDER S. RUTER, PHILA.

I think of thee,—
When the purple morn is breaking,
When the golden sun is waking,
And the forest, glade and bower,
Feel the magic of his power;—
When his light is on the sea
Dancing bright and merrily,
And the clouds float o'er the sky,
Like the smiles in woman's eye,—
I think of thee.

I think of thee,—
When the sunlight leaves the stream,
When his last bright golden beam
Fades amid the hues of even,—
When the moon is bright in heaven,
Silvering ocean, lake, and river,
Where the leaflets gently quiver
In the breath of night's soft gale,
As it gently fans the vale;—
I think of thee.

I think of thee,—
In the hall—at festive hour—
When hearts bow to beauty's power,
When the gay and lovely meet,
And when flatt'ry's voice is sweet,
'Mid the gayest of the throng,
And when loudest is the song,
'Mid the gentle and the fair,
And the bright ones gathered there,—
I think of thee.

TO THE MOON.

LET others wonder at the sun,
His glorious blaze at noon;
I'm, like full many another one,
Much more *struck with the moon.*

"The moon but shines with borrow'd light,"
Some sunshine bard objects—
But then she does, my laddie bright,
What you don't—she *reflects!*

Oh, curious orb!—oh, wondrous planet!
Thou'rt made our hearts to please;
Thou look'st on earth as breezes fan it—
And seem'st made of green cheese!

How large thou art at rising! yet,
How small when rising higher;
Now, like a little fyp-pen'bit!
Then, like a house on fire!

Art cobbler thou? or wagoner?
Thour't one of them 'tis plain,
Thou'rt often *waxing to an end!*
Thou also hast *a wain!*

Thou hast great fondness for the sea,
And suck'st the ocean up;
And makes a wonderment, which we
Call *tides*, at one small sup.

When thou hast drank a sea or two,
Is't then they call thee full?
How round and plump thy stomach is,
When thou hast had thy pull.

Thou look'st as round sometimes as O!
And then all out of figure;
Then like the letter C you show,
When growing small—or bigger.

Oh what a deal of love is sworn,
Sweet pretty moon, by thee!
How faithfully their love is worn,
Till they learn change from thee.

How many bards take glory for
The rhymes on thee they stick;
Yet creditable rhymes of sense,
Are merely *Luna-tic.*

How many bards have toil'd by night,
Thy beauty all to show!
Diana! with the crescent bright,
Forming a silvery bow.

Thour't Cynthia, sailing in thy car,
And Luna in the sky;
How would we do, if every star
So many names went by?

Yet, spite of all thy pretty names,
Thou'art but a moon—I see it.
So health to Philadelphia dames!
And then, Amen, so be it! M.

Philadelphia.

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers, not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

JANUARY.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1741	The first Literary Magazine published in America, the General Magazine and Historical Chronicle, was commenced this day by Dr. Franklin, in Philadelphia.
—	1755	The first Newspaper in Connecticut, the Connecticut Gazette, published by James Parker & Co.
—	1776	Norfolk, Virginia, burnt by the British under Lord Dunmore.
—	——	Colonel Richard Montgomery killed before Quebec, by the only gun fired by the enemy.
—	1781	The whole of the Pennsylvania Line revolted, excepting three Regiments, which were fired into, and compelled to join, at Morristown, New Jersey. The men had enlisted for three years, and their time being up, they wished to leave, but the officers refused consent. 1300 men marched for Philadelphia, but were intercepted by a Committee appointed by Congress, and the affair was settled, but not without the shedding of blood. Gen. Wayne and other officers were severely wounded, and one Captain killed. Some spies sent by Sir H Clinton to induce the revolters to desertion, were detained at Princeton, and executed.
—	1787	Died, at Charleston, Arthur Middleton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1805	The Permanent Bridge over the Schuylkill, at the end of High street, Philadelphia, first opened for passengers. Thanksgiving Day.
—	1801	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 78, Colonel Francis Wade, of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.
—	1814	Buffalo attacked by United States Dragoons. Lieutenant Totman killed.
—	1815	The British commenced cannonading New Orleans.
—	1816	Died, aged 88, William Hillhouse, more than 50 years member of Legislature of Conn.
—	1817	The new Bank of United States first opened at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.
2	1727	Born, General Wolfe, at Westerham, near Sevenoaks, England.
—	1777	Cannonade of Trenton. British repulsed. Washington retired in the night.
—	1788	The Federal Constitution adopted by Georgia, being the fourth State in succession of agreement.
—	1810	Murat, King of Naples, received orders from Paris to seize all American vessels and cargoes.
—	1815	General Adair joined General Jackson at New Orleans with 4000 men.
—	1837	Wreck of the Barque Mexico, on Hempstead Beach, New Jersey. Only 8 persons saved out of 104 passengers and crew.
3	1777	Battle of Princeton. Washington defeated the British, and took 800 prisoners.
—	1814	Court Martial commenced sitting at Albany on General Hull for surrendering his army.
—	1815	British Frigate Junon captured American Privateer Guerriere.
4	1778	Capture of Savannah by the British, with all the Stores, Shipping, Fort, and a number of prisoners.
—	1789	Died, aged 50, Thomas Nelson, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1796	Gen. Washington sent a Message to Congress with the French Flag presented by the Committee of Public Safety.
—	1799	Ship Ontario lost off Sorato.

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Day of Month	Year.	
5	1745	Born, at Philadelphia, Benjamin Rush, M. D. and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1779	Born, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Stephen Decatur, a celebrated Naval Officer.
—	1781	Arnold invaded Virginia, and destroyed the Public Buildings and Stores at Richmond.
—	1796	Died, at Norwich, Conn., aged 64, Samuel Huntington, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
6	1777	Washington retired to Winter Quarters at Morristown, New Jersey.
—	1781	Cannon Foundry and Public Stores destroyed at Westham, Va., by order of General Arnold.
—	1815	A Brig, laden with rum and biscuit, for British Fleet, burnt at Bayou Bienvenu, near New Orleans, by Wm. Johnson, assisted by the crews of three boats.
7	1718	Born, at Salem, Mass. Israel Putnam, a distinguished Revolutionary General.
—	1779	La Fayette embarked at Boston on board the Alliance Frigate for France.
—	1781	General Tarleton defeated by the Americans at the Cowpens.
—	1782	The Bank of North America (the first Bank regularly incorporated) opened in Philadelphia.
—	1811	Ship Rapid, Captain Dorr, of Boston, with 280,000 dollars in specie, lost off coast of New Holland; crew saved.
—	1812	Died, at Philadelphia, John Dennie, littérateur.
8	1732	The first Newspaper in South Carolina, the S. C. Gazette, published at Charleston, by B. Whitmarsh.
—	1777	The British evacuated Elizabethtown, New Jersey; General Maxwell harassing their rear.
—	1815	Battle of New Orleans. The Americans under General Jackson beat a superior British Force under General Packenham, who was killed.
—	1817	Two Shocks of an Earthquake felt at Charleston, S. C.
9	1779	Sunbury, Georgia, taken by the British.
—	1788	The Federal Constitution adopted by Connecticut; being the fifth State in succession.
—	1793	First Balloon Ascent in America. J. P. Blanchard, from Philadelphia.
—	1809	Congress passed Laws to enforce the Embargo Act.
—	1811	Insurrection of Negroes at New Orleans suppressed by the Militia.
—	1813	British Manifesto issued against America.
—	1815	Commencement of Bombardment of Fort St. Philip by the British—lasted till 17th.
—	——	Truce between English and Americans before N. Orleans, for the purpose of burying the dead.
10	1776	New Hampshire dissolved the Convention, and, assuming Legislative Powers, sent Delegates to Congress.
—	1815	British Forces retreat from before New Orleans.
11	1775	The first Provincial Congress of South Carolina met at Charleston.
—	1815	British Sloop of War Barbadoes captured American Schooner Fox.
—	——	Captain Barrie, of British Ship Dragon, took possession of Cumberland Island, Georgia.
12	1815	General Fast Day throughout the United States.
13	1815	Captain Barrie, of British Ship Dragon, seized the Fort on Point St. Peter, and the Tower of St. Mary, Georgia. They were afterwards destroyed by Fire.
14	1716	Died, aged 86, Elizabeth Patch, the first female born in the old Colony of Massachusetts.
—	1784	Congress ratified the definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain.
—	1813	Gallant action between American Privateer Schooner Comet, of 14 guns, and 3 English Vessels of War and one Portuguese, ending in capture of one of the former.
15	1716	United States Stores at Smithfield burnt by General Arnold.
—	1780	Ineffectual attacks upon the British Forces on Long Island.
—	1781	Born, at Albany, N. Y. Philip Livingston, one of the Signers of the Dec. of Independence.
—	1783	Died, at Albany, aged 57, Major General William Alexander, frequently called Lord Stirling, a Revolutionary Officer of distinction. Born in New York.
—	1815	Capture of U. S Frigate President, by British Frigate Majestic, Tenedos, Endymion and Pomona.
16	1816	Schuylkill Falls Bridge, Philadelphia, fell from the weight of the snow.
—	1817	Died, at Trenton, aged 58, Alexander James Dallas, a celebrated Statesman and Lawyer.
17	1706	Born, at Boston, Benjamin Franklin.
—	1718	Died, aged 78, Colonel Benjamin Church, Commander of the Party that took King Philip.
—	1813	British Frigate Narcissus captured United States Brig Vixen.
—	1817	Severe Cold Weather, with Thunder, throughout the United States.
18	1777	The Hessians attacked at Kingsbridge, N. Y. by the Americans.
—	1813	First Battle at River Raisin, Michigan—Americans defeated the English.
19	1777	Died, Brigadier General Hugh Mercer, from wounds received at the Battle of Trenton.
—	1817	Riot among the Students at Princeton College, New Jersey.
20	1732	Born, in Virginia, Richard Henry Lee, mover of the resolution resulting in the Declaration of Independence, to which he afterwards affixed his name.
—	1776	General Schuyler disarmed the Highlanders at Johnston, on the Mohawk.
—	1781	The Jersey Line revolted at Morristown, New Jersey; see January 1st.
—	1783	Preliminary Articles of Peace signed at Versailles, between the American and British Commissioners.
—	1790	Marquis La Fayette supported in the French National Assembly, a motion for the abolition of all Titles of Nobility, renouncing his own, and never afterwards resuming it.
—	1798	Frigate Crescent sailed from Portsmouth, N. H. A present from the United States to the Dey of Algiers. Her worth, with other gifts on board, amounted to 300,000 dollars.
—	1815	Commodore Patterson captured 54 Dragoons and Seamen, on Lake Borgne, near New Orleans.
—	1816	John Carson was shot in Philadelphia by his wife's paramour, Richard Smith, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Army. He was executed for the deed.
21	1702	The affirmation allowed to the Quakers in England, extended to Pennsylvania, by order of Queen Anne.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
22	1813	Second Battle of River Raisin, near Frenchtown, Michigan. The English under Proctor, Indians under Tecumseh, defeated the advanced guard of General Harrison's army.
23	1775	Pennsylvania Convention determined to resist the enforcement of the arbitrary Laws of England.
—	1780	British Seventy-four Gun Ship, Culloden, wrecked off Long Island.
—	1795	Died, at New Haven, aged 54, Major General John Sullivan, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
—	1800	Died, aged 51, Edward Rutledge, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1812	Severe Earthquake felt in Virginia, Louisiana, and Missouri.
—	1813	Died, aged 74, George Clymer, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	——	Indian Massacre of wounded American prisoners taken at the battle of Frenchtown.
—	1815	General Thanksgiving and Illumination at New Orleans for Victory of the 8th.
—	1822	Dreadful Fire at Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia. Twenty-three children burnt.
24	1781	British Garrison at Georgetown, S. C surprised by Colonel Henry Lee.
25	1692	York, in Maine, destroyed by the Indians, who killed 50 of the settlers, and took 100 prisoners.
—	1787	Shay's men defeated in a skirmish at Springfield, Connecticut.
—	1800	British Sloop of War Brazen, wrecked on Ave Rocks, near New Haven. Only one of the crew saved out of 120.
26	1779	General Arnold, by the sentence of a Court Martial, received a reprimand from General Washington, for oppression and extortion while in command of the American troops in Philadelphia.
—	1815	American Privateer Chasseur captured the British Schooner St. Lawrence.
27	1797	Dreadful Fire in Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Andrew Brown, editor of Federal Gazette, with his wife and three children, burnt to death, and buried in the same grave.
—	1807	Burr's conspiracy developed before Congress.
—	1814	The Indians repulsed with great slaughter at Camp Defiance, near Chatahoochie, Georgia, by General John Floyd.
29	1756	Born, in Virginia, Henry Lee, a distinguished Revolutionary General.
—	1805	Academy at Hallowell, Maine, burnt, with all the books and apparatus.
—	1814	Action between U. S. Schooner Alligator and a squadron of British barges near Charleston, S C.
—	1829	Died, Timothy Pickering, a distinguished patriot in the revolutionary war—many years a member of Congress; he filled the offices of Adjutant General of U. S. Army, Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State.
30	1810	Various meteoric stones fell in North Carolina.
—	1815	The British embarked from the neighborhood of New Orleans.
—	1820	Died, John Lathrop, Philosopher and Littérateur. Born at Boston, 1772.
—	1825	Died, General Amasa Davis, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
31	1713	Born, at Picardy, Anthony Benezet, the celebrated Quaker Abolitionist. Died at Philadelphia, 1784.
—	1793	The Lehigh Coal Mines, Pennsylvania, discovered.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

Why are we here? Yon infant's wail,
Warm nestling on its mother's breast,
With feeble lips begins the tale—
We're passing to a better rest;
A sob, a sigh, a falling tear—
Why are we here? why are we here?

Why are we here? The bud of hope
That springs in childhood's happy hour,
Lies crush'd, ere yet its blossoms ope',
'Neath leaden care's all-with'ring power—
Fit emblem of man's weak career;
Why are we here? why are we here?

Why are we here? as brief, as frail,
Is man's maturity and prime,
Lone wanderer down life's stormy vale,
Swift voyager of fleeting time.
A breath, a thought—and death is near!
Why are we here? why are we here?

Why are we here? those silvery hairs,
And palsied limbs, bespeak decay;
Those sightless eyeballs' sick'ning glare,
Too surely tell life's closing day.
The trial's o'er—he's on his bier!
Why are we here? why are we here?

* * * * * *

Why are we here? Dost see yon star
In splendor glittering o'er the sea?
E'en thus the souls of virtue are
When purged from earth, from sorrow free,
In heaven no sorrow can appear.
For *this* we're here? for this we're here!

Why are we here? who could but choose,—
Tho' thrice earth's cares beset the road,—
And toil life's feeble journey through,
To dwell eternally with God.
To fit us for that glorious sphere,
We're tarrying here? we're tarrying here!

A. McM.

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THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

A NEW COMIC SONG.

WRITTEN, ARRANGED, AND SUNG BY

WM. E. BURTON.

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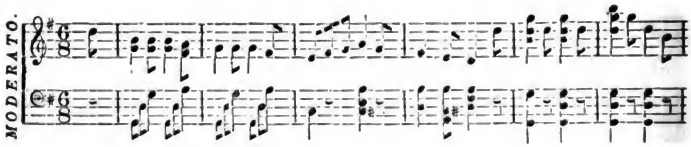

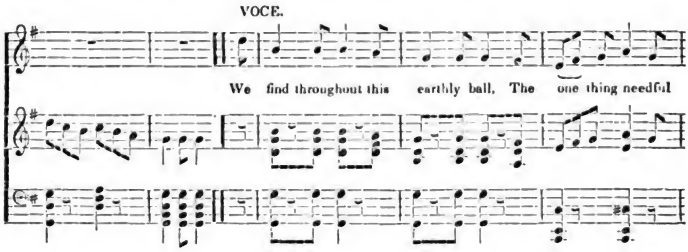

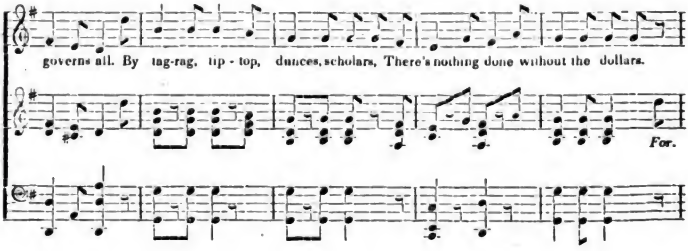

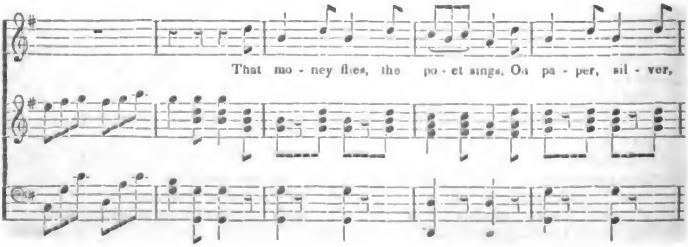

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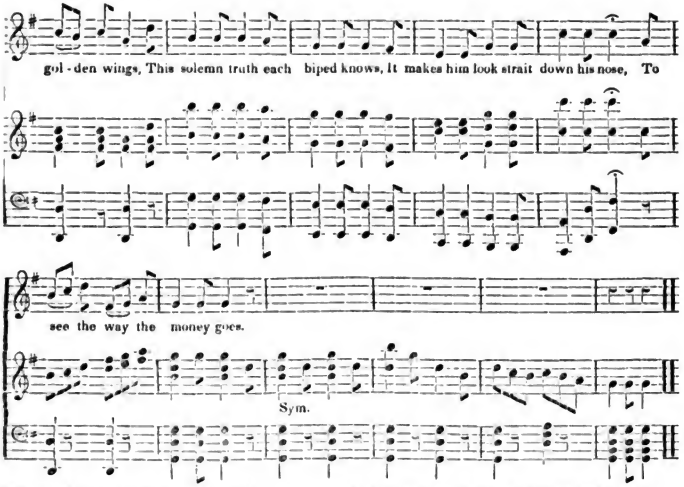

The bachelor, tired of single life,
Resolves to venture on a wife;
His house is fin nish'd all in taste,
And purse and pocket run to waste.
She orders sofa , couches, chairs,
Curtains, and carpets, and china wares,
French clocks, French lamps, and French quelque chose,
Each day her taste more costly grows—
And that's the way the money goes.

Ere twelve months their course have run,
His wife presents him with a son,
Instead of making the pappy glad,
Th' expenses almost drive him mad.
Child's cap, child's frock, child's cradle, child's chair,
Doctor and nurse—expensive pair—
Cordials, cake, and wine o'erflows,
Christening frolic—friends in rows—
And that's the way the money goes.

All lottery tickets turn up blanks,
And those who play at pharo banks,
At poko, brag, or loo, or bluff,
Must all be sure to lose enough.
Of horses fond, you go to a race,
And back your favorite's time and pace;
Some better nag does him oppose—
You lose—and cursing fortune's throws,
Say, that's the way the money goes.

The ladies, by their love of dress,
Cause mankind's pockets deep distress,
Fashion's follies each one follows,
And plays the devil with our dollars.
Your wife just chucks you under the chin,
Hats, caps, gowns, shawls, are order'd in;
Daughters, sisters, fishing for beaux,
Want fresh bait—who can oppose,
Or grudge that way the money goes?

A lot of real estate you buy—
To rent your houses out you try—
But spite of all that you can do,
Repairs and taxes eat you through!
At last, and much to your delight,
Your tenant moves away at night;
Where he's gone you can't suppose—
Of course a twelvemonth's rent he owes—
And that's the way the money goes.

And then again the whole-soul'd boys,
Who will indulge in tavern joys,
And round the bar are daily found,
And bitters and wine and wit go round.
Sangarees and cocktails not a few,
Toddies, and slings, and juleps too;
Champaigne in goblets freely flows,
Till drunk, they stagger home to doze,
And that's the way the money goes.

No wonder money is so scarce,
While market charges are so fierce;
The price of flour brings great distress,
And five cent loaves grow daily less;
In meat's high price there's no decrease,
In turkeys, fowls, or game, or geese.
How we're to live there's nobody knows,
Or pay for fire to warm our toes—
The devil knows how the money goes.

In summer time the dollars have wings,
The ladies all must see the springs;
Travelling charges—hotel bills—
Steamboats, railroads, and other ills.
In winter, parties and balls abound,
Or in a sleigh you skim the ground.
Stay out all night, though hard it snows—
Mull'd wine, hot punch, and no repose—
And that's the way the money goes.

Some folks, in hopes to cut a dash,
In stocks will venture all their cash,
And buy on time—in long and short,
S. O. or B. O.—sold and bought.
When time is up, 'tis you who pay,
Or if you win, your friend's away.
Fall or rise, you're sure to lose,
How 'tis managed nobody knows,
But well you know your money goes.

Then since the times are really bad,
Your spirits will get dull and sad;
To cheer your minds and get delight,
Best crowd the theatre every night.
Care kill'd a cat, and life is short,
Enjoy yourselves in mirth and sport;
Come in hundreds, belles and beaux,
Crowd completely all those rows.
And well I'll say your money goes!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLOSSER, WACHSMUTH, NEIBUHR, AND WEBER. *One Volume, large octavo.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Notwithstanding the existence of a thousand and one volumes purporting to treat of Roman History in all its possible bearings, we welcome the appearance of this work with considerable satisfaction, and congratulate the public upon its accession to their literary stores. We have long wanted a History of Rome which we could put into the hands of the unlearned, whether youth or adult, without having to explain or eradicate the legendary nonsense that encrusts the details of ancient history transmitted from our ancestors. The fables of Herodotus have too long been received by schoolmen with implicit veneration; it is due to the students of the present age to present them with a more careful analysis of reputed fact—to question the authority of impossible events—to separate, in truth, the fabulous from the historical, the prodigious from the possible, and not require them to believe in mythological results, upon the authority of men who lived many hundred years after the ages they pretend to describe. For five centuries, the Romans were without a historian, yet we are asked to place faith in the traditionary legends of an itinerant Greek, recited before the populace assembled to witness the Olympic Games. Rollin's extravagancies are still placed in the hands of inquirers, who are expected to believe in the unimpeachable sanctity of the oracles of Apollo, which the ardent Frenchman endeavors to inculcate, with other fooleries that long ago should have been driven from the page of history. *En passant*, why are not Guizot's valuable notes to Rollin given to the public in an English shape?

The compiler or editor of the History of Rome, announced above, has gone to work with the right spirit. He has held Cicero's maxim as a lantern light—"that a historian should never dare to relate a falsehood or conceal a truth." "The Analytical and Chronological Table," is in itself an epitome of history of transcendant value, and speaks in language not to be misunderstood of the nature of the rich and rare contents. In conclusion, we affirm that it is the most valuable, complete, and useful History that has ever emanated from the press, and the publishers deserve the thanks of the literary world for issuing an expensive and important volume, in the midst of the stagnation of commerce which yet affects our land.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS," &c. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

"The Collegians" has generally been considered one of the best productions of this novel-writing age—Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, Danney Mann, and other characters that figure in the work, are skilfully drawn and exhibit the touch and finish of the master. The author, Gerald Griffen, attained the highest popularity, and inquiries were daily made for other emanations from his pen; but he seemed content with the laurel wreath he had won, and several years have elapsed since the phrase, "by the author of The Collegians," graced a publisher's announcement. He has, however, again essayed the public; and if his new work does not compete with the old one in point of interest and strong development of character, it is every way worthy the public attention, and must prove a source of gratification to the lovers of historical novels and romances of reality.

The Duke of Monmouth, although chosen as the titular hero, is not the principal character; the Duke is despatched in the early part of the second volume, and a hero of a different temperament introduced to the reader's notice—the notorious General Kirke, whose cruel butcheries after the battle of Sedgmoor obtained him an unenviable reputation. The author, in a fit of false delicacy, has injured the strong point of his work—the villany of Kirke, who, supplicated by a weeping lady of passing beauty and high birth, for the safety of her brother, promised to pardon the rebellious youth if she would share his bed. To save the life of a beloved one, the lady consented to her own disgrace, and was rewarded by the sight of her brother's corse hanging from a gibbet

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beneath her window. The effect of this historical fact the author of "The Duke of Monmouth" has considerably weakened, in making the lustful general inveigle his victim by the stale artifice of a pretended marriage, and destroying the value of the maiden's sacrifice.

The novelist has not made the most of his materials. The base intrigues of the Duke with his friend the Earl of Shaftesbury are not included in the detail of his life—his campaign in Scotland, where the troops under his command achieved victory at the battle of Bothwell brig, is altogether omitted; and *the manner* of his death is not even described, although the conversation with the divines attending his dying moments is somewhat tediously spun out. The effect of the death of England's disturber upon the multitude assembled on Tower Hill, arising from the awkwardness of the executioner, who dealt his victim several blows before he could effect decapitation—the asseveration of several of the nobility that the sufferer was not the Duke of Monmouth, but a faithful adherent who rejoiced in the pains of death to save his beloved master—the opinion, which for a time, was freely expressed, that James dared not doom his brother's son to the death—the supposition that Monmouth was the Man in the Iron Mask—altogether afford *material* for an historical romance of the most exciting interest, but, strange to say, these enumerated incidents have been entirely omitted.

The reader will form a correct idea of the work from the following extract, describing

THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR.

The night was clear, and the morning was still far distant, when, pursuant to a preconcerted plan, the army of Monmouth was drawn out in silence from the town. Lord Grey, at the head of the cavalry, was sent a little before, as the force least liable to suffer from a surprise. Monmouth himself followed with the main body of his army, nearly three thousand of whom were armed, and in some tolerable degree of discipline.

The men, who had been well-furnished with the excitement of strong liquor, marched with alacrity, and reached about one o'clock in the morning the edge of the moor. The royal army had, however, already taken the alarm. Lord Grey, at the head of five squadrons of horse, was ordered to push forward and burst into the camp of Feversham, but a wide and deep ditch which intersected the plan presented to both armies an unexpected but effectual obstacle. As they rode along in search of a place where a passage might be effected, volleys of musketry were opened upon them from the enemy's lines, and an awkward skirmish in the dark with a party of their own men, somewhat in advance of them, completed their confusion. Lord Grey himself, once more subdued by his infirmity, added a new disgrace to that of Bridepport, by flying with his troops to a little distance, where he took up a position out of the range of musket-shot. The three remaining squadrons made a gallant attempt to force a passage, but were repulsed and obliged to retire in disorder. Monmouth now ordered the infantry to advance. After a long continued fire, which had only the effect of wasting the ammunition of the insurgents, day broke upon the combatants, and disclosed to the eyes of Monmouth the royal infantry eighty paces distant, quietly reserving their fire, and suffering the artillery alone to answer the volleys of the insurgents, while Feversham's cavalry, newly arrived from Weston, was posted on his right flank. Without losing a moment, the infantry was ordered to pass the ditch, a manœuvre which was soon effected. The imposing sight of Feversham's disciplined troops, with their artillery and their calm and confident aspect as of men certain of success, might well have checked the ardor of a newly-levied force like that of Monmouth. The latter, however, did not spare to pursue their purpose. The signal for attack was given and with shouts of fury the insurgent yeomen dashed forward on the royal force. It was impossible to resist the terrific energy of the onset; and the royal generals were astounded at the gallantry displayed by these poor fellows, who found in their own courage a substitute for all the skill and knowledge that are only gathered from experience. It was in vain that Feversham put in practice all the manœuvres of the field in order to resist the vehement charge of the insurgents—now drawing his men into line, now condensing them into squares and columns. The soldiers of Monmouth, in indiscriminate masses, rushed forward to the charge wherever they beheld a foe, and carried all before them with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. The royal army was routed and driven from the ground—it was rallied and routed again—there was not a man on Monmouth's side who did not labor as if he had been engaged in single combat, and that combat for his life. Astonished at what they beheld, the royal generals began to despair of the day, and their exertions now were bent to render the retreat as orderly as it was possible. But the triumphant yoemanry pressed too close upon their rear to admit of their recovering order.

"It is in vain, Kirke," said Feversham, as that officer galloped by him. "What are your lambs about? These fellows fight like furies. They will not leave a man of us to tell the news."

"They seem to have changed their minds already," said Kirke, "for they have ceased firing."

It was so in point of fact. Monmouth was at the instant exulting in his victory as a certain thing—a victory which would, in all probability, have effected a permanent change in the dynasty of England. His astonishment, therefore, was extreme when the firing ceased. The cause, unhappily, was irremediable, the ammunition of the troops had failed! The secret soon became evident to the adverse force, who gathered confidence and strength from the discovery. They rallied now with difficulty; and while the insurgents, perplexed and eager, seemed at a loss what next to do, a most destructive fire opened on them from the opposite army. The scene which followed leaves description powerless. It was to no purpose that the insurgents, unprovided with the means of maintaining an equal combat at a distance, rushed down in masses on the foe, and endeavored to effect by the mere momentum of numbers what they could no longer do with the weapons. By skilful manœuvres the enemy evaded their onset, dividing into numerous bodies, and galling them from one quarter while they were striving to make an impression in another. It was to no purpose that many were seen dashing all unarmed upon the royal lines, and expiring beneath the pike and musket to which they offered their defenceless breasts. The royal force prevailed, and Monmouth's army was on the point of ruin. At this instant Colonel Jones, the officer already named, who divided the command of the cavalry with Grey, looked round in vain for Monmouth, and seeing the little army deserted by its commanding officers, took the only step which could have given them a chance of safety. Lord Grey, who had not ventured within range of musket shot

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since his first impulse, was stationed with a considerable body of cavalry in reserve; the Duke supposing that the infantry could better conduct the heavy work of the day, and that the horsemen might be more advantageously called into action in a crisis than as partakers in the general engagement. By charging vigorously now in front, they might enable the infantry, who were at present suffering severely, either to effect a tolerable retreat, or to procure time for recovering confidence and order.

"Mr. Fullarton," cried Colonel Jones to Arthur, whom as being attached to no corps, he retained near him in quality of aid de-camp, "ride to Lord Grey at once, and order him to charge in front with all his force."

Arthur Fullarton put spurs to his horse, and galloped at full speed towards the rising ground on which the cavalry were stationed. The Colonel observed with an anxious eye the result of his dispatch. There was no movement amongst the cavalry. Young Fullarton was seen to use a hasty action, as if urging his message, but Lord Grey seemed obstinate. Again, at full speed, his horse all bathed in perspiration and scattering foam around him, young Fullarton returned to Colonel Jones to say that Lord Grey refused to act upon the orders. Before the former could make an observation, the fate of the engagement was decided. Disheartened at length by their associates, a general panic seized on the insurgents, and a disordered flight ensued, with all its accompanying horrors. The victorious royalists continued their fire while the routed army remained within the range of their shot; after which the pursuit was maintained by the dragoons alone. The musketry ceased firing, and no sounds were heard except the fierce shouts of the revengeful conquerors, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying, mingled with the occasional thunder of the few pieces of artillery that accompanied the royal army. Colonel Kirke and his dragoons seemed thoroughly in their element, and revelled like exulting fiends in the havoc which their weapons made. A comparison of the loss on both sides shows, however, the desperation with which the insurgents fought. Three hundred men were killed or wounded on that of Feversham, while five hundred were left dead of the followers of Monmouth, in the course of three hours' fighting, and in the flight which followed. The prisoners taken were about three times that number. And so ended the battle of Sedgmoor, on which Monmouth's hope was set as on a single cast.

SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY; OR, BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, *Designed as a Present for all Seasons.* By NATHAN C. BROOKS, A. M. Marshall and Co.

Messrs. Marshall, of Philadelphia, have issued a seasonable and befitting work, well calculated to answer as a Christmas Token or New Year's Gift, although professing to be designed as a Present for all Seasons. The majority of the poems contained in this little volume have already seen the public eye in the pages of the Lady's Book, a monthly publication, issued by Mr. Godey, of Philadelphia, and celebrated for the variety and excellence of its contributors. Several of the pieces are of first rate excellence, and we are satisfied that Mr. Brooks has done sufficient to ensure him an honorable place among the poets of the land. "The Destruction of Sodom" deserves a higher encomium than it is in our poor power to bestow—the grandeur of the subjects is treated in appropriate language, and gems of poesy sparkle in every page. A deep and earnest feeling of piety pervades the whole tone of the work. We copy a specimen for the satisfaction of our readers.

Salem's sons,
In garb of battle, mailed proof, arrayed,
Stood forth the guardians of the holy towers,
Fencing the wall with palisade of spears—
Or cooling in the fount of Roman blood
Their thirsty falchions in the flying rout.
Beneath the walls in wildest horror raged,
Making sad havoc, warfare; while within
Faction, with torch infernal, lit the fires
Of hellish anarchy, and fanned their blaze;
Hate raised the steel against his brother's life,
And smote;—the battlements ran streams of gore;
And curses blackening in the sun, bestrewed
The streets, by fratricidal arm struck down.

Dire discord flagged her wings, dripping with blood
Mad murder raged. In their paternal halls
Children were slaughtered in their parent's view,
Parents, before their children; and the steel,
Steeped in the life-fount of the bridegroom's breast,
Sluiced with its crimson rain the bride's white robe.
Pious and impious fell—the man whose heart
Gloried in slaughter and dark deeds of death,
Vengeance o'ertook—and the meek worshipper,
While at the altar, yielded up his life,
E'en with the victim's, he had brought to God—
His ephod sheltered not the priest; oppressed,
He sank, profaning with his blood the fires
His hands had kindled up for sacrifice.

The pestilence, from between her livid lips,
Blew poison; and the atmosphere was death;
Gaunt famine raised her pale and spectral form,
And hunger, with her sharp and skeleton claws,
Tore the pained vitals of all things that breathed.
Whole families fell by fasting—faint arose
The cry for bread, from children, as their tongues
Cleaved to their husky palate; sucklings cooled
Their burning lips in their dead mothers's blood;
Parents the morsel from their off-spring wrenched,
And mothers tore the delicate infant limbs
Their wombs had borne, and gorged themselves thereon.
All hope—all love—all pity was extinct;
All natural affection had grown cold,
Benumbed by the torpedo touch of wo;
And as the fainting thousands fell around,
Straining their eyeballs to the holy house,
Their only hope, they called on Israel's God,
And mingling prayers and curses, madly died.

Various embellishments from Martin, West, and Westall, illustrate the subjects of the poems.

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GENTLEMAN JACK. A NAVAL STORY. By the Author of Cavendish. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

Another nautical novel, and a good one—the transcript of a long yarn, supposed to have been spun by the oldest boatswain in the fleet There is one great beauty in this work—the author has not suffered his pages to be crowded with sea technicalities, an impertinence which writers of naval stories generally seem to consider of more importance than a clever development of plot or character. Some of the popular salt-water chronicles abound with forecastle slang and cock-pit technicalities which two-thirds of the readers are unable to comprehend. The author of Gentleman Jack has judiciously avoided these excrescences, and yet his tale is full of fun and life, and smells sufficiently of brine and tar. There is another propriety in the pages under notice which sea scribblers would do well to observe. We are not disgusted with puling sentimentality and school-boy snivellings from any huge sea-monster in canvass trowsers and Bowie whiskers. Gentleman Jack and his friends, whether in the cabin or on the forecastle, speak as sailors speak, and not as knights in disguise, or stage-struck prentices in love, and we like the honest tars all the better for being ship-shape. In the majority of "tales of the sea," the navigators are either on the stilts of romance or deep in bilge water and black-guardism—our author has avoided both extremes.

"Gentleman Jack" is full of adventures well told, and of light sketches of character well conceived.

There is a true and entertaining account of the Mutiny at the Nore, wherein the sailors and marines of twenty-eight sail of the line, nine frigates, and seventeen brigs of war—comprising the greatest portion of the channel fleet of England, refused to obey their officers, and suffered an enemy's flag to wave unchecked. The history of their wrongs is well related, and worthy the attentive perusal of every sea-faring commander.

The following notices of *ship comfort* under the old system of patronage in the British navy forms an apposite pendant to the history of the mutiny, which is much too long for insertion here.

The cock-pit messes, in these days, were totally different to the dandy mess-places of the present age. One boy only was allowed to cook and do all thirteen required; and, all day long, there was a continued brawl of "You d—d boy, where are you?" In addition to this, those embryo heroes cleaned their own shoes, made their own beds, and, when they dined with the captain, generally had to wash their own stockings,—that is, if they could not reef them, to hide low-water-mark, as they used to call the black line made by the shoe-binding. Some old hands, long practised in the trade, could take as many as four reefs in, which consists in tucking the dirty part into the shoe, so that the part shown between the bottom of the trowser and the shoe appeared tolerably white. But these were most fortunate rascals!—quite lads of genius in their line.

The collars and wristbands of their shirts were also objects of their ablutionary care; and each took it by turns to pick the stones out of the raisins, to make their puddings, the rule being that, whilst picking them, they were obliged to whistle, as a proof they where not eating any. The moment the whistling ceased, books, quadrant-cases, &c flew at the head of the offender, by way of reminding him that he was well watched.

When these happy vagabonds had cards, it was seldom that they could muster more than one pack, and, by way of recollecting who dealt last, the dealer to wear an old cocked hat, and pass it to the next when the hand was up. There was at this time also a barbarous custom of examining the sick men in the cock-pit. Accordingly, sore legs and all kinds of disagreeables were obliged here to present themselves.

As the surgeon never would allow more than a certain number on the sick list at one time, the consequence was, that when that number was complete, any application, however urgent, was answered by, "You be d—'d, I won't have any more on the sick-list to day;" and often again and again, the seamen would be heard to say, "Come, Jack, bear a hand out of the sick-list, it's my turn next." By this means, the ship always appeared by the returns, to be healthy: whether this was right is another question.

If a poor fellow presented himself with a long and pitiful face, the doctor, before he felt his pulse, used to say, "You are a cursed skulker!—I know you of old—no sham-Abrahams with me;—go to the devil, you rascal!—I won't hear a word!"—and if, by dint of persuasion, he looked at the man's tongue, he always got rid of him by saying, "If you are not better to-morrow, you must leave off drinking grog. This perscription acted like magic on every sort of complaint; but the result of the whole system was a complete squeeze; and a fight, on the cock-pit ladder, almost daily took place, to be one of the first eighteen, since this was the number to which our eccentric surgeon limited the sick-list in a seventy-four-gun ship's complement in the winter time.

THE publication which we noticed in a previous number as particularly necessary to the Merchant, the Trader, and the Speculator, THE FINANCIAL REGISTER OF THE UNITED STATES, rapidly increases in public estimation The Thirteenth Number is now upon our table, and contains much valuable information, devoted chiefly to Finance and Currency, and to Banking and Commercial Statistics. It is published semi-weekly, by Wirtz and Tatem, Philadelphia, at the price of three dollars for one copy, or five dollars for two.

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THE OLD COMMODORE. *By the Author of Rattlin the Reefer. Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

Of making naval tales there is no end!—they follow one another "like rolling waves upon the troubled sea." We had scarcely concluded a notice of "Gentleman Jack," ere a couple of good sized *tomes* were placed upon our table, and to our surprise and dismay, the ominous agnomen of "The Old Commodore" met our vision. We threw the books aside, "aweary of the sea," but a soothing reminiscence of Incledon's execution of the good old song, bearing the same title, came across us, and we opened one of the volumes, while indulging in a vesper flirtation with a tea pot. A spirited and novel method of introduction in the first chapter, seduced us to a continuance of the perusal. A well written and eloquent scene, wherein a mother combats the old commodore's intention of taking her only and beloved son to sea, confirmed us in our seat; and we rose not from the side of our glowing grate of anthracite till we arrived at the termination of the work, somewhere in the middle of "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal'."

The Old Commodore is the best nautical story that has appeared for many years. The gouty, fighting, hot-headed, warm-hearted hero, is depicted in the glowing colors of Smollett, but softened down to the level of modern sufferance; there are other characters of great peculiarity, divested of caricature—the situations are varied, and exciting or pleasing in their effect, without a spice of the impossible. The author has improved upon his last effort, Rattlin the Reefer; and if his next work exhibits an equal advancement, he will have the honor of writing the very best marine production of the age.

THE GOOD FELLOW. *Translated from the French of Paul de Kock, by a Philadelphian.* Carey and Hart.

In the December number of the Gentleman's Magazine, the Good Fellow was briefly noticed, and an extract, giving a fair specimen of the spirit of the work, was put in type, but excluded from publication by the pressure of other matter. As the sketch is complete in itself, and is one of Kock's most characteristic chapters, we give it a place in this number, satisfied that our readers will cheerfully welcome a recital of adventures during a morning's ride in

A FRENCH OMNIBUS.

Have you ever seen any thing droller than a person running, on a rainy day, after an omnibus several hundred feet ahead of him, and which has still farther removed, because the boy at the door is busy gaping towards the right or left, or counting his money, or looking in every direction except that of the puffing wayfarer?

If it be a man, he runs, then stops, and waves his hand—or lifts up his cane, or umbrella, if he chance to carry one;—or rolls his arms, as if he were drumming;—cries here! hallo!—boy! here!—then runs a little farther; stops; becomes desperate and dashes off in the pursuit again at full speed, regardless of mud puddles, or garbage, until he at last overtakes the vehicle near the place of his destination.

If it be a woman, she will either run without pausing, or she will not run at all; for the ladies seldom do things by halves. Besides, they are quicker in deciding than we are; they run, too, with more grace, and have the singular faculty of planting their toes on the cleanest stones in the street, while they are making signs to the boy. It is true, that in their hurry, they sometimes tuck up their dresses a little too high; but you never saw a lady do that who had not a well turned calf—

It was a young man who was running after the omnibus. He was a tolerably handsome fellow, of middle size, but well built; of a frank and mild countenance; well dressed, and of genteel bearing. He at last reached the omnibus, and observed that it appeared to be filled.

"Is there any room, boy?"

"Yes, sir, on the right, at the head. Gentlemen, make room if you please."

The young man tried to thread his way through legs hooked in from opposite sides; projecting knees, wet umbrellas, muddy boots, and cross faces; for, you must have observed, if you have ever been in an omnibus in Paris, that, when nearly filled, the entry of a new passenger makes the other occupants look grum; first, because the carriage is stopped; and secondly because they expect to be squeezed or cramped in their places. The new comer is therefore met by vinegar aspects, and nobody stirs to make room for him.

The young man, however, succeeded in getting to the middle of the interior, and took his seat in a doubtful opening between a fat, large, old gentleman, and a lady who did not look as young as she tried to look.

"They pack us in here like herrings!" growled the bulky old gentleman. The lady said nothing, but she drew out a fold of her dress, and edged off with an air of offended delicacy. The young man tried to install himself as comfortably as he could, in his narrow seat, without noticing the murmurs or the airs of his neighbor on either side. When he had fixed himself as well as he could, he cast his eyes around to survey the countenances of his fellow travellers. Now this kind of review is that which, of all things, gives zest to a ride in an omnibus. It is rare, in a vehicle, in which fifteen or eighteen persons are thrown together, that the curious observer is not amused by the sight of two or three originals.

Next to the lady, who did not like contact with a strange gentleman, sat a good, motherly looking woman, wearing a cap and apron, one of your half rustic and half urban looking personages. Next to her, came a dry, thin old gentleman, dressed in a suit of threadbare rusty black cloth, who had been digging in his pockets

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ever since he had taken his seat, doubtless in the search after a stray sixpence that he remembered having. Adjoining the fat old gentleman, sat a lady who was neither handsome nor ugly, nor young nor old, nor well nor ill-dressed; in a word, one of those persons who present no salient points for criticism.

After having examined all the inmates on his side, our young man cast his eyes over to examine those on the other. First, was a middle aged woman having a child five or six years old on her lap, a basket between her feet, and a large bundle at her side. Next, a man in a drugget surtout, cloth cap, and leather gaiters, smelling of garlic and wine, very drowsy, and using his next door neighbors alternately for pillows. Then came a young lady of genteel appearance and modest deportment, and seemingly troubled to know what to do with her eyes. Aside of her sat a young man with spectacles and new gloves of the color of grass butter, very spruce, and half a dandy; he was doing all he could to win the regard of the modest young lady. On his right was a young woman, neatly dressed, and not bad-looking, who was ogling the fat old gentleman, probably because he wore diamond buttons in his shirt, and looked like a representative of the moneyed aristocracy. Then came a man of no remarkable exterior, who, with the boy, completed the number of the denizens of the omnibus. But they, in all, made only twelve persons; and although the vehicle seemed pretty well filled, this was not enough for the boy, whose orders were to make fifteen seats.

As the rain was marring a day in June, it seemed more than probable that the remaining three seats would soon be in requisition.

"Your fare, if you please, *gentlemen?*" To the gentlemen alone, did the young collector address himself; but the ladies took the hint, and one of them was the first to pay. The dry, thin old gentleman commenced mining in his pockets, and concluded by paying some coppers in the hands of the boy, who, after counting them, said, "another cent, (sous) sir, if you please."

"The devil! Didn't I give you your complement!"

"No, sir, you only gave me five cents; here they are; count them."

"Well, are not five cents enough?"

"No, sir, it is six cents a trip."

"Six cents, is it? and pray how long has it been six cents?"

"Ever since the omnibus has been run."

"It has, eh? Well, go your round, I'll give you the cent presently."

"Here's for one," cried the large fat gentleman, with the diamond studs holding out a twenty cent piece. It was well he did say "*for one*," otherwise the boy might have naturally charged him for two.

Having completed the business of the collection, except as regarded the cent due from the thin old gentleman, who whispered a promise to pay to the little treasurer, the latter pulled the bell-cord and the omnibus was stopped.

"Are they going to cram any more in here, I wonder?" inquired in a choleric tone the large fat gentleman.

"It is very disagreeable to stop so often," said the young man of the spectacles and butter-colored gloves to the modest young lady aside of him, "particularly to me, for I am upon business which requires despatch. I presume you are not in a hurry, miss?"

"No, sir," was the faint reply; and then she turned her head aside, to avoid farther conversation.

A new comer showed himself at the door. It was a little man with a jovial countenance, red nose, wall eyes, and a manner that savored of the shop-keeper. He held an umbrella saturated with rain, which he wiped upon the legs and knees of the passengers as he threaded his way up to the head, nodding to the right and left with a sweet smirk, and occasionally treading upon some incautious toes.

"Well, this is delightful," said he of the spectacles and gloves; "come as nice as you may into an omnibus, and see how you'll go out of it. Look here, miss, your dress is quite wet"

The latter made no reply, but wiped away the marks of the wet umbrella with her handkerchief.

The bell-cord was again pulled, and again was the omnibus stopped. Fresh murmurs proceeded from the impatient travellers, and cries of "we are full, unless you intend to put people on our laps."

"There are two places yet," said the boy; "please to move up at the head."

Here a very genteel lady, of agreeable aspect and pretty tournure, made her appearance on the tail-steps. She paused, looking into the omnibus, saying, "I don't see any vacant place."

"Yes, madam, yes there are two; get in, madam, there is plenty of room."

With this encouragement, she ventured to enter, and, happily for her, the young man, whose portrait we drew some time ago, was not insensible to her charms; he therefore pressed himself up against his far neighbor, regardless of his remonstrances and exacerbation; and the lady espying a slight opening, let herself down into it

"Oh, my God, madam! you'll smother me," cried the lady of doubtful age.

"Madam, I am very sorry for it, but they tell me that there are vacant places."

"Press up towards me, madam," cried our young man. Thus invited, and in order to ease her smothering neighbor, the lady forced herself up against the gallant stranger, with such good will, that his cheeks became quite red But this is not remarkable, as friction between two bodies will ever produce fire, where there is flint to the epidermis.

"Well, I hope we have got our load at last," said the large fat gentleman, "and that we shall get to our journey's end without farther interruption."

At this moment the omnibus underwent a violent concussion, caused by some one's springing upon the steps without waiting till it stopped. "Towards the head, sir, there is one seat more."

The last comer was a military man; a lieutenant in the uniform of a hussar, young, large, with long black mustaches, which, in connexion with eyes and brows of the same color, features boldly developed, and a swarthy complexion, invested his physiognomy with an expression at once harsh and repulsive.

"Where the deuce are they going to stow that gentleman?" muttered the fat gentleman, in a tone too by no means as impertinent as before.

The officer, without appearing the least embarrassed, walked very deliberately in, pushing aside legs and knees, looking to the right and left as if to select the best place, when his eyes rested upon the modest young lady, and finding her to his fancy, he very composedly plumped himself down between her and the gentleman of the spectacles and butter-colored gloves.

"Hallooa, my dear sir, there is no room here; you are sitting upon me," exclaimed he of the gloves, on whose thigh the weight of the hussar was pressing.

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"Pshaw, close up the ranks, then. How am I to get a seat unless you close up?"

"But, my dear sir, the seat is up at the head; this is my seat. Boy, show the gentleman the seat; make him quit this."

"I should like to see him do it or you either. Go to the head yourself, if there is a seat up there. I am very well here and I intend to stay here. Miss, I shall incommode you as little as possible. Have you room enough?"

To this interrogatory she made no reply, but moved down as much as she could, so as to give him all the room that was possible. But the fact was that there being seven already on that side, the insertion of the lower parts of the officer squeezed the others together as if in a vice. In this dilemma, one of the possengers rose up, and took the seat at the head.

"I knew there was room," said the officer; and without more ado, he quietly pushed up the wearer of the butter-colored gloves, who thought that it was exercise of a sound discretion not to appear to notice farther the usurpation of his place.

"What a cursed, infernal day," said the hussar, taking off his schako, and beating the rain from it. "Here, boy, take your *quid*. Excuse me, sir, but I must have room for my legs too, and I defy the devil to get in his big toe for these enormous shafts of yours before me."

This was addressed to the large fat gentleman who sat immediately oposite, and whose nether extremities did seem to monopolise the room necessary for two pair of legs. Suiting the action to the word, the officer unceremoniously separated the knees of the former, and stretched out his own legs between them.

The fat gentleman's face became red and his cheek swelled out with choler; but after surveying the officer, he expressed his indignation in the following subdued tone: "I do not see, sir, why I should incommode myself for you. Why should your legs be stretched out more than any other man's?"

To which the officer rejoined: "I can't ride unless I do it. We must accomodate one another as much as possible. Miss, make yourself comfortable and lean on me, I beg you. What infernally disagreeable weather."

Again the bell rang and again did the omnibus stop. Murmurs now arose from all sides, and demonstrations of rebellion were made in the interior. "It won't do, my lad, unless you think you can impose upon us. Where the devil is there a seat?" asked one of the malcontents. "She can have my place," said the former.

"Oh, it's a lady, is it?" exclaimed the hussar. "Let her come in; if she is pretty, I'll take her on my knee."

"Just at that moment an enormous dumpling of a woman made her appearance on the steps; the volume of her body was so uniformly of the same thickness, that you could not have told where she located her waist, had it not been for a riband that encircled it.

"Oh, the devil," ejaculated the hussar. "I'd as lief take a howitzer on my lap. There is no room in here, my good woman; you can't come in." But without paying any attention to his protestations, she threw herself in, and while endeavoring to get over the array of feet and legs which opposed her, was, by a sudden lurch of the omnibus, which in the interim had proceeded on, pitched upon the fat gentleman who with a groan immediately tossed her over upon his opposite neighbor, him of the spectacles and gloves, who pushed her upon the little man in black who slid down with her on the top of him. Here she was relieved by the interference of the others, and with some difficulty got securely upon the seat of the boy, and all became again quiet.

SLICKISMS; OR, YANKEE PHILOSOPHY.

Extracted from the Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.

See Volume I. page 427 of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Society is something like a barrel of pork. The meat that's at the top, is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down: the upper and lower eends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good.

If a man don t hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says 'tis all owing to the Bank; and if he runs into debt, and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country.

We can do without any article of luxury we've never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human natur to surrender it voluntarily.

When a feller is too lazy to work, he paints his name over his door, and calls it a tavern, and as like as not he makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself.

I guess if you were at our factories at Lowell, we'd show you a wonder—*five hundred galls at work together all in silence!* I don't think our great country has such a real natural curiosity as that—I expect the world don't contain the beat of it—for a woman's tongue goes so slick of itself, without water-power or steam, and moves so easy on its hinges, that it is no easy matter to put a spring stop on it, I tell you. It comes as natural as drinking mint julep.

What *is* the use of reading the Proverbs of Solomon to our free and enlightened citizens, that are every mite and mortal as wise as he was? That are man undertook to say there was nothing new under the sun. I guess he'd think he spoke a little too fast, if he was to see our steamboats, rail roads, and India-rubber shoes—three inventions worth more nor all he knew put in a heap together.

Our tree of liberty was a beautiful tree—a splendid tree—it was a sight to look at; it was fenced and well protected, and it grew so stately and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the world to see it.

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They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well the mobs have broken in and tore down their fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallows-tree.

There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others agin, who blaat right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.

When I see a child, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart is through her child.

Any man that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.

The female heart is just like a new India rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

Never tell folks you can go ahead of 'em, but *do* it. It spares a great deal of talk, and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

It aint them that stare the most that see the best, I guess.

An airly start makes easy stages.

Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a pedler; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it *teaches a man to stoop* in the long run.

It's better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.

I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.

There's nothing I hate so much as cant of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a feller cant in religion, clap your hand into your pocket, and lay right hold of your *puss*, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're alive; and if a man cant in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are just the same, and every mite and morsel as bad. If a lawyer takes to cantin, its like the fox preaching to the geese; he'll eat up his whole congregation. And if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack, as sure as rates. The Lord have mossy on you, for he won't.

When a feller winks till his gall gets married, I guess it's a little too late to pop the question then.

Judge Beler put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, "no cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls," for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I wont have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.

Natur is natur wherever you find it—in rags or in king's robes—where butter is spread with the thumb as well as the silver knife.

All folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom, in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoat, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal its extraction.

When a feller has run as fast as he can clip, he has to stop and take breath; you must do that or choke.

A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience—that's a fact.

Nothin sets up a woman's spunk like callin her ugly—she gets her back right up, like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws, and bristles.

Make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him an honest, independent, and respectable member of society—more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.

There are only two things worth looking at in a horse—action and soundness, for I never saw a critter that had good action that was a bad beast.

It's in politics as in racin, every thing depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start, you ha'n't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to get jockied in the course.

There's a plaguy sight of truth in them are old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazin deal o' matter in a small compass. They are as true as a plum line, and as short and sweet as sugar candy.

When you've too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt, and so they'll never be no good in natur.

Now's the time to larn, when you are young. Store your mind well, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.

The Yankees may stump the universe. We improve on every thing, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has got both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit-ginger to the back bone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there a'n't the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, *Conducted by the Students of Yale College.*

We have received the November and December numbers of this excellent publication. They contain several articles that would confer honor upon any magazine in the Union. There are some "Sea Sketches" truly capital; a paper on Jefferson is well written, although outrageously ultra in its politics; "A Tale of my Landlord" is a good tale, and well told—but we are not going to mention all the good things in this well-deserving periodical; although some of the poetry deserves especial notice.

TALES FROM THE GERMAN. *Translated by Nathaniel Greene. Two Volumes.* American Stationers' Company, Boston.

Mr. Greene has conferred an obligation of weighty import upon the reading public, in presenting several of the finest of Van der Velde's Tales, in an elegant and appropriate guise. He has done every justice to the German author, and we confidently recommend these two volumes of Tales to the attention of our friends, not only as seasonable works, but as sterling proofs of the power of Van der Velde, and the talent of the translator. The language is perfectly free from all foreign idioms, except when national characteristics are to be described, or technical ideas to be explained. The first tale, Arwed Gyllenstierna, occupies the whole of the first volume; it is a depiction of much power and historical interest, commencing with an exciting description of the death of Charles XII. in the trenches before Frederickshall, and embodying amongst its dramatis personæ, the assassins of the warrior king and the mystic philosopher and ghost-seer Swedenburg. The second story is named The Lichtenstein, the Catholic regiment of Germany, and embraces some of the events of the memorable Thirty Years' War, and the adventurer Wallenstein figures in the field. The Sorceress is a tale of unmitigated German witchcraft and romanticism, but is not without its moral. The Anabaptist, the concluding tale, details in forcible language a series of events connected with the fanatic out-breakings of Johannes Bockhold, otherwise John of Leyden, Mathias, Kumperdolling, and Rothmann, who, in 1534, seized the city of Munster, in Westphalia, and committed dreadful excesses. The whole details of the story are historically correct, and considerable interest pervades every page. We trust that Mr. Greene will find time to renew his acquaintance with the German novelists, and that his present essay will meet with its deserved reward, and induce him to favor the public with the produce of his future leisure.

The style of the work, as regards its mechanical execution, is particularly creditable to the American Stationers' Company; there are several publishers who would do well to compare the appearance of their own productions with the Tales from the German, and borrow an idea or two of good printing and fine paper.

PRETENSION. *By Miss Stickney, author of Poetry of Life. Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

This is one of those enchanting tales of modern life, which, like Crabbe's Poems and Hogarth's Pictures, delight by their reality and minuteness of effect. "Pretension" tells its plot in its name—a young girl, country-born, is educated beyond her sphere of life through the partiality of her mother, and, at a fashionable boarding-school contracts feelings and desires that prove her torment in after life. The moral is particularly applicable in these days of general pretension; and we sincerely hope that the author's well meaning intentions may be productive of the end she desires. In the preface, Miss Stickney eloquently observes:—"It is to woman that I would appeal, to look into the evidence of her own heart, to examine the result of her own experience, and to ask of the secret counsels of her own bosom, whether her dignity, her usefulness, and her peace of mind, are not sacrificed by that system of education which substitutes the artificial for the real, the glittering for the substantial, and the ornamental for the good,—whether the subjects in which her time and her talents are now almost exclusively devoted, are calculated to prepare her for being a help to the feeble, a guide to the erring, and a friend to the distressed; or whether they are not rather such as render her merely an object of interest and admiration to those who have taste to enjoy, and leisure to commend? Whether she is treasuring up for seasons of sickness, sorrow, and suffering, a store of kind feelings, and disinterested thoughts, and practical usefulness, to be ready for the service of those whose happiness is committed to her care; or whether she is expecting that the information acquired in the routine of school learning will supply the necessities of penury and disease, and that the music of her lyre will charm away the anguish of a soul trembling under the sentence of spiritual death? Whether there is not, beyond the learning which she has acquired, a "wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace?"

It is impossible to add a single word to this admirable exposition; the author has well carried out her views and a pleasant book is the result.

This work is better printed than generally falls to the lot of London novels re published in America, and a capital engraving fronts the title.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1838. No. 2.

THE USES OF BIOGRAPHY.

"An ingenious gentleman was asked what was the best lesson for youth; he answered, 'The life of a good man.' Being asked again what was the next best, he replied, 'The life of a bad man.' The first would make him in love with virtue, and teach him how to conduct himself through life, so as to become an ornament to society, and a blessing to his family and friends; and the last would point out the hateful and horrid consequences of vice, and make him careful to avoid those actions which appeared so detestable in others."
Goldsmith.

NOTHING is a stronger proof of wisdom in a rational being, than an ability to extract information for the guidance of his conduct from every subject that falls within his notice. In the field of literature, indeed, the opportunities for improvement present themselves so often, that he would be justly chargeable with a dereliction of his duty, who should omit to avail himself of them whenever they come within his reach It must be confessed, however, to the shame of human nature, that there are many individuals to be found, who heedlessly pass over the occurrences of life, as if they were indifferent whether mankind fulfilled the end of their being or not, and who disregard, at the same time, all those lessons of wisdom which are to be obtained from the contemplation of science. Cold and comfortless as may be thought many of the abstractions of philosophy—uninteresting as may be deemed many of its principles—it yet seems passing strange how any of those beings, who may emphatically be said to be the handiwork of their creator, can be content to pass over with neglect any subject which manifests, in the slightest manner, the way in which the Deity conducts his operations—which at all unfolds the beauties attending his workmanship, and the excellent and well-contrived mechanism which is observable in all that he has formed. That abstract reasoning which is necessarily employed in all our inquiries concerning the nature of the mind, laborious as it is, one would think could not fail to afford the highest gratification to him who is at all conscious how diversified are the delights of which it makes us the partakers—how abundant are the beauties which it presents to our notice—and, above all, in what an exalted position it places us in the scale of being. That it aspires to an imperishable existence, and is destined to survive "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," is surely sufficient to awaken the utmost attention, and to excite the most eager inquiries respecting it.

Perhaps, however, in extenuation of the neglect with which this subject has been for the most part treated, and the little attention which has been shown to it by the great mass of mankind, may be justly alleged the difficulty of coming to any precise and definite conclusion upon it. The abilities of philosophers have indeed been so frequently baffled, and their wisdom so oftentimes confounded, in their inquiries concerning this most important part of our nature, that the generality of men, whose avocations are not of a character to allow of much abstrase thinking and abstract reasoning, may be justified in excusing themselves from that serious consideration which it demands, to arrive at just conclusions upon it. To whatever cause it may be owing, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the inquiries of philosophy, upon hardly any subject, have terminated more unsatisfactorily than upon this; and indeed it does seem as if it had been the lot of every one who has touched upon it, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

To say nothing of the hypotheses of Aristotle and his disciples, it may be affirmed, that even the inductive philosophy recommended by the illustrious Bacon, though in most cases the only sure road to truth, seems in this to have been comparatively valueless. Whether it be owing to the particular nature of this subject, or to the misapplication of Bacon's rules of philosophising; in this instance, it is a fact unquestionable that hardly any knowledge acquired since the time of Bacon has been more unstable and fluctuating. Passing by the fanciful opinions of Leibnitz and others, and forgetting the earnestness with which they were severally advocated, we need do nothing more than look at the opinions of Locke, and Berkeley, and of Hume, and the almost complete overthrow which they have received at the hands of Reid, to see that this science is still in its infancy.

Intricate, however, as is the maze in which this portion of knowledge lies; confused as is apparently

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the labyrinth in which it is entwined; and perplexing as is the sophistry which is too often thrown around it, there are many other subjects which are worthy of the utmost attention, and, by the instruction which they are calculated to impart, they far more than counterbalance the labor which may have been spent upon abstract inquiries. It is not in diving into metaphysical subtleties, and in ranging over the intricacies of strict philosophical discussion, that real knowledge is alone to be obtained; much, and what, perhaps, is the most valuable and useful for the purposes of life, is to be gathered from those subjects which are, or ought to be, interesting to every man. To contemplate man in the abstract, divested of all those appendages of character and taste which generally take their rise from the circumstances through which he is called to pass, may seem to be the task of the philosopher alone; but to consider him as he actually *is* in society,—to view the dispositions which influence his conduct,—the diversified habits which he assumes while passing through this stage of existence,—the manner in which he is liable to be wrought upon by the various incentives which he is likely to meet with while pursuing the path allotted to him,—and to mark with attention the different feelings which actuate him,—is the business of every one who wishes to regulate his own conduct aright, and to act from rational and consistent motives.

It is on this account that biography is capable of answering such exalted ends. Human nature is indeed the same in every possible situation of life; but, when it is remembered how modified it is likely to become by circumstances, how much influenced by contending motives, it will be seen that biography is capable of affording a vast deal of instruction. To know the manner in which mankind have been wrought upon by a particular conjunction of things, is the only way of knowing how to guard against their operation in future, if they happen to be evil in their tendency; and to regulate them so as to answer the most important purposes, if they happen to be beneficial.

In looking back upon the many eminent men whose names are recorded in the pages of biography, we find, that, notwithstanding their eminence, they were frequently the subjects of such strange and unworthy notions, that their talents were so frequently misapplied, and their abilities made subservient to the attainment of such base and worthless objects, that they were often times marked by such obliquity of the will, and were guilty of actions so utterly inconsistent with their characters as rational creatures,—that we shall assuredly discover enough to warn us from acting in the like manner. It is a lamentable fact, that those who have been the possessors of the most commanding talents—who seem really to have arisen for no other purpose than to dissipate the darkness which hangs over the universe, and shuts out from the sight of mortals that light which is capable of adding dignity to their nature,—appear to have been the very characters who were destined to convince posterity of the utter futility of all human expectations, and the folly of placing a dependence upon the efforts of human genius.

In Alcibiades we find implanted by nature almost every thing which was calculated to make a wise, a useful, and an honorable man; but by no one perhaps have such gifts been more set at nought, or more misused, than by him. The sensibility of that man is not very enviable, who can read without emotion the extraordinary aberrations from duty of which Alcibiades was guilty, and the wonderful fertility of genius by which he managed to extricate himself from the difficulties in which his own misconduct had involved him. The great anxiety with which his venerable preceptor watched over his movements, and the eagerness which he always displayed to guard him from the evils to which he knew he was prone, appear but ill requited by the carelessness with which he attended to his admonitions, and the little attention which he paid to his advice.

Individuals have indeed arisen in many countries, who were qualified by their abilities to lead their countrymen forward in the race of improvement—in that race by the means of which those blessings which are truly valuable are alone to be obtained; in teaching them to elevate themselves above the minor objects, which too much engross the attention of the greater portion of their fellow-men; in showing them that liberty of thought and liberty of conduct, which can alone arise from a consciousness of their importance on the scale of being, are the objects which are, above all others, worthy of their pursuit; and, that setting themselves free from superstitious reverence and enslaving notions, they should be bent upon the attainment of something above those debasing objects which keep the spirit bound, and the mind fettered; but who have, notwithstanding, been the most constant deviators from the path of rectitude, who have been most prone to wander along unhallowed and unconsecrated ground, and who have the most given themselves up to the allurements and fascinations of evil. There have been those, who, according to the original constitution of their nature, appear as though they were really fated to trample under foot all those systems which have in any way tended to keep men chained by the iron bands of despotism, and by the still more enduring fetters of perfidy and fraud, which have been but too often the instruments which tyrants have used to enslave them, but who have, nevertheless, joined with the advocates of these systems to strengthen the yoke which has been formed, and to add more permanent and lasting power to the evils which uniformly attend them.

Could we, in fact, draw aside the veil which conceals the motives of action—were we able to pull off the mask from that numerous order of men who have pretended at least to be the benefactors of their fellow-beings, which hides from our notice those springs of conduct by which they were actuated, and prevents our inspection of that source from whence their actions originated, we should find that, in the great majority of instances, those who have most *seemed* to be the friends of human kind, have in reality most wanted the essential ingredients of friendship, and exhibited the most powerful regard to their own aggrandizement. It is not by those only

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who have been the most capacitated for improving the condition of the species, but who have been too perversely inclined to attempt such a task, that the evil has been wrought which has so often desolated the world; but it has been by those, who, covering the natural deformity of their character by a fair disguise, have proclaimed themselves the friends of virtue and of freedom. Such characters, by assuming to themselves qualities utterly incompatible with their natures, have made those qualities the means of raising them in the opinions of others, and have then employed their elevation to trample upon the victims of their fraud; and, claiming kindred and alliance with those illustrious devotees of liberty with whom they have not one thing in common save the *semblance* of goodness, have cajoled mankind into the belief that they too were the worshippers of liberty, and have made that belief the instrument of treading under foot every thing which has been esteemed sacred and venerable.

Many again there have been, who, unconsciously perhaps, were the supporters of the most pernicious state of things, from a want of that firmness and decision which ought to be the characteristic of every man; who, unable of themselves to stem the torrent of destruction, which may be rolling over a state, contribute, unwarily, by their own imprudent conduct, to add to its violence; and who, possessed of too little vigor to oppose themselves singly to the errors which may be prevalent in society, furnish a fresh incentive to their increase, by lending an appearance of sanction to them.

It is humiliating to witness the illustrious and philosophical Tully, the sport of every breeze which flitted across the commonwealth of Rome—the successive victim, from his own want of openness and the pursuit of a straight-forward conduct unawed by power, of almost every faction that reigned during his life; at one time lending his talents to the support of the cause of Pompey, and at another time, to that of Cæsar, according as the one party possessed a predominance over the other. With the exception, indeed, of one or two of his orations, such as those against Cataline and Antony, most of them exhibit indications of all that timidity, which is always an accompaniment of the man of a vacillating disposition; indications, indeed, of that servile flattery, and that gross worship of power, which are uniformly felt by him who has too little stability to act an independent part, unprejudiced by feelings, and unbiassed by personal considerations.

Whoever feels a veneration for the name of Cicero,—and surely no one possessed of any portion of taste can fail to do so,—must be anxious mainly to look at him as a philosopher and as a theoretical statesman, subtracting from his notice all those deviations in practice from the path of consistency, of which this eloquent man was guilty, during the course of his political life. Few men of the age in which he lived were better acquainted with the proper theory of government; had cultivated more successfully a rational and enlightened system of philosophy; and none certainly more capable of investing with beauty the abstractions which they had formed. As long as taste and sensibility shall continue to exist, so long will the writings of Cicero be esteemed the models of elegance. Looking, however, at this great man as one who was called upon by the voice of his country to act a consistent part in the mighty struggles which then awaited the republic, we are obliged to pass a very different judgment upon him, from that which we form concerning him when viewed as a philosopher. Those feelings which should always be repressed in a public man, triumphed over his patriotism; and, though he may have had an ardent attachment to his country, and a desire to promote her welfare, personal considerations swayed him, who was fitted by his talents to guide the republic safely through the internal contests in which she was then engaged, and to avert the dangers which threatened her.

Interesting, however, as is the contemplation of the lives of statesmen, and well calculated as they are to warn those who may be hereafter placed in the same circumstances, from foundering upon the rocks on which they were wrecked, there is a species of biography, which, though perhaps less attended to, is more fitted to become generally beneficial, and likely to be followed with more extensive influence. It is not the less true because it has been often times remarked, that the characters who have most benefitted mankind, and improved the condition of the species, have been—not those who have blazoned their names by conquest, and who, to spread abroad the lustre of their achievements, have not scrupled to violate all the duties of humanity, and to burst asunder all those ties which have been imposed upon the race for the purpose of linking them together in one common brotherhood,—but they have been those who exerted all their talents to tame down that nature which so often arises in order to assert the dominion of vice. They have been those who have bent all their energies to make those virtues shine forth with greater splendor than they otherwise would, cast into the shade as they continually are by the prejudices and passions which are incident to human nature; those who, forsaking the pursuits of ambition, and the paths of that which is falsely termed glory, have employed all their talents towards improving the moral condition of their fellow-beings, and towards dispelling those thick clouds of error and prejudice, which serve so much to obstruct their mental vision. If it be lawful to bend the knee to any thing human, it surely arises in that case, where we see a man attempting to mitigate the evils attendant upon this life, and trying to counteract the baneful and pernicious effects of vice, by the more salutary influence of virtue.

But strong as may be the principles which lead to the adoption of such excellent conduct as this, it is painful to see how comparatively useless the efforts which are used on these occasions frequently are, and the strong probability there always is that they will terminate in nothingness and vanity. Should, however, even such be the case, one who contemplates it with attention, will not fail to derive valuable and important information therefrom. Surely he must be dead to all the finer emotions of the mind, who can see with-

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out interest the manner in which that spirit of goodness, which takes its rise from the principles of virtue, is first kindled, and afterwards kept on fire:—the way in which "he that has light within his own clear breast," can elevate himself above that regard to the opinions of the world, which are but too often the source whence spring many of the actions which are here looked upon as honorable and useful; and the means by which he that has made wisdom his choice, can abstract himself from all association with those more grovelling pursuits which characterize the many, and, looking abroad upon the face of things, can "follow the even tenor of his way," regardless of every thing which might tend to interrupt his progress, to shut out from his sight the scene of beauty and loveliness which his fancy may have lighted up, and by seeking an alliance with which he might in any way have his prospects obscured or his vision darkened.

It will indeed be found, in looking back upon those who have best accomplished the end for which they were called into existence, that there was something more animating to cheer them forward through the scenes of this life, than are to be obtained from the idle applause of the world; something more inspiring than all that admiration which may be obtained by a successful course of enterprise and ambition; something, in fact, more satisfactory and soothing to the mind, than any thing which can be gathered from the short-lived pleasures which in this state so much engage the attention. It will be seen, that it was by cultivating a habit of retirement from this too busy stage of life—such a retirement, however, as left them not without the means of doing good to their fellow-beings—that they cherished that virtue which always shrinks from the gaze of vulgar eyes; that took those lessons of wisdom which are here only valuable; that they pushed forward in the career of improvement, inattentive to the giddy and illusive objects which surrounded them, and looked forward to a more noble recompense for their pains, and a brighter satisfaction in the contemplation of their misfortunes, than a consciousness of being the mere subjects of wonder and admiration could possibly afford. They seek the seclusions of solitude, because

"Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweets of peaceful solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings."

They indulge in the privacy of retreat, because it is there they can look abroad on the immensity of the creation, and contemplating themselves as beings who were called into life in order that they might be subservient to the promotion of good, can best perform there the parts which are allotted to them.

There have been many speculations respecting the nature of man, and many questions with regard to his having been from his original constitution a social being; but it should never be forgotten, in every argument upon this subject, that society does not necessarily imply that he must mix with all the follies and all the vanities which distinguish the far greater portion of men, but that he is called upon to join in society only so long as the members of it strive to outvie one another in the attainment of goodness and of truth, and continue to reach after that which is truly honorable and glorious.

It is impossible, however, to shut our eyes to the fact, that the pleasures of solitude have been greatly abused, and that it is the retiring from the more active engagements of life which has sometimes given occasion to the fostering of evil. Many have been the philosophers, who, secluding themselves from all intercourse with their fellow beings, have given themselves up to all the vagaries and inconsistencies which can be dishonorable to rational creatures. Pretending, perhaps, that they have the attainment of truth in view, and that, in retiring from the bustle of the world, they are anxious to consecrate their time to the service of wisdom, and to free mankind from the darkness which hangs over their minds, they have been mainly solicitous, even in privacy, to attract attention, and, by eccentricity of thought, and a new though irrational system of judgment, to draw upon themselves the notice of those whom they, notwithstanding, affect to hold in derision.

It will in truth be sometimes found, that even he who has published himself as the enemy of ostentation and the observer of humility, and who has declared himself to be engaged in the pursuit of virtue for its own sake, has no other object in view than the gratification of his own pride in all that he does; that self is the idol at which he falls down; that this is the shrine at which he pays his devotions; that this is the altar at which he is the most constant attendant, and at which he tarries longest. It is his own self that is the centre of his system; there it is that all his desires meet, and all his wishes end; and, provided he can but obtain the means of gratifying this desire, he cares little if all beside fall a sacrifice to the accomplishment of his schemes, and become the mode of elevating him, although at the expense of their own absolute ruin.

Calm and tranquil as may be thought the retreat of some who have given themselves out as philosophers, it would be found, with many of them, that retirement has been the scene where they have been the most actively engaged, and where they have most failed in reaching the peace and solitude which they anticipated. There it is, perhaps, where they have been most busily employed in devising plans to obtain the greatest *reputation* for wisdom—in plotting a method to insure the prostration of the minds of their fellow creatures in reverence of their superior knowledge, and thus be best able to bind the understandings of others in the fetters which their ingenuity had forged, and to keep their intellects chained down to those objects alone, which they might deem it fit to present to their notice for inquiry. Regardless as they may appear to have been of the calamities of life, it will be found that few lamented them more violently, and repined at them more grievously. Every thing which intercepted the homage they would wish to obtain, was a source of misery, for which they had nothing to solace them—an occasion of despondency, which

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all their pretended philosophy could not enable them to overcome. Retirement, the natural tendency of which is to purify the mind, and to rid it of all those associations which are calculated to debase it, and to render it worse than useless, has been the place where they have most cherished all those passions and ill-constituted feelings which are at once the bane and the disgrace of human nature.

Even the lives of literary men—of men who really have made the acquisition of knowledge their aim, and who have truly sequestered themselves in solitude for no other purpose, but that they might obtain it in a more pure and refined state than that in which it is possessed by the greater portion of mankind,—have many times manifested a total disregard of the benefits which are the proper results of knowledge, and of the excellences to which it should conduct its possessors. To tame down prejudices—to overcome that spirit of domination and rule which all are so prone to exert in questions concerning the rights of conscience; to master those feelings in the breast, which so often incline one man to assume the prerogative of judging, as if he were infallible, in matters which properly can alone interest him for whom he is desirous of exercising his judgment,—might seem the natural and necessary effects of extensive knowledge. But, even upon scholars, sometimes, information, instead of having the effect of liberalizing the mind, and furnishing it with the means of forming enlarged and capacious conceptions, has the very contrary effect, and serves only to confirm the bigotry which it had before imbibed, and to strengthen the prejudices which it had previously formed. Founded, however, upon such claims as these, many have arisen as the censors of others, and have affected to dole out to them the exact meed of praise and censure to which they were entitled.

But it must be confessed, that all are not such. Some there are, who "have unassuming lived, and died neglected," but who have been the characters that were justly deserving of imitation, and the narratives of whose lives are the most fitted for imparting instruction. To watch the progress of genius, and observe the process by which talent developes itself in those who have no other claim to attention than their abilities, can never be an uninteresting task to the reflective and contemplative man. In seeing how many flowers there are who "are born to blush unseen, and waste their fragrance on the desert air," he may, perhaps, upon the first sight, be disposed to indulge in discontent at the allotments of providence, and think them unequal and unjust; but, even if he look not beyond the confines of this state, if he simply regard the feelings of those whom he deems unequally recompensed, he will find, for the most part, that the neglects which they experience, and the sorrows they endure, are more than compensated by that inward satisfaction and peace of mind, of which they are the subjects.

Placed in a state where so much misery awaits every one that enters it, his certainly should seem the most enviable lot, who can tell how to assuage the ills which he may encounter, by reflection and meditation; who is acquainted with a way of hushing into calmness every emotion which would lead to unwarrantable conclusions with respect to the dispensations of the Deity; who knows how to meliorate that bitterness of spirit, which, more or less, is the portion of every one; and who carries about with him a principle which will serve at all times to soften every perturbation, and alleviate every painful feeling. To a person who is anxious to "vindicate the ways of God to man," there will always appear, even in the lives of those who may seem to have been most the sport of fortune and the creatures of chance, something excellent and valuable in their condition, which was more than sufficient to counterbalance the evils with which they may have had to struggle. It is only to those who, shutting their eyes to every thing in the situation of man which has a tendency to diffuse happiness and tranquillity, take into view only those parts of that situation which may appear to be mixed up with calamity, that the conduct of the Deity will seem harsh and mysterious. It will be well, however, if, from the exhibition of the leading traits of character which have distinguished the many eminent characters of every kind that have existed, their posterity would learn instruction. Many are the temptations to error; many are the incentives that present themselves, to induce them to wander from the right course; and, perhaps, these evils cannot be more effectually guarded against, than by looking back upon the fates of those who have gone before. The allurements to lead astray are indeed not less numerous than in former days; the path of error lies still before us, enlarged and made more broad, perhaps, than formerly, by the multitudes that have since and are still continuing to travel in it; its gates are still thrown wide open, inviting us to enter, and, if once any considerable progress be made in it, the means of retracing our steps will not be easy.

——————facilis descensus Averni,
Per noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Let mankind learn, then, from the accumulated wisdom of ages; and, whenever tempted to turn aside, and depart from the path of rectitude and duty, remember how others have succeeded in their deviations; and, from a contemplation of the misfortunes which have attended those in their wanderings, supply themselves with a principle, if they can do so by no other means, which shall deter them from acting in the like manner, and bringing upon themselves those calamities which those who have gone before so painfully experienced.

PHILOMATHES.

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THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

'Twas in the height of winter's might,
An evening drear and dark,
And howling whirlwinds rent the skies,
And swell'd the watch-dog's bark,—
There were bursts of snow, and sleet, and hail,
And ice-men stiff and stark.

Away in a rough and lonely spot
By the Susquehanna's side,
Away where the tall trees' branches wave,
And the woods stretch far and wide,
To a wretched cot, thro' the wild storm's rage,
A dark man onward hied.

And a woman frail, infirm, and worn
By time's and care's impress,
By a feeble flame on the hearth she sat
In her widowed loneliness,—
No "chick nor child" on earth had she
Her withering years to bless.

She sat, and the howling storm raged on,
And she breath'd her maker's name;
Yet the cold winds swept with maniac howl
And chill'd her tottering frame:
The door was rent with a fearful crash,
And the dark intruder came.

He came like a demon wild with lust—
He came with a bloody hand—
And long, deep draughts from the mad'ning cup
The frantic flame had fann'd.
It seem'd as if imps of hell were by
When the cursed scheme was plann'd!

The storm went by, the sun rose bright,
The lonely cot was there;
But, spite of the dreamy glory flung
Athwart the frosty air,
There were some that wept—for the lonely cot
Had been murder's horrible lair!

Oh, why should the dark man sneaking come
Thro' the bleak and dreary night,
When the wild winds rend the shivering skies
And the storm-king wreaks his might;
Why should the blow be struck that made
That spirit wing its flight?

A few short years on earth at most—
A few short years to roam—
And nature's voice had sounded sweet,
In whispering her to come—
And gathering bands of angels sought
To bear the wanderer home!

Long years had passed, and rumor's blast
Had hush'd its vision'd song;
That night's dark deed had ceased to flit
The bosom's thoughts along;
The mind no longer dwelt upon
That work of blood and wrong.

But the dark man wander'd up and down
Away in far off lands,—
And the gay world's smile, and the reckless laugh
Of rude and lawless bands,
They could not chase the guilt from his soul,
Nor the blood from his trem b'ling hands.

In the dream of night, in the blaze of day,
That woman frail and old—
He heard the shriek of her broken voice,
And saw her shivering cold,
And her wild and glazed eye-balls start
At his fierce and murderous hold!

The power within with the daring sin
Still grappled hard and strong,
And his guilty soul with visions wild
And quaking thoughts would throng:
"My heart will break, and my brain will rave,
To bear this burthen long!"

The dark man turn'd to the world again,
And the goblet high would fill:
"I will taste of life's bright pleasures yet!—
Shall I wreak out my own ill?—
I may laugh at the fiends that haunt my brain
If my coward tongue is still!"

But the thought still burn'd his burthen'd soul
Like maniac fiends of hell,
The brightest joy that he sought was pain,
For there would the black fiends dwell;
And they whisper'd to him of the bloody deed,
Still urging him to tell.

Nor day nor night, nor dark nor light,
Under evening's crimson'd sky,
When the balmy breeze perfum'd the air,
Or the storm was hurrying by,
Could he chase that pale cold form away,
Or hush that dying cry.

"I must tell my guilt!—come well, come ill,
The tale I *must* unfold!—
She frowns on me from the lone hearth-side,
And the night is bleak and cold;
She totters about, and her breath comes hard—
She is poor, and frail, and old;—

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I see the marks on her wrinkled neck
Where my dark hand did assail,
Her gray hairs stream and her lip is blue,
And her cheek is hollow and pale!"—
The black fiends grinn'd, and leering, said,
"You must *tell* that horrid tale!"

'Twas a pure and sunny day in spring,
And martial bands were there—
Banners and plumes were waving high,
And streaming bright and fair,—
And the dark man marched to the gallows tree
To a dull and solemn air.

Columbia, Penn. ALF.

FATHERLAND.

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILADELPHIA.

No—no, I cannot quench the thought—
It burns within my brain—
I feel 'twou'd kill me not to see
My fatherland again.
Though richer soil may be beneath,
A brighter sky above,
It cannot wrest my heart from thee—
It cannot win my love.

I walk abroad in multitudes,
A lone and wretched thing;
The blessed wells of sympathy
In me forbid to spring.
Life's sweetest joys and charities,
I feel them self-consume;
My teeming mind a prison-house,
My glowing heart a tomb.

All fond association closed—
All early love and pride,
Or if but named, to hear in scorn
The stranger's lip deride:
I seem to breathe on sufferance
The free air of the skies;
Tho' heaven no distinction owns,
Man's impious soul denies.

This land is full of happy hearts—
Of beautiful and brave,
Yet their bright source of happiness
But mocks the foreign slave.
The work of fools and tyrants this,
Who turn all bliss to bane,
Still—still 'twou'd kill me not to see
My fatherland again.

THE ADIEU.

BY MRS. E. A. LEAVENS.

When in scenes, far away, thy footsteps shall linger,
And life's busy cares thick around thee shall throng;
When time on thy brow hath prest his rude finger,
And sprinkled gray hairs thy brown locks among:

Let sometimes thy thoughts, at the still hour of ev'ning,
Turn aside from the bustle of manhood's career,
To commune with the friends that now thou art leaving,
And fancy that with us once more thou art here.

I ask not a thought when thy prospects are brightest,
And fame has perchance thee a laurel wreath wove;
When in thy glad pathway the flowers spring lightest,
And thou art encircled by friends of thy love.

Ah! no, 'twere not meet that thy mem'ry should waken,
'Mid pleasures like those to remember the past;
But when, link by link, fortune's bright chain is broken,
Turn again, and find friendship still true to the last.

Then fare thee well, loved one; may fate for thee ever
Wear the aspect of gladness—the image of joy;
Be the calm of thy breast like the deep silent river—
A peace that earth gives not, and cannot destroy.

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THE PHYSICIAN'S FEE.

BY CHARLES F. ILSLEY, PORTLAND, MAINE.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER, are you unwell?" and the daughter looked up from the work on which she had, for the last half hour, been busily and silently engaged. Her mother had been similarly employed; but her work, some unfinished muslin, was lying on her lap, while her head rested upon her hand, as if she were in deep thought.

"Mother, are you unwell? you look pale."

"No, my child," replied the mother, in a sad, calm tone, more sorrowful than it was her wont. The daughter put aside her work and took her parent's hand, gazing, with a troubled look, into her face. A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Lemand, at this delicate though forcible demonstration of filial affection.

"Ellen," said she, as she drew her child to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead, "sixteen years ago, this evening, your father bent affectionately over my sick couch, to gaze upon his first-born—his daughter—yourself, my dear child! and twelve years ago, this same evening, I bent over *his* sick couch. The angel of death was there also, and I became a widow!" The tears of the mother and daughter were mingled.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemand were of English birth. They were married in their native land; but soon after, left for this country. They were not, by any means, rich, but enjoyed a comfortable independence. Mr. Lemand came over as agent for a house in Liverpool, and resided in New York. Here Ellen was born. After a residence of about five years in New York, the house in which Mr. Lemand was engaged became bankrupt. A few fragments were all that he was enabled to save from the wreck; and, broken in spirits, poor in health, Mr. L. was left to struggle along in a strange land as he best could. For two years he strove to regain the footing he had lost; but he only "wrestled with air." He was taken sick, and soon died, leaving his wife and child a slender stock to support them in the rough journey of life.

Mrs. Lemand had no friends in England to whom she could appeal in her extremity. She had rich relations, or rather an uncle; but she never had any intercourse with him, and probably her existence was entirely unknown to him—at best, uncared for. She soon found her little stock running low, and she began to cast about for means of support. She was not one of those who sit down in idleness, repining at her lot, and murmuring at the decrees of Providence. She had faith in the "promises," and her heart had a leaning place of which the world knew not. Being expert with the needle, she made application among her few acquaintances for needle-work, and by constant industry was enabled to keep want from the door, and bestow upon her daughter that education, which, in adversity or prosperity, is alike a blessing. Ellen grew up all a fond mother's heart could desire. She early made herself useful, and soon the united efforts of the mother and daughter allowed them to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. Their dwelling was retired from the noise and bustle of the city. It was an humble though pleasant abode. The hand of taste was visible in all that appertained to it. The rooms were plainly, though neatly and comfortably furnished, and contentment, if not happiness, reigned there. Such was the situation of affairs on the evening when our story commenced.

It was the anniversary of her daughter's birth, as well as of her husband's death. No wonder the brow of the mother was shaded. The graves of buried hopes were re-opened: the fountains of memory loosed. It was the resurrection hour of departed joys. She thought of the trials she had passed through—of her far off home, where, in childhood she was blest with a mother's love, and a father's care, and a sister's companionship—of her lost partner. All these came thronging on her thoughts—the white and the dark spots—the shadows and sunbeams of life. No wonder the tear drop stood in her eye Again and again she pressed her child to her bosom; for she was the only earthly treasure that remained to her—the sole link that chained her affections to this world.

"May thy path through life be less thorny than thy mother's, Ellen! Nevertheless, not my will be done!" As she gave utterance to this humble reliance, her eye brightened, and the shadows lifted from her spirits, and the wonted smile of content again lit up her countenance.

We said that by their industry they were enabled to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. This was true for a time, when prosperity smiled on the country. But dark shadows began to creep over the land. The tide of fortune was suddenly checked, and began to recede. Retrenchment became the order of the day. Superfluities were discarded, and the closest economy was studied. Many persons were, consequently, thrown out of employ, and distress began to pervade the poorer classes. Mrs. Lemand escaped not the general doom. Day after day she found less employment for her needle. Many of those who furnished her with work were obliged to inform her that they had no more to offer; and those who continued to afford employment were so uncertain in their calls upon her, that she barely earned enough to supply the simplest necessaries of life. Mrs L. viewed the dark cloud scuttling over her late sunny prospects with an anxious eye. Winter was approaching. The times became more and more pressing. The inclement season called for new outlays. How were

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these demands on her purse to be met? Even by the most pinching economy, she barely received enough to live from day to day. She found it necessary, at last, to dispose of household articles, from time to time, at a great sacrifice, to procure the means of subsistence. It is a dreadful condition for a female, brought up in independence, to be thus situated. Alas! how many have been thus placed—been thus doomed to witness the gradual wasting away of their little property, to satisfy the calls of hunger—or, what is nearly as imperative, the urgent solicitations of an icy-hearted creditor! To this extremity was Mrs. L. reduced. Article after article disappeared, until she retained scarcely enough for her limited use. And how did Ellen bear this reverse? Like the daughter of such a mother! More anxious on her parent's account than her own, she did all that one could do, in her situation, to sustain her, and to alleviate her sufferings. A murmuring word never escaped her lips. Often, when their board was reduced so low as to afford hardly sufficient to satisfy one person—often would Ellen plead indisposition, that her mother might not divide the slender stock, although the pangs of hunger were gnawing within her. Notwithstanding this self-sacrifice, she was doomed to see her beloved parent gradually sink under the troubles that surrounded her.

As poverty came upon them, they were obliged to leave the comfortable roof that sheltered them, and take up their abode in the second story of a miserable tenement, in an obscure and unhealthy part of the city. Cut off from their former employment, they were obliged to have recourse to such work as they could procure. They now depended on the slender pay received for washing clothes for the boarders of a neighboring hotel. The burden of this fell on Ellen, for her mother's health and strength had become so reduced, she was only able to render very slight assistance. Ellen faltered not. She prosecuted her work with an air of cheerfulness, and strove, by every act in her power, to keep up the sinking spirits of her mother. Yet she did not—could not shut her eyes to her parent's gradual failing: and often, when her mother slept, would her firmness give way, and the hot tears soak the midnight pillow.

We have refrained from describing the person of Ellen. We have desired that the reader should first become acquainted with her mind, and feel an interest in her, on account of her good qualities, rather than the beauty of her person. Still, Ellen lacked not those external graces, which, if they do not constitute woman's chief charm, still render her an object of greater attention and admiration. In a gay and fashionable assembly she would have shone among the brightest: and yet, never did she appear so lovely, as when, arrayed in her humble garb, she performed, with a willing heart, those menial services for her mother's support.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold blustering evening in November. A raging north-easterly storm had prevailed through the day, and as night shut in, the wind and sleet swept sullenly through the streets, and drearily against the buildings. The shops were nearly all closed. The lamps shed a dim and flickering light on the slippery pavement, over which, occasionally, some passenger, bending to the blast, would hurry on his way. On this evening, emerging from a narrow, dreary-looking street, a young female was seen, struggling along in evident haste. Turning the corner, and passing two or three blocks, she ascended the steps of a large house, before whose door an expiring lamp threw out a few faint gleams. After hesitating a moment, as if to recover herself, she rang the bell. The door was shortly opened by a young man, who hastily inquired her wants.

"Does Doctor Herbert reside here?" was asked, in a timid, irresolute voice.

"My name is Herbert," was the reply, in a tone that evidently showed that the speaker was not altogether pleased with the call.

"Can you not visit a lady—a poor woman," correcting herself—"who is dangerously ill?"

"Will not to-morrow do?" and the young man drew back, casting a significant glance at the driving sleet, as he partly closed the door, "will not to-morrow do—I have an engage—"

"For the love of God, sir, do not refuse me!" interrupted the female, in a trembling and beseeching voice—"My mother is sick—very sick—the distance is short—you shall be paid!"

"Cannot you find some one else, Miss?" said the physician in a more yielding tone.

"Oh, no, sir! I have been refused by two others. My poor mother I fear is dying. Oh, sir, if you have a mother you will go with me—if you have not, by her memory I charge you not to slight the orphan's prayer!" And the speaker turned her face full upon the young man. It was very pale, but strikingly beautiful.

Whether the affecting appeal or the lovely countenance influenced the young physician, it matters not: but he hesitated no longer. Hastily throwing on a cloak, he followed the female. Although she said the distance was not great, yet to the young man it seemed interminable. After following her through two or three obscure streets, and as they were plunging down an unlighted and dismal-looking alley, he inquired if they had much farther to go.

"This is the house, sir," said the female, stopping before a mean and shattered tenement, whose crazy frame could hardly withstand the heavy gusts that swept over it—"Take care of the broken step, sir!"

With this caution he picked his way into the low entry, and followed his conductress up a pair of creaking stairs, prepared to witness a scene of squalid wretchedness. A door was opened, and he was introduced to a dimly lighted room. He started on his entrance. The signs of poverty he surely beheld; but

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it was not the poverty of crime and intemperance—the disgusting and revolting exhibition he expected to encounter. There was no appearance of disorder—no unpleasant odor—no filthy floor and dirty sack of straw for a bed—too commonly found in the abodes of want. He gazed about him in astonishment. The scanty furniture was plain, and of the cheapest kind; but every thing was neat and well arranged. A small tallow candle gave light to the room. There was the white pine table, covered with a clean cloth, on which rested a bible; the rush-bottomed chairs—three in number; the well scoured floor, and the neat bed—straw to be sure—but covered with spotless white though coarse sheets, and a plain counterpane. A few smoking embers burnt on the hearth. The physician had but a moment to view the unexpected appearance of the room, as the girl threw off her bonnet and cloak, and knelt by the bedside, displaying in the act a form of perfect symmetry—not the less attractive for being arrayed in garments of the cheapest material.

"Mother, dear mother, the doctor has come to see you!" whispered the kneeling one, in a voice exceedingly sweet and tender.

"Out of my sight, girl! Why follow me forever, like a curse, with your perpetual cry for bread—bread! Drink tears, as I do, and let them satisfy you!" and the sick woman tossed her arms impatiently about.

The physician drew near, while the daughter buried her face in the clothes, sobbing with irrepressible emotion:

"My poor mother!—who never before looked unkindly on me, now drives me from her like a hated thing!"

"Ha! ha! hear the hypocrite!" said the sick woman, in a tone of withering scorn—"sir, beware!" and she partly raised herself in bed, and pointed her emaciated arm towards the weeping girl—"beware of that girl—she will prove a bitter curse to you! I gave her the last mouthful—robbed myself of the sole remaining crust—for what?—to feed a viper! May you never be cursed with an ungrateful child!" and she fell back exhausted on the pillow.

"Oh, sir, she raves," said the daughter deprecatingly; "for two days I have heard only reproaches from one who never before opened her lips but in kindness!"

"You must not heed them, miss," said the doctor, who had been closely examining the patient; "it is the effect of disease. Your mother is laboring under a high fever—her senses are disordered, and it is customary for persons in her situation to fancy those their enemies and persecutors, who are most beloved in their lucid state. Be not troubled, therefore—when restored to her right mind, her affections will be unchanged."

"But will her senses be restored?—is there hope?" said the girl in an anxious tone.

"Your mother is a very sick woman—very; but her case is far from desperate. With proper treatment she may recover, and my services shall not be wanted."

The daughter thanked him—not with words—but in a more expressive language—that of the heart, which the physician read in her glowing face and speaking eyes.

We presume we need not inform the reader that the sick one was Mrs. Lemand. In assisting Ellen to accomplish some work which she had been unexpectedly called upon to perform, she had overtasked her feeble strength and exposed herself. A severe cold ensued, which terminated in a fever. Ellen would immediately have called in a physician, but her mother treated her sickness as a slight matter, preferring rather to suffer than to exhaust their miserable pittance in paying for medical advice. But Mrs. L. grew worse. Indeed, so rapid was the disease, Ellen dared not leave her. Twice she despatched a child of a neighbor for a physician, as she found that her mother's wits began to wander. But, "good Samaritans" are scarce in a large city, and the calls of a ragged urchin rarely receive that attention, or are answered with that alacrity, as the calls of those whose appearance holds out a fee in prospective. Ellen, however, had, like the young in general, a better opinion of human nature. Always ready at the call of suffering, she imagined that others were like herself, and when the boy returned with the physician's answer—"Will be there directly"—she waited impatiently and listened to catch every footstep. But she waited in vain. No physician came. Her mother grew hourly worse. Ellen would have gone herself to get advice, but she was fearful of leaving her mother's bedside. The delirium increased, and required all her care and watchfulness. To add to her affliction, the delirium began to assume that peculiar type which we have described, and the already burdened heart of the poor girl received a new pang in the dislike her mother began to show toward her. For two days she was exposed to this new trial On the evening of the second day, her feelings were wound up to such a pitch, that she determined to go in person in search of a physician. She got an occupant of another part of the house to attend to her mother, while she went forth. It was a night of storms, as we have described. Inquiring of the few passengers she met, she received hasty directions, and applied to one and another of the medical profession. The first one to whom she applied, hardly allowing her to state her wants, pleaded a prior engagement; and from the second application she turned with almost a bursting heart as she received a flat refusal. It was now getting late—the shops began to be closed, and the storm to beat more furiously. Wet, chilled, and almost in a state of despair, she sought still another—with what success the reader is already acquainted. She was fortunate in her choice, for Dr. Herbert, though young, was eminently qualified for his business.

Immediate measures were taken to combat the disease. After a copious depletion and the administration of sedatives, Ellen had the satisfaction of seeing her mother sink into a slumber—the first she had enjoyed for a long time. The physician, after doing all that the circumstances of the case demanded, leaving directions, etc. for the night, made preparations to de-

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part. Ellen left the bedside, and taking from the table drawer a purse, emptied its contents, consisting of a number of small silver pieces, with a few coppers, and tendered them to the doctor, remarking, with some trepidation, "I know not your charge, sir—if you will be so kind as to call to-morrow, should not this be a sufficient fee, I will endeavor to obtain the exact amount."

The physician stood for a moment regarding the speaker with an embarrassed air: then said, as he took the proffered change—"I shall certainly call to-morrow—your mother's case demands it. But—" and he hesitated, while a slight flush passed over his face—"but—I liked to have forgotten it—there is a recipe I wish to leave," and he seated himself at the table, while Ellen returned to adjust something about the bed.

"There is the recipe," said he, rising and pointing to a folded paper on the table. "You will recollect to give the powders I have left every two hours, and the drops immediately. Good evening, Miss Lemand—I trust your mother will be better in the morning," and he took his leave.

Ellen took the folded paper to put it in her purse—the sight of which caused her to sigh, for it was entirely empty—when she was induced to look at the recipe. She opened the paper—a bank note for a generous sum fell from its folds, and the astonished girl read, instead of a recipe—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

CHAPTER III.

TRULY is it more blessed to give than to receive, when the object of our charity is known to be deserving. Young Herbert felt it to be so on his return home. He knew that his patient was poor, for every thing he saw spoke of extreme poverty;—the humble dwelling—the scant furniture—the incoherent expressions of the sick woman, and if these were not enough, the purse with its few bits of copper and silver: and he knew she was worthy. The neatness and order of the room—the demeanor of the daughter—every thing around and about them convinced him that his gift was well bestowed. What argument he found for this conclusion in the brilliant charms of Ellen—and they never shone so conspicuously as in her assiduous attention to her poor mother—is not for us to say. Suffice it, that when young Herbert laid his head on his pillow, he felt more satisfied with his evening's performance than if he had received a good fat fee from a purse-proud patient.

But how shall we describe the emotions of Ellen on learning the contents of the pretended recipe? It would be difficult to paint them in all their variations. How deep was her intense delight at the unexpected treasure—coming in this, her sorest need: and then came other feelings. Should she accept this gift—from an entire stranger, too? Would it be proper? But had she a right to reject it? Was it not intended for her mother as well as herself? These and a thousand similar questions she put to herself, without, however, being able to solve them to her satisfaction. Never before did she so much desire her mother's counsel and advice. But when she thought over the situation in which she was placed, with no possibility of earning any thing by her own hands so long as her parent continued sick; when she thought of the extra expenses that must necessarily be incurred to provide articles for a sick room; and when she remembered, too, that she had not funds enough of her own to procure more than a week's provisions, small as were her wants—she decided at once to accept the gift.

We shall not attempt to analyze poor Ellen's feelings, as she sat that night by her mother's bedside, watching her uneasy slumbers. She thought—as it was natural that she should—much of her benefactor, but not in the light of a benefactor solely. There was an under-current of feeling, as she dwelt upon his personal appearance—his fine manly form—his expressive countenance, and his sympathetic tones, which she did not attempt to fathom. She suffered the stream to flow on in its seductive brightness, without questioning its source or destination. Thus she passed a sleepless, but not a wearisome night.

In the morning her mother's symptoms appeared much more favorable. Though wandering at times, she did not exhibit those distressing tokens which so alarmed Ellen the evening previous. It was with no small anxiety that she now awaited the expected visit of the physician. She listened with a throbbing heart to every approaching footstep—fearing, yet desiring, his presence. How should she acknowledge his donation—how express her gratitude? Should she be silent respecting it, or should she represent to him the true state of the case, and inform him that she should consider his gift as a loan, until she should be able to repay it? This last thought struck her the most favorably, and she resolved to be governed by it. She had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, when a chaise rattled up to the door. Presently footsteps were heard on the stairs. She started, and the blood flushed her cheeks as some one rapped on the door. She opened it, and the young physician entered. He, too, was slightly embarrassed. Hastily paying his respects, he approached the bed, and inquired after his patient.

"My mother rested exceedingly well last night," said Ellen, "and appears much better this morning—do you not think so, sir?"

"Why—yes—here is a surprising change!" said Herbert, as he felt Mrs. Lemand's pulse. I could not desire a more favorable case. But she requires great care and attention. Have you no friend, Miss Lemand, to assist you in the arduous duties of the sick chamber.

"I *once* had not, Mr. Herbert; for the poor—those who most need the blessing of friendship—are generally deprived of it. When we were in prosperity, we reckoned friends; but when adversity came upon us, friendship took her departure."

"It is a bitter lesson we all must sooner or later learn," said Herbert, "I was early taught it. When

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I most desired friends, I found them not; but when I needed not their aid, then they crowded around me. You said you *once* had no friend; have you been so fortunate as to secure one, Miss Lemand?"

Ellen felt her cheeks glow at this question. She hesitated a moment before replying; then, with a throbbing heart, and a slightly trembling voice, she said—"He who remembers the widow in her affliction—who feels *it is more blessed to give than to receive*—has proved himself a friend, indeed!" and she fixed her gaze earnestly on the young physician.

He started at this delicate acknowldgment, and, taking Ellen's hand, with some warmth replied, "Miss Lemand, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I thank God, who has given me the power, as well as the will, to do an act of kindness. But the trifle I left last evening must not be alluded to. We must be better friends—become better acquainted. You were not always as you now appear—you have seen better days. Am I too bold in thus seeking your confidence?"

Charles Herbert was a man of generous impulses. He walked through the world with a warmer heart, and had a more exalted opinion of human nature than most men. He was enthusiastic in his attachments. When once the fountain of feeling was stirred, it generally overflowed. Left in early life an orphan, he had struggled on unaided—buffeting the waves with a strong arm and determined heart. He entered on the study of medicine with barely a change of raiment—a poor student thirsting after knowledge. He overcame difficulties under which others would have sunk. He bore up against trials which would have crushed a less determined man. The elements of greatness were implanted in his nature, and all the array of adverse circumstances could not subdue them. His career was upward and onward, as will be the course of all those who have fixed an eye on the goal, resolved to win it. He was now, at an early age, in the enjoyment of the confidence of a numerous and wealthy class, reaping the harvest of his early sufferings. He ranked high as a young physician, and every day was adding new strength to his claims. Such was Charles Herbert; and, with this brief exposition of his character, the reader will not be surprised at his address to Ellen, and the sudden proffer of his friendship. With such a cast of mind, the barriers of restraint are soon broken down, and though Ellen shrunk with an instinctive delicacy from entering at once into a narration of her past history, she could not reject his friendly overture.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter months had passed away. Spring had come with her train of flowers and choir of singing birds, and nature was decked in her beautiful garments.

It was evening; and the streets of the city were thronged with a gay crowd, enjoying the delicious atmosphere and the rich splendor of night. Every moving thing seemed glad, and in keeping with the freshness and beauty of the season. But, let us step apart from the crowd, and enter this genteel looking house. The rooms, if not richly, are handsomely furnished. Every thing gives evidence of being arranged by the hand of taste. Its occupants consist of two females. One, a middle-aged lady, bearing the marks of recent illness, reclines on a sofa: the other, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, whose simple white dress sets off a form of exquisite proportions, is seated at a neat work-table, reading aloud in tones exceedingly rich and clear. The picture is one of pure, unadulterated comfort: and, were it not for the lines on the brow of the elder—those leger-lines of care and suffering—one would suppose that sorrow had never shaded so fair and bright a scene.

"It is a sad story, mother," said the young lady, as she finished and laid aside the book, "and it bears a painful similitude to our own dark history."

"Without its happy termination, Ellen," replied the mother. "Perhaps, if there had been a *good physician* nigh, the story would not have closed so darkly," and Mrs. Lemand fixed her eyes with an arch meaning on her daughter. A smile and a sigh struggled on the lips of Ellen.

"Our obligations to Mr. Herbert are many and great," said she, while a faint blush stole over her features. "Had it not been for him, we might still have been the occupants of a hovel, and dependant on the precarious means by which we so lately were supported."

"You have often heard, my daughter, that God never resorts to ordinary means to accomplish His ends, and that He often causes good to spring from, what we, in our finite judgment, call an evil. Instance my late sickness. To that we are indebted for the acquaintance of Charles Herbert—by him we learned the existence of that letter, the receipt of which has worked the change in our situation."

"True," said Ellen, "but we might have received the letter without the doctor's aid."

"We might, my dear, but"—continued her mother, who never neglected an opportunity to enforce a useful lesson—"I had rather ascribe the changes that have taken place to a wise providence than to a blind chance." And it was in this devout reliance that Mrs. Lemand found strength to bear patiently the ills of life. She had been schooled in adversity, as we have seen; but a submissive, docile spirit had shielded her in the hour of trial. "*Thy will be done*," were the magic words that buoyed her life-bark up, when tossed on a tempestuous sea. It formed the burden of a favorite song of hers, written by a friend of her husband and presented to her.

When sailing o'er life's changeful sea,
Should storms my bark assail,
Oh, may I put my trust in Thee,
Whose power controls the gale;
And though opposed may be the wind,
My course but just begun,
Let this but harbor in my mind—
"THY WILL BE DONE."

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Though waves around dash high and dark,
And burst upon its deck;
Dooming my frail and struggling bark
To early, sudden wreck;
Though cloud on cloud their forms should rear,
And shroud entire hope's sun;
Still may I say without a fear,
"THY WILL BE DONE!"

Where'er through life my path may lead,
In sunshine or in gloom;
Though thorns should every step impede—
How dark soe'er my doom;
Oh, never may I dare contend
Against the Holy One!
But whisper, as I lowly bend,
"THY WILL BE DONE."

But how are we to account for this happy change in the circumstances of Mrs. Lemand? To enable the reader to understand it fully, he must go back with us to the sick chamber, which we left rather abruptly. We mentioned that Mr. Herbert took a deep interest in the welfare of the family, and made an offer of his friendship. He was one of those characters with whom one feels at home on a short acquaintance. We have all met with such in our intercourse with the world—men who win our confidence almost at first sight. Strangers though they are, the heart, as it were, goes out to meet them, and by a sort of spiritual magnetism, the affections become cemented in the solid bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Lemand's sickness continued for some weeks, and her recovery was slow. In the frequent visits of Herbert—and they were not all professional—he learned the history of his patient. This knowledge added to the interest he felt for the mother and daughter; and he determined in his own mind to restore them, if possible, to their former comfortable situation. We will not say that it was friendship alone that prompted him. If he had another motive, however, it will appear.

One morning, about six weeks after his introduction, he called rather early and unexpectedly. He apologised for his unwonted visit, by stating that he hoped he was the bearer of good tidings. Mrs. Lemand, who had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, smilingly remarked—

"If your tidings are *very* good, as a judicious physician you will break them to us gently, for we have been so long used to adversity, that, like light to the recovered blind, sudden joy might be injurious."

"One who can bear suffering so well need not fear from such a cause," replied Herbert. "But I am as much in the dark as yourself—here is what will solve the mystery;" and he handed Mrs. L. a packet, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post mark. "On looking over the papers," continued he, "I noticed an old advertisement, stating that there was a valuable letter in the Post Office, directed to Mrs. Ellen Lemand. I took the liberty of calling for it,—now for the mystery!"

Mrs. Lemand hastily broke the seal, and glanced over the letter. It fell from her hands, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "This is indeed good news,"—she exclaimed in an excited voice—"unexpected news! Read the letter, Ellen—aloud, that I may not be mistaken—that our friend may share with us in joy—if, indeed, I do not dream!"

Ellen took up the letter, and read as follows:

Weymouth, England, January 17, 18—.

MY DEAR MADAM—It becomes my duty, as executor to my lamented friend, your late uncle, William Rakeby, Esq., who died on the 30th ult, to inform you that he has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to you the sum of £5000, as a testimony of respect for your late mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thorndike.

I am, madam, very respectfully,
Your obd't serv't,
HENRY JAMESON.

"This is indeed good news!" said Herbert, springing from his seat and clasping a hand of the mother and daughter. "Permit me to give you joy—heartfelt joy, on the occasion!"

The reader must imagine the feelings of Mrs. Lemand and Ellen—thus raised, as they were, from the depths of poverty to independence. The legacy was in due time received from England. Mrs. Lemand procured another residence, and with a truly grateful heart, prepared to enjoy the blessings so unexpectedly allotted her.

Physicians' horses have a wonderful faculty, it is said, of remembering the houses of their master's patients. At any rate, for a long time the doctor would have to pull the off rein, when passing by the obscure street, down which the animal had daily been accustomed to trot. Nor was it long before his nag was wont to prick up his ears and pass with a brisker gait up a certain other street; for, with an instinctive sagacity, the noble beast knew that a longer call than usual was made on a certain *patient*, in a certain house. Indeed, at a particular hour in the day, he invariably bent his steps to that quarter. So accustomed had he been to the practice, that one day, at the usual hour, he started off on his own account with an empty chaise. When the doctor found the horse was missing, knowing, perhaps, his nature, better than the groom, he did not trouble himself about the elopement, but proceeded to call upon the aforesaid patient. There stood the animal, sure enough, at the accustomed spot, safe and sound, leisurely pawing the ground as usual. Herbert parried the jokes good humoredly played upon him by Mrs. Lemand, as he best could. It was a marvel, to her, she said, that the doctor's horse should have such a liking to that particular post before her door—and she appealed to Ellen to solve the mystery.

This very act of the horse hastened an event which his master had long brooded over. When Ellen was

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appealed to, she left the room in some confusion. Her mother continued to banter Herbert, declaring she should not consider herself bound to pay a fee for every visit the horse took it into his his head to make. She should surely protest the bill, if the doctor charged for every call.

"This is what troubles me," said Herbert, with more emotion than the occasion seemed to require,—"I fear you will not allow my charges. Yet—" and he hesitated in some confusion—"yet—madam—I will make bold to present the bill." And he seated himself at the table, and scribbled on a piece of paper as follows—

"Mrs. Ellen Lemand to Dr. Charles Herbert—Dr.
For — family visits, $ — —
Received payment in full *by her daughter's hand.*
CHARLES HERBERT."

"If this is allowed," said he, as he handed Mrs. L. the paper, "my hopes are sealed."

She glanced her eye over it, and then, with a flushed countenance, and quivering lip, took the pen and wrote on the back of the paper—

"ACCEPTED, WITH ELLEN'S CONSENT!"

And Ellen? Why, she was a dutiful child, and—ratified the bargain!

THE PLAGUE IN ROME.

BY MRS. E. A. LEAVENS.

"'Rightful lord!' the Plague is lord of all now."—*E. L. Bulwer.*

'Tis morn o'er the land of the olive and vine—
The leaf trembles not in the zephyr's light breath;
'Tis a stillness portentous—an ill-omened sign
Of the nation's destroyer—the *angel of death!*

All deserted and void are those beautiful plains,
Where late sang the peasant to lighten his toil;
None living are left to weep o'er the remains
Of the victims of plague—the dread conqueror's spoil.

But *thou*, "City Eternal," a yet deeper curse,
And a deadlier doom, is on record for thee;
Thy nobles are smitten, becchino* and hearse
Are the herald and pomp of the proudest in thee.

In palace and cottage alike is the scourge,
The lord and his vassal alike are its prey;
The gold-broidered mantle—the friar's rude serge
In the dark vault are mingled—each shrouding decay.

All ties are forgotten—friend thinks not of friend;
None heed but the way from contagion to fly.
Love—even maternal—is now at an end,
And the plague-stricken babe is abandoned to die.

In yon princely mansion a banquet is spread,
And the bright wine is poured for illustrious guests;
But beauty and knighthood are laid with the dead,
And, unhonored, the host in the charnel-house rests.

And see, here a hall for the dance was prepared,
So recent, the garlands have scarce lost their bloom,
But the festive are not—destruction hath spared
Nor joyous, nor youthful—they lie in the tomb.

Such wert thou, proud city, when o'er thee had swept
Resistless and mighty the pestilence dread;
When thy chivalry perished by kindred unwept,
And thy title was written, "The place of the dead."

* Becchino, one who buried the dead.

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A FEW THOUGHTS

ON THE

IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

In the present state of improvement and general information, it is presumed that no one will deny the importance of societies for the promotion of literature and philosophy. It is well known that where the votaries of learning and science convene and communicate the fruits of their research, a stimulus is applied, and a corresponding progress is made in all that polishes the intellect of man and gives elevation to his mental character. There is a temporary communication of genius—an impelling power—which propels men in their intellectual progress. All feel a common enthusiasm in a noble cause, and if the impulse is often renewed, all under its influence make rapid advancement. An influence is sent forth from this central point which is felt in every portion of the surrounding community. An increased spirit of literary and philosophical enterprise is engendered which tends to the development of those powers with which man is endowed. Acknowledging the beneficial effects of such institutions, we should adopt the best possible means for permanently establishing them and insuring their prosperity.

The primary object, then, not only to perpetuate and multiply these associations, but also otherwise to diffuse knowledge in general, should be to lay a durable foundation, by establishing an adequate number of good elementary schools—we need a system that will make education cheap, so as to bring it within the reach of every industrious man. We need schools dispersed throughout the country, at which the instruction given will be to excite our youth to acquire more extended knowledge—where such a taste will be afforded as to excite a vehement desire for more—to inspire them with the "spirit of a youth determined to be of note."

A man fitted for his office by temper and attainment can generally rouse the minds of apt and ingenuous pupils, and enkindle in them a thirst for knowledge when seconded by a paternal coadjuvancy; but where shall an adequate supply of competent teachers be obtained—surely not from the petty institutions denominated old field schools—there would our national improvement be retarded. We should look to well conducted academies and colleges, and they should be patronised. Academies where boys are kept under closer inspection than is possible at college—where they are disciplined for college studies—are of great value. By such means as these would our youth be prepared for the fulfilment of the noble designs of our ancestors and the full fruition of liberty, and at the same time appreciate the advantages arising from literary and philosophical associations. What a propitious circumstance it is for them, while surrounded by temptation, to have acquired a taste for literature—to have at hand facilities for pure and high enjoyments—to hold converse with minds that have adorned human nature, and have dignified the character of man as an intellectual being?

This converse with the minds of such great benefactors of mankind is indubitably a powerful safeguard to character. He surely needs not an extrinsic stimulus to animate his spirits and capacitate him to endure the tediousness of time, who can rouse his mind and gratify his taste by such means as are to be found in the magazine of literature. Those who love books, and delight in literature generally, have interests and feelings in common. It is well known that an inseparable connection exists between mental improvement and national prosperity. "Knowledge is power."

History attests the assertion that a wane of literature is one of the most certain presages to national decay. The fate of Greece and Rome avouch the verity of this, and an increased attention to education was hailed as a happy prognostic that modern Greece was rising to shake off the fetters of oppression. Indeed, a degree of intellectual elevation is necessary to capacitate a nation for the enjoyment of liberty. A vicious and ignorant people are not qualified for self-government—ergo, they can not be free.

They who depend on the government of others, are the slaves. It is necessary, then, for the prosperity of the republic, that mind should be cultivated and improved, that when wise and faithful men have made wholesome laws, the people should be qualified to see the necessity of them, to understand them, and to feel the propriety of obeying them. Now, if these things are so—such societies must render great service to the country by exciting in the bosom of the members a spirit of literary and philosophical acquirement. Considering philosophy as conversant with material things, what a vast field for research is opened to us. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms all afford wonderful opportunities for the researches of the philosopher—the discoveries in which not only gratify curiosity, but meet the interest of man. Science is subsidiary to industry, and it provides national wealth. Watt has done more in diminishing distance and facilitating commerce than myriads of unskilled mechanics. The citizens of different states are thus made to feel their affinity, and the bands of union are strengthened. It would perhaps be superfluous to dwell on the numerous advantages derived from

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various philosophical applications. The power and influence of knowledge are seen by the knowing and reflecting. It is known that vice and ignorance generally pave the way to despotism and slavery. It is our duty, then, to unite in the promotion of virtue and science. We should endeavor to fulfil the designs and grand conceptions of our magnanimous forefathers—in which event, America will stand forth a bright and glorious example to other nations J. M. F.

Virginia.

STANZAS.

(Written for a Literary Association on the Commencement of a new Session.)

BY C. W. THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

"Once more upon the waters—yet once more"
Our little bark is usher'd forth to sea—
The winds are hush'd—the storm has ceas'd its roar,
And every zephyr breathes of amity.
So be it now—so ever let it be—
Peace is so sweet, why should it not remain?—
Thus o'er the waters may we calmly flee,
Nor dark dissention lift her voice again,
To mar our banner fair with her unwelcome strain.

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more"
The bounding bark goes forth upon the deep,
Again the rower hangs upon his oar,
And wakes the tranquil ocean's silent sleep.
He, who delights his heritage to keep,
Has shadow'd us with his protecting wing,
From the black pestilence that loves to creep
In darkness,—and the thousand ills that spring
Along the road of life to serve death's tyrant king.

Our bark is launch'd again—our sails are spread—
Our streamers floating fairly in the wind—
The sky is blue and cloudless over head,
And blue the lessening shore we leave behind.
Is the crew number'd?—see if we shall find
All that we named when last our course was run,
And to our summer haven we inclin'd.
Yes—all who then beheld the mounting sun,
Look still upon his broad and burning disk,—save one.

Save *one* alone, and he has gone to rest
Where the sun never shines, nor day beams break,
His is the slumber which no dreams molest,
From which e'en stern ambition cannot wake.
How peaceful sleep the dead—the dead who make
Their calm and tranquil beds low in the ground!
Where the dark storms of passion that so shake
This feeble state of man, are no more found,
But silence, long and deep, holds government around.

There slumbers undisturbed, all that could die
Of him, who thus in solemn guise we mourn;
Autumn will come in beauty to the eye,
But never to its shades can he return.
Winter shall follow with his icy urn
Heap'd high with snows—to cast upon his mound,
Blithe spring shall come upon his footsteps stern,
And summer spread her roseate wreaths around,—
While still he lies at rest beneath the verdant ground.

But in the realms of everlasting day
We trust his spirit now in freedom soars,
Where ransom'd from its tenement of clay,
It mounts, exults, expatiates, and adores.
O! for a ray of glory, such as pours
Around the throne of Him, who dwells on high!
Thought cannot reach the joy of heavenly shores,
Words cannot paint the raptures of the sky,—
None know the bliss of heaven—but only those who die.

And thou art fled—thou who in days gone by
We oft have met in social conclave here;—
Forgive the feeble tribute of a sigh
From one who knew thy virtues to revere;
Thy fresh grave own'd full many a falling tear
From those who lov'd thee fondly here below,—
To whom even now thy spirit still is dear,
More dear than any human heart can know,
Save one that has been taught such bitterness of wo.

Peace to thy ashes!—they who knew thee best
Can best embalm thy memory in their sighs—
Men may forget where thou art laid at rest,
But oft of thee a sober thought shall rise.
Peace to thy ashes!—let no heart despise
If thine was but a small and humble frame;
Virtue is worth more, in impartial eyes,
Than many a brighter and more lofty claim,
That lifts itself upon the "magic of a name!"

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

(Continued from Page 46.)

CHAPTER IV.

To some 'tis given to strive,
To all is given dark care;
To some 'tis said "Rejoice,"
To all 'tis said "Beware."
Crawford.

The two next years of my life were spent in travelling restlessly about Europe. A thousand conflicting passions were battling within my bosom with a vehemence which forbade repose. I dreaded to look within, and call before my mind the harrowing events which tortured my memory. Whenever I recurred for a moment to former times, I felt stung in my inmost soul; and from these frequent goadings of the spirit, I found no escape but in moving rapidly from place to place, and occupying my attention with the thousand small interests that necessarily engage a voyager. The incessant change of objects, the examination of impressive monuments of art, and the contemplation of grand and beautiful scenery, diverted my feelings in some measure from the one painful subject which pressed always upon them; but still, amid all the engrossments which I could contrive for myself, I felt that I was alone. My utmost efforts to project my thoughts into the cares of the present and the prospects of the future, could not always prevent that predominance of the past, which assured me of the utter vanity of all that remained for me in life. In sleep, especially, I was harassed, not through the medium of dreams, but by a corporeal sense of nervous oppression, which often startled me from slumber, with a momentary belief that madness was upon me. When once disturbed in this way, the terror was renewed as often as I relapsed into forgetfulness, and on such occasions I was compelled to pace my chamber till dawn, with a rapidity that drove away the ascendancy of mental fears, or to call up some of my attendants, that companionship and conversation on commonplace affairs might tranquilize my spirit from visionary agitation, and withdraw my consciousness from the infinite solitude in which it had been lost, and to press forward on the following morning into the realities of nature, or mingle in the business of the actual world.

Beranger, in representing it in "Le Juif Errant," as the deepest curse of the eternal wanderer, that he was driven ceaselessly before a whirlwind, and Beckford, in describing it as the doom of Carathis, that she was compelled with a heart of flame "à courir pour ne plus s'arreter, ni goûter un moment de repos," have been alike guilty of a great departure from the truth of nature. In either case, the mind was the seat of torment, and to a breast scourged with the lashes, whether of guilt or regret, driving before the tempest were the best relief; the punishment should have been everlasting rest. Shakspeare, the inerrant, has rightly shown us Lear as eased by his wanderings over the moor, and tasting an uncouth pleasure in the tumult of the storm.

It was on a fine, fresh day in the beginning of summer, that I crossed the Julian Alps from Lombardy, on my way to Upper Austria. A soft west wind was blowing, and the deep blue sky was piled with ranges of white pillowy clouds, which rose in substantial grandeur, as if to mock, by their resemblance, the imputed permanance of the lofty hills. We had passed the summit of the ridge, and were beginning to descend on the other side, when a lovely little valley upon the left rose upon my sight. I paused for a moment to look upon its pure and light green grass, and to contemplate the beautiful repose which rested upon it. As I gazed, its pleasantness impressed upon me a kindliness of feeling which had long been a stranger to my bosom, and a faint gush of love welled softly from my heart. I felt inclined once more to converse with the gentle thoughts and sentiments which had so long been aliens to my breast; and now, for the first time, the memory of my cousin and her fate, occurred to me with a sweet tenderness, divested of the bitter harshness which had before surrounded it. I dismounted from my horse, and sending the attendants forward to wait for me at the foot of the hill, walked on through the valley.

It terminated by an abrupt and deep descent after a short distance, and the brilliant and endless landscape of Tyrol was before me. The distant peaks rose far above the lower clouds, and their white caps were scarcely distinguishable from them; the blue of the sky shaded itself through the darker blue of the distant hills into the green of the adjacent woods, and the heavens and the earth together seemed one vast amphitheatre. As reposing on the soft turf, I contemplated this superb display, the majesty of nature and the quiet of the sky passed into "my purer mind with tranquil restoration." I looked back on the events of the past years with a manlier and a juster appreciation than I had before attained. Till now it was the conduct of Harford which had chiefly rested in my thoughts, and irritated me so madly; that now faded from my memory, and the inward strife which it had kindled subsided. Hitherto, also, I had considered my cousin with a certain feeling of alienation, corresponding to the relation which we had last held to one another; now I viewed her as conscious of the truth, and of my fidelity, and smiling upon me in re-

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newed affection. As her chaste spirit now shed its holy influence on my heart, I wept in silent tenderness,—not with sorrow, but in sympathy,—"a soft dejection, a transparent tear." I rose amended and strengthened,—calm from the convulsive passions which had torn my bosom, and erect from the sad depression in which I had for two years been humbled. Awed by the mighty dignity of nature, I felt ashamed of that selfishness which had so long involved me in mere consideration of my own griefs and wrongs; I felt how unworthy is any system which limits interests to our own bosom, and how unwise is that weakness which loses a moment in regret. "I will mingle again," said I, as my native energy, so long slumbering, again made my eye to flash and my lip to quiver, "I will mingle again in the action of the active world I will forget my petty sorrows in the interests of states and the concerns of mankind. I will contribute something to the grand system of enterprise by which man and nations are arrayed, and led on to memorable deeds. I will again be a man."

I descended the mountain, and continued my journey towards Vienna. My way lay through the dominions of the duke of Rosenburg, a prince once powerful, but whose territories were now reduced, by the policy and arms of the emperor, to less than half of their former extent. It was on a fine cool morning that we passed through the forest of Gratz, on the borders of the duke's possessions. The sound of horns occasionally heard echoing about the hills, indicated that there were huntsmen in the woods, and I thought it possible that the duke himself was engaged in this pastime. In a few minutes a young man, plainly dressed in a tight hunting coat, rode up.

"You have seen nothing of the boar in this quarter?" said he.

"Nothing," said I. "He is more likely to have taken to the hills above."

"I think so," replied the other, joining me in the leisurely pace at which I was riding. "The duke roused a peculiarly noble animal this morning, but we have scoured this part of the forest without getting sight of him again. He must have crossed the hills, and, in that case, the sport is done for to-day."

"The duke is fond of the chase, I believe."

"For want of any thing better to do. But you may be sure, that if his highness* found it practicable to engage in any thing better, he would not waste his time in this barbarous and barbarizing sport."

"I should think," said I, "that as long as his dominions are covered by forests like these, and peopled with such savages as I have hitherto met, the duke would be at no loss for objects to employ his attention. There is nothing either in things or men which does not require improvement."

"You say true, every thing is to be done; but how to do it is the question. A man cannot work without tools. The tools of a statesman are active, intelligent men; none such are to be found, for the whole country is brutified. If the duke were to attempt to put in operation any of the many plans of improvement which I know he contemplates, his first and strongest opposition would be in his own household."

"If a man wants tools, he can make them, or he can do without them. I know no possible condition of things, in which a cool head and a strong heart cannot triumph, if it wills it."

"A prince, here," said the other, "is the slave of circumstances. Immemorial custom has petrified around him, and shut him up in a cage of stone. His privileges are compulsory, his rights are duties, his powers are fetters."

"Circumstances are rocks under which a weak man hides, and which a strong man scales and carves his statue on the top. If circumstances cannot be conquered, they may be directed. If the river cannot be stopped, it may be sent into a new channel. All that either the statesman or the mechanic wants, is power; the operation of that power he can prescribe himself. If custom and circumstances have a power on people, that power may be used for any end. I am a native of England, a country in which the art of managing men is better understood than in any other in the world. The method there is, not to give the people new dispositions, but to take advantage of their old ones—not to instil good principles, but to turn the bad ones to account—in a word, not to change the wind, but to turn the rudder. The secret of success there, is to identify a cause with the natural interests or the prevailing passions of the people. Under shelter of this, adverse details may be introduced, as the fish swallows the hook for the sake of the bait."

"That," said the stranger, "is practicable where great and steady passions are in action, which, having been once tried, may again be calculated upon. Here there is nothing to grapple with."

"If a nation has a soul it may be employed; if it has none, one may be put into it. There is a remedy for every national defect. If a people are dull and apathetic, war is the natural remedy. If they are servile and degraded, privileges, valuable on the one hand and safe on the other, will give them dignity and self-respect. If they are predatory in inclination, the possession of property will teach them its value. Thus for all diseases you may provide a cure. But the difficulty is, that those countries which want this wisdom, have not the experience which has taught it to others; one possesses the knowledge, and another has occasion for its exercise. It is the part of wisdom in politics to make observations rather than experiments, and if these princes could profit by the example of older kingdoms, or if one imbued with the spirit, and familiar with the tactic of an active nation, could direct the measures of these sovereigns, the union would be blessed for the latter. Light is combination, and so is truth and power."

"You say well," said my companion, stopping his horse as we arrived at a small road which turned off from the main one; "the duke, I am sure, will be glad to see you. Stop at his castle as you ride by. I have your promise?"

"Certainly."

* The title of an Austrian Duke corresponds to "Highness," not "Grace," as in England.

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"Good morning," and he cantered off, and was soon out of sight.

It was on the following afternoon, that after riding for some time through a clear and cultivated country, I entered a deep and sombre woods. One of my attendants had ridden forward to announce my approach to the castle of the duke, and the rest had lagged behind till they were now out of sight. In a few minutes more, I heard a loud noise in front of me, and stopping my horse, I distinguished it to proceed from the clashing of swords. I spurred forward, and after passing a turn on the road, saw a young man engaged in defending himself with great gallantry from the assault of three large and powerful men, who from their dress and appearance I at once judged to be robbers The sword of the person attacked was broken, and though his skill in wielding the fragment which remained in his hand protected him from a blow, it was clear that he must soon be overpowered. I drew both my pistols, and, riding up, discharged one of them at the man who was most closely engaged with the traveller. The ball struck him in the arm, and he drew back at once. I then put the other pistol in the hands of the stranger, and drew the enormous sabre with which I always travelled, just in time to ward off a blow which another of the party had aimed at my head. Before I could give effect to the stroke which I directed against him in return, the whole gang galloped off and disappeared in different directions through the forest.

"To your bravery I am indebted for my life," said the stranger, extending his hand cordially to me, and I now recognized him to be the person whom I had accidentally met in the forest on the preceding morning, "and you shall find that if the duke of Rosenberg is inferior to the English in enterprize and skill, he is in no degree inferior to them in gratitude."

"I sincerely trust that your Highness is not wounded," said I.

"Not in the least, thanks to your opportune arrival. But I had a narrow escape, for, not imagining that the audacity of these rogues would suggest an attack upon me within a mile of my own castle, I was provided with a weapon utterly incompetent to the uses of defence. But come, you must be fatigued with your journey; we had better lose no time in reaching the castle. This country," continued the duke, as we galloped rapidly along, "has long been infested with robbers, and the small power which the condescension of the emperor permits me to maintain, has hitherto been insufficient to check their lawlessness; but we had better resign all into his paternal hands, than hold a power which cannot ensure our safety out of sight of our residence. The matter, one way or other, must be reformed, and I am in hopes that your counsels may suggest some effective plan. But here we are at the castle, and we will talk over these things more at leisure."

The castle of the duke of Rozenburg was a fine specimen of the old feudal domicile, and its size and strength indicated that it had once been the head of a power which was not wont to fear the depredations of freebooters. The duke sounded a blast on a small horn which he wore at his neck, and the large gate opened. We passed through a file of armed attendants into a noble hall, of which the appointments showed that if the power of the duke of Rozenburg had dwindled with the lapse of time, no decline had been permitted in its feudal state.

"Our steward will show you to your apartment," said the duke, instinctively assuming the plural personality, which the lesser and the greater sovereigns of Germany alike adopt, and which belongs to all potentates, whether regal or reviewal. "When you have rested, we shall crave the pleasure of your company to supper in our own apartment."

The *major domo* accordingly ushered me, with the most obsequious dignity, into a vast apartment, which he informed me was uniformly reserved for guests of the highest consideration. "The chamber which his highness has allotted to you," he added, as he commenced an interminable series of obeisances, "has also the advantage of adjoining to the library of the castle, in which you will doubtless find many works of the greatest interest."

When I had refreshed myself by a lavation, and surveyed the Gothic grandeur of the room, I turned with some curiosity to the library which had been extolled in such attractive language. I found it to be a small room, containing about a hundred volumes upon one side, and covered on the others with parchment records and deeds of feoffment. The books were chiefly histories of the German states and princes, and I amused myself in turning them over, till the steward came to summon me to supper. We passed down through the great hall, where the attendants of the castle were carousing with my own servants, into a fine room in the wing of the building, where the duke was sitting, with no other company than an abominably ugly dwarf.

"You and I, Mr. Pulteney," said the duke, as we seated ourselves at the rich and lordly board, "are, you know, of the same Teutonic stock, and I believe that your nation retains the flavor of its northern blood, both in its fondness for the chase, and in its inability to transact any business without the inspiration of a dinner or a supper. The fortunes of the hunt led to our acquaintance, and the wine-board shall complete the renewal of that kindred nationality which has so long been severed."

"I take it," said I, "to be the high and peculiar boast of the Gothic nations, that they alone of all the races of mankind are capable of rising to the just and earnest worship of the god of wine. The Greek could sip his mild Chian pleasantly, as with his brows rose-wreathed and languid, he reposed in the arms of his mistress; and the Roman could temper with his dark Falernian the ardors of politics, or mellow the dryness of philosophy, with his strong-bodied Massic; but the 'sublime energy of conviviality,' the deep and soul-enkindling quaffings of the cup, belong only to the blood of the Northmen. Wherever the Latin race has mingled itself with the Gothic, the same inferiority has attached itself. The Italians and Spanish are dead to the enchantment of the grape, and the French Bacchic poetry sounds like a shout whistled through a

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straw. In all these cases, wine is extolled as an accessory to love or conversation; the wild *abandon* of bacchanality—the adoration of the goblet for the wine—of the wine for the god of wine—is denied to all but the native of the forest. All the southern festive chants are more or less exotic; the true drinking song is essentially and exclusively northern."

"Distinctions of that kind, I imagine," said the duke, "run through the whole moral and intellectual character of the two races, and may be detected in most of their monuments"

"They are especially discoverable in their architecture and religion—two things which a nation rarely borrows, and never without modification. The Greek and Latin mind was fond of the definite, the sensuous, and the precise; it held to the apparent and the known; it rested in the external. The Gothic spirit, nurtured in uncoped forests, and cradled amid shadows and concealment, longed always for the vast, the undefined, and incomprehensive; it craved communion with the spiritual and unseen; it sought even the inward and mysterious. The Greek temple, accordingly, is regular and complete; it expresses the whole idea which it contains; the Gothic cathedral is aspiring, unrestricted, and indistinct. In one, the effects of form are studied; in the other, the impression of spirit predominates; the one is the complacent shaping of a learned artist; the other, the dark utterance of a poet, restless with the movings of an immortal soul, and charged with the uneasy inspirations of undeveloped life. In the creed of the people, the same thing appears. The gods of the Greeks had finite forms; their genealogy was known, their character and functions were all settled. The god of the Goths was an infinite spirit, inconceivable in origin, unfathomable in nature. The Christian religion, a religion of mysteries, was preached to the Greeks, and was rejected by them; it was planted painfully and slowly among the Romans; it spread like the unchained wind among the Goths, and never became national but among them. Mark now the ineffaceable distinctions of race. The southern nations at once materialized their religion; first by the erection of a human representative and vicegerent of God; afterwards, by image-worship, saint-worship, and the prominent adoration of the human mother of God; and among them the reformation has never prevailed. The north, in the palmiest hour of Popery, was always Protestant, that is, immaterial, in feeling and doctrine, however Catholic it may have been in government; and the trumpet of Luther was a blast of the forest, and its echo died away there. The antagonist characteristics of society in the east and the west are also developed in the history of religion. The Goths were domestic, and Christianity, a religion of peace and union, was adapted to them. The Arabs, the Saracens, and adjoining nations, were lawless, wild, and haughty, and the proud and fierce religion of the crescent suited them. In those eastern lands in which the cross had been established, it was wholly and permanently subverted by the Mahometans; and that defeat has been the marvel of the pious, who have not considered that a social religion must necessarily yield to an anti-social one, among an anti-social people."

"Those natural differences have not been so much studied as they ought to be," said the duke. "They might be of infinite value to the statesman."

"The appreciation of them is the foundation of politics, and the failure of every political scheme may be attributed to the neglect of them. One nation is distinguished from another of the same origin by variations similar to those which divide one race from another. The love of popular privilege which belongs to the extreme west, takes, in France, the form of love of equality; in England, of liberty; in America, of both liberty and equality. Smaller differences, I presume, run down through every district, shire and town in each nation. But the grand distinction in European nations is that of north and south, and in every reform must be kept in sight. The south must be regenerated on the plan of France under Napoleon: one member supreme, all under it, equal. The north must be revived on the model of England, by a pyramidal system of descending classes, distinct but united, like the orders in a Palladian palace, and each having privileges in inverse proportion to the number which constitutes the class. For this distinction is to be taken, that though the south accepted the form of feudality, the north only, that is, England and Germany, was imbued with its spirit. And the principle of the feudal system was personal freedom and social connection—the independence of the individual, and the subordination of the rank. The baron was the subject of the king, but his castle was his throne; the peasant was the subject of the baron, but his cottage was his sanctuary. These dependencies were easily maintained in war, for they were its support. The danger was that they would decline in peace; they were only to be preserved in peace by the appointment of civil institutions which should be german to the feudal spirit. This, in England, was done by the fiction of land tenures, which led to courts, baron and leet, and by the trial by jury, which is the Maxima Charta of British liberty. The English, you observe, did not want equality, but independence; and the rights of the people among them, though rights of inferiority, were equally definite with those of the nobility, and for purposes of distinction equally valuable. If Germany is ever raised up, it must be by establishing a pacific system cognate with the feudal; it must be by following the English plan, moderated, of course, from its present development; the cord must be the same, but the key lower. Your highness will pardon the native freedom with which I speak."

"Your remark is striking, and, I have no doubt, just," replied the duke. "It is, I suspect, from the want of fit civil institutions that the feudal relations of emperor, baron, and peasant, have got, among us, so hopelessly entangled. The evils of this district, however, are accidental. The encroachments of the emperor have broken the mesne sovereignties, and the peasantry suffers in consequence. I have inherited from my ancestors the obligations of a prince, and from my father, the power of a private gentleman It will be a long task to restore the balance. But we must not be gloomy; come, Benedict, a northman's song!"

The dwarf, thus designated, rolled his large eyes in

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silence between myself and the duke several times, and then struck up a loud and spirited chant.

As I reclined in my deep and high Gothic chair, before a table heaped up with the best juices of the Rhenish vineyards, and echoed, with the duke, the wild chorus of the dwarf's song, the sense of a new sort of existence came upon me. A mode of life opened before me, diverse utterly from what I had before known; and so wearied was I of the dullness of English feelings, that I was gladdened by the prospect of mingling for some time in these novel impressions.

The remainder of the evening was passed in gay conviviality, and when I rose to retire, the duke informed me of his intention of visiting me in the morning, in my own room. The steward told me that a fire had been kindled in "the library," the larger room, it seemed, disdaining the degradation of a fire-place.

"Well," thought I, as I seated myself before the fire in the duke's hopeful young vatican, "I have dropped into a situation that admits of important action, and it shall not be my fault if I do not turn matters here to some account. We shall see what a cool and practised Englishman can do among the tardy and selfish princes of Germany. The day on which the duke of Rosenburg encountered Henry Pulteney may be a momentous one for the fortunes of both. But I must acquaint myself a little with the history of these people."

I took down a volume containing a history of the house of Rozenburg, and spent an hour or two in the study of its contents. As I read on, I came to a part of the book in which two or three leaves had been turned down, and the appearance of the pages indicated that it had been frequently read. It contained an account of Casimir, twelfth duke of Rozenburg, who had, upon some quarrel with the emperor, thrown off his allegiance, and during the whole of his life resisted the attempts to subdue him. Under his son, the imperial forces had conquered and sacked the castle. It immediately struck me that these leaves must have been turned down by the present duke, and if so, the circumstance indicated a kindred disposition with his rebellious ancestor.

"That," said I, "is the passion I will work on. We will re-enact the drama of Casimir, and the emperor and his satellite shall find their equal. The manner must be left to the coming on of time; but the clue to action is gained. A keen eye and a calm pulse may welcome difficulty, and laugh at danger."

The duke came into my room on the following morning, and we talked for some time on various subjects. I led him, at length, to give me an account of the position of his own dominions, and their relation to those of his neighbors.

"This extensive district," said he, tracing its limits upon the map, "which, as you see, is nearly surrounded by mountains, was formerly divided in nearly equal proportion between four princes, who generally spent their time in fighting with one another, and disputing with the emperor about the taxes which he occasionally required. About thirty years ago, a subsidy of unusual magnitude was demanded, and all of them refused to pay it. An army immediately entered their dominions, and the dissensions of the princes keeping them from uniting, they were easily conquered in detail. To prevent the recurrence of future difficulties, the dominions of all were divided, and four new dukedoms erected, and given to persons in whom the emperor had confidence. Since then, matters have gone on very quietly, and we have gained, by the loss of half our hereditary territory, the necessity of paying whatever subsidies the emperor may request."

"There was no Casimir," said I, "to beard the imperial majesty, and vindicate the just privileges of his house."

"No!" exclaimed the duke, and his eye flashed and his hand was clenched as he spoke; "but if I had been living then, the emperor should have had a seat on Minos's bench, sooner than he should have entered the gates of this castle."

"Does it occur to your highness," said I, "that it is not too late yet to resist the supremacy of Vienna?"

"Unfortunately, we are all alienated from one another by feuds which have stood too long ever to be removed. Could all unite, something might be done, but that is impossible."

"Supposing that such an union could be effected, your highness would join in any offensive measures against the emperor that might be deemed prudent?"

"Of course, most gladly."

"Then, my lord duke, I promise that if I may make honorable employment of your name, every one of these men shall sign a treaty of friendship and enmity, as strict and complete as you can desire."

"My excellent friend, you know not what you are undertaking. The duke of Holza is indolent and contented, the count Harslan unapproachably proud, and prince Wilstein my most bitter enemy."

"By virtue of every one of these qualities they shall be your friends. Only give me such an evidence of your disposition in the matter, as I may show to them, and I engage for the fulfillment of what I have said."

In two days I was on my way to the duke of Holza. I reached his residence on the next morning, and found him on horseback at the gate of his castle. I made myself known to him as an Englishman who was travelling to Vienna. He received me with courtesy and kindness.

"I am just on the point of setting off on the chase, and it will give me pleasure if you will join us, although I can promise you no nobler quarry to-day than the stag."

I accepted his offer with thanks, and we set out together. We had been riding about an hour when the keen eye of the duke discovered another deer crouching behind a small eminence, at some distance to the right.

"It is an old law of the chase in this forest," said he, "always to bring down the animal which is first started; but in compliment to you, I will break through the rule, and send my attendants on, while, with a couple of dogs, you and I will rouse this sleepy fellow on the hill."

We accordingly left the train, and rode aside on this fresh scent. About noon, we came to a low range of

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hills, and the stag, nearly exhausted, was toiling up the steep to escape on the other side.

"Those hills," said the duke, "were once in the centre of my domains; they now form their boundary. It is a bitter thing to give up that deer, but I disdain to encroach upon ground which is another's, and if he goes over we must stop."

We reined in our horses, and watched the result The dogs were just upon him as we saw him gain the summit, and spring forward into the opposite valley.

"You may thank the emperor, my antlered lad," said the duke, "for the wholeness of your velvet skin," and he at once whistled back the dogs. "I have ridden, Mr. Pulteney, when I was a boy," said he, "for two days together, on the other side of these hills, and I fancy that my father and myself are the only dukes of Holza that ever knew what it was to be stopped in the chase by the barriers of territory."

"This dismemberment of the old sovereignties was a high-handed measure," said I.

"I have no objection," replied the duke, "to pay any subsidies the emperor may desire, because the defence of the empire may call for them; but to be deprived of the ability of following a stag as far as I please, is galling."

"Is it quite impossible to restore these matters to their former footing?" inquired I.

"Oh! entirely. Singly, nothing of course can be done, and these dukes hate one another so cordially that they will never join in any thing but battle. I should be glad to do any thing, for I despise animosity, and as long as I can hunt as far as I like, I ask for nothing more; but Rozenburg and Harslan, and the rest, are so impracticable about their honor, and their dignity, and such fooleries, that we shall have to stand just where we are."

"As regards the duke of Rozenburg," said I, "I am confident that there is no unwillingness to co-operate. Nay, I can assure you that he is anxious for an agreement, and only doubts your inclination."

"If that were so," said the duke, "there would be but little difficulty; but are you not mistaken?"

"I will convince your highness of the truth of what I say," and I put the writing which the duke of Rozenburg had given me, into his hands.

"You will perceive," said I, "that the duke has done me the honor to employ my services as mediator between your highness and himself; and there can be no danger of failure, if your highness will signify a willingness to meet the other princes at an appointed time and place, and give your signature to a treaty of union, for the election of new dukes, the re-distribution of the old possessions, and the maintenance of this division against the emperor."

The duke readily assented to this proposal.

"I will give you my written promise to that effect when we reach the castle," said he, "and I heartily wish you success. I will give you a letter to Harslan, and you may succeed in that quarter, but I am afraid of Wilstein; he is as crafty as a fox, and hates Rozenburg fiercely."

Early the next morning I set off for count Harslan's. I had little doubt of carrying my purpose throughout, for I knew that all must secretly be wishing a reconciliation, and would come into any scheme which promised to attain that object without any sacrifice of dignity. Pride and passion might tend to keep them apart, but interest drew them together; and a steady principle like the latter, will always prevail over an irregular impulse, though this be the stronger.

Count Harslan met me with politeness, but with considerable coldness and reserve. He had a portly and commanding figure, and *hauteur* was stamped on every feature of his face. By the influence of all the art which I possessed, and under the consciousness that he was conversing with a stranger, his reserve gradually melted, and he talked with freedom and openness. I quickly perceived that deep bitterness was behind his loftiness, and that pride was with him as it is with many, the refuge of a wounded spirit. In the afternoon, I put my arm in his, and we walked into his picture gallery.

"The contemplation of an array of ancestors like this," said I, as we strolled past the pictured forms of a long line of warriors, "must give you a gratification of which a commoner, like myself, who can barely trace his descent through six generations, can form no conception."

"You might, I should think, easily imagine," said the count, bitterly, "that it gives to *me* far more pain than pleasure. When I stand here and remember that the sword of power which these men wielded, passed from the hands of their descendant, that their broad lands are divided about among this one and that, and that the armed force which they always maintained, has dwindled down till the name of Harslan has become a mockery and a reproach—I feel as if I could tear these frowning faces from the wall. That man," pointing to a mailed figure of unusual size, "led thirty thousand men against the Soldan; his descendant does not number a tithe of the amount, among all his dependants. That one holds in his hand a map of his territories, which must be quartered to show what I hold. These are things which I would speak of to no man but yourself: I may say to a stranger what I would fell an Austrian for thinking of."

"But could not some of these ancient possessions of your family be won back?" said I.

"The attempt would be as fatal as it would be vain. What could I do against the forces of the emperor? I should bring my dominions again under the dismembering pencil of Austria, and should be stripped of the little that I now possess."

"But with the assistance of the princes, your neighbors, you might successfully withstand the imperial force which could be sent against you."

"Assistance? Yes, but who is going to ask it?" said he, with the feeling natural to a very proud man. "It is the maxim of my family never to ask a favor, for that puts it in the power of another to refuse you. I would rot in my castle sooner than ask the aid of my hereditary foes."

"Suppose they were to ask your aid, would you yield it?"

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"Certainly: I should humble them by granting it at once."

"But if they were to come forward, and express their readiness to resist the emperor, on condition of your joining them in like opposition, would you lend your co-operation?"

"Of course," said he, after a moment's pause, "for we should then meet as independant equals, for the benefit of all."

"I have it in my power, count, to convince you that such a step has been taken by the dukes of Rozenburg and Holza;" and I put the papers into his hand.

His cheek flushed as he read them:—"This is sensible," he exclaimed; "these men are wiser than I have been; this promises benefit to all, and attaches inferiority to none. It might have been done years ago, had there been any one like yourself to assume the honorable task of conciliating those who ought always to have been friends. I will give you my signature at once, and my utmost co-operation at all times; and the broad banner of Harslan shall again float, uncurtailed, over the battlements of my castle."

With prince Wilstein I had a very different game to conduct. He had suffered but little from the tyranny of the emperor, and indeed it was suspected that there had been an understanding between them, and that he had covertly assisted the former, submitting to a small loss himself to feed an ancient grudge against his fellows, by occasioning a greater one to them. The only thing I knew about him personally was, that he was noted for cunning and bad faith, and was violently hostile to all his neighbors, and especially to the duke of Rozenburg: to gain such a man would not be an easy task.

My plan of proceeding was settled by the time that I reached his castle. "This will be a nice hand to play," thought I, as I dismounted at the gate, "and it will require all my nerve and coolness to succeed. But I believe it is safe; and if no god nor devil interferes, I will take this intriguer in his own toils." I claimed admittance as a stranger on business, and was shown into his cabinet. He was writing alone at a table covered with papers. He was a small man, gray haired, and with a figure much bent. He fixed his small, and keen gray eye upon me as I entered; and, as I caught at a glance, the impression of his pale, sharp face, his wrinkled brow and shaggy white eyebrows, his lips, which had become settled into a faint, fiendish smile, and did not entirely close over two prominent teeth, which was all that remained of what had probably once been a fine set, I thought that I had never seen a face on which was more strongly stamped the natural evidence of craft, malignity, and passion. I perceived at once that he was a man too much in the habit of looking for the real, to care any thing for formality; for all men of intrigue, in losing their self respect, lose regard for the respect of others, and despising opinion, are only annoyed by attention to appearance. Making, therefore, no apology for my intrusion, I dashed at once into business.

"I have come, prince, to communicate to you intelligence which I have gained of a circumstance which may be to the advantage of both of us, by leading to the ruin of a common enemy." As I spoke, the prince bent down his brows, till the shining orbs beneath were scarcely visible.

"I was, many years ago, deeply and irreparably injured by the young duke of Rozenburg. I have waited for the hour of revenge, and that hour has, I think, arrived. I have ascertained that the prince has been meditating the renunciation of his allegiance to the emperor, and the recovery, by arms, of that territory which was taken from his father: I know that he has recently made treasonable overtures to the duke of Holza and count Harslan, which they have accepted."

The countenance of the prince *darkened* with triumph, and every feature of his rigid face seemed to grow intense with demoniac gladness.

"It only remains, then," said he, "to give intelligence of this to the emperor."

"Pardon me, prince: there has been as yet no overt act, and my evidence might not be sufficient to convince his majesty. It is in your power, however, to lead them to complete destruction, with perfect safety to yourself. They are aware that they are too weak to do any thing alone, and without there is some prospect of your co-operation, the scheme will perish in the bud. If your highness, then, were to humor them with a show of willingness, on your part, to join their plot, they would at once take the field, and their ruin would be complete. With entire submission to your greater prudence, I will take the liberty of suggesting a method of accomplishing this, which has occurred to me. The duke of Holza and count Harslan have signed a promise that they will meet the duke of Rozenburg at an appointed place, and there affix their hands and seals to a league of confederacy against the emperor; but this promise has been upon the express condition that a similar agreement be obtained from you. This, Rozenburg has been weak enough to imagine possible, but when the thing has come to the point of trial, his pride or his timidity will prevent his making application to you. All this I have learned from a confidential servant of mine whom I have introduced into the attendance of the duke. Now, if your highness were to send to him a similar promise, which he would receive without the slightest suspicion, for he has been led to think that you are even anxious for such a movement, and, at the same time, to deposite in the hands of some safe person, a statement of the reasons why you do this, and a protestation of your perfect innocence of all treasonable design, which statement should be dated *before* your promise is given, the others would at once lead out their armies into the field, and you have only to go up to Vienna, and make your own terms with the emperor as the conditions of disclosure. Some better mode of entrapping them may perhaps occur to your highness; and if you will lend your assistance in any way, you may command my services in any manner, and to any extent that you desire, for there is no obligation of gratitude so strong as that which we feel to one who has aided our revenge."

"True, true," said the prince; then drawing his hands through one another, and looking round with

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an air of capital indifference, he added, "your plan is good, and although I have, to be sure, no reason for desiring to injure these nobles, yet, as Rozenburg has injured you, I have no objection to give my assistance to redress a wrong. Be good enough to repeat distinctly the scheme which you have just suggested."

I did so, amplifying and enforcing some of the particulars, and casually expounding "the safe person" who was to be the trustee of his counter statement, to be "myself, or any body else," and I placed my card upon the table. I concluded by saying, "the duke has long since forgotten me, and I will carry him your promise, bring myself into his confidence, and keep you informed of all that is going on."

"Safe," said the prince, in a low deliberate tone, as I finished, "safe—perfectly safe. The emperor will not be eager to suspect me, and the statement in your hands, together with your evidence, will completely clear me, and leave Rozenburg and the rest in a nice predicament. But there must be no mistake between us; do you understand that I am to fulfil the promise which I now give?"

"Your highness will observe," said I, "that nothing will be done by the nobles, until the signature which that promise offers, is obtained. That signature is therefore necessary; I will inform you soon of the place of meeting."

The prince remained for a few moments in deep meditation, and then took up his pen, and said, "I see no objection: I will draw up my manifesto while you write the promise. You may then take the former, that there may be no suspicion that this was an after thought."

The papers were accordingly drawn up, and after a little farther conversation, I expressed my deep gratitude to his highness, and withdrew.

"Now," said I, as with a dancing heart and a joyous lip, I sprang upon my horse, "now, my good Sir Reynard, I have my thumb and finger on your weasand. I have only to get your name to the treaty, then to keep back this 'manifesto,' as you call it, and, holding your signature, *in terrorem*, over your head, extract men and money from you *à discrétion*. For once, my hoary hypocrite, your cunning has overreached your wisdom. But, happen what may, you, at least, shall not escape," and I took out his exculpatory statement and tore it into a thousand fragments.

"Well, my noble friend," said Rozenburg, as I entered his room, "what success?"

I put the papers into his hand. "It remains," said I, "to settle upon the time and place of meeting."

He took them, and read in silence. When he came to the signature of Wilstein, he uttered a loud incredulous "No!—it is not possible that you have Wilstein's name? How *did* you gain the old fellow?"

"Your highness," said I, "must not question me about the method; it is enough that we have his hand."

"Well! you have far exceeded my expectations, and our success, of which I do not doubt, will be chiefly attributable to you. You must make your arrangements for taking possession of the castle in my territory now occupied by this *parvenu* duke—not a word! it must be so. It will not confine you to Germany; you may come and go when you like. The revenues are considerable, and the title of count attaches to the estate. We will amuse ourselves in legislating jointly for these dominions."

A deserted castle on the borders of the duke's possessions, which adjoined those of the others, was fixed upon as the place of meeting, and the time appointed. I sent intelligence of this to the duke of Holza and count Hardan, and sat down to write a more particular letter to Wilstein; well knowing that the mind of an old diplomatist pullulates with suspicion.

"PRINCE—Rozenburg has caught your bait, with an eagerness which it was amusing to see. He suspects nothing; but admits me to all his counsels. He is already issuing secret orders to his men, and making various preparations for revolt.

'The Gods first madden whom they would destroy.'

The place of assembling is the ruined castle on his dominions, near the point where they touch upon those of your highness. The bearer will inform you of its precise situation. The time is Wednesday next, at eleven o'clock. Each peer is to bring one attendant if he pleases, but not more. You may employ the bearer for that purpose, if you like, who will serve also for a guide. The chamber in the south east corner will be prepared for you. After the signatures are had, it remains for your highness to say when and how the nobles shall be delivered up; my only wish is the ruin of Rozenburg. Let us remain cool; and the game is in our hands.

I have the honor to be, your highness's devoted and obliged servant,

HENRY PULTENEY."

"Shall I explain this intrigue to the duke?" said I to myself, when I had finished this precious epistle; "or shall I let him rest in ignorance till the affair is finished? The former would certainly be safe, and perhaps more honorable; but the other may do me more service with the duke, by impressing him with a high opinion of my abilities, when he sees me drawing resources from Wilstein and controlling him, in a manner which he cannot comprehend: besides, the more difficult and perplexed the game is, the more creditable and interesting it is to play it well. Yes, I will keep Rozenburg in the dark, and some winter evening hereafter, I will amuse him, by an account of my manœuvres."

I sent my note by an Italian servant of my own who did not return. I inferred that the prince had accepted my proposal of employing him as an attendant to the place of convention—a circumstance of which I was not a little glad. The duke sent his servants to put the rooms of the old castle in readiness for the temporary reception of the nobles, and to make such preparations in the hall as the business of the interview would require.

A little before dark, on Wednesday evening, the duke and myself sat off alone for the place of *rendez-*

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vous. We reached the *château* a few minutes before eleven o'clock, and entering the room reserved for us, by a private door, waited for the hour. A clock had been placed on the stairs for the occasion; we listened in silence till it struck, and then came together into the hall.

Count Harslan and the duke of Holza were sitting at the table, with their arms folded, and their attendants standing behind them. As we entered, prince Wilstein came from a room at the other end, accompanied, not by my servant, but by a man, apparently advanced in years, and, as I judged from his dress, a cardinal of the holy see. The prince placed himself opposite to Rozenburg, and his attendant seated himself beside him. As I walked to the foot of the table, the latter fixed his eyes upon me for a moment with a grave and severe expression, and then cast them on the ground. Not a word was spoken.

I waited till the clock had done striking, and then drew out the parchment containing the treaty of union, and read it through, in a low, but distinct tone. It bound all the nobles to assemble at a particular place, in one week's time, with the whole force of their dominions, to expel the new incumbents, divide the district according to its ancient boundaries, and maintain this division against the power of the emperor. When I had finished the document, I paused and looked round the assembly, to ascertain if it was agreeable to all. They all bowed in silence. The prince's attendant, with his eyes cast down, sat like a statue of marble.

"The signatures and seals, I presume," said I, "will be affixed in the order of rank."

Wilstein turned round immediately to the duke of Holza, with some polite remark, and, putting one elbow on the table, thrust his other hand into his pocket for his snuff-box.

"In which case," I continued, "prince Wilstein will, of course, take precedence."

The prince, absorbed in relating some amusing anecdote to Holza, and taking a copious pinch of snuff, affected not to hear me. Count Harslan perceived the trick, and expressed his contempt for it, by an audible sneer.

"Since prince Wilstein," said he, putting out his hand for the parchment, "is courteous enough to waive the consideration of his rank, the lowest in station will begin." And without looking at what was written, he subscribed his name in firm and heavy characters, and his servant affixed his seal. The same was done by the duke of Holza, and the parchment passed to Wilstein. He glanced his eagle eye over the lines with the rapidity of lightning, to assure himself that there was nothing different from what I had read, and then wrote his name, sealed it himself, and handed it quickly over to Rozenburg. His manner struck me as peculiar, and I contrived to intercept it in its passage, under appearance of intending to give it to the duke.

"I will see, my lord duke of Rozenburg, whether there is room for your name," and I held it up to the light.

"There is plenty of room," said the prince, nervously.

During the interview which I had had with Wilstein, in his cabinet, I had taken occasion to study the peculiarities of his seal, which then happened to be lying on the table, not knowing but the knowledge might, on some occasion, be useful. I saw in a moment that the present differed from it.

"I beg your pardon, prince," said I, with assumed indifference; "you have accidentally made a slight mistake in the seal which you have put here. Yours, you know, has a circle of six *etoiles* above the cross, instead of five." Count Harslan laughed aloud.

"Ah! is it so?" said the prince, with a smile of the most charming candor. "I beg a thousand pardons. I happened to have two seals exactly alike in my pocket," here he drew out the right one, which was of double the size and of a totally different shape, "and I am so blind that it is very likely that I have confounded them."

He then stamped an impression of the true one, and gave me the parchment. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Pulteney, for discovering the error," said he, with a smile, and a bow, and the glare of a basilisk.

The duke of Rozenburg wrote his name, and I took up the document to attach his seal to it. When I had finished it, I raised my eye and saw that prince Wilstein's attendant had disappeared. I looked at the prince, to read his hypocritical face by contraries, and ascertain if any treachery was afloat. I saw that he perceived at that moment, for the first time, the absence of his companion; but his face was perfectly composed, and I knew that he was not privy to any design of the others, for if he had been, his face would have borne a counterfeit of surprise.

The next moment the low sound of footsteps was heard upon the porch, as of a number of persons coming stealthily up the steps. The slow tread came nearer and nearer to the door, and stopped. Count Harslan laid his hand upon his sword, and Wilstein looked at me, and asked in a low, quick tone, "Is all right?" and the hall was as still as the grave. I sank into my chair, of which the back was towards the door. A feeling of inexpressible horror gathered about my heart. The next moment, the table was surrounded with the soldiers of the imperial guard.

The company rose instinctively, with the exception of prince Wilstein, who sat with his usual calmness. A profound pause ensued, which was interrupted by the step of a man entering the door. The file of soldiers opened as he came near, and the attendant of Wilstein stood by the table. He exhibited a paper to the commandant, and, pointing to me, said, "You will convey that person immediately to the dungeons of the castle on the Danube;" and his clear tone and strong English accent smote me with dismay.

The duke of Rozenburg immediately drew his sword, and coming before me as one of the soldiers was laying his hand upon me, exclaimed, "I protest against the seizure of this man. He is an Englishman, and under my protection. Whatever he has done, has been done by my order, and I only am responsible. I will make a corpse of the first man that touches him."

The guard hesitated and drew back. The person who had ordered my arrest, put a letter into the hands

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of the duke, and said, with a bitter smile, "That may convince you how worthy of your confidence is this double-dealing foreigner." I saw that it was the letter which I had written to prince Wilstein. Rozenburg, when he had finished it, turned to me with a look of deep regret and keen reproach, and without a word, sheathed his sword and turned aside. I felt the vanity of attempting an explanation, and remained silent.

I was immediately seized, led from the castle, and dragged off to a carriage which was waiting at some distance. It was a black, wooden vehicle, firmly secured by iron bands. Three of the guard seated themselves beside me, and several others mounted on the outside. The carriage was about to drive off, when I heard a low voice at the window, saying, "I will see you again as you are going to the scaffold." The lantern of the guard shone brightly on the face of the prince's attendant, now free from his disguise, and I beheld the features of Harford. Overwhelmed with rage and mortification, I fell back into my seat.

[To be continued.]

DEATH.

Pale spoiler of the human race,
By every pathway found,
In spring, in summer's gentle pace,
Autumn, or winter's round;
Where morning holds her bridal sway,
Where evening's shadows spread,
By noon of night or blaze of day,
We hear thy silent tread.
The bud that all of promise gave
To bless the social hour,
Thy hand hath gather'd for the grave,
Ere yet it bloom'd a flower;
The blushing rose, at noontide's heat,
Reposing 'mid the shade,
The sturdier stem, where time hath beat,
Alike unpitied laid.

Now, lights are in my father's hall,
The evening board is spread;
Strange voices answer to the call,
And stranger footsteps tread.
My mother! Oh, that cherish'd word,
To memory's light so dear—
My father! Not a whisper heard,
Comes on the list'ning ear;
Not yet the summer's heat hath grown,
Or manhood stamp'd my brow,
Yet I am desolate—alone,
A crush'd and wither'd bough;
Bless'd sleep of those thy shaft hath riven,
A calm and peaceful shore,
The bark all shatter'd finds its haven,
Where storms of life are o'er.

Now autumn moves amid the trees,
Her blight pervading all,
And now all trembling in the breeze,
The green leaf summer falls;
And song hath left the glen and glade;
And brook—to kiss the shore,
In rippling floods by sun and shade—
Comes gurgling now no more.
Weep we the dead—'tis good to weep,
'Tis manly every tear,
That falls upon that lonely heap,
Where rests the stricken deer,
Unbound from time, on earth no more
To share its joys or woes,
When spring time ripples to the shore,
Or when her footstep goes.

Pale spoiler, on! the cold wind blows,
The winter of the year;
Not now amid the driving snows,
May one sweet flow'r appear.
The past is there, the present too,
And grief of griefs is here.
A mother who her young ones knew
Stands bathed in sorrow's tear.
And whither hath her young ones fled—
Scarce yet their pinions grown?
Up, where the sainted spirits tread
Around their Father's throne:
At morn, at noon, at night, the fold
Come gathering to their home,
Through thy dark waters, still and cold—
'Tis Jesus bids them come.
Triumphant hour, the good man yields
His spirit for the flight,
No more amid those airy fields
To meet with thee and night.

J. M. L.

Philadelphia.

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MORAL EFFECTS OF RIDICULE.

There is no engine more generally applied to eradicate absurd or unpopular opinions than ridicule, and it is not only the favorite weapon of the wit, but has even been sometimes employed by the philosopher; it may be doubted, however, upon good grounds, whether in the aggregate it produces the desired reformation, or whether, on the contrary, it is not rather calculated to increase moral evil.

The object of ridicule is to deteriorate the obnoxious opinions, by placing them in a ludicrous or preposterous point of view; and thus, by lowering them in the estimation of their supporters, cause their abandonment, rather from a sense of shame, than from any real conviction in the mind, that they are untenable on rational ground. Ridicule attacks the pride and self-love of man, by covertly putting his opinions at a lower standard than he had himself fixed, and thus exposing his cupidity to an unexpected assault, which, however fallacious and weak in itself, by its subtlety and point disarms opposition, and for the moment sets even reason at defiance. Ridicule seldom admits of argument, because it has the effect of instantly reducing its object below the level of sober consideration, by placing it on the ground of assumed absurdity; at this the mind naturally revolts, as below the dignity of man. Ridicule always takes inconsistency and absurdity for granted, and on this foundation builds a sudden and specious conclusion, which admits, in most minds, of no serious refutation.

There is no principle in the human mind more powerful than self-love,—and this, ridicule wounds, and thus gains a victory, which, however cowardly and transient, is nevertheless secure. But, happily for truth, reason is unconvinced, though her powers may be paralyzed. Sentiments once fixed by the calm deductions of reflection, can only be changed by argument; and the same process is required to eradicate, as to plant them. It is upon this ground that I assert, *it may be doubted whether, in the aggregate, ridicule produces the desired reformation, or whether, on the contrary, it is not rather calculated to increase moral evil.*

Ridicule, considered in itself, is a fragile and pointless weapon, since it takes an impetus from the hand that wields it, which its own gravity would be unable steadily to support, were it not borne to its destination by the strong current of popular prejudice. The satirist always deals in hyperbole, distorting facts to suit his purpose, and assuming false premises from which to draw his conclusions.

If we look into the history of human nature, we shall find this truth confirmed; and though ridicule must be allowed to have had its share in the demoralization of mankind, it will be difficult to find one virtue that has emanated from its influence. Shame may, indeed, in many instances, have stopped the career of open depravity; but it is much to be doubted whether self-love was not more wounded, than conscience savingly awakened, or whether the sense of pride was not rather shocked at the disreputable character of the action in the eye of the world, than the reason was convinced of its turpitude in the eye of God; and in this case it might be abandoned from expediency, but would not be renounced upon principle. On the contrary, I think it will appear, that the ties of religion, morality, and social duty, in well-regulated minds, have never been loosened by the power of ridicule: for as they have been riveted by conviction, nothing but conviction can release them from their hold on the reason.

Nothing has been more the object of ridicule than religion. It has been assailed by the wit of Voltaire, the ribaldry of Paine, and the elegant but subtle satire of Gibbon; yet the whole force of their combined talents has been insufficient to invalidate one fact, to refute one fundamental truth, or to hold up the sacred form of vital religion to the scorn and derision of well-directed reason. The pageantry of superstition, and the dreams of fanaticism, have been demolished and scattered by their attacks; but the sacred fabric, though thus despoiled of the votive decorations of its human votaries, built on the rock of ages, has bid a proud defiance to the pointless shafts of ridicule.

Hence ridicule, when applied to eradicate vice and implant virtue, must ever fail in producing a permanent moral effect, since it has no foundation in sound argument and rational conclusion, on which religious and moral principles are built; neither, on the other hand, will it ever be capable of eradicating them, when once fixed on the basis of conviction; and I believe there are few, if any, individuals to be found, who, having been brought up in the fear of God, and having been led by ridicule to deviate into the paths of vice, but may be reclaimed by strong and judicious appeals to reason.

In the above remarks, I would not inculcate an ascetic gravity, or check the exuberance of innocent mirth. There are numerous follies in dress, manners, habits, and even opinions, which it is the legitimate province of ridicule to correct; and here its effects are always harmless, and often salutary, as these have little to do with reason or moral convictions, and may be safely conceded to the received opinions of society. But when religion, moral feeling, and the sacred ties of social duty, are concerned, ridicule is out of place; it may be the pander of vice, but it never can be made the handmaid of virtue.

E. G. P.

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HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE HOLY INQUISITION.

The following account of the rise and progress o the office of the Holy Inquisition is taken from the summary of a Latin work, written by Louis de Paramo, inquisitor in the kingdom of Sicily, and printed in the year 1598, at the royal press of Madrid.

The Inquisition is an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, introduced into Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even the Indies, by the See of Rome, for the purpose of extirpating infidels, Jews and heretics.

Without going back to the origin of the Inquisition, which Paramo pretends to have discovered was instituted by the deity against Adam and Eve, we will limit ourselves to the time of Jesus Christ, who, according to Paramo, was the first inquisitor. * *

After Jesus Christ, St. Peter, St. Paul, and other of the apostles, exercised the office of inquisitors, which office they have transmitted to the popes and bishops St. Dominic, arriving in France with the bishop of Osma, to whom he was archdeacon, acted with so much zeal against the Albigenses, as greatly to ingratiate himself in the esteem of Simon count de Montfort; and the said St. Dominic, being appointed by the pope inquisitor in Languedoc, he there founded the order of Dominicans, in 1216, confirmed and approved of by Honorius the Third. The count de Montfort, under the auspices of St. Magdalen, took the town of Beyiers by assault, and massacred all the inhabitants; and at Laval there were burned, at one single time, four hundred Albigenses; upon this subject Paramo remarks, that in all the histories of the inquisition he has ever read, he never met with an act of faith so celebrated, or a sight so solemn, as this. At the village of Cazeras were burnt sixty persons; and at another place one hundred and eighty.

In 1229, the Inquisition was adopted by the count de Toulouse; in 1233 it was confided to the Dominicans by pope Gregory IX.; and in 1251 was established by pope Innocent IV., with the exception of Naples, throughout all Italy. At the commencement of the Inquisition, the heretics in the Milanese, were not under pain of death, owing to the pope not being sufficiently respected by the emperor Frederic who possessed that state. A short time afterwards, however, heretics were burnt at Milan, the same as at all other places in Italy; and our author affirms, that in the year 1315, many thousand heretics having spread over the Cremasque, a little country completely enclosed within the Milanese, the Dominican brothers caused the greater part of them to be burnt, and thus stopped by fire the ravages of such a plague.

In the first canon of the Council of Toulouse, it was ordered that the bishops should appoint in every parish a priest and two or three laymen of good repute; who must make oath to search scrupulously and frequently for heretics, in such houses, caves, or other places where it was possible they might conceal themselves; and the moment any were discovered, to give notice of the same to the bishop, lord of the domain, or his bailiff, first taking the utmost precaution that the heretics should not escape. The inquisitors and bishops at this time acting in conjunction, the prisoners of the bishops and the Inquisition were often the same; and although in the course of the procedure the inquisitor could act upon his own authority, he was not allowed, without the intervention of the bishop, to apply the torture, pronounce final sentence, or condemn to perpetual imprisonment, &c. The frequent disputes between the bishops and inquisitors, respecting the limits of their authority and the spoils of the condemned, obliged Sixtus IV., in 1473, to render the Inquisition independent of the tribunal of the bishops. He created a general inquisitor for Spain, invested with the power of nominating private inquisitors; in 1478, Inquisitions were founded and endowed by Ferdinand the Fifth.*

At the solicitation of the brother Turrecremata, grand inquisitor in Spain, the same Ferdinand the Fifth, surnamed "The Catholic," banished all Jews from his kingdom, granting them three months' time, from the publication of the edict, to depart; after which period, they were prohibited under pain of death from being found in any part of the Spanish dominions. He allowed them, however, to quit his kingdom with such of their effects and merchandize as they had bought, but forbade them from carrying away any kind of gold or silver.

The brother Turrecremata backed this edict at Toledo, by forbidding all Christians giving, under pain of excommunication, the slightest succor, or the most common necessaries of life, to any Jews whatever.

After the promulgation of these laws, there departed from the kingdoms of Catalonia, Arragon, Valencia, and other countries subject to the dominion of Ferdinand, about one million of Jews; the greater part of whom perished miserably; in fact, the sufferings they underwent at that period, may be compared to the afflictions they endured under the reigns of Titus and Vespasian. This expulsion of the Jews caused incredible joy to all the Catholic kings.

In consequence of the various edicts made by the kings of Spain, and the general and private inquisi-

* Ferdinand the Fifth as King of Castile, was only Ferdinand the Second as King of Arragon.

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tors in the kingdom, about two thousand heretics were in a very short space of time burnt at Seville, and between the years 1482 and 1520, upwards of four thousand were burnt, besides an immense number who were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or obliged to perform different kinds of penance. The emigration, in consequence of these laws, was so great, that it was reckoned five hundred houses were left empty in this city; in the bishop's diocese, three thousand heretics were either put to death, otherwise punished, or expatriated themselves to escape punishment. Thus did these pious fathers make havoc among the heretics. * * * * * * * *

The introduction of the Inquisition at Toledo was a fertile source of riches to the Catholic church. In the short space of two years, fifty-two determined heretics being burnt, and two hundred and twenty condemned for contumacy: hence may be conjectured the *immense utility* of an establishment, which had performed such great works in so short a period from its foundation.

From the commencement of the fifteenth century, Pope Boniface the Ninth had in vain endeavored to establish the Inquisition in the kingdom of Portugal, where he created the Provincial of the Dominicans, Vincent de Lisbonne, inquisitor general. Innocent the Seventh, some years afterwards, having named the Minim, Didacus de Sylva, inquisitor, King John the First wrote to that Pope, telling him the introduction of the inquisition into his kingdom was not only against the happiness of his subjects and his own interests, but even against that of religion.

The pope, touched by the representations of this prince, revoked the powers granted to the newly-established Inquisition, and authorised Mark, bishop of Sinigluglia, to absolve the accused, which was accordingly done; and those who had been deprived of their places, were reinstated in their offices and dignities, and many others delivered from the fear of having their property confiscated.

But the Lord is admirable in all his ways! continues Paramo; for that which the sovereign Pontiff could not obtain by the most earnest entreaties, King John the Third granted voluntarily to a skilful impostor, whom God made use of for this good work.

Indeed the wicked are often made useful instruments in the hands of the Almighty, who reproves them not on account of the good they work. Thus when St. John said to our Saviour:—"Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." But Jesus said, "Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." Paramo relates subsequently, that he saw in the Library of St. Lawrence at the Escurial, the document in Saavedra's own handwriting, where this impostor explains at full length, that having fabricated a false bull, he made his entree in Seville in quality of Legate, with a retinue of a hundred and twenty six servants, and during his twenty days abode in the archbishop's palace, he deprived the heirs of a rich nobleman of Seville of thirteen thousand ducats; this money he extorted by producing a false obligation of the above mentioned sum, which that nobleman acknowledged having borrowed, whilst residing at Rome, of the Legate; at length, arriving at Badajos, Saavedra there presented certain forged letters as from the pope to King John the Third, upon the strength of which, that sovereign permitted him to establish tribunals of the Inquisition throughout the principal towns of his kingdom.

These tribunals soon began to exercise their jurisdiction by condemning and executing a prodigious number of relapsed heretics, and absolving such as were penitent. At the expiration, however, of six months, came to be fulfilled the words of the Evangelist, "that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known." For the Marquess de Villanova de Barcarotta, seconded by the governor of Mora, carried off this charlatan, conducted him to Madrid, and obliged him to appear before John de Tervera, Bishop of Toledo. This prelate, thunderstruck at all he heard of the impostures and address of this false legate, sent the minutes of the case to pope Paul the Third, as well as the acts of the Inquisitions which Saavedra had established, and by which it appeared a great number of heretics had been already judged and condemned, and that this impostor had extorted by his skill more than three hundred thousand ducats.

The pope, however, could not help acknowledging that through the whole affair might be traced the finger of God, working a miracle by his providence; and he formed an assembly of this tribunal in 1545, under the name of the Holy Office, which in 1588 was confirmed by Sixtus the Fifth.

All authors agree with Paramo respecting the establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal. Anthony Souza alone, in his "Aphorismes des Inquisiteurs," doubts the authenticity of Saavedra's history, affirming, that he thought it very probable that this man might accuse himself without being guilty, for the sake of having his name handed down to posterity by the glory which would accrue to him for such an act.

But in the recital of the affair which Souza substituted in the place of Paramo's, he lays his own veracity open to suspicion by quoting two bulls of Paul the Third, and two others also of the same pope to the cardinal Henry, the king's brother; bulls, which Souza has not only omitted inserting in his own work, but which have never been found among any of the collections of apostolical bulls; two cogent reasons for rejecting his opinion of the matter, and coinciding with those of Paramo, d'Illescas, de Salazar, de Mendoga, and others.

When the Spaniards passed over to America, they carried the Inquisition with them; and it was introduced into India by the Portuguese as soon as it was authorized at Lisbon. This makes Paramo remark in his preface, "that this verdant and flourishing tree has extended its roots and branches over the whole world, and produced the sweetest fruits."

No true idea, however, can be formed of the jurisprudence of the Inquisition without referring to the "Directory of Inquisitors," written in Latin by Nicho-

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las Eymeric, grand inquisitor in the kingdom of Arragon about the fourteenth century, and addressed to his brother inquisitors, in virtue of the authority of his office.

A short time after the invention of printing, there appeared at Barcelona in 1503 an edition of this work, which soon got distributed into all the Inquisitions. A second edition in folio made its appearance in 1578, with a short exposition and commentaries by Francis Pegna, doctor of divinity and a canon. This edition is dedicated to pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The abbe Marellet gave an abridgment of Eymeric's work in 1762, from which we take the few following quotations—

Eymeric says, page 58, "Commiseration for the wretched condition to which the children of the condemned are reduced ought not to lessen the scarcity of this office, since, according to all laws both divine and human, 'The sins of the fathers are visited upon their children.'"

* * * * * * *

Page 123, "If an accusation be entered in their annals, though there be every appearance of the said accusation being false, yet the inquisitor must not erase the same from his books, lest what may not be manifested at the time, should ultimately come to light."

* * * * * * *

Page 291, "It is necessary that the inquisitor meet the cunning of the heretic with cunning, that he may say with the apostle, "Nevertheless being crafty, I caught you with guile."

* * * * * * *

Page 332, "When the culprit has been delivered over to the secular judge, and the latter has pronounced sentence, the criminal shall be conducted to the place of punishment, accompanied by certain pious people, who shall pray with him, and not quit him until he has rendered his soul up to his Creator. But they must be most particular, neither to say nor do any thing that shall hasten the moment of the culprit's death, for fear of committing any irregularity. Thus, for instance, the criminal must not be exhorted to mount the scaffold or present himself to the executioner, neither advise the latter to place the instruments of punishment in a position, that shall facilitate the death of the culprit, and render his sufferings shorter, for this would be an irregularity."

* * * * * * * * *

Paramo printed at Madrid in 1598, a book on the "Holy Office," which met with the approbation of the doctors, the eulogies of the bishop, and the sanction of the king. In this work, he mentions that the Inquisition put to death above one hundred thousand persons. It is impossible at the present day to conceive any horrors half so extravagant or abominable, but at that time they were considered most natural and laudable acts. All men resemble Louis de Paramo, when they are fanatics. Paramo, however, gives with the greatest simplicity, a relation of the establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal; which, coinciding exactly with the accounts given by four other historians, we give the substance of what they relate unanimously.

Curious Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal—At the beginning of the fifteenth century, pope Boniface the Ninth had for a length of time appointed certain monks to visit Portugal, and go from town to town to burn all heretics, Mahometans and Jews; but as these monks were not stationary, the kings even sometimes complained of their oppressions. Pope Clement the Seventh wished to give them a permanent establishment in Portugal, the same as was granted to them in the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile; but there were differences arose between the courts of Rome and Lisbon; minds became embittered, the Inquisition suffered, and in consequence could obtain no firm footing in Portugal.

In 1539, there appeared at Lisbon a Legate from the Pope, who reported that he came to establish the Holy Inquisition upon immoveable foundations. He brought letters from Pope Paul the Third, to King John the Third, and asserted that he had other letters from Rome, for the principal officers about the court; his credentials as Legate were duly signed and sealed, and he showed indisputable authorities for establishing a grand inquisitor, and the different judges of the Holy Office. All this was the work of an impostor named Saavedra, who had learnt how to counterfeit the various documents, make the false seal, and appropriate them properly, and had brought the whole to perfection at Seville, from whence he had arrived with two other impostors. His retinue was magnificent, being composed of more than a hundred and twenty domestics. In order to support this enormous expense, he and his confidants borrowed at Seville, immense sums, in the name of the Apostolic chamber at Rome; the whole plan was concerted with the most skilful artifice.

The king of Portugal at first expressed his surprise that the pope should send a Legate *a latere*, without previously having given him any notice thereof; to this the Legate haughtily replied, that in so urgent an affair as the permanent establishment of the Inquisition, his Holiness would allow of no delay, and that the king was sufficiently honored by the first courier who brought him the intelligence, being a Legate of the Holy Father. This speech silenced the king, who dared not indeed make any reply; the Legate, on the same day appointed a grand inquisitor, and sent every where to receive the tenths, and before the court could receive any answers from Rome, he had caused two hundred persons to be burnt, and collected upwards of two hundred thousand crowns.

In the mean time, the Marquess de Villanova, a Spanish nobleman, from whom the legate had borrowed a considerable sum by means of false bills, determined to pay him off according to his deserts: instead, therefore, of making any compromise with this impostor when at Lisbon, he waited until the Legate repaired towards the frontiers of Spain, when he marched thither with fifty armed men, carried Saavedra off, and conducted him to Madrid.

The imposition was soon discovered at Lisbon, and the Council of Madrid condemned the false Legate,

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Saavedra, to the whip, and ten years at the galleys; but what is most remarkable of the whole proceeding is, that pope Paul the Fourth has since confirmed all that this impostor had established; and rectified in the plenitude of his divine power, all the little irregularities of the proceedings, and rendered that sacred, which had been purely human.

It is thus the Inquisition became permanently established in Portugal; and all the kingdom acknowledged in it the hand of providence

GOOD WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?
As brave a town as any;
It must have cradled good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many.
Should I e're wooing have to do,
I' faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The emperor Conrad, on a time,
In wrath the town was battering;
And near it lay his warriors prime,
And sturdy horsemen clattering;
And, with fierce firing, rode and ran
All about his horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,
Though every thing it wanted,
So did he swear in vengeful mood
No mercy should be granted:
And thus his herald spoke—"This know,
I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in the town was heard this threat,
It caused a great dejection,
And every neighbor neighbor met
With mournful interjection:
Though bread was very dear in price,
Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah, wo for me, most wretched man!
Great wo the siege has won us!"
They cried, and every priest began
"The Lord have mercy on us!"
"Oh, wo! wo! wo!" on all sides clanged;
"We feel e'en now as good as hanged!"

When in despair wise men will sit,
In spite of council-masters,
How oft has saved them woman's wit
From manifold disasters!
Since woman's wit, as all men know,
Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man
But yesterday united;
And she a wise scheme hit upon
Which the whole town delighted,
And made them all so full of glee,
They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,
Of wives a deputation
Went out to the besiegers' camp,
Praying for capitulation:
So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed!
And for these terms their prayer was made:

"That all the wives might be allowed
Their jewels forth to carry;
What else remained the warriors proud
Might rive, and hang, and harry;"
To this the emperor swore consent,
And back the deputation went.

Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,
What happened? Give good hearing!
The nearest gate was opened wide,
And out each wife came, bearing—
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,
Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then many a courtier, in great wrath
The good wives would have routed:
But Conrad spake, "My kingly faith
May not be false or doubted!
"Ha! bravo!" cried he, as they came;
"Think you our wives would do the same?"

Then gave he pardon and a feast,
Those gentle ones to pleasure;
And music all their joy increas'd,
And dancing without measure;
As did the mayoress waltzing twirl,
So did the besom-binding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,
As brave a town as any,
And cradled has it good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many:
If wooing e'er I have to do,
'Faith! one of Weinsberg will I woo!

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THE ALLIGATOR.

O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.—*Shakspeare.*

"Lud! Mrs. Smith, did you hear the news?"

"Good heavens! no—what is it?"

"Awful—awful, indeed!"

"Mrs. Jones, you frighten me—do tell me what you mean!"

"Why, you remember Mrs. Simpson's maid Jane, don't you?"

"To be sure I do—a nicer, tidier, genteeler gal in her sitiwation wasn't to be found in the whole village. What of poor Jane? You don't mean to say that she's got married?"

"Mrs. Smith, don't *emancipate* me—I never like to be interrupted in a sad story."

"Poor Jane—poor thing! Who'd a thought she'd a gone to a thrown herself away in that ere kind of manner! Who's it to, Mrs. Jones?"

"I declare, Mrs. Smith, you're too *infectious* for any thing in the world. If you don't choose to let me go on, you may tell the story yourself."

"Well, well, Mrs. Jones, pray excuse me. Do go on—when was the poor thing married?"

"Married!—who said any thing about her being married? I tell you, Mrs. Smith, it's something worse than being married."

"Worse than being married! Mrs. Jones, the thing's impossible."

"Perhaps if you were in poor Jane's place, you would not think so."

"Well, my dear, you raly do alarm me; do relieve me from this state of *expense*, and tell me, at once, what has happened."

"Well, now, don't interrupt me. You must know Jane went down last week to Egg Harbor, to see her cousin. Her cousin lives close on the beach there, and is married to one Tom Wells, who keeps the hotel. Well, there was plenty of company, and there they was, going into the *snurf* every day, ladies and gentlemen, and all together—oh, it's a horrid thing, this sea bathing—don't you think so, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear, werry dreadful—its downright indecent. I wonder how genteel folks can think of going into the water in such shocking *dishabel*."

"That's jist what I say, my dear; but as I was saying, they all goes into the water, and Jane among the rest, and when they were just turning about to come out of the water, you see, there comes along a tremendous big crocodile,"—

"Mrs. Jones, pray lend me your salts."

"And before she could say Jack Robinson, eats poor Jane up, in the presence of the whole company, just with as much ease as you would eat a buttered muffin. They do say her blood was scattered all over the beach."

"Oh, shocking! I declare I feel quite *historical*. But are you sure, my dear, that the creature was a crocodile—I can't help thinking it must have been a shark."

"No, Mrs. Smith, I'm certain sure it was a crocodile—I had the thing from Mrs. Wilson herself, and she's the best authority in the world."

"Oh, no body doubts Mrs. Wilson, of course—but I didn't know we had any crocodiles in this country—I thought they all lived in the river Nile."

"La, my dear, how could you think so, when Mrs. Wilson says they don't—but, bless my soul, here she comes, and now you may ask her for yourself."

And Mrs. Wilson entering as she spoke, made up the trio of old crones.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Wilson," cried Mrs. Jones, "how *do* you do. I have just been telling Mrs. Smith this shocking affair of poor Jane Clark. Now do tell us, to settle all disputes—was it a crocodile or a shark?"

"Oh, my dear creature," answered Mrs Wilson, in a drawling tone, "certainly a crocodile, by all manner of means. How could any one for a moment think otherwise, when I had it from dear Mrs. Tomkins' own dear self, and she knows all the particulars."

"Well, my dear madam," said Mrs. Smith, "will you be so kind as to *retail* to us the circumstances of this horrid *caterstrofe?*

"Certainly, my dear, certainly, with the greatest pleasure in the world. You must know Jane had leave from dear Mrs. Simpson to go down to Cape May"—

"Egg Harbor," said Mrs. Jones.

"No, my dear, Cape May," responded Mrs. Wilson.

"You told me Egg Harbor," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones.

"And it was Egg Harbor," persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Cape May—Cape May—certainly Cape May," reiterated Mrs. Wilson—"I know it was Cape May, because Mrs. Tomkins' brother's wife's uncle's first cousin's daughter was there at the time, and communicated to Mrs. Tomkins all the most important facts."

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "go on—Mrs. Simpson gave Jane leave to go to Egg Harbor"—

"I tell you, my dear, Cape May," shrieked Mrs. Wilson.

"O, aye, Cape May," said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Wilson, "she had leave from Mrs. Simpson to go to Cape May to see her sister"—

"Her cousin, my dear—her cousin," interrupted Mrs Jones.

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"Oh, yes!" edged in Mrs. Smith, "only her cousin."

"I know better;" shouted Mrs. Wilson, "it was her own *ginimine* sister, I tell you—I guess I ought to know who it was best, when I had the whole story from dear Mrs. Tomkins, and she knows the whole family, every mother's son of them. However, you may have it your own way—I'm not going to tell things to be contradicted every minute." And she folded her arms and pursed herself up, as if determined on the most obstinate silence.

Just at this moment, fortunately for the incipient belligerants, a servant entered to inform Mrs. Jones that some one wished to speak with her in the entry. The old lady immediately rose and followed her maid, but she had scarcely reached the outside of the door, before, with a loud scream, she rushed back into the parlor, and throwing herself into a chair, covered her face with both her hands.

Both the other ladies instantly ran to her assistance—

"My dear Mrs. Jones, what *is* the matter?"

"Oh!" sobbed Mrs. Jones, "her ghost! her ghost! she's out in the entry now—poor thing! why didn't they give her decent burial! oh! oh!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Wilson—"but how could they do it, when the hungry crocodile left them nothing to bury."

"That's very true," whimpered Mrs. Jones—"but why, my dear, should the girl haunt *me!*—why don't she go and scare Mrs. Tomkins?"

"I don't want to scare no body," said Jane Clark, popping her head into the room.

"Ah, there she is again," screamed Mrs. Jones, as she once more covered her face with her hands, while the two other ancient dames tumbled over one another into the far corner of the room.

"In the name of heaven," said Mrs. Smith, "do go away—can't you lay still in the crocodile, till you're well digested?"

"Poor spirit," exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, quaking with terror, "pray depart and rest in peace."

"I'm not a spirit," answered poor Jane, her eyes staring with astonishment—but Mrs. Simpson sent me to ask you, please lend her your preserve stew pan."

As neither of the ladies had ever heard of a ghost talking of stew pans, they ventured to look up, and finding her rather more florid than ghosts are generally allowed to be, they once more got upon their feet.

Mrs. Wilson was the first to speak—"Why, Jane," she said, in a tone of the most ineffable surprise, "is this you?—Is it possible you aint dead?—How did you escape from the crocodile?"

"What crocodile, ma'am!" asked Jane, with great simplicity. "I don't know any thing about a crocodile!"

"Then it is not true," continued Mrs. Wilson, "that you were eaten up by a crocodile at Cape May"—

"Or Egg Harbor," interrupted Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no, ma'am—lud bless you, who put such an odd notion into your head!"

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Jones, "I'm glad to find it is not true—so go down into the kitchen and ask Stella to give you the stew pan"—and Jane made her exit with a "yes, ma'am" and a low courtesy.

"I'll go right away," said Mrs. Wilson, after a pause, "and hurrah Mrs. Tomkins for telling me such an outrageous lie, and making me appear ridiculous by repeating her stupid nonsense. I'll let her know I'm not to be made a laughing stock whenever she pleases—that I will!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, "she has been making fools of all of us. Do, Mrs. Wilson, tell her a piece of your mind."

"I'll do it, with a witness, you may depend upon it," answered Mrs. Wilson, and she hurried off to have her revenge on Mrs. Tomkins for her supposed affront

Poor Mrs. Tomkins did not dream of having given offence to her neighbor by the information she had communicated respecting Jane Clark's misfortune, and when Mrs. Wilson entered her parlor, she was utterly unprepared for the storm of words which followed.

"How dare you, Mrs. Tomkins," said the exasperated lady, "come for to go to make a fool of me and Mrs. Jones, by telling us such a rigmarole about Mrs. Simpson's servant, when you knew every word of it was untrue. How dare you, Mrs. Tomkins, take such liberties with a person of my age and respectability?"

"Why, dear Mrs. Wilson, you astonish me—what *do* you mean? I am sure I told you nothing but the blessed truth, and it's very hard, so it is, that I should be abused for telling you the news as soon as I heard it myself. Poor Jane! I am very sorry for her, I'm sure."

"You may spare your pity, Mrs. Tomkins; there's no occasion to be sorry for her."

"Why, Mrs. Wilson, I think I should be sorry for any body that had been eaten up by a huge crocodile."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Wilson, "she's no more eaten up by a crocodile than you are."

"Oh, my dear creature," answered Mrs. Tomkins, "I had it from my son Jo, and I've always taught him to be very particular in telling me the truth."

"Well, I don't know any thing about that," observed Mrs. Wilson, "but there must be some grand mistake about this whole business, for I can tell you, Mrs. Tomkins, I saw Jane Clark, not half an hour ago, with my own eyes."

"Bless me, Mrs. Wilson, you don't say so! Well, that is odd, to be sure. Why, Josey," (lifting the window and screaming into the garden,) "Josey, I say, come here, I want you."

And presently a stout, rosy, happy-faced, quizzical-looking boy of about fourteen, bounded into the room.

"Well, mother," said Jo, "what do you want with me?"

"O Josey, my dear," said the doting mother, "I wish you would not roll about so on that grass—just look how you have dirtied your new roundabout."

"O, it's no matter for that, mother, I've got another clean one"—and Jo was about to scamper off again to his play in the garden.

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"Here—come here—come here," exclaimed his mother, "that's not what I want."

"O, I beg pardon," said Jo—"I thought you were done with me."

"No, I am not," said Mrs. Tomkins; "now come to me—Do quit twirling that handkerchief. You restless little imp, can't you be quiet one moment, while I ask you a question?"

"Yes, ma'am, I guess so."

"Well, then, didn't you tell me that Mrs. Simpson's maid, Jane, had been eaten up by a huge crocodile?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why, Jo, do you want to make your mother a liar?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh! you little wretch! you'll break my heart. What do you mean? Pray, then, sir, what was it you *did* tell me?"

"I told you, ma'am, that Jane Clark had been carried off by an alligator," answered Jo, very calmly.

"Well, sir, and isn't that the same thing? and it's not true, sir—for here's Mrs. Wilson saw Jane Clark not a half hour ago, alive and well."

"That may be, ma'am, but I told you the truth notwithstanding."

"O, Jo, you are too provoking! Do you mean to call Mrs. Wilson a liar?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well then, sir, pray what *do* you mean?"

"I mean what I said, ma'am—that Jane Clark was carried off by an alligator."

"Jo, you deserve a good beating. Will you explain yourself, or will you not?"

"Yes, my dear mother, I will, and if you will forgive me for this one jest, I will promise to *try* never to offend you again."

"Come and kiss me, you naughty boy."

"Well, then, mother, didn't Jane Clark run away last week, and get married to Sam Johnson?—and didn't they use to do all their courting at the alley-gate?—So, I'm sure, tho' she is alive and well, and has come back to her mistress, I wasn't so very far from the truth, when I told you that Mrs. Simpson's maid had been carried off by an *alley-gate-r*."

Philadelphia. T.

THE HASTY WORD.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Forget it, oh! forget the sound,
That had such fatal power to wound;
It was not meant to deeply dwell
With such a dark and withering spell;
It was not meant to give a pain,
That kind tones could not heal again.
A hasty word will sometimes start
From out an overburden'd heart,
That tears, however fast they fall,
Can ne'er again its sound recall;
And time, as still it onward rolls,
Divides yet more the once knit souls,
Until the heart is only stirr'd
With memory of a hasty word.

Oh! let it not in mercy rest,
Within thy once forgiving breast;
Look back upon the days of youth,
Of guileless love, of trust, and truth;
Look back upon the pleasant days,
When life was made of summer rays,
Where every look and tone of mine
Was gently answered back by thine;
When, not a thought of either's heart,
The other's love did not impart.
Look back, look back, and tell me, will
Thy wounded pride uphold thee still;
Will no fond pleading voice be heard
For pardon, for a hasty word?

When fleeting years shall pass away,
And earth shall claim her kindred clay;
When parted by death's dreadful doom,
There's no forgiveness in the tomb;
Think, how thy sick'ning heart will yearn
For that which never can return,
And all those sunny days will rise
Before thy vainly aching eyes,
And all the thousand tones of love,
Again within thy breast shall move;
Then, in mine ear, will be unheard,
Thy pardon, for a hasty word.

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PAGES FROM

THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

THE MURDERESS.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem—
Testa diu."—*Horace.*

"It will have blood, they say—blood will have blood."—*Shakspeare.*

It is a fact established by the wisdom of the learned, and the experience of the inquisitive, that there are principles in the physiology of woman which peculiarly capacitate her for endurance and perseverance under protracted affliction.

In the corroding pangs of hunger—under the necessary inflictions of temporary abstinence—at the bed of the sick or by the side of the dying, when nightly vigils are prolonged to almost incredible endurance,—and under almost every physical hardship, to which the constitution of human nature is subjected, it is universally admitted that the gentler sex have a characteristic patience and ability, which remarkably capacitates them for scenes of trial.

Man, in his sturdy nature, may bare his breast to the lightning's flash, or stand unshaken amidst the wrath of the devastating thunderbolt—he may stand at the cannon's mouth, or mane the lion in his den—but put him under the chronic afflictions, which press, though lightly, yet with prolonged and untiring certainty upon him, and his peevish and impatient nature sinks under the endurance of his trials, while woman at his side, stands uncomplaining and resigned.

In the mental vicissitudes, however, to which the human family are constantly subjected, there is a distinction, which a course of some considerable experience in the waywardness of the human mind has convinced me, throws no such favorable contrast in the constitution of the sexes. Man is impetuous, and generally in extremes while under excitement, no matter how evil or debased, but he is nevertheless quick in his susceptibilities of change, and often traverses from the nadir of sin and criminal depravity to the zenith of moral rectitude. Reformation in the most abandoned of men, is a matter of occasional observance with the mental physiologist, and temporary aberrations from the straight path of virtue with them, without irretrievable confirmation in their errors, are instances of frequent occurrence. But the mind of woman once tainted, and the corruption is irremediable. The fountain of her thoughts once poisoned, and there is no purity can ever flow therefrom. Once chained to crime, and her fetters are rivetted for life. As I have the beautiful sentiment of an author unknown to me,—"When the drear winter throws his mantle over nature, and strips the verdure of the forests and the plains, and binds his icy fetters on the limpid stream, there is a melancholy, but not without its happy anticipations of returning verdure and wonted freedom. The season of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully and lightly as before—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and by mossy stone and winding rivulet the young blossom will start up, as at the bidding of the fairy guardians. But the heart of woman has no change like that of nature. It has no second spring time. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it wears for ever the mark of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it, but the sore root of blighted innocence will never again waken into life, nor the cherished flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty."

A large experience in criminal practice, has taught me that in a majority of cases, where offenders are exposed before our human tribunals—the object of all earthly penalties—which are, or ought to be, only inflicted for the *prevention*, and not the punishment of crime—is obtained in a favorable number of cases, when judiciously administered to man, but that woman, once arraigned, seldom concludes her iniquitous drama until death draws the curtain upon her.

My diary presents to me many appalling evidences of the irresistible truth of my conclusions, and as I have received them from the living impress, so have I recorded them, with nothing extenuated, and surely I may add, "nor aught set down in malice" to the sex.

Mary Stewart was arrested, upon information privately conveyed to the mayor of the city, upon a charge of *Infanticide.*

She was a woman of no particular character of feature, but in her carriage and demeanor, exhibited an attractive dignity and peculiarity of manner, that won for her, from every one who beheld her, the most favorable prepossessions. Very respectably attired, and giving evidence of some considerable refinement

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in her conversations with the officers of justice, she soon excited a lively sympathy in the breast of every one who heard her. She professed herself to belong to the family of a respectable farmer in an adjacent county, from which she had long been estranged, in the prosecution of her apprenticeship to a trade in this city, and her after settlement in the responsibilities of business for herself. She early requested that no publicity should be given to her unfortunate situation, that might excite a suspicion in the mind of her friends, and urgently prayed to be allowed to meet the dreadful charge alledged against her, with such assistance only as could be commanded by her from the sympathies of strangers. To answer this request, the mayor concluded upon a private examination of the case, and with her approval, and with a generous desire to afford every opportunity to the prisoner, despatched an officer for me, to request my attendance as counsel for her. I met the prisoner immediately, and had a full and confidential interview with her, before I announced my readiness to enter upon the examination of the cause of her arrest. What was disclosed to me in this interview, was never, and never will be, divulged by me, except so far, as it will hereafter appear, her own voluntary act gave me the permission.

The magistrate handed me a letter directed to him, which contained the first intimation of any charge against the prisoner received by him, and on which had opened his investigation. The following is a copy of that letter:

Philadelphia, ——— ——

——— ——, Esquire, Mayor, &c.

It is under feelings of the greatest excitement, I convey to you the intelligence which this note will open to you, and I feel that nothing but the solemn pledge given by me to a friend while on her dying bed, could force me to make myself instrumental in the disclosure of a crime so horrible as the one which I am compelled to aid in bringing to light. Mrs. S——, who died on the twelfth of last month, sent for me to visit her a few hours before her death, and converse with her on a subject that rendered her miserable beyond hope, and without revealing which, she felt that her soul was writhing in anticipated retribution. I accordingly waited on her, and learned from her the following facts, which, in obedience to her request, and my pledge to her, I now briefly impart to you.

Mary Stewart, a young lady now living in ——— street, No. —, about six months since was a resident in the house of Mrs. S. While there, she gave birth to a child, which she, in the most cruel and horribly unnatural manner, destroyed, and secretly disposed of, and from the force of her persuasions and entreaties to the deceased, and another inmate of the house, the only persons who discovered her crime, prevailed on them to withhold the disclosure of their knowledge from the world, and thus partly to participate with her in her demoniac criminality. The only living witness of this deed, now resides in ——— street, No. —, from whom you can obtain the full information requisite for a judicial investigation.

Yours, &c.,

———— ————

In consequence of the reception of this letter, the mayor had sent to the direction of the witness therein referred to, and found a person whom he believed to be the one alluded to, and had her brought before him. At first, the witness disclaimed any knowledge of either party mentioned in the letter, but when the assurances of perfect harmlessness to her were given, with the expression of a determination to have the matter most thoroughly investigated, by the officers of the law, she at last yielded, and confessed her full knowledge of the whole transaction. She being detained, an officer was immediately despatched to arrest the unnatural mother, who was found at the place described in the letter, and immediately conducted to the office.

If I was prepared, the mayor announced to me, the investigation should proceed, and the witness for the first time, be introduced before the prisoner. I signified my client's readiness for the *exparte* hearing, and every thing was arranged as for the most solemn denouement.

The door of the private room of the police was opened, and the witness, an interesting woman of yet youthful appearance, came forward and confronted the prisoner. I had expected at this meeting to witness a scene of no ordinary excitement, and had nerved myself to meet a burst of agonizing apprehension from the prisoner. But she sat, fixed and unmoved in even a muscle of her face, and her dark and piercing eye flashed in indiscribable glances at the person of the witness, as she approached to take the Bible from the hand of the clerk, who rose to administer the oath to her. Being sworn, she, under great agitation and with much apparent reluctance, deposed in substance, to the following effect.

Mary Stewart, the prisoner, was an inmate with her in the house of Mrs. S., about nine months since. One morning, Mary had remained an unusually long time in her chamber, with the door locked on the inside, and, from the noise she made, appeared to be unusually engaged. About noon she came down stairs and went out of the house, apparently by the back door, with something carefully concealed in a basket, that hung upon her arm. In a few hours she returned, and immediately retired to her chamber, which had been locked in her absence, and the key taken with her. A short time after her return, Mrs. S. and the witness went to the door of her room and demanded admittance, which was, after some delay, and with great reluctance, granted to them. On entering, they immediately discovered that Mary had been engaged in washing something like blood stains from the side wall of the chamber, and, in the quickness of womanly apprehension, Mrs. S. exclaimed, "Mary, where is your child?"

Mary faltered a moment, and, the tears gushing from her eyes, she threw herself at the feet of Mrs. S., and clinging to her, prayed her secrecy and for-

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giveness. She had been playing with her child in her arms, she said to us, and in an unlucky accident, had let it fall with much force against the wall, by which it was killed. She feared to disclose her unhappy carelessness to any one, lest it might excite unjust suspicions against her, and had secretly conveyed the body of her dead infant to a distant common, and, with her own hands, had dug its grave and covered it over again with the green sod which she had disturbed, intending to tell the family that she had left it out to board, whilst she should engage again in the business of her trade. She was now discovered, and she had resolved, in the event of our exposure of her, to prevent her public degradation by the deprivation of her own life.

Under her strong appeals, and the threats of personal destruction, which she frequently made to us, we were constrained to pledge ourselves to secrecy upon the shocking events which were disclosed to us.

A cross-examination elicited but few additional particulars. The prisoner had been married, by her own representations, and her husband—the father of her child—had been dead near a year. She had frequently represented his death as peculiar, and very sudden, and such as to excite in her mind strange suspicions, at the time of his decease. She had no company visiting her at the house of Mrs. S, save one male friend, an Italian, who had been the boon companion of her departed husband, and who was the only friend that stood by her, and assisted her in discharging the last duties of affection to his remains. The examination closed.

A consultation with the benevolent magistrate induced me to advise a disclosure, on the part of the prisoner, of the spot where she had deposited the corpse of her infant. This advice, the professional man will readily observe, was based upon a calculation of the force of the defendant's confession of the death, and the means thereof, as an entire evidence, and the derogating circumstances attending the concealment of the body. If no other evidence appeared, but such as was derived from the lips of the prisoner, then, whilst from that source the commonwealth derived the information, and the unfavorable suspicions which hovered around the concealment of the death; so, from the same source, by the principles of the law, must they receive the evidence of the means by which that death was effected. This had been fully and firmly stated by the prisoner in her every acknowledgment; and such being the case, it would exhibit, on her part, a frankness and honesty of dealing with the prosecution, which must weigh heavily in her behalf, on her future appearance before a jury of her fellow beings. An interim of an hour or two transpired, during which the prisoner remained in the private office of the police. On returning with the mayor, after a short absence, we found that the officers despatched for the purpose, had succeeded in exhuming the body, and had brought it with them. The remains were immediately submitted, in their decayed state, to the scrutiny of intelligent men of the medical profession, and the result of their examination was greatly unfavorable to the prisoner. The left side of the skull, or temporal bone, was largely fractured, and the interior of the head, especially the brain, was in a state of great disorganization. This, however, it was generally admitted, might have been occasioned by the instruments, used in searching for the body, coming in contact with the head, and particularly so, as the corpse was found in the earth, unsheltered by a coffin, and in a state of entire nudity.

Upon this evidence, I felt myself compelled to submit to a binding over. The character of the crime precluded the admission of bail, and Mary Stewart was finally committed to await her trial, at the next term of the *Oyer and Terminer*, on the charge of INFANTICIDE.

The humanity of the keepers and inspectors of the prison, enabled her, at my solicitude, to obtain the situation of assistant nurse in the female hospital, during her incarceration, so as to relieve her from the nauseous and contaminating associations of the felon inmates that thronged the prison.

In two weeks after her commitment, the grand inquest presented a "true bill" against her, and the succeeding day was appointed for her trial. She was accordingly brought into the crowded court room, and in a firm and solemn tone, responded to the interrogatories of her arraignment—"*Not Guilty.*"

By permission of the court, she was removed from the criminal dock, and allowed a seat by me in the centre of the forum. Her dignified demeanor, and the effect of a neat attire of the deepest mourning, in which I had caused her to be dressed, told with great force upon the sympathies of all around her, as well as upon the jury empannelled to try her cause.

The evidence was heard in full. The case was opened and concluded, on the part of the commonwealth, by the able attorney general, with much power and eloquence, and I, in my place, exercised all the pathos and ability I possessed, in making the defence. The jury received the charge of the court and retired to meditate upon their verdict. An hour of fearful and dreadful suspense elapsed before the jury returned. At last the stillness around was disturbed by the stentorian voice of the attending officer calling out to "make clear the passage for the jury." They came in. The foreman handed the indictment to the clerk, and in answering the interrogatory—"How say you, Guilty or not Guilty?"—spoke in so low a tone as to allow the word *Guilty* only, to reach the ears of those immediately around him. For the first time in all my relation with the defendant she gave evidence of deep sensation. As the word "*Guilty*" fell upon her ear, she uttered a piercing shriek and swooned away upon the floor. "*Not Guilty*," repeated the foreman of the jury, in a louder tone, and the breathless suspense which had rivetted all around in the stillness of death, was relieved by loud acclamations of satisfaction from the by-standers. But it was a long time ere the defendant could be sufficiently recovered to understand the true issue of her fate. As soon as practicable she was placed in a carriage, under the care of a person who had been provided to take charge of her, and removed to a re-

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tired part of the city, to remain until she could make arrangements, by her own desire, to leave the city.

The next day I waited on her, and found her much relieved. She placed in my hands a sealed packet, and expressing, with much apparent feeling and sincerity, her gratitude to me, requested me to receive, as the only recompense she could make to me, the enclosed evidence of her confidence in me, which she enjoined on me to retain unbroken in its seal, until I received positive intelligence of her death. "When I am gone," said she, "you may give the world the benefit of my experience in the bitter fruits of a wicked life."

In a few weeks after her acquittal, I heard of her departure for the West, in company with her Italian friend.

Before a year had elapsed after the departure of Mary for her new abode, I opened the morning paper, and in perusing it, was startled with an account of "A shocking Murder and Suicide" which had been perpetrated in the Territory of ——— ———. Two new settlers, an Italian and his wife, who had resided in ——— settlement for several months, and had won the affection and respect of the neighborhood by their urbanity and hospitality, were the subjects of the bloody drama. The husband had conceived a jealousy for his wife, on account of the repeated visits of a wealthy neighbor, and, returning from a revel at a neighboring town, under the influence of intoxication, and finding his wife absent, sought her, and discovered her on her way returning, in company with the object of his suspicions.

Without exchanging a word, he plunged a large knife which he carried, into her breast, and felled her, lifeless, to the ground. He immediately commenced a pursuit after the fleeing and affrighted companion of his wife, and finding himself outstripped by his object, he halted in despair, and buried the unsheathed blade, yet reeking with the warm red current of his victim's heart-blood—deep in his own heart.

My suspicions were immediately excited upon this intelligence, and I sought and received from the most positive sources the confirmation that the parties in this transaction were—my late client and her Italian friend. I was now at liberty, and broke the seal of the packet which had been, as it were, bequeathed to me by Mary Stewart. Written in a neat female chirography, I read the following:

"This brief confession of my sinful course is prepared by me, in the solitary moments allowed me in my prison, to be read by you, after my mortal dissolution—an event, which something within informs me is close at hand, even should I escape my present impending danger."

My proper and maiden name is Agnes ———. I was educated and raised in New England, where all my kindred reside. At an early age I was placed at a boarding school of great celebrity, in the east, and entered upon a course of tuition the most comprehensive. At the age of seventeen, I had nearly closed the period of my scholastic probation, and was initiated, to some small extent, in the mazes of the world's society. I was precocious in the affairs of love, and had around me a host of professing admirers. From the number of these I had selected one, as the object of my devoted attachment My destiny, afterwards linked with his, proved, by the events I am about to disclose, to be twin-fettered to disgrace and crime.

My first love, for such I then often termed him, was an exile from France, whose representations made him a patriot martyr to the cause of freedom, in the revolution which had then recently disturbed that restless people. To him I wholly consigned myself, and, wrapt in his idolatry, I made my heart but as the dial-plate, on which his finger should point out its tone and sentiment. I heard with rapture his protestations, and, in return, freely disclosed to him the isolation of his power over me. Never, however, shall I now forget the sentiment he often expressed to me, as if to rebuke the unchecked fervency of my adoration—*On garde long-temps son premier amant, quand on n'en prend pas un second.*

The discovery of our attachment by my friends and family, met with the most decided rebuke. I was removed from school to avoid him, and for a time, was debarred from every opportunity of seeing or hearing from him. I was at the village of H———, under the strict guardianship of a maiden aunt, whose rigid principles were esteemed the best panoply for my susceptibilities.

One evening a stranger stopped me, while returning from a visit to a neighbor in the village, and placed in my hands a note, directed to me, in a hand I quickly recognised.

I hastened home, and flying to my chamber, kissed the seal for the hand that I knew had impressed it there, and eagerly broke it to devour the contents it shut from me. It was from my Charles—and he waited at the foot of the village by the bridge that stretched across the little stream that skirted our town, to speak with me. To fly to him was resolved as instantaneous as the thought. We met in the full gush of feeling that two hearts so wrapt in each other alone can appreciate.

He quickly informed me he had come for me, and I must elope with him immediately. It was a hard struggle for me to decide between the certainty of parental affection, among the friends of my childhood, and the venturesome dependence upon the love of a stranger, in a strange land. But the devotedness of my affections, as I gazed upon their long lost object, again before me, braved me to the resolve to hazard every thing for him.

A chaise was close by, prepared for us, and we were soon hurried away on our road to Albany. At Albany such provision was made for me, as supplied the deficiency of a deserted wardrobe, and we were formally united in the holy bands. We immediately resumed our travel, destined to this city as the fixed place of our abode. A short time found us comfortably situated in a retired part of one of the adjacent districts, and many months passed away in one undis-

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turbed revel of affection and enjoyment. My husband's intelligence of the country made him the friend of many foreigners, who gathered around him, and constituted the exclusive society in which we mingled.

Among the number of these, were, an old fellow-countryman of his, of reputed wealth, who afterwards became an inmate of our house, and the young Italian, referred to by the witness examined before the mayor, at the time of my arrest.

As the first year of our connubial course drew to a close, my husband's resources began to fail; and, without the means of resuscitating them, we beheld poverty and want gradually making their inroads upon our prospects of domestic happiness. Day after day, we strove to invent some plan by which we might escape the gripe of penury that was closing, finger by finger, upon us, but without success. Every useless and dispensible article of furniture that had ornamented our little eyry, went to procure our daily sustenance. At length, these were exhausted, and day after day passed in absolute want of the necessaries of life. Charles could endure this situation of things no longer, and after many restless nights spent in ineffectual efforts to devise some honest plan to regain ourselves, a new thought seemed to flit across his brain. He rose earlier than usual, and paced the chamber with a quick and impatient tread. After a long time of silence, I endeavored to stir into some warmth the smouldering ashes of our hope, by the promises of better days—but no—no—it would not do. "*The deed must be done!*" exclaimed Charles, as his eye-balls dilated into a gorgon fierceness. "What deed?" I exclaimed, terrified at the unnatural appearance that had come over him. "St. P—— must die," continued he. "He is old, and will soon go without my assistance. He has the means of supplying comfort to us—yet he has stood by and seen the finger of hunger draw those lines upon that cheek, whose blooming fullness was first pressed by a stranger's lips, when I vowed to supply a bounteous parent's place—he has seen our house stripped, piece by piece, of the little luxuries that surrounded us, when he first came into it, and he has not had the soul to say—take this pittance until you can return it again to me. St. P——, I say, must die."

To be brief—I spent the succeeding day and night in unabating efforts to dissuade him from his horrid purpose. But the struggle seemed over in his mind—it was to make the resolve, and that having been accomplished, nothing could shake him in his resolution. His purpose became mine, and we now only sought to devise the safest plan for its accomplishment. Charles had grown intimate, amid the numerous scenes of crime which prevailed in his native country during its dark period of revolution, with various admixtures of ingredients, that were known in pharmacy to produce the *closest* assimilation to nature, in securing the death of their victim.

To this knowledge he applied himself; and I was supplied with the potion that was to effect our hellish purpose, to administer, in what way my ingenuity would best suggest. St. P—— was soon taken suddenly ill and a few hours only, told the certainty of my success. This being in the period when the Asiatic cholera was at its height in the city, the sudden and violent death excited no suspicion in the neighborhood, but seemed, more effectually to close the door to scrutiny. St. P—— was publicly buried, and Charles and myself soon possessed of the means of present relief, though to a far less extent than we had anticipated.

The stain of guilt was now on my soul—the virus had been instilled by the hand that should have preserved my purity, and my heart was changed. Upon his soul rests the fatal consequences which followed after. The affection which I had entertained for him, through all our trials, unshaken, now became chilled, and the fountain of pure love from which I poured out my adoration for him was now dried up. We strove hard to brighten our past happiness into the show of present lustre, but the spoiler had lain his blight upon our hearth, and we were cheerless and miserable. Our Italian friend still visited us, and soon discovered the change which had taken place in our demeanor towards each other. His suspicions immediately attributed this to the ready cause of the inconstancy of woman's love, and he soon addressed to me attentions of so unequivocal a character as to leave me no room to doubt his desires. For a long time I sustained myself against his wiles, but my heart was already polluted by the worst of crime—my husband had robbed himself of all the attributes that rendered his province sacred—and I at length fell into the snare that had been ingeniously laid for me.

We carried our illicit intercourse to such an impious extent, as to lead me into a new infatuation, and to render my husband's society odious to me, as it placed a temporary restriction upon my indulgence in the vicious course of my perverted affections. At length, I worked myself into the resolve to rid me of his longer presence. But how was this to be effected? Alas!—he himself had taught me to think of it—the potion that destroyed St. P—— would put him to rest as quietly. My resolution was fixed, and my paramour associated with me in my new purpose. Charles died suddenly—and I, involved in the deepest apparent grief, followed him, amid the sympathies of surrounding friends, who had been won to us by our urbanity as neighbors, without suspicion's faintest breath upon me—to the grave. It now became necessary for me to put on, for a time, the closest observance of fresh widowhood. I broke up my little household, and took board with Mrs. S——, alluded to on my trial, receiving occasional visits only from my confederate. Soon after, I gave birth to my first child. But oh! how different did I look upon my babe, from that soul throbbing and extatic glance with which a virtuous mother first beholds the pledge of her connubial bliss. I felt as though there was no life-stream in my breast for it, and cursed the first heavings of its little chest, that gave the token of animation. I persisted in the strictest seclusion from all society, and I mistake not that I excited unfavorable suspicions of my maternal tenderness, in the family around me.

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Soon after the birth, I fell into a broken sleep—I dreamed my dead husband—my murdered Charles—came to my bed side and demanded my babe. He grasped it, and I wrestled with him for its possession. In the terror of this struggle I awoke. The dim light of a flickering taper cast its undulating shades over the room, and I fancied every moment I yet saw the figure of the departed father hanging over his child. I was lost in frenzy and madness. I knew not what I did. My brain was on fire, and my heart felt like some molten load within me. I seized my babe by the feet, and with a giant's strength—whirling it round my head—dashed its little frame against the wall, and sunk upon the floor, with its smoking brains bespattered over me.

The sequel of my history you know.

THE WORKS OF DIVINITY.

An angel came from the realms of light,
Dressed in his plumage beaming bright—
He came to me in the dead of night
And bid me, mortal, through the sky,
Upon his pinions, high to fly,
And view the works of Divinity.

Aloft we sped through endless space,
Myriads of worlds like ours to trace,
And countless suns with radiance bright—
The centres of their spheres of light—
And secret stars he showed to me,
All framed by the hand of Divinity.

On, on we went, to brighter spheres,
Beyond the sinful vale of tears,
To the home where spirits, pure and blest,
Take, with God, their heavenly rest—
And now behold, said the sprite to me,
Man's last estate with Divinity.

To earth we came, and the dew-washed morn,
In its freshness, told the day was born;
The smiling green, and the loaded trees,
Waving their fruits to the gentle breeze—
All spoke to the heart, their gifts to be
Fresh from the hands of Divinity.

A sprite of earth, we saw, in a bower,
Twining in wreaths th' acacia flower:
A being so light that her fairy form,
Ling'ring on earth, like the dew of morn
Seem'd hanging in doubt, of which to be,
Of earth to be claimed—or Divinity.

'Twas Woman, he said, the gift of heaven,
The first on earth that to man was given;
For lonely by nature he had been
The discons'late child of Doubt and Sin,
Had she withdrawn, or denied to be
His connecting link with Divinity.

Philadelphia. J. H. B.

O, TELL ME WHERE.

BY C. W. THOMSON, PHILA.

O where, tell me where have the vernal breezes gone?
The fresh'ning winds still sweep me by upon the dewy lawn,
But the balmy breath of spring is past—its odors are withdrawn.

O where, tell me where have the summer roses fled?
The leaves still hang upon the trees, tho' sombre now and red,
But flowers that in the garden smiled are withered, sear, and dead.

O where, tell me where have the woodland songsters flown?
But late the forest echoed loud with their enchanting tone,
Yet now, alas! its only song is winter's dreary moan.

O where, tell me where are the joys of childhood's day?
The vernal breeze—the summer rose—the songster's pass away—
Like them, the freshness of the heart denies a lengthened stay.

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LOVE AND AMBITION.

A JEWISH STORY.

BY PHILANDER S. RUTER, A. M.

Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle - and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.
Childe Harold, Canto IV., Stanza 121.

CHAPTER I.

This world of ours has been called changeful, and with truth. Yet are there in it some things which neither its age nor its wisdom have been able to alter. Search the pages of earth's history, and tell me when either love or ambition has been different from what they now are. Even in Paradise, what but ambition prompted the woman to touch the fruit

"Of that forbidden tree, which, tasted once,
Brought death into the world, and all our wo!"

—the ambition of possessing, like Deity, the knowledge of good and evil. And what, but love, could have induced the man to share with his erring wife the fulfilment of that denunciation—"Thou shalt surely die." Though in this, the first and saddest instance of their influencing human beings, they are apportioned differently from their usual situations; as, generally, ambition is stronger in man—love in woman. 'Tis not unfrequently the case, however, that both are found, to a certain extent, in the same bosom. Both have caused some happiness, but who shall say that their happiness can equal the sorrow they have procured, from the banishment out of Eden, to the disappointments which have led, in our own day, to many an unhallowed suicide?

To ambition's ladder, who ever found the cloud-bidden summit? Men have climbed its dizzy height, till their brain has maddened, and then their fall has made room for the next adventurer. And to love, that enchanting dream, whose waking is as sad as the dream itself is delightful—to love, whoever found a reality? Yet, what young person is there, who does not look to love, with its shadows of happiness, as one of life's greatest charms? and feel, if not say with Moore—

"Tho' 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest, soonest is o'er,
Yet, even in a dream to be blest,
Is so sweet that I ask for no more."

The final results of love and ambition are not unfrequently the same—disappointment, and an early grave; but their immediate effects, and manner of operating on the heart, are far apart as light and darkness. Love, for others, will sacrifice self; ambition, for self, would sacrifice every thing else in earth or heaven.

The sun rose, one morning, near three thousand years ago, pretty much after the same fashion in which it now rises. At least, I question if we should know any difference, for the wisdom the sun gets by seeing the follies of mankind, does not teach him how to rise and set: it but shows him what fools have the benefit of his rising and setting. Out from that varied world on which he looked, we will select for our story the detail of some things, with their connecting circumstances, not entirely irrelevant to the afore mentioned subjects—Love and Ambition.

The kingdom of Israel was under the dominion of its bravest monarch, its poet-king. For years had David reigned over the favored race. The nation which he ruled was known over all the earth, not only for their prowess, but for the wonders which had been wrought for them by their Deity. His court was filled with the wise among counsellors, and the brave among warriors. Who should reign happily if not he?

It was the Feast of the Passover, and when the sun rose over Jerusalem, he shone on streets crowded with myriads of Hebrews, from the gray-haired patriarch of five-score, to the boy whose wondering eyes put questions to every thing he saw,—for all the males in Jewry were there. Concerning this festival, and its accompanying rites, there were dark stories abroad among the Gentiles; but little was known certainly, for the Hebrews were a people dwelling mostly alone, not mingling with other nations; and few strangers cared, even had they been permitted, to remain in the city during the observance of rites fearful as those were reported to be.

And it *was* a strange festival. For a week and a day was it continued, though its most interesting parts were the commencement and close. On the day previous to the feast, every family provided its paschal lamb; which, on the first day of the feast, at the ninth watch, (about three o'clock, P. M.,) was slain. No word was spoken through the camp. The head of each family was his own priest. He slew his lamb, and in the eventide, when the fire had prepared it, he set it before his household. And then each one girded sandals on his feet, and gathered the folds of his robe about him, and with a pilgrim's staff in hand, partook

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in silence of the sacrificial food. With the flesh of the sacrifice, was eaten unleavened bread, with bitter herbs. And if there were any remnants, they burned them with fire ere the sun rose; for nothing so holy as the paschal lamb must be left for common usage.

And then the children would inquire the meaning of what they saw. And the old men would tell them how their fathers were slaves in a strange land, and how, when their oppressors refused to let them free, the hand of the Most High scourged them with unheard—of plagues; and how, at last, the destroyer spread his dark wings on the night-air, and the first-born of Egypt fell as he breathed over the land. But wherever the bloody hyssop had stained the lintel, the destroyer "passed over."

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH A NEW SUBJECT IS INTRODUCED.

THE days of the feast had come and gone, till i was now the evening of the last day. And the multitude was assembled, not by hundreds, nor by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, to witness the last ceremony. For then the high priest drew water from Siloam's Pool, and pouring it out unto heaven, made the last offering for the people.

And the monarch was there. Elevated somewhat above the countless multitude of human heads he sat, surrounded by the chief officers of the kingdom. At his right hand, stood that ornament to his court, his son, the young prince Absalom. One would have thought in gazing on the young prince, that some seraph had been clothed with humanity, for that form seemed as if it could never have been cast in earthly mould. His countenance was one of perfect beauty, and his limbs had the most delicate and symmetrical proportion that the fingers of nature ever fashioned. Indeed, it would have required no great stretch of the fancy, to imagine that some visitant from the unseen world had been called to earth by the sacred rites.

The water was poured out—the sacrifice offered—the hymn chanted, and the vast assembly dispersing, when Absalom, with an obeisance to his royal father, turned suddenly into one of the more private streets, and hurried on till he reached the city gates. He passed rapidly out, and crossing the brook Kedron, overtook a veiled female, who was walking slowly before him.

"Lady, who art thou?" said the prince, when he had reached her side.*

"They call me Yehainah," replied the maiden, in a voice, the tones of which fell on Absalom's ear like the breathing of a harp when the wind passes over it. "I am the daughter of Raphar, the Tyrian ambassador, and my father's tents are just before us in the shade of yon cedar grove."

"Yehainah," continued the prince, "I have watched thee often during this feast, as I have seen thee in the streets of Jerusalem, and I knew that thou wert a stranger—may I not see thy face?"

The lady raised her veil, and turned timidly towards the prince, who gave her a glance so earnest and admiring, that the veil fell instantly, while a deep blush covered the most beautiful face the eyes of Absalom ever beheld.

"Maiden, I love thee," said the prince, "wilt thou be mine?"

"I fear," replied the lady, "my father will bestow me on the haughty Joab, the captain of the Jewish army, who has demanded me."

A frown passed across the prince's brow for a moment, as he asked hastily—"Dost thou love him?"

"O, no! I cannot," responded Yehainah.

"Joab shall not possess thee," said Absalom—"has thy father promised thee to him?"

"He has; and Joab is a great man in King David's court—my father dare not offend him."

"I am more powerful than Joab," said the prince; "dost thou know me?"

The maiden cast a single glance at the beautiful form beside her. "There can be but one such," she said, within herself; then aloud, "am I not in the presence of the young prince royal, Absalom?"

"Thou art in the presence of one," replied the prince, "who would prefer thy love before the throne of Judea, to which he is heir."†

"Would that it might be thus," said Yehainah, musingly, and almost unconsciously. "But see!" she added quickly, "the sun has set, I must go, my father's servant will be in search of me." And she turned from him.

"Stay," said Absalom, earnestly.

The maiden stopped and looked around, raising her veil as if to listen.

"Promise to meet me to-morrow at sunset, in yon myrtle grove." She smiled—blushed—then, dropping her veil, ran off, and was soon lost from sight among the cedars.

It was with a feeling, the nature of which he himself scarcely knew, that the prince was returning to the city, when—on re-crossing the Kedron—he was accosted by one whom we must introduce to our readers in a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A CHARACTER, AND A CONSPIRACY.

AMONG all the counsellors of King David, there was none to whose words and advice such heed was given, as to those of Ahithophel. Born of a family which ranked high in one of the foremost of Israel's

* The reader is doubtless aware of the simplicity of manners and speech prevailing even now, though not so much as formerly, in the East.

† It is highly probable, that had Absalom lived, he would have succeeded his father on the throne. Amnon, the eldest son, was dead. Of Chilab, the second, we find no mention. Absalom was the third and favorite son. Solomon was, at this time, a mere child.

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tribes, and educated in all the learning of the day, it seemed as if nature had determined to put the wisdom of a senate in a single head.

He was not beyond the middle age of life, yet he bore, and perhaps justly, the character of the wisest man in all the east. In his person, he was rather under the common size, though there was an air of dignity about him which all who approached him felt. His grave, piercing eyes were overshadowed by a pair of heavy, though handsomely arched eyebrows; just between which, were those two deep lines that always mark the man of thought; and which alone interrupted the smooth expanse of his marble forehead. The only suspicious features in his countenance were around his mouth, where the lines indicated, (if they told truth,) that the ruling passion of the soul, what ever that might be, would be gratified at the risk of every thing. For the smile that lurked there, sneered at every precept, divine or human, that crossed the heart's wish.

Upon the whole, the impression that a stranger received, especially from a casual glance, was quite favorable. Yet was Ahithophel feared much, loved little, and known still less, by the common people, who saw in his unequalled wisdom, and haughty demeanor, that aristocracy of nature which is always hated, while it is feared.

The ruling passion with Ahithophel was ambition. An ambition which would not have thought it blasphemy to wish for a share in the throne of heaven itself, and which, like that of the arch-fiend would say—

"Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

But as the counsellor had no particular wish to reign in hell, and no very strong hopes of serving in that heaven whose existence he questioned, he had a most ardent desire to rule on earth, to reign over Israel. And well had he matured his plans.

In a situation which exposed little danger to himself—that of counsellor—he had slowly, but surely advanced from one step to another, till now, save the royal family, there was but one man in the kingdom of higher station than himself. That man was Joab, the captain general of the king's army. It need scarcely be added, that they were bitter enemies.

Ahithophel had long seen, (and the conviction had cost him more than one sleepless night,) that it would be utterly impossible to supplant Joab while David was king; for the general's great military skill and renown rendered him too necessary for the king to dispense with his services. But the bold counsellor had conceived a plan, the success of which would ensure to him all that he wished, and which he saw must be completely successful, provided his instruments would work well. His chief instrument was Absalom; his plan—to make him king. Ahithophel well knew the fickleness of the Hebrews, and how much they were carried away by appearances. Absalom was a brave, handsome, and accomplished, yet careless young prince; fond of the pomp of power, yet disliking its cares. This was precisely what the counsellor wanted. Could the wished-for revolution be effected, Absalom might possess the name and pomp of king, while he wielded the power. Nor did he despair of being able in the end, to remove Absalom also out of his way.

Ahithophel had begun cautiously—he never spoiled his plans by haste—and first carefully but surely sounded the prince on the subject. This he had done in a manner, the minutiæ of which will scarcely admit of description, for weeks passed ere the counsellor had satisfied himself in what he wished to know. And then, what he had learned was by slight, and almost meaningless hints; which could have had no treasonable interpretation, even had they been overheard. The prince himself scarcely knew all they meant, nor indeed did Ahithophel design he should, at first, know every thing. He wished him to have room for conjecture, and to conjecture, if possible, worse than the reality, in order to familiarize his mind with the subject, and prepare him for a full development of the whole plot which the counsellor had determined to make at the first convenient opportunity.

The counsellor had watched and followed the prince from the close of the sacrifice, and, concealed among the cedars, had overheard most of what passed between him and the Tyrian maiden; and he congratulated himself on having found another spring to apply if necessary, to his machine.

And now was his long sought opportunity. Requesting an interview with Absalom, he led the way to the myrtle-grove which the former had pointed out to Yehainah. Then, having shown the prince to a grassy seat; and—with a freedom which none but himself would have dared, or been allowed to take—seated himself by his side; with a piercing and suspicious glance around, he began.

The counsellor did not commit himself by opening his designs at once, and without prelude, thus leaving all the enormity of rebellion, and rebellion against a parent, to scare the prince from his scheme. Wily and cautious, he at first infused gradually into the soul of Absalom a portion of that towering ambition which was the living principle of his own being. Carefully concealing, or shrouding in sophistry, every thing which could remind the prince of the crime; the tempter painted, as he knew how, the kingdom and the glory of it—watching, in the mean time, with his serpent-like glance, in Absalom's countenance, the effect of his words. And as he saw the increasing interest and eagerness depicted there, he unveiled more and more of his plans.

He could not have chosen a time better suited to his purpose. Absalom's mind had been saddened and discontented by the words of Yehainah that she was promised in marriage to his greatest enemy; and yet he knew of no means by which he could prevent her, (with whom he had become deeply enamoured, and for whom he would have given the kingdom which was now offered him,) from becoming the wife of one whom he hated with his very soul. Even were he to apply to the king, he knew that his father, however he might wish to gratify him, would not offend his favorite general, by adjudging to Absalom the maiden

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who had been promised to Joab. But were he himself king, all would be well.

These thoughts passed through his mind in far less time than we have occupied in writing them, and they added to the effect of the counsellor's persuasions. All that Ahithophel urged, and all that Absalom felt, need not, cannot be told. 'Tis sufficient to say, that, intoxicated less with the picture of royalty, than with the prospect of having soon his dearest wishes gratified, and blind to all else, the prince listened willingly to every thing he heard; and ere they parted, he had consented to a plot which, Ahithophel fondly hoped, would, in a few weeks, give him the power, though Absalom might possess the name, of Judea's monarch.

There was one remarkable feature in Ahithophel's project. It was indeed one which marked his whole conduct. He had taken especial precaution to secure his own personal safety. Though bold as an evil spirit in his plans, he always so arranged them as to preclude the possibility of danger to himself. This was manifest in the present instance. He would have no conspirators, for they might betray. Absalom and he, alone, knew the secret, and they were too deeply interested to prove false. As to the success of this plot, the counsellor would not for a moment allow himself to doubt. He knew that, of the common people, enough would follow Absalom. And for a leader to the rebel army, he had fixed upon the brave and experienced Amasa, who, (though utterly ignorant now of his designs,) would, he was confident, in the hour of execution, join them under the promise of the army's command.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING SOME NEW CHARACTERS, TOGETHER WITH SUNDRY SAPIENT OBSERVATIONS RELATIVE TO THE ANCIENTS, WHICH, HOWEVER, FEW PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE

The name of Joab has already been mentioned, with the rank and office which he held in Judea. He was probably, next the king, the most powerful man in the kingdom. He possessed not only the command, but the affections of the army. This, however, arose more from his manner of sharing with the meanest soldier, the fatigues and dangers of war, than from any of those means which are frequently used to this end. Them he knew not how to use, nor would he condescend to insinuate himself into the good graces of his soldiers. He was remarkable for sternness and open ness. His opinions of any person or thing were written in his countenance, and he disdained to conceal them. In the handwriting of nature, ambition was stamped upon his brow in plainest characters. He had as much, probably, as Ahithophel, but his was less regardless of law and right. The counsellor was his superior in wisdom and deception. Joab's ambition was of the kind which would urge him to dash forward—overleaping, if he could, the impediments in his way, or at least, risking his life in the attempt. Ahithophel, on the contrary, would proceed cautiously, putting little or nothing at risk, and removing patiently aught which might interfere with his wishes, yet in such a manner as to destroy the possibility of personal injury to himself. Self was his god—self-interest the single, absorbing principle of his philosophy.

Joab saw and felt his inferiority to the wise counsellor, and this did not aid to heal the enmity which could not but exist between two powerful men, who were each striving to rise higher, and who had long since learned that principle, so well known and acted upon among modern politicians—that in order for one to rise, the other must fall. But, though less wise than Ahithophel, Joab had common sense enough to avoid entering into any plots whose easy failure might ensure his own fall, and what was worse, his rival's exaltation. He was, therefore, obliged to be content with watching his opportunity, determined to use the first that offered, to remove out of his way the detested counsellor.

There was one person in the court of King David who shared with Ahithophel the most cordial hatred of Joab. This was no other than the prince Absalom. The causes of this hatred were little known, and as little cared for by the prince, who, however, returned with interest the warm feelings of the captain general. As to the real causes, Joab himself would probably have refused to own them, if, indeed, he fully knew them. The fact was, the captain general, like all other great men, had one peculiar weakness. This was his personal vanity, which could not but be greatly piqued at the evident, and to him vexatious superiority of the young prince's personal attractions. Joab would have been as well pleased with a compliment to his personal beauty, (which, by the way, was not much above par,) as at receiving his monarch's approbation after a victory. In addition to his unpardonably prepossessing exterior, Absalom had, in several small matters, thwarted the designs of Joab—more indeed from mere youthful sport than from any design to injure; so that what commenced almost causelessly, and in simple aversion, ended in mortal hatred.

Let us turn now from these to another person, who has been introduced, but not sufficiently described. Raphar, the noble Tyrian ambassador had, with most other strangers, removed his residence without the city walls, before the Passover commenced. But his beautiful and only daughter, Yehainah, with the proverbial curiosity of her sex, made, as we have already seen, frequent visits to the city, during the continuance of the feast, and sometimes too, with no other protection than her veil and her innocence.

She was an eastern beauty, in the fullest sense of the term—

> "A form of life and light,
> That seen, became a part of sight:"

with eyes, large, sparkling, and black, as those of the gazelle, which she had petted among the bowers of her native home, and a face, whose laughing, happy expression betokened the heart yet unacquainted with crossed wishes, and blighted hopes; her light, airy

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step, when walking, and her sylph-like form, gave her almost the appearance of a spirit.

During her frequent rambles through the city, she had occasionally met Absalom, and from seeing him she loved him; for let me assure thee, gentle reader, (if thou hast not already anticipated my remark in thine own experience,) 'tis quite an easy thing to fall in love with a handsome person. The prince had seen her also, and was no less enamoured than herself. But he was not alone in his admiration. The powerful Joab had also been smitten with a feeling which his stern bosom had never before acknowledged. And, in the precipitance with which he usually put into execution his designs, had demanded the maiden from her father, as his wife. Raphar was a father, and he loved his daughter with all a father's love. He was also a faithful subject and lover of his king. He saw that by acceding to the request of the captain general, he would secure a good—that is a noble husband for his daughter. But this was not all. He would thereby acquire a strong influence with the prime minister of Judea, which influence he might exert much to the advantage of his own sovereign. And his determination was made. He bade his daughter prepare to receive her future husband. Raphar could not but perceive, when he named the prime minister, that the color and cheerfulness left his daughter's face. And the feelings of a parent were excited, though they were perhaps tinged slightly with anger. But he was an indulgent father, more so than was usually found in that age. He called his daughter to him, and, while he folded her tenderly in his arms, inquired if his choice would not make her happy. The poor girl was entirely overcome by his kindness, and confessed that she loved already—loved Absalom, the prince royal of Judea. The ambassador easily learned, after a few interrogations, that she did not suppose her love returned—this was before she had met Absalom, as related in chapter II.—indeed she was not aware that the prince had seen or noticed her.

Reader, indulge me for a moment. We read histories of the old world—and when, in the lives of the ancients, we find mention of their loves; ten to one we pass over them with the same indifference that we feel in perusing accounts of the most common-place occurrences. We never ask if, in their marriages, there were feelings concerned—hearts as well as hands married. Indeed, we are apt to look upon the ancients as a stoical, unfeeling set of beings, with no capabilities for those refined emotions of love which we are too willing to place among modern inventions or discoveries. Now *I* do verily believe that Adam fell as deeply in love with Eve at first sight, as did ever hero of modern romance with his mistress. And that this love continued even after her sin. Was it not after their unhappy transgression that "Adam called his wife's name Eve?"

"Yes, such the love-taught name, the first
That ruined man to woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave."

We believe, moreover, such was his love for her, that without her he could not have been happy in Eden; and that with her he could sometimes forget his banishment, his lost Paradise, and be happy. There was, in our opinion, just as much real love in the old world, and as much disappointed love, with its too frequent results—

"A broken heart, and an early grave,"—

as can be found in this refined age; though the old world had not, and needed not, a modern novelist to describe that love.

Now the object of this confession of faith is to prepare thy mind, gentle reader, for believing that Yehuinah loved with all that so-much-celebrated woman's love. Nor was it from first sight only. The above-mentioned interview with her father—in which he affectionately warned her against indulging a passion for one so much above, and so little known to her, and especially, for one who did not love her—closed by his telling her that he had promised her, and that the sacrifice on her part must be made. All she could obtain was his consent to have her marriage deferred some little time.

It was on the evening after the above that she met Absalom, (vide chap. II.,) and heard from his own lips that he loved her. Though this itself did not give her more pleasure, than his assurance that Joab should not possess her. These things, however, she did not mention to her father. Nor did she tell him, (she most probably forgot it, ladies have sometimes such poor memories,) that for weeks, she met the prince almost every evening by moonlight in the myrtle-grove.

As the Passover had long since ended, and the stranger Hebrews were scattered, Raphar would have returned to the city, but his daughter entreated him earnestly to remain. For what reason, the reader must judge, but the reason she gave the ambassador was, that she thought her health would be better in the country than in the city.

A few weeks passed, however, and her father expressed his disbelief in the fancied efficacy of the country air; nay, he thought the very contrary effect had been produced. For, he said, since coming there, she had lost color and cheerfulness, and indeed was entirely changed from the happy girl he had brought with him from Tyre. This was all too true. Poor Yehainah would scarcely have been recognised by the merry companions whom she had left behind at her far home, and among whom she had formerly been the gayest of the gay. Her unfortunate love had—

"Like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her damask cheek;"

and not on her cheek only, it had preyed on her health and spirits, till she was now but the shadow of what she had been. The life and fire of her beautiful eyes were sadly diminished—the spirit-like elasticity of her step had vanished. What added to her misfortune and suffering, was a kind of half acknow-

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ledged consciousness that she erred in allowing herself to love one whom she could never be. She never repaired to an interview with Absalom, without resolving that it should be the last. For she could not but feel that there was something wrong in those meetings which served only as fuel to a passion already too violent for her peace.

But where was Absalom meanwhile? The prince had endured severe conflicts of mind. Crime was new to him, and though the sophistry of Ahithophel had, for the moment, kept from his view the wrong to which he was consenting in sanctioning the counsellor's plot; yet in after hours' reflection would and did return. He saw that he had suffered himself to be led to the verge of a fearful abyss, over which another step would plunge him irretrievably, and he shrank. He was not without ambition, though his ambition had neither the recklessness of Joab, nor the criminality of Ahithophel: and the idea of rebellion against a parent whom he loved, was one so utterly repugnant to his nature and religion, that he repented within an hour after he had given his consent to Ahithophel. And he would certainly have retracted that consent, but—and his evil angel whispered him—this plot offered the only possible means of obtaining her who had become a thousand times dearer to him than life. His good resolutions were staggered in a moment.—Lose Yehainah!—He could not!—The thought was madness—death! But how else could he gain her? He called to mind all the reasonings of the counsellor, and if they did not satisfy, they assisted to stifle his reluctance; and, with an anxious, undecided mind, he resolved to wait and see what turn affairs might take.

Lost Absalom! He would fain have returned to virtue, but he could not. He had taken the first step downward, and now his evil genius had erected an insuperable barrier to his return.

Oh! is it not ever thus in transgression? The egress from our Eden of innocence is easy, but when we would return, we too often find a flaming sword has been placed there. Our first outward step sealed our destiny.

And with this sage reflection, (which most people will think had been better omitted,) closeth this long chapter.

CHAPTER V.

> "And there were sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts—and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
> If ever more should meet those mutual eyes?
> *Childe Harold.*

It was one of those evenings which frequently darken under an eastern sky, but which no language can describe to our ears of the northern zone, so as to give us an adequate idea of their beauty. The sun had travelled all day through a heaven whose azure was unspotted by a single cloud. The sunset with its glory, and the twilight with its shadows, had passed away, and the moon was up. Her light, as it glittered from the gilded pinnacles of the temple at Jerusalem, and glanced away over the fertile plains of Canaan, fell on the form of a maiden so beautiful, that one would almost have expected the moonlight to pause a moment, that it might gaze longer on a thing so lovely.

If angels ever envy us mortals any thing in this dark world of ours, it must be the possession of these gentle, seraph-like creatures, for whom—if ancient chronicles tell truly—heavenly beings once felt earthly passion. But not long do they envy us their possession. For those bright but fragile beings, that seem so unfit for the storms and falsehood here, are always the first—

> "Every lingering tie
> That binds them down to earth—to sever;
> And leave, for their bright home on high,
> This hollow-hearted world for ever."

The one who was now abroad in the moonlight, was attended by a single maid-servant, who accompanied her to a certain myrtle-grove, (mentioned in the former part of this history,) and there remained while her mistress went forward into the grove. The ambassador's daughter—for it was she—had not proceeded many steps after leaving her maid, till she met Absalom.

"Yehainah—dearest Yehainah!" said the prince, as he pressed the trembling girl to his bosom; "I have waited here for the last watch—I feared thou would'st not come."

Now, gentle reader, do not presume to imagine we shall tell thee all that he said, and she answered; for they were lovers, and every body knows—or ought to know—that when lovers meet, (especially after having been separated for a whole day,) they do and say a great many very silly things. We find it convenient, however, for the better explanation of our story, that thou should'st hear somewhat of their conversation.

"Thou art sad, to-night," said Yehainah, as, with a face in which was pictured all the innocence of Eve before the fall, she looked up into the anxious countenance of the prince.

"I have reason," replied Absalom; "I must to-night bid thee farewell for a long, long time."

"O, say not so!" said the maiden, clinging closer to her lover.

"I would that there were no need; but I must be in Hebron by to-morrow's eve."

"And how long must it be ere thou return?" asked the now weeping girl.

"Nay, this must not be—thou must not weep, Yehainah; 'tis surely enough that I am unhappy myself, without making others so."

"O, I am not—cannot be unhappy with thee; but must thou go?"

"I must. Yet, dearest, I will return as speedily as possible; within"—

"How long?"

"Perhaps, a week."

"A week! and cans't thou live a week from me! O, Absalom! thou dost not, cans't not love."

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"Yehainah!" said the prince, in a tone of mingled grief and reproach, yet "more in sorrow than in anger."—"dost thou distrust me?"

There was silence for a few moments. Yehainah felt that she had wounded her lover's feelings, but this was so new a thing for her to do, that she was at a loss what to say. On the other hand, Absalom knew that her implied distrust was undesigned, so that when he spoke again, he said—

"Rest assured, dearest, I will return as quickly as possible."

"O, I know thou wilt," replied the maiden, anxious now to show that she had confidence in her lover, and glad to find and feel herself forgiven. "But dost thou go alone?" added she, willing to change the tone of conversation.

"Yes—no—that is—I should say, the king's counsellor, noble Ahithophel; I shall meet him at Hebron."

"I fear that stern man," said she, not observing the prince's confusion; "yet have I seen him much with thee of late. Absalom, perhaps I am silly, but I think he will lead thee to no good."

"How?—what?—who told thee?" said the prince, hastily, then pausing—"Oh, nothing—I was thinking—but thou needest not fear him—he is my friend."

"I am glad of that; but—thou art not listening to me."

"How?—yes—I know I am. But—I was thinking"—

"Of what?"

"Why, whether I ought to tell thee"—

"Does it concern thyself?—certainly thou oughtest."

"Well, but what if it make thee sad?"

"O, Absalom!—surely thou dost not mean"—and the poor girl wept.

The prince cast a searching, suspicious glance around him, and said—

"Thou lovest me, Yehainah, and I will tell thee that which will put my life in thy hands."

She looked up, trembling with expectation.

"Thou lovest me as a prince," continued he, in a low voice, "but as a prince, I can never possess thee. I go to Hebron; if I return, I shall claim thee—thou wilt welcome me as KING OF JUDEA.

CHAPTER VI.

"O, Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool!
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note,
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat."
Lady of the Lake.

KING DAVID was in his palace halls, and his nobles were about him. The master of ceremonies entered suddenly, and bowed.

"A messenger from Hebron, for my lord, the king."

"From Hebron?" said David, "let him enter."

The door opened, and, covered with dust and sweat, a messenger stood in presence of the monarch.

"Thou hast been in haste," said the king, "what bringest thou?"

"O, king! live for ever!"—and the messenger bowed to the earth—"thy son, Absalom, has been proclaimed king in Hebron!"

The monarch started from his throne in unfeigned surprise; then, recovering himself instantly, he questioned the messenger:

"Dost thou know this?"

"My lord, I heard the trumpets."

"Enough!"—the messenger retired—"send for Ahithophel!" added the king.

"My lord," Joab spoke, "the noble Ahithophel obtained permission on yesterday to offer sacrifice in Giloh; but," added he, while a bitter smile played round his lips, for he felt that the counsellor was no longer a rival, "I have certain information, by a private messenger, that he is now with the prince Absalom, in Hebron."

"Ah! I see it all," said the king. "But we must haste away. Until the army can be collected, this is no place for us. The rebels will soon be here."

And the monarch descended from his throne. At that moment, another messenger appeared, and making the importance of his mission his apology, hurried, unannounced, before the king.

"O, king! live for ever!—the men of Israel flock by thousands to follow Absalom—Judah only is faithful to thee!"

"'Tis well!"—the messenger bowed and retired. "Nobles! away to Mahanaim!—we meet there. In the meantime, let messengers be sent (he spoke to Joab) to call the army together. It may meet on the plain, near the forest of Ephraim."

And they left the city—the monarch and his train. As they passed out, Hushai, the Archite, the second counsellor in the kingdom, overtook them.

"I know that thou art faithful, and that thou would'st go with me," said the king, "but thou must return to Jerusalem. Heaven will give thee wisdom to defeat the counsel of Ahithophel."

In the meantime, messengers were sent abroad through the land, bearing the trumpets which should call the hosts of Judah to their monarch's side. Like the bearer of Roderick's fiery cross, did these

"Heralds of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in their fleet career;"

and before the next day's even-tide closed over the plains of Ephraim, the king saw himself at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, waiting the rise of the morrow's sun, to decide the fate of Absalom and the kingdom.

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CHAPTER VII.

Wolsey. "Nay, then, farewell!
I've touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from the full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more." *King Henry VIII.*

TURN we now some days back, to the rest of our friends, and give explanation of some things mentioned in the last chapter.

Absalom had, as we have already told the reader, designed to wait, or at least to be in no haste, relative to the contemplated revolution. This, however, would by no means suit the counsellor. Ahithophel saw that the prince's reluctance to the proposed scheme increased the longer its execution was deferred. He saw, also, that his love for Yehainah, and the certainty that she was lost to him unless this plan succeeded, alone prevented his withdrawing altogether from the plot. This would be fatal to the counsellor, and, lest the prince should find some means of possessing Yehainah, and thus utterly ruin his plans, he determined to have them executed without farther delay.

But he met an almost insuperable difficulty in the unwillingness of Absalom to an immediate performance of his part. With his utmost sophistical skill, he made use of every argument which superhuman cunning could devise, and at last succeeded. The decision once made, there was no time to be lost; so they made immediately all arrangements necessary for success. Ahithophel sent secret agents through the whole land of Israel, with instructions, so that in the very hour when Absalom should be proclaimed king, there might be raised an army. The prince was to repair to Hebron. The counsellor would request permission to visit Giloh, his native city, under pretence of offering sacrifices; and from that place he would rendezvous to Hebron, where Absalom was to be immediately proclaimed.

On the evening before he left Jerusalem, the prince had an interview (vide Chap. IV.) with her for whom alone he was now seeking a crown and kingdom at the risk of his life. And when they parted, it was with a presentiment in each, though neither dared speak it, that this meeting was their last.

The next day, Absalom went to Hebron, as had been preconcerted, where, towards evening, he was joined by Ahithophel. They raised the standard of the prince—proclaimed him king—and all Israel followed them; for Absalom was beloved by all, and though the people feared and disliked Ahithophel, yet they were glad that he was with them, for they knew that he was wise, and they trusted in his counsel.

An army was soon raised, the command of which was given to Amasa; for the counsellor had not erred in supposing that this brave commander would join them as a leader. The army marched immediately to Jerusalem; and Absalom sat in the palace-hall which David had so recently left. As he called around him his counsellors, it was with no small degree of surprise that he saw Hushair the Archite enter the presence-chamber, for this man had always professed particular attachment to David. Hushair, however, soon gave him to understand how well he had studied politics, by assuring him that he always made it a rule to side with the strongest.

Counsel was called for. Ahithophel spoke, as usual, first, and as usual, spoke wisely. He said—that the ex king was now with few followers—comparatively alone—taken by surprise—and without means of defence. And, as Israel had declared for Absalom, the man David alone prevented his being universally acknowledged. It was necessary, therefore, that he—David—should be secured as speedily as possible. And he recommended that a few thousand men be despatched immediately to seize his person; this being the most effectual means of preventing a civil war, and of seating Absalom firmly on the throne; for, David out of the way, there were none to dispute his right.

This was certainly the very best advice that could possibly have been given, in view of the proposed end,—Absalom's quiet possession of the throne. But the young prince resolved secretly that it should not be followed. He knew that Ahithophel would give private instructions to those who should be sent to secure the ex king's person,—when they had seized him, to put him to death. And though he had rebelled against his father, and was now trying to rob him of his crown, he would not—could not consent to his murder. Concealing, however, his dislike to the counsel, he feigned approval, and called on the other counsellors to speak.

Hushair spoke. He said—that considering the well known wisdom of the noble Ahithophel, it might appear presumptuous in him to differ from him, but,—from his sincere attachment to the young monarch, and his anxious desire to see him immediately and firmly seated on that throne which would derive additional lustre from such a possessor,—he must say, he could not but think advice might be offered, which would, at that time, be more suitable, as well as more practicable. He proceeded to enlarge upon the known bravery of David and his present adherents; stating that it was more than probable they were, ere this time, in some strong hold, whence it would be impossible to dislodge them with the present undisciplined troops which had been collected. Defeat now, he said, would be utter ruin. Haste was proverbially productive of more harm than good. He was therefore of opinion that it were better to wait a little, till their army should be augmented by the thousands who were hourly flocking to his standard; and by whom, he said, it would soon be increased to such numbers, that, if necessary, they might actually, in the absence of weapons, take ropes, and draw into the sea any town or citadel wherein David might endeavor to secure himself.

This advice, so plausible, was well received by the rest of the council, who preferred it to that of Ahithophel for more reasons than one. The fact was, they had all been jealous of Ahithophel's power of influence under the old king, and they determined to unite their efforts, and prevent, if possible, his exercising the same under the new monarch. They knew, or

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supposed, that Absalom would be governed by the majority, and they were secure in any case. For should their counsel be followed, and prove successful, it could not fail to give them that influence with Absalom which Ahithophel would, necessarily, lose. On the other hand, should their counsel prove unfortunate, and Absalom lose his usurped throne, they might return to David with the credit of having given the advice whereby the usurper had been defeated. (Our readers will learn by the above, doubtless to their entire satisfaction, that the members of ancient cabinets were not a whit behind the moderns, in their capability for wearing coats with two sides to them.)

Hushai's counsel was, of course, preferred by Absalom, as it secured his father's life for the present. And he expressed his determination to receive it before that of Ahithophel. The first counsellor was alarmed. He saw clearly that delay, in the present crisis, was certain destruction to all hope of success, and he attempted to explain his views. But his explanations were disregarded; and when, upon his dropping unguardedly some disrespectful expressions, Absalom dismissed him from his presence, he left the council-chamber with the fullest conviction that forty-eight hours would reseat David on the throne which his son had usurped.

Let us follow the disappointed man, for a few moments. He went to his home. None, but the banished archangel, when he saw the walls of heaven close him eternally out, ever felt as did then the counsellor. In his ambition, he had towered to heaven, and his disappointment was proportioned to his fall. The lofty destiny which had seemed to await and invite him, was changed in a moment, and O, how changed!

The disappointments of love bear no comparison with those of ambition. Indeed, they are not of the same kind. Love is a refined—almost an effeminate emotion, which enters but seldom the breasts of those who make thrones and crowns their play things. Disappointed love carries in its very bitterness, a gentleness which not unfrequently forgives the author of its misery. Disappointed ambition would, like the arch-fiend, spend, if possible, an eternity in revenge.

Ahithophel knew that his revenge was sure. Absalom would be defeated. But that would not restore to him the promise of that kingly power which he had, but an hour since, almost within his grasp. To him the present gave no enjoyment, the future no hope. To what end did he now live? He would live no longer. He set his house in order; and, in the very hour wherein he had hoped to wield the power of Judea's sceptre, his own hands prepared for himself the ignominious grave of a suicide. And here endeth the history of the ambitious Counsellor.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH CONTAINETH A VERY, MOURNFUL CATASTROPHE.

"O grief above all others!—when sad fate
Th s leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or feared to die."
LALLA ROOKH.

A FEW days passed away, and the morrow came; that morrow which, as we have said, was to decide the fate of Absalom and the kingdom.

The rebel troops, under command of Absalom himself, had marched to the forest of Ephraim. David had, the night before, withdrawn his forces from the plain into the city of Mahanaim. But when, in the morning, he saw the rebel host encamped near the forest, he drew out his army in three divisions, and under three commanders. Before he sent them to the battle-field, however, he gave them strict charge, (as they would not consent that he should accompany them,) that, if possible, Absalom should be taken alive, and be treated kindly.

The armies approached each other,—that of the rebels most numerous, that of the king best disciplined—and the battle was joined. The issue could not long remain doubtful. Discipline prevailed over numbers, and the rebels were beaten with immense slaughter.

It was not till he saw that, for the present, all was irretrievably lost, that Absalom would follow his flying troops. And then it was with many a backward look, that he fled from his victorious enemies. And once, as he turned to look at those behind him, his unguided mule passed under an oak whose thick boughs extended so low as to entangle the person of the prince. A violent effort to disengage himself only entangled him the more, and, as the frightened mule fled from under him, he was left suspended between earth and heaven.

Many soldiers passed him, but they remembered the injunctions of David, and, satisfied that he could not extricate himself, left him uninjured. At length Absalom saw one approaching, whom he recognized but too well, and from whom he knew what to expect. Joab came nearer, and a fiendish smile of mortal hatred glimmered over his dark features, as he saw his enemy at last within his power. In that look the prince read his own fate, but he was too proud to ask that mercy which he could not expect from his deadliest foe. He turned away his face, and at that moment, with a muttered curse, Joab threw three darts in rapid succession, with a force and precision which drove them through the very heart of Absalom. The ill-fated young prince uttered no word, but a smothered groan escaped him, and had any one been near his lips, he would have heard a name whispered, the name of one whom Absalom loved more than life, and whom he could not forget—even in death. The hands relaxed their convulsed grasp on the branches of the tree—the limbs hung loosely from the body—and a heart ceased to throb, which, though

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misguided and wrong, was noble as ever beat in human form. A corpse hung in the oak.

It was noontide. The king sat at one of the gates of the city-wall, awaiting anxiously news from the battle. A watchman stood on the wall, and as he looked, he saw a messenger coming across the plain toward the city;—and so he told the king. The messenger approached swiftly, and stood before the monarch.

"Speak," said David.

"Glad tidings, my lord, the rebels are defeated,—"

"And the young man, Absalom," interrupted the king anxiously, "is he safe?"

"May all the enemies of my lord the king be as that young man is," said the messenger.

The king rose from his seat, and as he walked towards his palace, he said, "O my son, Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom! my son! my son!"

* * * * * *

But there was one to whom the death of Absalom was a heavier stroke than to the king.

It would be strange, if it were not so common, that, in a world where are so many dark passions, there should exist a tie like that love which will bind two persons—strangers—more closely to each other, than nature can bind the nearest relatives.

If David, in his regret for the son, could forgive and lament the guilty though misguided Absalom, what must be Yehainah's thoughts and feelings, at the loss of one in whom centered her all of happiness here, and without whom, even the hereafter which her religion recognized could give no promise of bliss.

When the prince left her, and left with her the secret of the proposed revolution, he little thought what a tissue of hopes and fears he had woven round her heart. Raphar heard of the rebellion, but so short a time elapsed between its commencement and close, that there was no necessity for any action on his part. He had waited the issue with, it must be confessed, wishes for Absalom's success, of which indeed he had no doubt when he saw the universal movement in his favor. And the news of the defeat and death of the prince came very unexpectedly.

It was on the evening after the battle, that the ambassador was sitting in the court in the centre of his tents. His daughter was beside him. A menial entered. "My lord," said he, "the messenger who was sent to Mahanaim has returned."

"Send him here," said Raphar. The messenger stood before him.

"What is the news?"

"The rebels are defeated, my lord, and the young prince Absalom is slain."

The shriek that burst from the lips of Yehainah reminded the ambassador of what he had at that moment forgotten, that his daughter was present. But the mischief was done. A few weeks of fever and delirium followed, and then the victim of a broken heart sank into that grave, which was to her truly a resting place. For to her, happiness of earth had been "weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

SLEEP, baby love, sleep—there are angels above
That watch o'er thy slumbers, my own little dove;
And I know by the smiles that steal over thy brow,
Thy dreams are of heaven and happiness now.

Thus cradled before me, my innocent child,
With thy cheeks' peachy blossoms, thy heart undefil'd,
With the rays of glad sunlight beneath thy shut eyes,
Oh! how can they spare thee from yonder blue skies.

They sent thee, my darling, to this world of ours,
With the soft gales of summer and perfume of flowers,
They gave to thy mother thine angel-like form,
As a rainbow of promise in life's dreary storm.

Smile on in thy slumbers my lovely and fair,
A mother's warm kiss parts thy golden hued hair;
A mother's fond eyes o'er thine innocent sleep
Their unwearied vigils of watchfulness keep.

Sleep, baby love, sleep, and when years shall go by,
Mine own silver'd head on that pillow may lie,
And those fingers shall part the white locks on my brow,
That cling to mine own in their helplessness now.

The ripe fruit shall fall when the harvest is near,
And the green leaf must perish when yellow and sear,
But thou, my young blossom, wilt flourish and grow
When the storms of life's winter the tree hath laid low.

Sleep, baby love, sleep—may that smile's sunny beam,
Still light with its halo thine angel-brought dream,
Still holy and calm be thy slumbers of even,
"For, of such as thou art, is the kingdom of heaven."

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MY FIRST PERFORMANCE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

> How many ages hence
> Shall this, our lofty scene, be acted over
> In states unborn, and accents yet unsung.
> *Shakspeare.*

It is scarcely worth while now to state why, when, or where, I became stage struck; whether I was enamoured of some theatric goddess, and sought the habilitation of the drama as an introduction, and practised the pursuit in hopes of becoming a worthy compeer of my inamorata—whether I was too lazy to work at the business or profession to which I was devoted by paternal superintendance—whether I was conceited enough to believe that the tragedy actors of the day were mere ranting humbugs, and that I alone possessed the power of delineating the conceptions of the dramatist—is not worth inquiring. I did become stage-struck—thespian-bitten—and I resolved to cast my all upon the stake, and stand the hazard of the die.

John Dobkins was "a type-sticker," as the scientific arrangers of the metallic literals are vulgarly denominated. It is strange, but true, that out of every dozen of thespians, eleven of the number have dropped the composing stick for the truncheon, or escaped from the purlieus of the surgery, or the clutches of the law, but the numbers of the former class predominate both upon the American and the European stage. John Dobkins, a compositor, though the could play Rolla—he knew the words, for he had spouted the whole play of Pizarro twice through, without missing a line, before an enlightened and critical audience, consisting of four devils, two errand boys, and a proof-reader, who embodied within themselves the pit, box, and gallery people, the Peruvian army, and the soldiers of the Spanish camp—the youngest devil personated Cora's child, and the proof-reader was allowed the high honor of thumping the press tympan, in imitation of Pizarro's drum; all the speaking parts were *doubled* by Dobkins, who felt that he had the undying spark within his breast, and he resolved to *get up* Sheridan's play of Pizarro, on the twelve feet square stage of the Panharmonicon Institution, for the purpose of letting *the world* see that there were other persons capable of playing Rolla besides the lucky but talentless individuals at the head of the dramatic dynasty.

Dobkins offered me the part of the Spanish conqueror, "for a consideration." I accepted the offer, and prepared accordingly. Let us suppose the rehearsals over, the dresses prepared, the two scenes let down, the three lamps lighted, the four fiddlers, who were not *very* drunk, all in a row, the five prompters, each with a book of a different edition, dispersed about the wings, and every thing else at sixes and sevens, ready for the awful tinkling of the warning bell. A slight disturbance between Dobkins and a refractory chieftain, somewhat relieved the horrific silence. The cause of the brief disturbance was simple, but sufficient.

The difference, and it is a wide one, between the amateur theatre and the public establishment is, that the actors at the latter are supposed to be paid, and, that some of them do occasionally get a living salary, but the *gentlemen* forming the association invariably pay the manager for the privilege of exhibiting themselves to the sneering countenances of their acquaintances. The members of the Panharmonicon, or Pandemonium, as Dobkins' devil insisted upon calling it, found their own stage apparel, and paid proportionately to the value of their respective parts. This explanation is necessary to enable the reader to understand the following speech, which an indignant amateur was uttering just before the rising of the curtain. "Here's a shame! that fellow, there—a shilling Spanish soldier, who does not open his mouth, has a better dress than I have, a seventy-five cent nobleman with two lines and three words." The indignant three quarters was pacified by the loan of a large sword, to which he allowed himself to be tied.

A costumer in the neighborhood provided us with dresses at so much per head—according to the standard of the character represented and the nature of the dress required. Dobkins, like all genii, independent and peculiar, resolved to provide his own, and never shall I forget his appearance when he sallied from the den called the dressing room, and strutted, big with anticipatory triumph, across the limited area of exhibition. He had procured a variety of bed furniture ornaments, such as the old fashioned, round, brass embossed covers that used to hang over the bed post screws, with a quantity of bright tops of handles to bureau drawers, and about a dozen of large steel buttons. These elegancies were sewed upon an old vest, and when buttoned behind, were meant to represent a breast-plate of studded armor. A short, scant shirt, edged with red tape, scarcely reached his knees, and his legs were clad in a pair of stockings dyed in imitation of flesh color, but spoiled in the dying, inasmuch as they looked like two long sticks of Castile soap, and gave the audience an idea that he was sick with the measles. His sandals were made out of a pair of Wellington boots cut into slices. His head dress consisted of various feathers in various positions, and a large tin candle reflector, borrowed from an oyster cellar, hung round his neck as a symbo of the sun, the object of the Peruvians' worship. But Dobkins thought that he was well and characteristi-

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cally attired, and, in the pride of his heart, walked as stiff as if he had swallowed a yard and a half of rail road.

The play commenced. Every person who has witnessed a performance at a dramatic institution, must be aware that it is impossible to heighten the caricature, by exaggerating the mishaps and malapropisms of the parvenues. Dobkins encountered the usual difficulty of meeting with actors who wished for the principal part;—a difficulty felt by managers of public theatres, and well exemplified in a remark made by the veteran Dowton, who declared that when he went to open his theatre with a new company, that he was unable to cast the parts in the comedy of the Honey Moon, for though he had engaged eighteen tolerable actors, yet they were divided into eleven real dukes and seven mock dukes. Amateur ladies are difficulties hard to surmount; Dobkins had persuaded his "ladye-love" to undertake the gentle Cora, and he had borrowed an old creature, who sometimes "did the tragedy" for the young men for the sum of two dollars a night, and the price of a little refreshment, which generally amounted to two dollars more. The ignorance and mawkish vulgarity of this old harridan was in itself sufficient to spoil the performance—she knew nothing of the text, and always spoke in the wrong places, and to the wrong persons, addressing Alonzo as *Master* Pizarro, and more than once she called Rolla, "my lord."

I am not going to give an account of my trepidation, for I did not indulge in the article. I am not going to give a detail of the night's triumphs, for it was a signal failure in every sense of the word. Miss Fortune herself, and I am well aware of the lady's power, could not have congregated so many unlucky elves, nor have invented more unfortunate events. We were getting decently through the first scene of the play, noticing, by the way, that Elvira had imbibed all her *whack* of refreshment, as she termed it, when the personator of Orozembo's attendant, a part of three lines, refused to leave the stage at the end of his scene. There he remained, long after the time of his intended exit, and putting us all in confusion by his presence; the manager called to him from the wing to quit the stage—but all in vain; I walked up to him, and desired him to go off. "I shan't," said he. "I paid half a dollar for the part, and a dollar for the use of my dress, and I shan't go away till I've had my money's worth in a good look at the audience." Disgusted at his foolery, I pushed him off the stage, but he came back again, squaring at me—at *me*, the Spanish chieftain—and though I stood there before the people in a block-tin jacket, which looked as much like armor as block-tin could be made to look, with a pair of copper breeches, and an iron pot on my head for a helmet—to say nothing of my Spanish broadsword, and my shield—yet, did this infernal butcher fellow, for such he was, come up to me, and bestowing a forcible punch on my proboscis, "tapped my claret," as the prize fighters say, and sent me, with a bloody nose, off the stage, just as I was going to plant "the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, above the walls of vanquished Quito."

There is a story told of Garrick, who, when forming part of the audience at a private representation of a play by a party of amateurs, observed, in the course of the performance, "Very fair," "pretty good," and other faint praise damnings, till a country actor, who had been retained by the amateurs for his experience in the details of the stage, appeared on the boards for the purpose of delivering a message. Directly Roscius clapped eyes upon him, he observed, "Ah, ha! they've got *an actor* among them!" Garrick could not have made this observation while sitting in the auditory of the Pandemonium, although Smags, the proprietor of the building, was an old proficient, and volunteered to *get up* the piece, and play the High Priest, *doing* the original Hymn to the Sun. To the uninitiated, it is necessary to state that sundry priests in white sheets and bed gowns, and a variety of virgins in all manner of white muslin, are mustered in the Peruvian temple, and that after sundry ceremonies, the high priest commences a grand invocation to the sun, and that the respectable virgins and their venerable coadjutors, chorus the words of the senior shaveling in a very forte strain. In the middle of the chant the holy fire is supposed to descend upon the altar, in proof that the oblation is accepted. Smags had employed an overgrown lump of a boy, named Joe, to fix the altar with its pan of alcohol for the reception of the fire from above, for the descent of which, a piece of slanting wire was strained from the *flies*, as the tops of the wings or side scenes are called. An iron ring, bound round with tow or flax, well soaked in turpentine or spirits of wine, was ready at the top of the wire, and at the given *cue* or signal, was dropped down the wire into the pan of alcohol upon the altar. Joe had met with a proselyte, in the shape of a young aspirant after theatrical glory in a small way, and while drinking his victim's gin and water, had forgotten the firing of the Peruvian temple. Smags found this out just as he began the hymn, which ran, with interpolations, something in this way, supposing Joe in the flies above, endeavoring to redeem lost time, and the singer on the stage interpolating in italics, during the symphony between the lines:

"Oh! Power Supreme! (*Joe, soak your tow,*) in mercy smile—
I could kill the lazy scoundrel.
"With favor on thy servants' toil.
Not a single thing done all day.
"Our hearts from guileful passions free—"
I'm choking with rage—shouldn't wonder if I didn't burst.
"Which here we render unto thee."
I won't give him houseroom, the villain.

Here a few bars of music take place, and the characters kneel, when the fire is supposed to descend from the heavens, and remain upon the altar, and the priests, virgins, soldiers, and courtiers, burst into a grand unanimous chorus, commencing—"Give praise," &c., but Smags kept on chattering—"Now, sir, set your tow on fire, and shove it down the wire. Why, you have unhooked it—oh, you precious vagabond, there'll be no fire from heaven!" The symphony expired—off

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went the chorus, which the High Priest was compelled to join, and started suddenly out half a bar behind the time, exclaimed—"Give praise! give praise! give praise!"

Poor Joe was unable to fix the wire for the tow-bound ring to descend, and knowing that the altar ought to blaze, thought that he could throw the ignited lump of tow that should have descended the wire, into the pan of alcohol on the altar's top. He attempted it—but it fell close to the transparent picture of the sun that backed the altar piece, which was painted on oiled silk, and the burning tow soon communicated the flames to a neighbor of such susceptible materials. All the performers were busily occupied in trying the *Io triumphans* of the service, when Smags shrieked out—"*The sun is on fire—put it out!—the damned scoundrel has set fire to the sun!*" and suddenly returning to the chant, exclaimed—

"And victory sits on Rolla's brow."

And a bran new sun, too—well done, Bill!—put it out with your hat!

"Our foes to crush and overthrow."

The actors dragged down the blazing sun, and trampled it under their feet—the audience roared—the virgins were unable to sing, and the priests were in convulsions of laughter—Rolla and the King, and Cora and Alonzo hugged each other in the corners, as an excuse for concealing their cachinations—and the scene terminated "in dire and strange confusion."

Supernumeraries, as the representatives of dramatic mobs, armies of six, grand processions of twelve, dumb waiters, and other servants are termed, were luxuries beyond our reach. The members of a singing school went on for the priests and virgins, but we found it impossible to raise an army for Rolla to address, beyond one fellow who was the lamp lighter of the establishment. He was a knock-kneed, sour-looking, squat, bullet-headed ruffian, smelling as strongly of oil as a newly arrived whaler; but he was our all—the only individual whom we could persuade to dress in the short Peruvian shirt, and stand up for the army. Rolla, of course, was compelled to be singular in his address, and say, "My brave associate, partner of my toil," instead of indulging in the usual plural. Bill, who was afterwards of material service in extinguishing the sun, was of little avail in the army line. He listened not to Rolla's impassioned eloquence—but kept his eye fixed on an expiring lamp that was suspended under the hanging platform *supposed* to be the boxes of the Pandemonium. Just as Rolla arrived at the antepenultimate phrase in his peroration, "Tell your invaders this—and tell them too"—the army exclaimed, "Blest if 'taint a going out," and striding over the orchestra, passed the three seats of the pit, and turning round the burner of the lamp in question, wiped his oily hands upon the front of his scant shirt, and quietly resumed his place upon the stage—much to the wonderment of Mr. John Dobkins, and more to the merriment of his unfeeling friends.

I have heard a story of an actor who was to have personated the ghost in Hamlet, and neglected to appear at the theatre in due time upon the appointed evening. Another actor, the manager's toady, was ready in the part, and proffered to undertake it at the very shortest notice. The original ghost arrived in the theatre just as the second hand ghost was about to appear; he was determined that the sneaking scoundrel should not enjoy his advantage; half a dozen minutes served him to don his armor and whiten his physiognomy—when, rushing from his dressing room to the wing, he heard the surreptitious ghost declare, "I am thy father's spirit."—Dashing on to the stage, he knocked ghost number two into the orchestra, exclaiming, "You his father's spirit. You lie! *I* am his father's spirit, doomed for a certain time to walk the night," and coolly proceeded with the part, leaving his double to escape under the stage as he best might. I have seen two uncles step forward to be murdered in the cockney tragedy of George Barnwell, owing to a difference in the printed bill and the prompter's *affiche* or cast. Each of them refused to quit the stage, and the polite but bothered nephew respectfully inquired which of them he was to murder? One of them was duly stabbed, but both of them fell, and went through the self same agonies of death, uttering the same benedictional farewell. On the night in question, we had two sentinels. A Mister Samuel Sneck was to have filled the part, and I believe expended the necessary three dollars, but he was supposed to be incapable of producing effect, and Mr. John Dobkins, fearful of having one of his best scenes "*cut up by a muff*," gave the part to another. But if Samuel Sneck was not efficient at rehearsal, he was very effective at night; he did not relish losing his money and his character too—therefore, when the scene occurred wherein he expected to have figured, he walked on to the stage in his citizen's dress, for his superseder had monopolized the breast plate and Spanish breeches devoted to the sentinel. Samuel Sneck was also unable to procure the spear of duty, but he shouldered a long handled broom and walked very valiantly up and down the back part of the stage, as if he was actually on duty. Dobkins was diddled. He could not attempt to seduce two sentinels, and Sneck refused to budge. Dobkins commenced the dialogue—both the sentinels answered. Hamlet was not more bothered with his duplicate of ghosts—Barnwell was not more astonished at the multiplication of his uncle, than was Dobkins at the duett of sentinels he was compelled to hear. The equipped sentinel said something rude to Sneck, who returned it with interest, and was favored with "a knock o'er the mazzard" from the desiderated spear. Sneck returned the compliment with a sweeping assertion from the long handled broom, and experienced a flooring syllogism in reply. Both of the combatants were properly hissed off the stage.

Stage children are universally ugly. I know but of one solitary exception, and I claim that in proof of the rule. The dramatic dumblings are generally picked up by the property man at as low a rate as parents can be prevailed upon to allow—the manager will not pay more than a quarter a head, and expect clean flesh leggings and red shoes into the bargain. There is a fatality attending the performance of Cora's child—a positive unluckiness about the sucking

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Alonzo—a certainty of failure, or grotesque abortiveness. I have seen a red-headed, bandy-legged, rickety, squinting cub, led on between the fond parents, while the audience roared at the opposite appositeness of the text. Is he not like thee? inquires the tender mother; while the father responds with a complimentary parallel about "rosy sofiness, smiling gentleness, and auburn hair." Pizarro asks if the child is heir to all his mother's beauty, to all his father's virtue; while the poor diminutive who has been arrayed in the *stock* pink frock, warranted to fit all juveniles from fifteen months to fifteen years, is rubbing his unwashed fist into his pig's eyes, and tears are furrowing down the thick coat of vermillion plastered on his chubby cheeks—or if he refrains from tears, he stands staring at the lights or the fiddlers, with open eyes and distended mouth in all the idiotcy of fear. Unless the little histrion is an accustomed stager, he is sure to cry during some portion of the piece (Pizarro). It is possible that the first scene may be got over—the procession of nuns and priests may pass quietly, but the dropping of the fire from heaven is an awful business, and generally generates a yell. In the fifth act, two Spanish soldiers are supposed to find the child and carry it off. It is two to one that the sight of these ill-looking fellows frightens the young actor into a fit of bellowing; but if he quietly passes over his capture, his sudden seizure by Rolla in the last scene, his high and unnatural exaltation in the hero's arms, and the apparent pursuit of armed and angry men, who fire several guns at him as he is carried across a thin plank supposed to represent a bridge. Then he is to be covered with blood, (wet paint,) and hauled roughly upon the stage, amidst the confusion and agony attendant on the death scene of the noble Peruvian. If the youthful aspirant or perspirant stands all this, he is well worth his twenty-five cents, and may, in time be promoted to the high honor of enacting the young torch bearer, Fleance, or the never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated dignity of the duke of York, with other dollar dignitaries.

I have witnessed more than one ludicrous affair arising from the unfitness of the representative of Cora's child, who is supposed to be more interesting even than heroines' children are in general. I have seen a dear little snub-nosed brat resolutely refuse to advance till a huge lump of gingerbread had pacified his noise. On he went, daubing the wet cake over his rouged face, and leaving portions of the soft brown mess upon the top of his nose and the rotundity of his cheeks. The gingerbread did not last the scene out—the final morsel was scarcely gulped down ere he seemed aware of the wretchedness of his situation. He pulled up the front hem of his gold-bound frock, looked with an eye of suspicion at the pink stockings in which his bandy pins were encased, and roared out at the top of his tiny voice, "These here aint my breeches—give me my corderoys, and let me go home." Another interesting specimen of humanity, considerably above the average size, but selected on the principle of expediency, seeing, as the property man said, that he was the stage carpenter's son, and had played Cora's child for nine years, and knew the business well, being sure, when held up by Rolla, to raise his P. S. arm with an air of independence, and picturesquely lift his O. P. leg—and, as the official observed, "though he vos vorse nor eleven years old, he wasn't worry big considering—and it was better to have a child as know'd how to do the business properly, nor vun as 'ud *spile* the scene." To pass over the impropriety of the language uttered by Alonzo and Cora about this elderly infant—such as "he will speak soon," &c., I will come at once to the denouement of my illustration. The Rolla of the evening was a small made man, not much more than two sizes bigger than the child; and when he attempted to carry the overgrown brat on his raised arm, the interesting infant said, as Rolla crossed the bridge—"Hollo, old chap, hold me up, or I shall capsize, and if I do, I'm d—d if I don't pull your wig off."

The young gentleman who had been selected to fill the part of the baby on the night of "My First Performance," was a squat, fat lump of flesh, with a delicious waddle in his gait. He proceeded without much difficulty, but with much fear, till he was seized by Rolla, who hoisted him up by the shoulder, in the usual legitimate but most unnatural manner. The little fellow thought it was a curious position for Rolla to place a child in, whom he wished to secure from the shots of the soldiery, and shrieked several tiny yells and short sharp squeaks, similar to the sounds vented by an infantine porker, when the butcher's knife disagrees with his inside. The mother of the child was a reputable huckster, and disapproved of the course pursued by Rolla for the salvation of the boy, and no sooner did the sound of her beloved one's voice fall on her maternal auricles, than she darted across the stage after Rolla, in full sight of the audience, and threatening the Peruvian hero with her doubled fists. Rolla knew that he was pursued by the Spanish soldiery, (we had *two* Spaniards,) and was aware that he had to escape across a bridge at the back of the stage—but Dobkins, his personator, knew not that he was followed by an irate mamma, in a red and white horse-cloth shawl and a black bonnet, venerable with the dust and ruins of many market days. Dobkins gained the bridge—the Spaniards fired—the child yelled more forte—the mother hastened her pace—and just as the noble Rolla gained the centre of the frail plank across the mountain torrent, and defied the pursuit of the soldiery, the huckster woman came behind him, seized her child from his grasp, and with an indignant whirl, sent the hero off the bridge into the depths below. The hero struggled as he fell—an envious nail stuck in the hem of his short Peruvian shirt, and tore it from stem to stern. He hung on "like grim death," but the rail gave way, and Rolla fell. It was painful to observe the triumph of the audience—the multitude are ever ready to rejoice at the downfall of a hero—popularity pays a heavy tax—the name of the envious is legion—but never, even in South America, where heroes are hourly, dynasties daily, and revolutions weekly—*did* so unanimous a shout attend a leader's fall. The amazon retained her post of victory, but the boisterous feelings of the auditory drowned her unseemly objur-

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gations. The scene closed—Dobkins pocketed his bruises and his disgrace, and endeavored to persuade the mamma to suffer her infantine treasure again in his embrace. The stage was waiting for him—it was his dying scene, wherein he hoped to produce some new effects. She was obdurate. The audience hissed loudly at the delay. Smaggs suggested a remedy—a small nigger had just brought in some brandy toddy from the adjacent tavern—Smaggs proposed to whiten his face, envelope his body in a cloak, and bear him on as Cora's child for the sake of finishing the piece. In a luckless minute, Dobkins consented. The little nigger's physiognomy was chalked—a large gown was thrown around him, and the dying hero with his precious charge staggered on the stage—Smags rather loudly whispering—"Don't show his mug if you can help it." Cora clasped her babe, rescued from the enemy by the life-blood of her friend—anxious to exhibit her maternal affection, and ignorant of the change that had taken place behind the scenes, she tore off the wrapper from her child, and the woolly headed brat thrust his smeared countenance before her gaze. The affrighted lady shrieked and dropped him—the little nigger shook off all impediments, and ran from the stage; his habiliments were not exactly Peruvian, and a large hiatus in the back settlements of his subligacali seemed particularly to please the pit. "Then rose the shout on high," and unheeding Dobkins' dying didoes, the audience rose and cheered.

"Last scene of all, to end this strange eventful history"—I dare not pretend to describe my combat with the youth Alonzo; nor my death. The imperturbable lamp-lighter and one of my followers, forming all the Peruvian army and one half of the Spanish, marched on to the stage to bear off their chieftain's body. In strict accordance with the habit of all tragedians who profess to hold the mirror up to nature, I had stiffened my body within a minute after death, to the fixidity of marble. The Spanish force seized my head and the Peruvian army lifted my legs. Up I went, straight as a pine log. Two of my acquaintances in front cheered me encouragingly—the armies reached the wing with slow and solemn step, bearing their precious charge with dignified respect. The shouts of bravo redoubled, when the damned Peruvian army, not seeing where he was going, backed on to the sharp edge of a wing or side scene—the blow was severe, and on a tender part—the shock was violent—and, unable to withstand the force of the impetus, he dropped his share of my body, and tumbled forward on my corpse. The sudden fall displaced the moiety of the Spanish army from his perpendicular, and we concluded this scene of degradation, by crawling off the stage on all fours, amidst the groans, hisses, and yells of the friends who had been spirited to participate in the glories of our

FIRST PERFORMANCE.

THE FIRESIDE CIRCLE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

When loud howls the tempest, and fierce rolls the storm,
And the wild winds of winter are wing'd to deform—
When a mantle of snow clasps the once blooming earth,—
How bright are the joys that surround the dear hearth:
The bleak blasts may scatter the blossoms away,
But the fireside circle is cheerful and gay.

There, tottering age, with its white locks, is seen,
Recounting old stories when lifetime was green;
There, the pleased eye of boyhood past glories can see,
And infancy sports round its grandsire's knee:
And the fond mother looks, thro' a smile and a tear,
On the fireside circle, so precious and dear.

And there the glad lover, when day tasks are done,
May seek at the hearth-stone his heart's chosen one—
May clasp the fond hand that ere long is to bind
Yet tighter the chain that hath link'd them in mind,
And hail the bright smile that no clouds ever dim,
That shall hallow the fireside circle for him.

And there the lone wanderer, far o'er the main,
Comes back to the fondly loved circle again—
Like a dove to its ark, from the ocean's rude breast,
He flies to that haven of blessings and rest:
No longer he hears the wild sea's sullen roar,
For the fireside circle hath claim'd him once more.

The play ground of children that meet in their mirth,
The best, dearest spot for old age, upon earth:
The tryst place of lovers, the mother's fond shrine,
The seaman's first hail, as he quits the blue brine:
The one ready altar devotion uprears,
Is the fireside circle time closer endears.

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MIRABILIA EXEMPLA.

BY A METROPOLITAN.

"Our thoughts are ours—their ends none of our own."—*Shakspeare.*

The Nile and its waters—The Nile compared with the Mississippi—The New Bridge at Cairo—The Statue of the Nile—The American Stage—The Demerity of the Star System—Marital Cannibals—The Age of Humbug—Honestus *versus* Russell—Newspaper Puffing—The International Copy-right Question—Cooper and the Quarterly Review.

MOHAMMED, or rather Mehemmed Ali, the present Pacha of Egypt, has been turning the force of his vigorous imagination to the means of increasing the diffusion of the waters of the Nile—the revivifying power of old and modern Egypt—the unceasing source of its wonderful fertility. The annual deposit of rich mud, composed of carbonate of lime and argillaceous earth brought down from the mountainous regions by the annual flood or rise in the river after the rainy season, is a national blessing of inestimable value; for nearly four thousand years, the waters of the Nile have teemed with the means of the certain harvest—a long illustrious line of potentates, in various ways and with still more variable success, busied themselves in the construction of works calculated to assist the dispersion of the wealthy-freighted water into the bowels of the land—the mouths of canals indent the banks of the old river—reservoirs, locks, sluices, dams, and mills, of every possible variety of construction, impel the turbid stream into its hundred channels, and give the inland farmers assurance of their annual manure. Many of these hydraulic affairs were damaged in the wars that overrun the country during the last fifty years; neglect and disuse also effected serious decay; but Mohammed Ali has lately compelled the authorities to superintend the immediate repair of every water-work in Upper and Lower Egypt; he is also determined to commence the gigantic bridge-dam across the mouth of the Nile, which has for ages been contemplated but never attempted, from the immensity of the undertaking almost rendering its execution impossible.

The Nile, the abiding place of the crocodile and the hippopotamus—the fluvial wonder of the old world—runs nearly two thousand five hundred miles from its highest sources to its bi-mouthed *debouchement.* Egypt contains two hundred thousand square miles, and such is the sandy nature of the soil, that, except in the valley of the Nile, or in the districts watered by its branches, and which scarcely amount to seventeen thousand miles, the land is arid and unproductive.

But this great and wonderful stream sinks into the merest insignificance when compared with any of the great rivers of America; the Nile, at its broadest point, which is just below Cairo, before it diverges into the two branches that wash the Delta, is about one thousand yards wide, that is, under three-fifths of a mile—while the Mississippi is more than double that width at its junction with the Missouri. The Nile is wretchedly shallow near Cairo, while the Mississippi at Natchez is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet deep, and between New Orleans and its mouth, vessels are unable to obtain anchorage with less than sixty fathom of cable. There is a singular coincidence in the nature of the two rivers—the water of each is limpid, muddy, and unpalateable, and deposits a heavy residuum. Both streams are subject to annual floods or rises in their waters—the Nile commences its increase in the middle of June, and ends in the month of September; the Mississippi flood commences in March and ends in May. Both rivers overflow the flat lands upon their borders, but while the irrigation of the Nile fertilises the sandy soil of Egypt, the overflow of the Mississippi is wasted in the rich alluvial bottoms, and supplies the moisture of the cypress swamps, or the stagnant water of the lakes between the river and the gulf. About eleven thousand square miles are subject to overflow by the "father of waters" and his tributaries, and the overflow of the Nile is but half as much more. The height of the rise upon the Mississippi is variable—between the mouth of the Ohio and the Missouri the average height is about twenty-five feet—at some places below this point, it attains to fifty feet, but afterwards gradually subsides. At New Orleans, the rise is about twelve feet, while at Baton Rouge it amounts to upwards of thirty. The medial height may be estimated at fifteen or sixteen feet. The overflow of the Nile, in the time of Herodotus, was about sixteen cubits, that is under thirty feet. At the present time, a rise of twenty-two cubits is considered necessary to fill all the cisterns and canals, which proves that the lower part of Egypt has been considerably raised by the yearly deposits of the river since the time of the historian. In the year 1829, considerable damage was done to many villages and several inhabitants were drowned, by a rise of twenty-six cubits, or forty-seven feet. Neither of the rivers have any tideway, or feel the effects of the neighborhood of the sea; both of them debouche by several mouths; and an alluvion delta graces their junction with the ocean.

The proposed bridge across the Nile is to be completed in less than six years. It is to be erected about fifteen miles below Cairo, at that point of the river where it divides into the two major branches. The Damietta, formerly called the *Phatritic* or *Bucolic*, and the Rosetta, or *Bolbitic*, which, with the Mediterranean, form the Delta, containing the celebrated city

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of Alexandria, with the minor towns of Suis and Pelusium. It is intended that this bridge shall form a sort of dam, or lock, to keep the waters of the Nile at a favorable height for the purposes of husbandry, during the winter and spring months of the year It is computed by Mohammed Ali that twenty-four thousand laborers, besides three hundred and forty smiths and six hundred and fifty carpenters, who are to be supplied from the arsenal at Alexandria, will be necessary for the completion of the preliminary portion of his proceedings; such as digging the lateral canal, rectifying the bed of the river, mending the banks, and forming dykes. It is in contemplation to employ four or five regiments of infantry upon the works, and in the construction of a railroad from the stone quarries among the Mockatam mountains, which are some few leagues distant from the river's bank.

There is a noble emblematical statue of the Nile, carved out of a rock of black marble, in the Vatican at Rome. The following description is at hand, and saves the trouble of originating sentences. "The statue of the Nile may be distinguished by his large cornucopia, by the sphinx couched under him, and by the sixteen little children playing around him. By the sixteen little children are understood the several risings of the river every year, as far as to sixteen cubits. The black marble is said to be in allusion to the Nile's coming from Ethiopia. The water flows down from under his robe, which conceals his urn, to denote that the head of the river was impenetrable." In some modern statues the head is quite hidden under his robe for the same reason.

The editor of the Cincinnati Express has lately given an excellent article on the present condition of the stage, and the malefic effects of the star system upon the habitudes of the regular drama. The reader will find it well worth his attention.

"If ever there was a time when the stage was a moral school, that time has passed, but it is still in the power of judicious managers to make the drama a source of refined, intellectual and innocent amusement. There is a wide difference between the exercise of an actual influence upon the moral sense of the public, and the provision of means for their simple pleasures. The drama may promote virtue indirectly, by keeping from positively vicious amusements that portion of the population of every city, which is bent on seeking them. It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of those who regard with interest the improvements of this class, to give their aid in support of a well directed theatre. The attempt to oppose the stage is perfectly idle, and if its licentiousness be often justly complained of, the fact is mainly attributable to the fierce denunciations which are heaped upon it, rendering many connected with it indifferent to its character and their own conduct; as their profession is broadly and unequivocally condemned, whatever may be their exertions to make it a source of harmless pastime.

"The primary cause of the deterioration of theatrical companies is the STARRING system. It is well enough, now and then, to engage an actor of extraordinary merit—but to force a succession of new persons upon the boards merely because they are new to the public, is bad policy in every sense. We do believe, in a city like this, where there is no rival establishment, that a stock company, excellent in all respects, (and such may be engaged) with appropriate scenery, dresses and properties, would yield as fair a profit to all parties pecuniarily interested, as they can realize by encouraging the starring business. The salaries of resident performers are spent in the city, and increase the means of their patrons. But a travelling thespian abstracts from the community a very large portion of the money, which if kept in circulation, would again return to the treasury of the theatre. In another point of view the policy is a mistaken one. A stock company is forced to do almost every thing in a hurry. Every new comer has his new pieces. Time sufficient for study and rehearsal is not allowed, and often the best members of it are imperfect in their parts. The star also calls for new scenes or dresses for some piece that may be played but once, which are procured, while the ordinary conveniences of the stage have no attention."

The sound sense and justness of the above remarks deserve unqualified praise. The American stage cannot arise from the slough of despond, while it is compelled to uphold the train of every puny star. The example is contagious—a young actor appears before the public, and gains the suffrages of his friends—his temper will not allow him to submit to the degradation of delivering messages to the manager's stars—he becomes a star himself—and an inexperienced youngster, ignorant of the common rudiments of his art, outrages nature and the patience of his audience, by the absurdity of his dramatic attempts We have a variety of American actors who go about "starring," who could not gain a moderate salary as stock actors in any theatre in the Union. These infatuated people cannot be blamed—they know that English actors of an equal grade are imported as stars, and by the aid of letters and puffs prepared in Europe, are forced down the throats of the gullible Americans for one or two years, during which time these well-puffed players repeat some four or six parts with parrot-like perfection. Look at the routine of stars at any respectable theatre in any of the Atlantic cities, and half-a-dozen principal actors cannot be named in the last half-dozen years. When such persons as Balls, Keeley, Ternan, Abbott, H. Wallack, Denvil, C. Mason, cum multis aliis, are allowed to disgrace the American stage, and figure as the heroes of the evening, in theatres boasting of stock companies embracing considerably better actors, we blush for the endurance of the audience, and wonder at the importer's impudence, and the impostors' success. There are many ladies of inferior pretension now "starring it" with sound of trumpet and loud beat of drum; gallantry prevents their nomination, but it would be an easy job to point out a dozen feminine planets,* now figur-

* The annals of the stage were never before disgraced as they are now, by the names of several married ladies, who are compelled to appear before the

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ing in this country, not one of whom ever filled even a second rate situation at a respectable theatre in England. These facts are well known amongst actors—can we wonder, then, if young Americans expect to class with these assumers of station, and refuse to descend below the third-rates who have nothing to boast but the fact of having been imported?

The dramatic talent of this country, whether native or foreign, is very limited, and generally of a most inferior quality. There are not sufficient American actors in the whole of the States, to make up one good company, perfect in all its bearings, and capable of representing creditably the run of the legitimate drama. But few of the English actors of talent remain with us—two years "starring," works them out, and it is very rare to find a ci-devant star settle down into a contented stock actor. They go back to their own country, proud of the laurels they have gained in America, and forget not to boast of their success in the land of dollars. American approbation now gives stamp and name to talent, even in aristocratic London. Several actors have returned home after a short probation in the States, and having the praises of the Yankees to exhibit in the shape of fulsome puffs and exaggerated remarks, are supposed to be capable of filling situations which, before their trip, seemed beyond the bounds of hope, and equally improbable as the emoluments of the postmaster generalship of an undiscovered land.

Let us, then, set our faces against all talentless professors of the histrionic art—against all second-rate stars—against all companies of inferior grade. The Americans are essentially a play-going people, willing to pay for the best ability, and capable of appreciating its exertion. The nature of some portion of the quoted remarks evinces the necessity of supporting a good stock company, and the futility of lavishing every favor upon every stranger, because his name stands in large letters at the head of the bill. By encouraging stock actors we foster talent; by running after second-rate stars, we depress the value of the home-made article, and fill the pockets of transient visiters.

It would be a puzzling question to decide whether this is an age of science or an age of humbug; or rather, in these days of pretension, whether a little science, garnished with a profusion of humbug, is not more marketable than the real article in its native purity? Tact has generally been more available than talent—but the world now-a-days must be positively humbugged. A placarding, impudent professor can puff himself into a short lived popularity, if he possesses only the ground-work of the art he professes to exemplify, and wears a clean shirt, and talks big. The latter proviso is of the utmost importance. It is laughable to see how readily the gentlemen of the press lend themselves to the purpose of farthering the views of the bronzed professor!—how kindly they patronise his inimitable talents!—how graciously they insert his stereotyped puffs, and sanction his impudent and unblushing affirmations! It is laughable to see how savagely an editor *uses up* some poor peripatetic humbug—some mineral-teeth vender—whose powers of locomotion were placed in operation before his printer's bill was paid. The fang expositor is denounced to the vengeance of the tribe and the indignation of the humbugged public, while, in the editorial columns, in trite and hackneied terms, a fifth-rate dramatic star is foisted on the reader's notice—although it is likely that the editor has never seen the article he lands.

Dramatic quacks deserve the severest punishment. We are not compelled to employ the steam doctor, or the homoepathist. We are not forced to swallow any medicine, however perseveringly it may be *proffered*; nor are we obliged to trust our property in the hands of any humbug pettifogger of the law. We can escape from the clutches of every quack but the player, and if he is bad, we must give up our amusement, or suffer the annoyance of having a spurious article thrust down our throats. It is, therefore, the positive duty of an audience to express its disapprobation as keenly as its delight—it is ridiculous to encourage talent, and allow humbug a place by its side. Editors of public journals should freely express their honest *opinions* of the performance, and not, by their kindness, assist a pretender to the pinnacle point. It is useless to rail at him when he is evidently unable to keep his seat.

A Philadelphia paper lately investigated the claims of a certain vocalist and pretended *composer* to the station he claimed in the musical world. Fair play was allowed, and Mr. Russell's counter statement appeared in the same columns which contained the attack upon his fame. The replication was awfully correct, and in any other age, would have annihilated the charlatan; but humbug is fashionable; and the exposure, with its column of incontrovertible truths, served but as a puff to the pretender, who, in the true spirit of quackery, immediately announced a concert, and a crowded room evinced the feeling of "the victims o' gammon," to use the phrase of the erudite Samuel Weller. The remainder of the editorial corps did not fight the good fight, nor assist their brother of the broad sheet in his onslaught—but they continued to puff the Great Exposed, and by their good natured patronage, tacitly opposed the affirmations they were unable to contradict.

The passage of the contemplated international copyright law will materially increase the *character of the* stage, provided a clause relative to foreign plays be included in the act. The public will not be insulted with trashy farces, written for the display of the powers of one man, and he, perhaps, of an inferior stamp; we shall not behold the finest plays cut down to mere vehicles of song or Yankee tale—we shall not be compelled to receive the refuse of the foreign bookseller

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public under the most equivocal and painful circumstances, retaining their maiden appellations, that their dirty-minded husbands may enjoy the benefits of the popularity attached to young and good-looking ladies, who are supposed to be still unmarried. This positive defiance of even the respectability of appearance, deserves the severest reprehension. There are others who call themselves men, yet lead an idle life, and depend for support upon the exertions of their wives, dragging them from place to place with greedy haste, and forming engagements for their appearance, as jockeys enter fillies at a race meeting. "Let no such man be trusted."

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because it can be played for nothing. It will be will. plays, as with the higher branches of literature; when the English author expects to be paid, the American may stand a chance of sharing in the remuneration. For the want of such a law, it is now impossible to get an original dramatic piece represented, or, in plainer language, to get paid for the representation of such piece. The English article is at hand, ready made, at a trivial expense, and as we steal nearly all our books, there can be no disgrace in filching our drama, and remaining content with the second-hand effusions of another land.

The international copy-right question has been much discussed; and many heavy paragraphs have been fired off by interested persons who dread being disturbed in their unhallowed monopoly. Excepting the malignant slang of a certain ignoramus, who is intimately connected with a work supported by foreign piracy, every argument against its becoming a law has been based, not upon equity, but the rotten principle of expediency. The booksellers and printers endeavor to enlist the sympathies of the reading public in their behalf by asserting that the law will make English books as dear as American, because the copy-right must be paid for. This assertion but evinces the necessity of such protection. How can our literature be encouraged if popular English works are published at lower prices, because the authors are not to be paid? There is something essentially disgraceful in allowing another nation to boast that they find us in literature—in confessing—nay, in glorying that we steal our books, our music, and our drama. Let us not rest with this stigma upon our national character—let us not be so degraded as to remain dependent upon a foreign nation for our mental food; let us take what we require, not as pirates, but as honest men, paying for what we want, till our own country is enabled to supply the demand. The Declaration of Independence is incomplete, while English books are allowed to monopolize the literary enterprise of the land—place a price upon them that will enable the American author to compete, and the character of our literature will receive a rapid advancement; for the humbug editors who are unable to word a paragraph, and fill their publications, daily, weekly, or monthly, with extracts from English periodicals, will be driven back to their dens, and compelled to resign their seats to men of intellectual power. Historians, novelists, dramatists, will arise, and science, free and unfettered, smile upon the land.

The October number of the London Quarterly Review contains, with many other excellent papers, a notice of Mr. Cooper's "England," in which the reviewer, with potent causticity, developes the gangrene of the author's mind in its most foul and diseased state. The American reprint of the Quarterly will soon be issued, and the public will find it worth while to give the article a careful perusal. The annals of criticism do not exhibit a parallel instance of such talented and well applied severity; the fire of the reviewer's genius flashes with inconceivable brilliancy over the dry weeds and sapless rubbish which clog the face of every page; the scorching, though unusually intense, will prove beneficial in its effects. Cooper will see the necessity of checking his habit of fault-finding, and, in future, refrain from the general condemnation in which he has latterly indulged. The reading public begin to tire of his petty animosity towards the English, and laugh at the wonderful insults to America which he insists upon discovering even in a friendly invitation to dinner. His friends are ashamed of the universality of his cynicism—of that malignant irritability which he exhibits against every thing popular whether in America, France, or England. If any foreign scribe had written but one tythe part of the insulting remarks upon the habits of Americans which have issued from the pen of Mr. Cooper, the author would have out-Trolloped Fidler—yet Mr. C. pretends to stand up for the character of his country; and when he has succeeded in giving personal offence to foreigners at their own tables, insists upon the retaliation being considered a national insult. Médicin, guéris-toi, toi même.

Washington City, D. C.

RUINS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

I LOVE to gaze on ruins, and to muse
Upon the general fate, which still attends
The works of impotent mortality.
Towers, castles, monuments and tombs—
The monarch's palace and the peasant's cot—
The mausoleum of the mighty king,
Or the rude monument affection rears
Over a beggar's corse—all share alike
The general doom, and crumble into ruins.
Yet, e'en those ruins, broken as they are,
Act to the soul as sweet remembrancers,
Recalling back the memory of past ages,
And teaching us this sad and humbling thought—
That man, and all his works, must yield to TIME.

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TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.

BY J. P. IVES.

I'M glad we were not wedded!—I should grieve
To watch thy beauties waning, one by one;—
See those blue deeps, through which thy pure thoughts shone,
Fade like pale stars, whose wan shrouds morn doth weave.

I could not bear to see thy smiles less kind;—
Fair smiles, revealing all I've known of heaven!—
To see thine ample brow with care o'er-graven—
Or hear thy voice re-echo not thy mind!

To see thy radiant form, so faultless still,
Yield to the touch of Time's reluctant hand;
To see love's rose, leaf after leaf expand,
Then fade for aye, 'neath custom's gathering chill!

And oh, to feel, *e'en thou* may'st yet become
Like to the things about thee!—(for the mind
Grows like its custom'd food;)—To wake and find
Thou, too, like those who've made my heart a tomb?

Then let me still dream on. One kiss!—and now
We part forever:—Thou, to waste long years
In life's dull game of solemn smiles and tears,—
And I, to learn "*forgetfulness*" below!

Forget?—but words are idle: those I love,
I worship:—Love must be my deity;—
And finding this *in vain*, alas, *in thee*—
Below the skies—what should I seek *above*?

We know not what may be. There are dim dreams
Of vague delight, beyond life's ebbless sea,—
Where mind meets kindred mind—and all shall be
As hope inspires, or faith or fancy deems.

But not to me are such wild visions given:—
And when the grass is green—as soon 'twill be—
Above my grave,—one kindly thought from thee,
Is all I ask from earth—is all I hope of heaven.

Philadelphia, 1838.

THOU ART FREE.

BY JAMES HENRY CARLETON.

FAREWELL!—I deemed thee true,—
I thought thy plighted faith could ne'er be broken,
I chose thee of the few
Who seem'd my friends, most worthy love's pure token;
And my confiding heart
Placed all its truth—its very hope in thee.
But go—thou'rt false—we part—
Thou did'st deceive—forget me—thou art free.

O! that we had not met,—
Or having met, ne'er known the hour to sever.
I loved—can I forget?
No! memory clings to love's first hope forever.

But let thy broken vow,
Ne'er bring thy mind one painful thought of me.
No, no! be happy now,
Be happy in remebemring, thou art free.

And now we part for aye:
Yet, though bereft of every hope but heaven,
I fervently will pray
That thou may'st be—as I forgive—forgiven.
Then go—I thought thee true—
I was deceived—forsaken. Still, to thee,
I send, with this adieu,
My heart's best wishes. Farewell! thou art free.

January 8th, 1839.

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers, not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

FEBRUARY.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1775	Earl Chatham, in the House of Lords, proposed his scheme of reconciliation with America. Doctor Franklin present.
—	1781	Battle of Catawba at M'Cowan's Ford, S. C. Lord Cornwallis and British army succeeded in crossing the river.
—	1800	Engagement between U. S. Frigate Constellation, Com. Truxton, and French ship Le Vengeance, 54 guns. After four hour's fighting, the frigate lost her main mast, and the Frenchman sheered off
2	1798	The Federal Street Theatre, Boston, burnt down.
—	1803	Died, George Walton, aged 64. He was Colonel in the revolutionary army, Governor of Georgia, and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1806	The unfortunate Spanish General, Don Francisco Miranda, sailed from New York, in the ship Leander, on his expedition to revolutionize South America.
—	1817	Dreadful wreck of the Columbus Packet from New York to Charleston.
3	1733	Born, at Hingham, Mass., Benjamin Lincoln, celebrated revolutionary General.
—	1776	Benjamin Franklin examined before the British House of Commons respecting the necessity of the repeal of the American Stamp Act.
—	1779	General Moultrie drove the British from Port Royal Island, South Carolina.
4	1762	Died, Samuel Davis, President of Nassau Hall, and founder of the first Presbytery in Virginia.
—	1796	Captain Hodges, of American ship Sedgeley, saved 160 men from wreck of Aurora British Transport.
—	1813	U. S. Frigate Constellation chased into Norfolk, Virginia, by a British Squadron.
—	1816	Died, in Philadelphia, Captain John Carson, from shot wounds inflicted by his wife's paramour, Lieutenant Smith.
5	1722	Born, in Scotland, John Witherspoon, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and President of Princeton College.
—	1724	Born, in Massachusetts, James Otis, Patriot and Statesman.
—	1776	Georgia adopted a new Government.
—	1782	The Independence of the U. S. of America acknowledged by Sweden.
—	1813	The Ports and Harbors of the Chesapeake declared to be in a state of blockade by the British Admiral Warren.
—	1814	Seventeen British Officers captured on Lake Erie, and placed in close confinement at Chillicothe, on the principle of retaliation.
6	1736	Earthquake felt throughout New England.
—	1777	The Government of England issued Letters of Marque and Reprisal against America.
—	1778	Ratification of the Treaty between France and the United States of America, wherein the Independence of the latter nation was acknowledged. This was the first treaty of the new States with a foreign power.
—	1788	Massachusetts adopted the Federal Constitution, being the sixth State in order of succession.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
6	1769	Constitution of Vermont adopted.
—	1813	Aliens ordered to report themselves to the U. S. Marshals of the Districts wherein they resided.
—	1815	The Pirates of Barataria received the pardon of the Executive Government in consequence of their courage and fidelity displayed in the defence of New Orleans.
—	1827	Convention between England and the United States to fix the amount of indemnity awarded to American subjects injured in the late war.
7	1812	Earthquake felt in Philadelphia and other parts of the United States.
—	1813	Gallant action of Captain Forsyth, at Elizabethtown, against the British.
8	1815	Fort Bowyer, Mobile Point, invested for the second time, by the British.
—	1825	Died, in Philadelphia, Samuel Ewing, distinguished Lawyer and Littérateur.
9	1674	New York surrendered to the English by the Dutch Governor, Antony Colve.
—	1799	U. S. Frigate Constellation, Captain Truxton, captured French Frigate L'Insurgent, 54 guns, off Bas-aterre.
10	1676	Lancaster, Mass., burnt, and the inhabitants killed or captured by the Indians under the Sachem Pocanoket.
—	1690	The French and Indians surprise Schenectady, killing 60 and taking 27 prisoners. The rest of the inhabitants escaped through the snow to Albany, a distance of 16 miles; as the fugitives were nearly naked, many of them perished or were severely frost bitten.
—	1763	Canada ceded to England by France, at the peace of Paris.
—	1786	Died, aged 44, John Cadwallader, distinguished Revolutionary General. Born in Philadelphia.
—	1787	Died, aged 83, Charles Chauncy, D. D., an eminent Divine at Boston.
11	1729	Died, at Northampton, aged 86, Solomon Stoddard, a celebrated New England Divine.
—	1815	Fort Bowyer, Mobile Point, surrendered to superior British force.
—	——	British Sloop of War Favorite, arrived at New York with the ratified Treaty of Peace between the United States of America and Great Britain.
—	1828	Died, suddenly, while sitting in his library, De Witt Clinton, aged 59. He was Governor of New York, and promoter of the Erie and Champlain Canals.
12	1793	Died, aged 60, at Boston, Captain John Manly, U. S. Navy—a successful cruiser during the Revolutionary war, although some time in confinement by the British.
13	1779	The British suddenly evacuated Augusta, Georgia.
—	1781	A Troop of Tarleton's Dragoons cut to pieces by American Legion under Colonel Henry Lee
—	1817	Died, at Louisville, Kentucky, George Rogers Clarke, distinguished officer in Indian and Revolutionary wars.
—	1826	The American Temperance Society instituted.
—	1837	Flour Riots in New York.
14	1779	Colonel Pickens defeated the Tories and Cherokees at Kettle Creek, S. C.
15	1726	Born, at Elizabethtown, N. J. Abraham Clark, Signer of Declaration of Independence. Died 1794.
—	1808	Died, at Wilmington, Delaware, John Dickinson, Statesman, author of Farmer's and Fabius' Letters, and President of Pennsylvania, in which office he succeeded Benjamin Franklin.
—	1820	Died, in his arm chair, aged 92, William Ellery, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
16	1760	Cherokee Indians repulsed at Fort George, South Carolina.
—	1804	U. S. Frigate Philadelphia burnt in the harbor of Tripoli, by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, and 70 volunteers, in the ketch Intrepid.
17	1688	Born, in Scotland, Cadwallader Colden, Statesman, Philosopher, and Physician. Died on Long Island, 1776.
—	1755	Born, on Long Island, Thomas Truxton, a celebrated Commodore in U. S. Navy.
—	1815	Treaty of Ghent, securing Peace between Great Britain and America, ratified by James Madison, President of the United States.
18	1562	A Colony of Huguenots, under Ribaut, sailed from Dieppe for Florida.
—	1777	Col. Neilson, of New Brunswick, N. J. captured Major Stockton, of British army, and 60 men.
—	1818	Died, aged 60, John Paulding, one of the three militia men who arrested Major Andre, at Tarrytown.
—	1831	Appeal of J. C. Calhoun, Vice President, against General Jackson's proclamation.
19	1671	Died, aged 80, Charles Chauncy, President of Harvard College. He came over from Scotland, in 1638, on account of his religious opinions.
—	1778	Natchez taken in possession by Captain J. Willing, in the name of the United States.
—	1788	Died, aged 63, Thomas Cushing, L. L. D. a distinguished Revolutionary worthy.
—	1796	Died, in prison at Montserrat, Joseph Dombey, botanist and traveller.
—	1816	The Bridge of Wire, 400 feet long, erected over the river at Schuylkill Falls, opened for the first time.
20	1717	Great Storm at Boston and other parts of New England.
—	1780	The British, under Major General Sir Henry Clinton, invaded South Carolina.
—	1781	Robert Morris appointed Superintendent of the Finances of the United States.
—	1815	U. S. Frigate Constitution, Captain Stewart, captured the Cyane and Levant, two British sloops of war.
—	1817	The Banks of Philadelphia, New York, Trenton, Baltimore, and Richmond, resumed specie payments.
—	——	Died, aged 76, at his seat, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, Samuel Meredith, the first State Treasurer under the Federal Constitution.
21	1676	Medfield, Mass. burnt by the Indians.
—	1814	The Arsenal and Public Stores at Malone, N. Y. burnt by the British under Colonel Scott.
22	1732	Born, at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland, Va. George Washington.
—	1742	Born, at Macon, Joseph Dombey, a distinguished botanist.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
22	1770	Christopher Snider, a boy of 11 years, killed in a riot by a shot from a person named Richardson, whose house was beleaguered by the mob. This was the first blood that was shed in the cause of American liberty.
—	1810	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 39, Charles Brockden Brown, a celebrated Novelist. Born in Philadelphia.
—	1813	Colonel Forsyth compelled to evacuate Ogdensburg by the British and Indians, who became possessed of all the artillery, stores, and craft.
—	1837	Packet ship Jane and Margaret, bound to New York, wrecked off the Isle of Man. 206 lives lost.
23	1738	Died, in London, John Quincy, a Commissioner appointed to decide the line between Nova Scotia and New Hampshire.
—	1744	Born, at Boston, Josiah Quincy, junior, a Revolutionary Patriot.
—	1764	Born, at Woodstock, Connecticut, William Eaton, famous for his capture of Derne, and other adventures on the coast of Barbary.
—	1781	Died, in Delaware, aged 65, George Tayler, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Born in Ireland.
—	1819	The Floridas ceded to the United States by the Spanish Minister, for the sum of 5,000,000 dollars, which was afterwards paid to American citizens for spoliations on their commerce during the war.
24	1813	U. S. brig Hornet captured the British brig Peacock. The prize sunk directly after the action.
—	1815	Died, aged 50, Robert Fulton, the celebrated engineer. Born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania.
—	1826	Died, in Philadelphia, Commodore Richard Dale, of the U. S. Navy. He was Paul Jones' first Lieutenant aboard Le Bonne Homme Richard, during the fight with the Serapis.
25	1781	A body of Royalists cut to pieces by Americans under Generals Lee and Pickens, near Haw River, a branch of Cape Fear River, N. C.
—	1782	The Independence of the United States of America acknowledged by Denmark.
—	1814	The American Commissioners sailed from New York for Gottenburgh, with power to treat for peace with Great Britain.
—	1816	Outrage at Port Mahon, on American sailors by the Spanish Guard. 2 men killed, and 16 wounded.
26	1775	General Gage attempted to destroy the Stores at Salem.
—	1811	Dreadful Murder and Suicide on an Island near Norfolk, Va. David Frank, aged 21, cut the throat of Ann Collins, aged 14, and afterwards destroyed himself.
—	1813	Died, at Clermont, aged 66, Robert Livingstone, L. L. D., "the American Cicero."
27	1776	The Americans defeat the Royalists and Highlanders at Moore's Creek Bridge, N. C.
—	1782	General Conway made a motion in the British House of Commons against continuing the war in America, and the Ministers were left in a minority of 19.
—	1830	Died, aged 82, at Jericho, Long Island, Elias Hicks, the celebrated dissenting Quaker.
28	1703	Deerfield, Conn. attacked by the Indians and French. 150 persons killed or captured.
—	1781	Died, at Princeton, aged 53, Richard Stockton, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

ELIZA'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT DICKENSON COLLEGE, SEVERAL YEARS AGO

Paint her, limner, paint her fair,
Seeming fresh as morning air;
Paint her like the vi'let blooming,
Modest, mild, and unassuming.

In the rosebud dip your pencil—
From the sunbeam steal your tinsel—
Ask the lily for its hue—
Court the sky for its pure blue.

Then by urchin Cupid fired,
Then by Venus' glance inspired,
Exert your skill, your powers try,
And sketch for me Eliza's eye.

Every beauteous grace combining,
Every lovely look refining,
Paint her such in form and mien
As ne'er before has mortal been.

A snow-white neck, a tap'ring chin,
A ruby lip, and velvet skin—
A look of love, a glance of fire,
A voice, harmonious as the lyre—

A soul—but stop—can painters' skill
The beauties of the mind instil?
Can he, with all his boasted art,
Trace one fond feeling of her heart?

Ah no!—for then 'twere his to give
To icy stone the power to live,
To think, conceive, and love so true—
Yes, think, and love, and live like you.

Then I, content, will ask him trace
Just such fond features—such a face—
And next my throbbing heart I'll press
That beaming gem of loveliness—
A sacred pledge it there shall be
Of fair Eliza's constancy.

Philadelphia. J. H. B.

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AWAY TO THE STUBBLES, AWAY.

A SPORTING SONG.

COMPOSED BY

J. BLEWITT.

MODERATO.

ff *p* *f* *p*

8va. . . tr. . . tr. . . . tr. . . . tr. . . loco.

To - - morrow's the first of Sep - - tember, Get rea - dy the Dogs and the

f

Gun, And be sure you don't fail to re - member The whiskey flask mark'd number

ff *p* *f* *f*

One, And, boy, above all don't be sleeping, When rises the bright star of

p *pp*

Dolce.

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day, For soon as gray morning is peeping, We'll haste to the stubbles a-

f Cres. *ff*

ad lib. Tempo.

way— To the stubbles away, away, away, a - - way— To the

p *f* Colla voce.

stubbles away— let's a - - way.

ff 8va. . . . tr. . . . . tr. . .

. . . . . tr. tr. loco.

ff

With Pero you'll bring the black setter,
Nor leave old friend Ponto behind,
The sportsman who'd wish for a better,
I wish he a better may find;
When the first breeze of morning is shaking
The dew from the hawthorn's light spray,
Our course to the fields we'll be taking—
Away to the stubbles, away!

And when we are homeward returning,
Fatigued with the sports of the field,
Who's he that once knows wo'ld be spurning
The health and the pleasure they yield;
If sickness or sorrow come o'er us,
A fee to no doctor we pay,
But shouting "to ho there," in chorus,
We speed thro' the stubbles, away.

And when not forgetting the duty,
That each to his lady-love owes,
We drain the red wine-cup to beauty,
And turn to our couch of repose;
While others are dreaming of danger,
We dream of the feats of the day,
And whistling to Pero or Ranger,
Still hie thro' the stubbles away.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

VANDELEUR; OR, ANIMAL MAGNETISM. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

A lady, of considerable celebrity in the literary circles, declared, in our presence, that she considered Vandeleur to be the best written novel of the season. We dare not contravene so high an authority; and, in point of fact, if we are unwilling to grant exclusive excellence to the work before us, we cannot deny the unusual merit of this unpuffed production. A careful and gratifying perusal has satisfied us of the extraordinary talent of the author, not only in the conduct of the story, but in the delineations of several highly-wrought scenes of the deepest pathos. The title of the work should not have been "Vandeleur"—the soldier is not the hero of the pages; the reader cares not for the anguish of the honorable mind, while the sufferings of the noble Gertrude agitate his heart—and no one can read this book without feeling strongly interested in the welfare of the beautiful heroine, the feminine beauty of whose character is chastely conceived and ably executed. Again, the sub-title of Animal Magnetism induces the public to believe that Messmer's discovery is the primum mobile of the plot; one little chapter is devoted to the subject, which is certainly influential on the fortunes of Gertrude, but it is introduced as a necessary portion of the tale. The novel is not written upon the title, ad captandum vulgus, which too many of our popular works are, and frequently by the orders of the bookseller, who, with vitiated taste, fancies a peculiar and well-sounding name, and imagines that a work so denominated *will sell.*

The incident relative to the display of animal magnetism by the heroine is well described, and will bear extraction:

Nothing can be more simple and less influential than the process of magnetising would seem to be; the entire exertion, and power, being in the mind and will of the magnetiser. The subtile fluid is supposed to be conveyed by the mere rendering of the object passive enough to receive it—that is, by lulling to repose whatever of his own faculties might be supposed so active as to resist it. For this purpose, the first movement is to take the hands of the patient, and gently pressing them, retain them in that position as long as may be deemed necessary, according to the state of the patient and other attending circumstances, before proceeding to the other methods of diffusion of the fluid.

This caressing movement from his kind sister, was of course received by poor Herbert merely as one of her usual testimonials of affection, the more perhaps as it was now accompanied with an intense look of tenderness and anxiety. Even when she changed that movement for the less familiar and more active ones, of passing the hands from the head downwards over the person of the patient, but without actual contact, though he at first stared a little anxiously at her, he finally smiled, and appeared rather to enjoy what he probably innocently conceived was done merely for his amusement!

I have said that the evening was soft, balmy, and genial; the twitter of birds—the hum of bees—and the perfume of flowers, was about; the spot selected was still and secluded. How far all these circumstances might have tended to produce a disposition to somnolency in the invalid boy, we may not determine; but certain it is that Gertrude had not many minutes continued her softly lulling movements about him, when his gentle eyes began to look heavy, the transparent lids presently drooped over them, and he seemed overcome by slumber! It was the desired effect; yet poor Gertrude, with youthful inconsistency, felt as much alarmed at this proof of her power, as it were, over her brother's constitution, as if she had never hoped, prayed, labored, suffered for it.

"He sleeps!" she said softly to De l'Espoir.

"Already!" was the reply, in a tone of pleasure.

But, although subdued almost to a whisper, in order not to arouse the boy, the strange voice, proceeding from directly behind him, not only scared away what probably had not yet been sleep, but caused him to start up and look around him with a wilder expression of countenance than he had ever before exhibited, and he uttered a faint shriek.

Gertrude became terrified, and deeply affected; but remembering the reiterated cautions she had received never to suffer him to remain under the influence of terror, she commanded herself, and proceeded to endeavor once more to soothe and compose him, by a repetition of what had already so completely produced the effect. It would not do—the spirit of alarm was roused in the poor boy—he looked first inquiringly, then wildly, on her hands flitting about him; a universal tremor took possession of him.

Gertrude, as we have said, had been particularly cautioned against suffering her own feelings to overcome her, so as to induce her to stop suddenly in her operations, probably to the serious injury of her patient. Accordingly, although her heart was almost breaking, she forced herself to continue the operations, only rendering them as gentle, and even expressively affectionate, as was in her power. It would not do—his eyes continued rapidly and wildly to follow her hands—he glanced at her face and saw tears falling slowly over it. For a moment or two, he seemed as if spell-bound to his seat—but, in the next, he shuddered convulsively, and fell fainting into her arms!

Gertrude shrieked out to De L'Espoir, who immediately came to her assistance, and imploring of her to subdue her feelings, and not unfit her mind for her undertaking, assured her that every thing was going on as well as possible. "He is merely overcharged with magnetic fluid," he said, "and we will soon relieve him of that;" and he proceeded to go through the process prescribed for that purpose.

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For some time it did not appear to produce the slightest effect. De l'Espoir became alarmed, and his manner evinced flurry and agitation. Happily, Gertrude was too much wrapped up in watching her brother, that she might welcome the first symptom of returning animation, to observe him. Besides, there are some anticipations so dreadful, that the mind positively refuses to receive them. Accordingly, she stood calmly by, not daring to admit the slightest apprehension of danger.

Seeing, however, that time was passing, and that the count's attempts to restore her brother's consciousness seemed to fail, she asked, in a tone almost sarcastic from subdued alarm, if she might apply her smelling-bottle to his nose. De l'Espoir made no objection; and whether it was from the influence of the pungent salts, or the manipulations of the count, or whether from a mere effort of nature, it boots not to inquire, but in a very few minutes the boy began to show symptoms of returning animation.

And now it is that the darkest cloud of uncertainty hangs over the real wishes and intentions of the Count De l'Espoir. There can be no question that, with the first symptom of the unfortunate youth's recovery from the swoon into which terror had thrown him, the safest plan, in common cases, would have been for De l'Espoir to have withdrawn himself from his sight, and suffered that terror gradually to subside by the absence of the excitement. But whether it was that he really believed that it was his manipulations and operations which alone had commenced, and could perfect his recovery—or whether his previous alarm had so far bewildered him as to cause his judgment at the moment to err—or whether that apparent alarm had merely been the agitation that the worst of human beings must have felt, at seeing the near accomplishment of such hellish plans;—certain it is, that, instead of withdrawing himself, he recommenced his gesticulations and movements round the boy more vigorously than ever; so that when the unfortunate youth opened his eyes, he found himself still surrounded by, and subjected to, the same frightful and bewildering incantations—and not now from his gentle favorite, but from a dark and foreign-looking stranger.

It was too much for his weak and shattered nerves and intellects to resist. He looked wildly and despairingly around him for his sister: she stood at a little distance, with fast cold tears pouring over her quivering lips and cheeks, but not venturing to interrupt the count in his operations. In that agonized moment, nature, habit, long association, asserted their power—and as a bird, when pursued by the cruel hawk, has been known to seek shelter in the breast of man—so, though poor wretched Gertrude had been made the instrument first to inspire her brother with that cruel terror, instinct told him she was not his enemy—and, in the moment of his mortal agony, he no sooner caught a glimpse of her, than he shrieked "Gertrude! Gertrude!" in a voice that might have waked the dead by its piercing and helpless anguish—and making an effort to fling himself towards her, a fearful struggle overcame him—it became convulsive—he wrestled with it for a moment—and then—his pure and harassed spirit was at rest for ever!

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY LADY AND GENTLEMAN, by LADY BLESSINGTON. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

The Confessions of the Elderly Gentleman have been before the public for some time; the charming Viscountess has written a second part, or, Confessions of an Elderly Lady, and we can accord no higher award of praise than to state that her last production is no disgrace to her prolific pen. Vivacity and graceful ease are conspicuous in every page; and the old lady chatters of the adventures of her youth with the most bewitching garrulity. Let the reader peruse the following specimen of the whims of a rich maiden of a certain age, and he will never again grumble at the vagaries of his lady-love, or scold at the pretty little pettishnesses of his connubial moiety.

"Did your ladyship speak?" asked that much enduring woman, my *dame de compagnie*, one of the most uncompanionable of that class of persons denominated companions. My conscience does sometimes reproach me for sundry pettish reproofs, and petulant phoos and phaws, addressed to this modern Griselda, who "assents to all I will, or do, or say," with a meekness very trying to a temper like mine. She, however, is at least ten years my junior, and will, in all human probability, live to enjoy the comfortable provision I have secured her in my will; thinking perhaps that she has well earned it, by a twenty years' daily and hourly practice of that difficult virtue—Patience.

Yes, I *will* write my confessions and "naught extenuate, or set down aught in malice." As a proof of my sincerity, I shall record my dialogue with my *dame de compagnie*.

"Mrs. Vincent, ring the bell, if you please—here, that will do; you always ring it as if you imagined the servants to be deaf."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but, if you will be pleased to recollect, you, this morning, complained that I rang the bell so gently that the servants never heard the first pull."

"Pray don't ask me to be pleased to recollect; I never am pleased to recollect such puerile fiddle faddle. Your memory is so tenacious, that you can quote every syllable I utter in the course of a week."

It will be perceived by the malicious reader, that in my petulance I was unconsciously comprising my own conversation within the contemptuous epithet of fiddle faddle. But whether my unhappy companion was equally acute, I cannot determine; for she was far too well disciplined to allow any indication of discovery to be perceptible.

"Why don't you ring the bell again? you see no one has answered."

Enter John.

"And so, John, here has Mrs. Vincent been ringing this last half hour. It really is *too* provoking that none of you will answer the bell."

"Very sorry, your ladyship; but I only heard the bell once."

"There, you are convinced, Mrs. Vincent; I always tell you that you do not ring sufficiently loud; I wish you would remember this another time. Let me consider, what did I want. What did I require, Mrs. Vincent?"

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"Indeed, madam, I do not know; your ladyship did not inform me."

"There it is, you never remember what I want; it really is enough to vex a saint."

"I'm sure, madam, I am very sorry."

"So you always say: I hear nothing but 'I beg your pardon,' and 'I am very sorry,' all day long. Place the easy chair with an extra pillow before my writing desk, wheel the desk close to the window, and put a tabouret for my feet. There, that will do. See that the pens are good, the ink not too thick, and lay a quire of foolscap wove paper on the desk; not that abominable glazed paper which dazzles my eyes. I intend to write, Mrs. Vincent, yes, to write a good deal, unless it should fatigue me; so wipe my spectacles. You had better remain in the room, to see that the fire does not go out. You can read, if you like it; but mind you do not make a noise in turning over the leaves, you know you have a trick of doing so. And remember, too, you do not make that disagreeable sound to which you are much addicted, a sort of clearing of the trachea, which is extremely trying to my nerves. There again, Mrs. Vincent, have I not told you a thousand times not to give way to that offensive habit of sighing. I cannot bear it."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am very sor"—

"Oh! dear—Oh! dear, I never can say a word to you, that you do not forthwith answer me with 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry.'"

"Indeed, madam"——

"Don't say another word, spare my nerves; you know, or ought to know, that I detest explanations."

THE ENGLISH COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838. By THOMAS HOOD.

This yearling extravaganza is full of ferocious fun. Criticism is superfluous—we laugh, and cry "what stuff!" and yet we laugh again—and, looking to the end, laugh on. Hood hunts a pun as a lurcher hunts a fox cub, both by sight and smell, (or sound.) He gets a good bite at him here—doubles upon him there—turns him over a few—now heads him—and then tails him; till, overrunning his mark, he nearly loses sight of his game, but a hard run, or a big jump, brings him alongside, and he finishes the chase with a coup-de-main, leaving his mangled prey behind him, as if ashamed of the shaking he had given it. The opening piece in this year's Comic Annual is called "The Carnaby Correspondence," and consists of letters from a spoiled youngster at boarding school to his papa, a soft headed widower; the fathers' letter to his brother, a retired boatswain, and the sailor's answer—all of them exceedingly characteristic, and full of comical ideas. Hood indulges in a little too much of the vile cacology of the outré cockney school—even his merchants speak fustian, and nearly the whole of his subjects discourse as if spelling books were things that were not. The first letter from young Carnaby is supposed to be dictated by the pedagogue, and informs the parent of the approaching vacation; the style is grandiloquence itself—"Honored Parent—As the sight of his native Terra Furma to the hardy Mariner on the pathless waste of the vast expanse of Ocean, so are the filial affections of a Son and School boy to inform you we break up on Friday." There is plenty of "palaver," as master Robert calls it, about the attention paid to the pupils' welfare, but the young gentleman's private letter disowns all connection with the authorship of the official document, which, he says, "the Doctor frumpt up all out of his own head, and we all copied it out for all our fathers." The boy wishes to be removed from the school "for good and all, for the table beer always gives me the stomach ake if I dont tie a string tight round it; another thing is the batter puddings which the fellows calls it putty because it stick pains in our insides, and sometimes we have stinking beef. Tom Spooner has saved a bit on the sly to shew his parents, but its so strong we're afraid it won't keep over the three weeks to the holidays. * * * Jackson saved enough to buy a Donkey, and then divided him into shares, and I had a shilling share, but the Doctor were so unjust as to seize on him although there was no law agin bringing asses to the school. * * Philip Frank says there's a capital school at Richmond, where the master permits fishing and boating and cigars and gunpowder and poney chaises. I often think if my poor dear late mother was alive it is just the genteel sort of school she would like me to be finished off at."

This gentle hint proved Bobby to be well acquainted with his father's tenderness of character; the agitated parent writes a letter to his brother, the boatswain, asking advice; in which he says, "prays God his pore muther is coaled under the Hearth, it wud spile the rest of his hashes if so be she cood read his tail of pewtered mete." He desires his brother to bear up under the affliction. The boatswain answers him thus: "Likely it is that a man who has rammed his head, as I have in Africa, into a stuck camel for a second-hand swig at his cistern, would come within sixty degrees of the notion of pitying a lubberly school boy for having as much as ever he could swill of sour swipes. 'I've had a quarter's schooling in the desert, where I learnt a lesson from the ostriches; namely, when you can't get a regular cargo of food, you must go in ballast with old shoes, leather caps, or any other odd matters you can pick up." The father answers this epistle, and indignantly defends his son Bob from a charge of bad calography made by the boatswain—observing, "if he do rite with a bad hand, i never cud rite any grate shaks miself on an emti stummach. But that's what you can't or won't enter into, no moor then I can enter into cammil's insids or hostriges eating their old shoes and lether caps."

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of the boy's answers provokes the hearty laugh. "What is the variation of the compass?" said I. So Master Bob turns it about abit, and says he, "Why, its one leg shorter than t'other," which is about as nigh it as you are to Table Bay. "What's metaphysics?" "Brimstone and treacle," said Bob, as ready as gunpowder. Now there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in his pap. "What's religion?" "The colic on Sundays." "Now what he meant by the colic (collect) the old gentleman knows. What's the maintop gallant rule of Christianity?" "Six weeks at Christmas," says he, as bold as brass. "What's natural philosophy?" "Keeping rabbits," says Bob, which sounds likely enough, but its not the thing by sixty degrees. "What's algebra?" "Al-gebra? A wild donkey all over stripes." "Now, Master Robert, take a pull at your mental tackle, for I am going to overhaul your mathematics. How do you describe a triangle?" "Please sir," said Bob, "it's the thing that tingle-tangles to the big drum." Well, old Darby (the master) looked as if he meant to drop down dead on the spot of apoplexy or to murder dear Bob. I asked him who was the discoverer of America, and may I never break buiscuit again if he didn't say "Yankee Doodle."

The next prose article is called "Patronage," and is a comical description of the horror of a nervous man who is appointed to the care of some gunpowder mills. There is a good Irish story—several excellent versified articles, particularly "The Green Man," which we hope to find room for by and bye.

The wood-cuts, or engravings, as they are termed, are remarkably good, but few of them will bear explanation. Like the virtue of quack medicines, they must be seen to be appreciated. "Animal Magnetism" is exemplified by a cat sitting with its tongue out, attracting half a dozen birds from a nest on the tree. There is a good paper on the mystic science, too long for quotation, but we present a portion of its introductory matters, which exhibits *clairvoyance* in a ridiculous light. "Take the wildest freaks of the most muddled, fuddled, be-puddled soaker—such as trying to light his pipe at a pump—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch key—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in—and are they a bit, or a whit, or a jot, or what-not, more absurd, more extravagant, more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagary of a somnambulist gravely going through the back-gammon of reading Back's journal, or a back number of the Retrospective Review through the back of his head?"

There is a capital idea well worked up, of a man who once was fortunate enough to save an unfortunate female from a watery death. The Humane Society presented him with a silver medal, and he was suddenly seized with a mania for pulling people from bottoms of ponds and rivers. He neglected his business to take long rambles by the sides of melancholy streams, or wherever there seemed a chance of being able to gratify his propensity. One day, on the same identical spot where the former mishap occurred, "we saw a boy, in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to have disappeared in the river. We, of course, inquired what was the matter, but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly, though he was able to intimate, by signs, that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases, every moment is precious, and merely throwing off his hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under indeed so long, that I began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged, but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time, the poor boy was more composed, so as so be able to direct the search rather more to the left, which was with the current. Accordingly, down went Corkindale a second time, in the direction pointed out, but with no better success; and when he came up again, between agitation and exertion, he was almost exhausted. At last, he was just able to articulate, "Gracious heaven! nothing; not even a shred!" The anxiety of the poor boy, in the meantime, seemed extreme. "Laws bless you, sir, forever and ever," said he, "for going in, sir, but do just try again—pray, pray do, sir." Corkindale did not require urging—"Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt, "tell me—man or woman?" "Oh, how good on you, sir," says the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope; "Oh, how very, very good on you, sir—but it's nobody, sir, but *a nook!* a nook for fishing! and, oh, laws! oh, cri! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another."

LIVES OF CARDINAL DE RETZ, JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT, JOHN DE WITT, AND THE MARQUIS DE LOUVOIS. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Life of Edward, the Black Prince," "Cardinal Richelieu," &c. &c. &c. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

These "Lives" must be considered as a whole—a description of the most eventful portion of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the Augustan age of France, when the handsome monarch gathered in his courtly circle, the polished De Grammont, the witty De Montespan, the devoted Maintenon, the gay Moliere, the tragic Racine, the satirical Boileau, the sublime Bossuet, and the unequalled trio, Fenelon, Pascal, and Corveille, with the heroes Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, Vauban, and Catinat, besides the worthies whose biographies our author has assumed to give. The abilities of Mr. James have been well developed in his former works—he is capable, from his industrious love of deep research, his critical perspicuity, and unbiassed mind, to give full effect to biographical display; and the two well-written and entertaining volumes before us evince the continuance of his powers. We confidently recommend them to the public, who will find in them an agreeable method of passing half-a-dozen hours with profit, as well as pleasure; and when placed upon the library shelf, they will constitute an historical reference of undoubted value and utility.

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THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB; By Boz. *Part V. and Last.* Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

Mr. Charles Dickens has brought his Pickwick labors to a close, leaving the philanthropic old gentleman in the quiet enjoyment of his otium cum dignitate at a pleasant residence within a few miles of London, still retaining the facetious Samivel in his employ. The pretty Mary has become Mrs. Weller, and the elder branch of the family is peacably disposed of at Newmarket. Mr. Dickens has shown his good sense in bringing his work to a close—it was impossible for him, with all his brilliant wit and facility of humor, to carry out the fun of the thing much longer, and the iteration of the peculiarities of the parties became something flat and stale. As they now stand, The Pickwick Papers form a mirth-provoking volume, that will retain its place in the library of every man who knows how to appreciate a hearty laugh. We have before expressed our opinion of the merits of Boz; we part from Pickwick with the best feelings, and earnestly desire a sight of his successor, by the same author.

Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard announce their intention of immediately issuing a new edition of the above, in one volume, with a variety of illustrations by the best hands.

PICKWICK ABROAD; OR, A TOUR IN FRANCE. *A Series of Papers Compiled from the Private Correspondence of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., with Illustrations, by Alfred Crowquill.*

Some daring hand has snatched the stump of Boz's pen from the grasp of the gentle Dickens, and with impious audacity, has essayed description of a Pickwickian tour in France. There are some comical sketches in the number before us, and we have no doubt that as the author becomes more acquainted with the persons he assumes to describe, that more perfect portraitures will be produced. Samivel's letter to his wife is well conceived; and the swindler, Crashem, although a little too like Jingle, makes some palpable hits, particularly where he describes the new method of negociating bills, compelling the poor devils to take but a small portion of the value in cash, and foisting upon them unsaleable articles for the balance. "I did a bill about six months ago," says Crashem, "a good bill of one thousand pounds, and what do you think he gave me? Two hundred pounds in ready money—three hundred in Chinese turnpike bonds—four hundred in Persian scrip—and another hundred in Newcastle coals."

Crashem thus describes the wine at a French hotel—"The first day they brought me a bottle of ink and water—the second, vinegar, with a blue-bag steeped in it—the third, cider and log-wood—and all this they were pleased to call claret.

The Pickwickians' first meal in France is well described—we give it in full; saying, en passant, that, the etchings are full of life and humor, and creditable to the talent of Alfred Crowquill, the designer and engraver.

Mr. WELLER, who had disappeared on the entrance of the waiter, now returned to the coffee-room where his masters were seated, and shuffled uneasily round the table, as if he were desirous of unburdening his mind of some oppressive weight.

"What is the matter, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, at length, pitying the embarrassed situation of his domestic: "has any thing new occurred?"

"Beg pardon, sir," returned Sam, "but I'm just a-come from the kitchen—and a more curiouser place I never see."

"Indeed, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "what is there so remarkable?"

"In that 'ere kitchen, sir," said Sam, seriously, "there's nothink that's kimmon to a kitchen in England. Fust, sir, there are half a dozen man-cooks, vith vite night-caps and aperns; and each appears to be the captain o' ten or twelve different sarsepans—all of bright kipper—ranged, soldier-vise, on a large stove: and then the contents o' them 'ere sarsepans, gen'lemen, is 'stonishing to a degree. I opened the lid o' von, unbeknown to the cook as vos the presiding diwinity o' that quarter, and sure enough, I sees a pattridge a-stooing vith wegetables and sassages. Says I to myself, 'This is rayther queer,' as the banker observed, ven he looked at the cheque as vos forged. 'P'raps you'd like to larn French cookery, young man!' said von o' the vaiters, vith a vink o' slyness to von o' the warming-pans."

"To one of the warming-pans!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, somewhat angry, for he recollected that the unfortunate subject of warming-pans had served as material evidence against him, in the mouth of Sergeant Buz-fuz on the occasion of his memorable trial.

"Hallegorical, sir—purely hallegorical, sir," returned Mr. Weller, "as the critic said to the author, ven he cut up his writings."

"Well—to return to the kitchen, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, whose momentary anger was speedily subsided, and who entertained some vague idea that his domestic alluded to a chambermaid, although the synonyme was at first rather obscure.

"If it suit your con-wenience, sir," continued Sam, "to listen to my wagaries, I don't know no hobjection

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to my communicating of them. So to continue. 'P'haps you 'ud like to larn French cookery?' said the waiter. 'Very much obleeged, young lily-vite,' said I; 'but had rayther let it alone, as the monkey said to the hot poker.' 'Would you like jist for to taste o' this 'ere dish, Mr. Veller?' persewed the waiter, for he'd larnt my name from the top of my bandbox; and, taking the kiver off von o' the sarsepans, he showed me a piece o' biled beef done to rags. 'Time to take that off,' says I.—'No such thing,' said he, looking at the clock: 'must stew till six.' 'And vot's in that 'ere large kaldron?' said I, not venturing on a look of astonishment, as I was afeard of 'traying my ignorance. 'Stewed weal,' said the waiter; and thereupon he took off the lid of the kipper sarsepan, and showed me a piece of meat with bits of fat hanging about it on all sides. This he called a fich-and-go; but I 'pose 'twas 'is imperence. 'Pray do you use pertatics in France?' said I. 'Certainly,' said my friend the waiter; 'here is some prime uns,' and sure enow I seed some pertatues cut into slices, and kivered over with butter and persely, jist ready to sarve up."

"Singular!" said Mr. Pickwick, who had listened with deep attention to Mr. Weller's recital; "very singular! But what did I tell you just now, Winkle?"

Mr. Winkle was about to reply, when the entrance of the waiter and the luncheon attracted the attention of the three gentlemen to the repast which was now brought in—and which was to be the first that either had ever yet eaten of in France.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "why—this is a dinner!"

"*Dejeuner à la fourchette*," cried the waiter; and having ranged half a dozen dishes upon the table, he proceeded to draw the corks of three bottles of wine, and place them (the bottles, not the corks) upon the same convivial board.

"Meat-pie," said Mr. Pickwick, uncovering the dish opposite to him, and glancing curiously at a little fabric of paste standing in a very little piece of crockery-ware.

"*Vol-au-vent aux grenouilles!*" observed the waiter.

"Mutton-chops and vegetables," cried Mr. Tupman, disencumbering his dish of its tegument.

"*Côtellettes à la jardiniere*," said the waiter.

"Hash and young lobsters," exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

"*Tête de veau à la tortue, et des ecrevisses*," chanted the waiter in a sing-song tone of voice.

"Chopped cabbages," said Mr. Weller, as he lifted up the cover of a dish containing spinage. "And some of them identical pertaties," continued Sam, disclosing the contents of another plate, "consarning vich I vos hedificated just now. Kollifour and melted butter is the third—and a' admirable disphy they air too. Good appetite, Gen'lemen, as the skipper said to the sailors ven they vos short of perwisions, and he gave 'em each a ounce of salt pork."

"This chicken-pie is excellent," said Mr. Pickwick, helping himself a second time to the attractive dish before him:—"I never tasted any thing so tender. You really can eat the very bones!"

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Winkle; "I'll trouble you for a piece, then."

"With pleasure," returned Mr. Pickwick. "Tupman—try this dish of mine?"

"I don't care if I do," said Mr. Tupman; and having been copiously helped, he as liberally indulged himself in the consumption of the delicate food.

"Winkle, a glass of wine," said Mr. Pickwick.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Winkle; and the Burgundy was accordingly poured out and drank.

"Elder-wine—is it not?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, emptying his glass, and smacking his lips with a peculiar relish.

"Burgundy, sir," said the waiter—"best Burgundy."

"I was just going to tell you so," observed Mr. Winkle; "and a very excellent glass of wine it is."

In the meantime, Mr. Pickwick had helped himself a third time to the pie before him, and was about to commence a vigorous attack thereon, when his attention was suddenly attracted to Mr. Tupman, whose features were screwed up in a most extraordinary manner, and seemed to indicate every appearance of a desire to vomit on the part of that gentleman.

"Tupman—are you ill?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, laying down his knife and fork, and helping himself to a glass of wine in a momentary fit of absence, caused by the alarming situation of his friend.

"Pray, don't be sick, Tupman—now, don't, there's a good fellow," cried Mr. Winkle, in amiable commiseration of that gentleman's indisposition.

"O, that pie!" groaned Mr. Tupman, retching most frightfully, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Waiter!" said Mr. Pickwick in an angry tone of voice: then, fearful that his rising choler might overcome the equanimity of his temper, he tossed off the wine he had poured out, in order to allow himself time for reflection.

"Yes—sir," said the waiter, stepping forward from the side table where he was stationed.

"What is in that pie, waiter?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—what *is* in it?" demanded Mr. Winkle menacingly.

"In mercy, waiter—what was it made of?" murmured Mr. Tupman, whose face was now ghastly pale.

"Made of, sir?" repeated the waiter.

"Yes—made of," cried Mr. Winkle, very angrily, and in a tone that seemed to assure the waiter that he would not be trifled with.

"Young frogs's legs, I fancy, sir," said the waiter, with the utmost coolness; and having assured himself of the truth of his statement by a glance at the dish, he added, "yes, sir—they *are* frogs' legs."

In one moment Mr. Pickwick's lap received the contents of Mr. Tupman's stomach, and Mr. Winkle rushed towards the bell, and pulled it with all his might, although the waiter was in the room. As for Mr. Pickwick, he was so bewildred by the communication made by the waiter, the idea of having eaten frogs' legs, and the certainty of having been made a hand-bason of by Mr. Tupman, that, in a moment of venial desperation, he seized the nearest bottle upon the table, and having poured out a tumbler of its contents, drank it at a draught.

Mr. Weller, who had left the apartment only a few minutes before the commencement of this extraordinary scene to look after his own luncheon, hastened to the coffee-room the moment he heard the bell ringing with all the violence that Mr. Winkle's arms could impart to the wire. When he beheld the confusion that prevailed, and heard Mr. Winkle vituperating the waiter, as a sort of accompaniment to the music he was making with the bell, it immediately occurred to Mr. Weller's mind that the said waiter had been abusing his

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revered master; and, without any more ado, he communicated to the unoffending waiter's nose so fierce a blow, and followed it up by another on the chest to such purpose, that the unfortunate waiter fell over the table, and scattered the remnants of the luncheon on the floor. The other domestics of the hotel rushed into the coffee-room in a body, just at the moment when their fellow servant kissed the ground, and were about to inflict summary and condign punishment on Mr. Weller. But their pugnacious determinations were stopped by the interference of Mr. Pickwick, who, with extraordinary promptitude, rose from his chair like a doll leaping out of a child's box by means of a spring; and holding back Mr. Winkle with one hand, while he waved the other over his head, he proceeded to address the servile crew. His eloquence produced an immediate effect—the matter was explained to the satisfaction of all parties—and the waiter undertook to pardon Mr. Weller, on a small *douceur* being slipped into his hand, but not before Mr. Winkle had informed the domestics that it was very lucky they were thus pacifically inclined, or they would have known the reason why.

To Correspondents.—We have a word or two to say to some of our corresponding friends, and deeming our dicta of some importance, we decline, upon the present occasion, burying them in the unregarded precincts of the cover. We wish certain of our friends to note that it is impossible to be answerable for the correctness of their articles, if they will not pay some little attention to caligraphy. We are well used to bad writing, and have been accounted tolerable in deciphering ancient MSS., but our patience and our practice have been worn out by *the favors* of some of our would-be contributors, whose ebullitions we have been endeavoring to peruse. We have before us now some verses from Georgia, not one line of which can we elucidate in full, and even with the assistance of the rhyme, are unable to guess at the meaning of the scrawl. By the way, we are positively overrun with original poetry. Cannot some of our versifying correspondents indite prose articles, and favor us with the results of their lucubrations? Were we to insert a tythe part of the mawkish sentiment and trite love laments which are daily handed to us, our subscribers would rebel at the enormous dose of twaddle, and consign our numbers to a richly merited perdition. "Love hath its joys as well as griefs," says a poet, very respectable in the way of authority, but all our swains are sentimental, and do not "babble o' green fields," but ruminate most melancholily upon despair, and fate, and bursting hearts. We regret that the ladies are so flinty-bosomed, but must request their suitors to impute it to the hardness of the times. It is strange that every sentimental lover will utter his plaints to an unfeeling world; we deeply sympathise with our unsuccessful inamoratos, but beg to assure them that the majority of our friends care very little about their unrequited love. In the way of an agreeable variety, we present a verse or two of the patriotic, with a finisher of the picturesque—forming pretty contrasts to the generality of the poetry which we have had the pleasure of presenting to the notice of the public.

"Hark! hear the boisterous waters of the Champlain,
Rage with all the impetus of the rageing main.
And see them rush along in their mad carere—
Ah! they have caused many a sad tear.
Behold the dark form of majestic Rock Dunder,
Part the rageing element assunder,
And rise its majestic head in pride
High over th' spray of the *beateling* tide!

We are unable to give the whole of this poem, but the last verse contains some historical information, with a noble independence in the metre.

'Twas on the proud bed of the Champlain
That *King William sent his warlike train!*
And after many a Britian had found a watery grave,
Left the "Star-spangled" banner in triumph o'er Champlain's waters to wave!"

Another adorer of the Delphic God sends us, from Washington, an outrageous piece of rurality, without the slightest pretence to rhyme or jingle, and equally destitute of an approach to rhythm. He commences, "most musical, most melancholy," an address to a weeping willow, in these affecting words,—

"Why droop'st thou, weeping willow,
Why hang thy head so *sorry-fully?*"

We are not going to inflict the remainder upon our suffering friends. We have consigned the plaintive lay to the recesses of our balaam box, content to endure the lasting wrath of the *poet*, rather than again be pestered with his lunatic lays.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1838. No. 3.

PROFESSIONAL DIFFICULTIES ATTENDANT ON SETTLING IN CITIES.

THE power of a young professional man acting by himself is—especially in a large city—trivial indeed; while as a body, brought together by some common interest, and acting in concert—educated young men, and especially those who have embraced the professions, are enabled to produce almost any desired effect on the public, and are often used by their seniors for that very purpose.

The reason of this is found in the sympathy which the community at large feel towards the young. The man far on in the vale of life, looks back with pleasure to the commencement of his career, and as his memory brings up the names of his comrades who started with him in the chase of fortune, that same faithful monitor tells him of their death, and warns him that he too must soon yield to the young men of his acquaintance. If such then is the fact—that the public are favorably disposed to young men as a *body*, why does the seeming contradiction present itself of the difficulty of success so commonly attendant on *professional* young men in their individual capacity? And this, especially, in populous places?

Our space forbids us to treat this interesting topic in the mode which its merits demand; but, so far as the medical profession is interested, they have found a faithful delineator in the author of "The Diary of a Physician;" a work, to praise which would be futile. In the portraiture of the settling in London, of the mocking hopes of practice, of the gradual waning of the means of subsistence, of the struggle between respectable appearance out of doors, and pinching poverty within doors, and of the long dreary perspective of a life of debt and an end of wo, many will behold their past, and perhaps their present career portrayed. We would not, if we could, provoke a comparison between our effort and that of the physician; but, leaving the pupils of Esculapius, we prefer devoting our energies to the disciples of Justinian and the readers of Blackstone and Story, and this, the rather, because the struggles of a young lawyer are, in many respects "sui generis;" and in this country, where law is the lever to lift its practitioner into public notice, and thence into political place, the course of the bar is shaped by the genius of our institutions.

In this dollar-hunting nation the respectability, and to a certain extent the influence of any one class or profession, is valued and estimated by the *incomes* to be obtained by its pursuit or adoption. The leading men in each body are singled out; an estimate, often erroneous, is made by the public of the avails of their pursuit, and this being adopted as a maximum, the separate sums so obtained are compared together, and that avocation yielding the largest profits, is pronounced the most respectable! "Vox populi vox Dei." You may cavil, reader, at this mode of computation, but escape from its influence you cannot. We know it will be said that merchants make more than the professions—that is very true; but the sapient public calculate the *capital*. They reason that it requires so many thousands embarked in trade to realize a fortune; but, as "brains" are intangible, (being a trust from heaven,) they are so much clear gain, and therefore all that is got out of them goes for profit; besides, who ever knew an insolvent make over his intellect? So quoth the reasoner. The receipts of the professions—capital considered—exceed those of the merchants! We need scarce say education and its expenses, in the minds of these Solons, go for nothing.

We assert it fearlessly, that law or physic, the army or navy, the liberal arts, and even the church of God, would sink low in the estimation of the community at large, were the incomes derivable from them to prove but pittances, and their fruits to be only barren honors. It is a humiliating thought that learning is sought chiefly for the pelf it may yield, and not for the deep riches of its mines; is pursued for the sake of a golden lure, and not for the gems of intellect that sparkle in its caverns; and is weighed in the balances not against ignorance, but against riches.

The result of this reasoning is evident. There is a rush to the bar; and, as large cities afford the most lucrative fields of practice, the parent and his son

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alike agree that a city is *the* place. Competition then is the first, and perhaps prominent cause of individual failures, and this explains the seeming contradiction already alluded to; the aggregate influence is very great, but the struggle for employment causes those who have little practice, to possess little or no influence.

Another cause deleterious to professional success is found in politics. In making this assertion, we no doubt run counter to the preconceived opinions of many of our readers; but ere we part, we hope to find ourselves of one mind. It is a common, but we think a delusive idea, that politics promote business, for there are but few that are even yet prepared to regard place in this country of *rotation* as a means of subsistence. The reasoning runs thus:—"I must become noted. I must get before the public, and in order to effect this, I will join the party of some leader. I will become the address writer, resolution mover, and ward meeting speaker of some candidate, who in return will recommend me to his friends, will send me business, will advance my interests, and promote my professional prospects." Delusive hope—mad imagining. The wily demagogue does companion with the young speaker; he is his "hail fellow, well met" while need requires, but presently wafted into place by the exertions of his friends and helpers, each of whom expects to rise as "bobs to the kite,"—one and all, our reasoner and his fellow thinkers, find themselves in the predicament of Joseph in prison. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him." Such men invariably disappoint, and leave their tools the sport of some other aspirant, who has wit enough to use them. How often have we beheld, thus broken down and deserted, some one who imagined himself on the road to distinction? his illusion dispelled; himself dejected, clientless, and oppressed, with no relish for his profession, and but little knowledge of its practice; spending solitary office and briefless court hours; passed far ahead by those who started with him—inferior then in mind and ability, but now, by dint of application, far superior. There, while yet in the pith of manhood and pride of intellect, he remains the victim of political seduction. Or suppose we reverse the scene. The adventurer succeeds; by some eminent effort he secures notoriety; he becomes "a rising young man;" he is spoken of by his elders as "a very talented lawyer"—although those same elders take *their* business elsewhere! He feels firm, and moves with ease in the region of office; he thinks of launching into business, and soaring over the heads of his rivals; of rising with every wave of his wing more powerful for power and renown. But while thus he feels and acts, the bolt is sped that hurls him to the earth, prostrates his hopes, and crushes his prospects; he finds himself famous indeed—but *ruined!* Then maddened at his downfall, he is ready to exclaim, "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo." He joins some desperate faction; proves recreant to former principles; ranks and fights under an alien banner; experiences the common fate of renegade politicians, and goes down to after time a hissing, a bye-word, and a reproach.

"Throw open the doors for his Excellency my Lord Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador at London, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor!" So does the philosophical Frenchman, in his memoirs, mark the contrast between his first and second sojourn at London. We adopt his words as a convenient example of the social rule, and of the difficulties of access to what is technically termed "good society." We believe that a want of proper and cultivated society is a great hindrance to professional success, and a prolific cause of the ruin of many young men. Let not the reader imagine we are radicals in this matter; but assuredly we do know that this social influence is mighty for good or evil, and we are aware that in this city the access is far more difficult than it should be, and that strangers may occupy prominent public posts, may materially promote public measures, be admitted on all hands able in their professions, and yet, so far as society is concerned, be *alone*. In Roman days, the tickets for admission to the games were *golden* tokens: how far this practice prevails in spirit in certain classes of these times, it would be perhaps invidious to state. But the same spirit that caused Chateaubriand, a writer, an emigrant, a refugee from France, and an exile for opinion, to pass unknown in London on his *first* visit, and which caused on his *second* the announcement which commences our paragraph, prevails here. Society of the better class here, will welcome the notorious, but will not help to gain notoriety. It will shout its hosannas in the train of a young man blessed with family or wealth, but it utters "the deep damnation of its bah" over the attempt of unfriended genius to spread its light in that circle.

In writing this, the consciousness is felt that our views may be doubted and denied, but we think that they cannot be disproved. Boast as our nation may of political equality, its citizens are not free from the cravings of "stars, garters and ribbons," or the desires of ascending in the social scale. It may be said, the professional young man should *not* think of such things; as well say, he should not think of his dress or deportment. "Whatsoever the world considers precious, must, however intrinsically worthless, acquire some value even in a philosopher's eyes; for no man can be so segregated from the world as to defy the influence of its artificial estimates upon the real sources of his happiness." Especially does this sentiment apply to the young lawyer, cast in constant collision with the public, for he soon finds that these social advantages possess at least *exchangeable*, if not real value. The desire of rising, and the shame of sinking, are common to all, and they are either idiots or scoundrels, who disparage the influence of social rank.

In the recent formation of the Athenian Institute, we hope to find a means of access to the better classes: a mode—so to speak—of taking fashion by storm, which has not heretofore existed; and sincerely do we hope that the founders of this association may feel the satisfaction of wiping from our city a bitter reproach, a deep stigma, too long prevailing.

We have yet another cause to allude to, and our

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space warns us to brevity. The neglect by seniors of their juniors in the same profession, is a crowning reason of professional failure. No one avocation affords such frequent opportunities of doing good to its younger, without harming its elder members, as the law; the custom of several counsel joining in the advocacy of the same case, and the ease with which one can associate another with him, renders the injustice the more palpable, for it is not a share of the *fee*, half so much as the opportunity of presenting himself in his profession before the public, that the young man regards; yet how seldom do we find it done, and yet how splendidly does this trait of noticing young talent adorn the great man. "I have made no search for precedents of young men who have filled the office of Attorney General," said the Earl of Essex, when he urged Bacon's appointment. "Digest me no digestions. The attorneyship for Francis is that I must have, and in that I will spend all my power, might, authority and amity; and with tooth and nail procure the same for him against whomsoever." Alas, there are but few of Essex's temperament in these days.

It chanced to the writer to be once present at the tribunal of justice in a sister state, when a young lawyer rose to argue a point of pleading against an older and a veteran counsel, and before a judge who loved not young men; graciously did the elder advocate nod, when the trembling and embarrassed youthful pleader stated his feelings, standing as he did in that presence, about to make his maiden effort in that court. "Go on, sir, your feelings are not to the point," said the judge. The argument proceeded, and presently Chitty was quoted. "Chitty, sir; who is Chitty?—what do *you* know of Chitty?" said the judge. With a sneer on his face, and in a side-bar whisper, the opposing barrister said to another near him, "Because he's a *chit*." Miserable was the pun, but the demand for the laugh was duly honored. The pale face of the insulted colored, his eye flashed, his voice, before timid, grew firm, he felt that his crisis for life or death had come. "Sir," said he, "there are laws of decency as well as laws of order, there is a code of politeness as well as a *civil* code, the violator of those laws, the infringer of that code, merits and *receives* contempt. I quote to your honor, Chitty; and let me see the *lawyer* that *dare* deny his authority!"

Painful as it is to state it, so it is—that there is much, too much, of the *crushing* spirit prevailing; and unless, like the hero of our incident, a young man has courage to confront his tormentor, "Wo is unto him."

"It is a note of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For those poor trifles which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns."

Aaron Burr has done much to balance his infamy by his kindness to the young man; there are those now living who owe the chief of their practice to being associated with their quondam pupils and protegés; and did time permit, we might fill our pages with examples, telling o'er the one side or the other. Sad, indeed, has been the fate of many—great of soul, fervent spirits—their feelings have withered beneath the sarcasm of a legal *brute*, or blenched beneath a judicial frown; they have died, and scarce made sign to mankind of the soul within them; full of burning thought, that ever and anon lighted up its clayey dwelling, they have gone down to death's embrace, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Shame on the tyrant usage that brought them to their untimely end, and let the "anathema maranatha" of all free and generous hearts, sear, blight, and blister the memories and the names of the oppressors of the young professional man.

"Hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto."

Is there then no hope for the young student, and the legal novice? There is—Perseverance. Let him wait his time, when the tide shall rise "that leads to fortune." But we would lay it down here as an axiom almost, taught both by observation and experience, *that unless a young man has pecuniary resources other than those derivable from his profession, he had better not settle in a city.* We believe this rule to apply equally to law and medicine, and its common sense is obvious. If a young man cannot *afford to wait*, he had better locate himself at once in a region where he will find less competition, where the comparative sparseness of the profession, will, by his convenience to them, induce people to employ him, and where the mode of life, and the usages of society, are not so expensive or exacting as they are in larger populations. It is also much better to get away from home, at least for a season; there is a kind of insensible reliance on the paternal influence and paternal purse, which is a sad marplot to exertion—there requires a feeling of struggling, and an abiding sense of the imperious necessity of self-effort, to induce a young man to rise against the natural—to say nothing of the adventitious—embarrassments of a profession.

Yet, on the other hand, if the adventurer *feels* within him that calm and quiet resolution to succeed, and that knowledge of his own powers, which we hold every man by self-examination may attain—if he is willing to let years elapse, and to see his expenses exceed his income; to accustom himself to a very gradual increase of practice, and, above all, if he have sources of support that he can for a time depend upon, apart from his profession, then let him select the city; for, in the wide range of human desires and wishes, there is no one object, on which, if once the heart is fixed, and to which we are willing to sacrifice all other wants, but that in the long run will be reached. Firm in this conviction, let him wait the result, ever remembering, "that if a man can afford to wait, he will be seldom disappointed, and that which we call disappointments are but the *abortions* of endeavors to attain our ends, without adequate means and preparations." It was the deep feeling of which we now treat, that led William Pinckney to say, "The bar is not a place to acquire or preserve a false and fraudulent reputation for talents, and *I feel* what I hope is

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no more than a just and honorable confidence, in which I may indulge without vanity, that on that theatre I shall be able to make my depreciators acknowledge they have undervalued me." It is not given to all to attain to Pinckney's fame, but there is no law prohibiting the striving for success, although fortune may forbid its attainment.

In closing our piece, although we have narrowed our view to one profession, we think that our remarks will apply to all; the paths may be different, but the termination is the same; and reverting to our own chosen avocation, what a field is spread? what a science is law? how infinite its branches! how pervading its influence! It couches by the infant's cradle and protects its slumbers from violence; it walks with man, guards his life, liberty, and happiness; enforces his contracts, and protects his fireside; it journeys with the traveller, and voyages with the mariner: it stands by the bed side of the dying, and guarantees the fulfilment of his wishes; it places itself sentry over his grave, and challenges sanctity for his ashes—in a wider sense, it is the universal controller of all things. "For if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower sphere are created, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads, should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way, as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, its fruits pine away as children at the withered breast of their mother—what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world!"

Coming down the scale, what an arena of contention is spread before the aspirant? A variety of republics; a constant succession of new laws and usages, requiring construction and settlement—these and such as these lay ready, with their honors thick upon them, ripe for the gatherer. In these we behold the compensating advantages to the evils we have spoken of; by concentration of the mental rays, a *focus* is created that shall light the torch of fame—this is the Promethean fire from heaven, whose theft entails no punishment in this world or the next. Genius, lowly of lot, but lofty of soul, crippled for the time by poverty, distress, and the artificial restraints of society, but cleared at last by dint of its endurance and patience, like the bird of Jove, will soar away into the light and sunshine of prosperity. Owing nothing to birth, opulence, or rank, it will move with ease in the region of dignity and renown; will gain a fame and notoriety "wide and general as the casing air," and, fixing its vision, undazzled by brightness, steadily on the highest reward of human effort, will rise to its possession and merit its enjoyment.

Philadelphia. G.

THE SNOW KING.

BY J. R. PRIOR.

By the mist-clouds of fog that creep over the sun,
By the twinkles of stars that etherially run,
By the surge of the welkin that roars from the pole,
And the deep hollow murmurs of winter that roll,
I've the moonshine to guide me, the frost to restrain,
As I journey through space to reach heav'n again.

I'm the monarch of snow, and my compass is wide;
I can fall in the storm, in the wind I can ride;
I am white, I am pure, I am tender, I'm fair,
I was born in the seas—to the seas I repair;
By frost I am harden'd, by wet I'm destroyed,
And, united with liquid, to ocean decoy'd.

I have sisters of ether—have brothers of rime,
And my friendships are form'd in the northerly clime;
My foes are the elements jarring with strife;
Air lets me pass on to my earth-bosom'd wife;
Fire covets and melts me; but water's so kind,
That when lost to the three, to the fourth I'm resign'd.

I have cousins of icicles, children of sleet;
Some battle with hail, others vanquish in heat;
I'm the monarch of snow. By the will of the blast,
In the shallows and depths I am drifted at last;
And a glance of the sun, while I brighten in tears,
Dissolves my pretensions to reign in the spheres.

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THE PALISADOES.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN, ESQ.

Edgar. Horrible steep! Hark! do you hear the sea?
Come on, sir—here's the place; stand still—
How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
——— the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high!—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong. *Shakspeare.*

"THIS, then, at last," said I, "is the broad and beautiful Hudson!"

I addressed myself to my companion, a tall fellow with a healthy look, who stood at my side. But he had been here before, and a simple nod of acquiescence was my only answer.

"There is an air of singular complacency about some people," thought I, "but, perhaps, it is a necessary virtue in their way of life, and requires cultivation." So I surrendered myself, as well as I could, to my own reflections.

The scene was certainly beautiful. A mellow sunset was setting upon the hills and waters, and a thousand flashes, caught by its spires and prominent objects, played over the distant city. Above these fading lights stretched a heavy line of smoke, already condensing under the damp atmosphere of the evening, and reaching far away over the metropolis, till it was lost in the purpling hues of the skies. At intervals, a dull sound seemed to break from the city, and stealing over the waters which reposed about us, recalled for a moment the memory of the busy scenes I had so lately witnessed there. On one side rose impending cliffs, their wood-crowned summits tinged with the last blushes of twilight. Below, in the deep shadow of the rocks against which they seemed to lean, stood the old trees, that only served to increase the gloom which had now enveloped all the slope to the waters.

Every dell and nook under the gray canopy had deepened into blackness, and night was fast gathering in the recesses which embosomed this noble stream. On the opposite bank lay a landscape, but just now rejoicing in the luxury of its bright verdure, and rising in gentle undulations, till its heights stood faintly relieved in the dreamy light of the sunset. Far up in the north stretched the magnificent river, melting in the distance, amidst its forests, and rocks, and hills, and unbroken in its surface, save where some dark speck was seen to flit across its bosom, leaving in its track a dusky vapor, which was almost instantly absorbed in the gathering gloom. Night was fast falling on every thing about me. My eyes were fastened on the black bank and those towering cliffs. I was lost in reverie—it was relief to gaze there, and strange, long-reaching associations came round me. At one moment, as we passed a little point that shot out from the shadow, I thought I saw some low, white object, like a monument, rising on that desolate shore, and just reflected in the peaceful waters. Perhaps this was imagination—for I was ready to picture forth any thing wild and solemn, as I floated by those dim solitudes. I had heard tales of places hereabouts, that had frozen my young blood; and then I had felt it break away again in the heat of my indignation, till it throbbed audibly through every vein. These recollections came over me now in all the vividness of former times. Story became reality; and I pressed my eyes together, and turned away under the fearful expectation of witnessing some scene of terror, which would "fright" my exiled spirit "from its propriety."

"It's gone!—gone! Farewell for aye to whatever falls into the wake of a steamboat."

These words, accompanied by a gentle touch at my elbow, caused me to turn again, and a man stood at my side, directing my attention to a piece of paper, fluttering upon the waves behind us, and which had, unperceived by me, dropped from my hand in the intenseness of my reverie.

"It was of no consequence," I said, "some foolish thoughts of my own. Let the water-nymphs underneath make as much of it as they may, and welcome."

"O'er thoughtful, and much on the abstract for one so young, methinks," said the stranger, fixing a pair of dark eyes upon me.

"But,"—continued he, in an under tone, and as though talking with himself, as he looked back again on the shadowy waves—"of consequence or not, the youth's paper is setting in with the current towards the Red Graves, and will find the shore thereabouts before morning."

Then, turning sharply upon me—"Young man, yours is not the first piece of fair white paper I have seen floating in upon that desolate point. We can scarce see it now, for the darkness."

I had heard enough of the soliloquy which preceded this address to stir my curiosity a little; and as these last words had no tendency to allay it, I merely observed that his allusions were nothing less than Greek to me; but, as the trifling incident which gave rise to them, had also brought us in some sort into conversation, I would make bold to beg him to go into the matter, and, if a story was to be told, to assure him I would become a willing—nay, a delighted listener.

Meanwhile, I could not but observe with some sur-

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prise, that we were left alone upon the deck. It had become quite dark, and the night breeze was beginning to sing over the cool waters. Instead of the last sunlight, reflected faintly on the fading clouds as I had seen it when I stood gazing upon that silent and cheerless shore, thousands of stars were now twinkling over my head. Many busy faces were passing before and about me then; but now one solitary being stood at my side. The man at the helm was above with his light; and, at intervals, the worn and exhausted feeder of the furnace would issue from his dazzling purgatory to wipe his hot brow in the evening air. These were the two alone, beside ourselves, who seemed to keep the night-watches.

The stranger fairly took the hint I spake upon, and, beckoning me to the stern of the vessel, desired I would be seated, while he should relate to me the little story, the recollection of which I had been instrumental in recalling to his mind. Following his example, I wrapped my cloak about me, and stretched myself on an inclined seat, in a state of pleasant and lazy preparation. Meanwhile I had taken occasion to scan the exterior of my companion. He was a man much under the middle size, of a thin, and apparently a wasted frame. His head was covered by an enormous slouched hat, somewhat in the Spanish fashion, and under its shadow appeared a face of uncommon and rather sinister expression. It seemed to belong to something more than an octogenarian. It was cadaverous, shrunken, pointed; and as incapable of change and muscular pliancy during the relation which followed, as though it had been hewed from a block of mummy-complexioned marble. His brow, more than half hidden under his hat, had contracted into many furrows; and so it remained, unchanged, and as immoveable as fate. Eyes of dark gray, the only moving things, save his thin lips, on the dead surface of his physiognomy, seemed sometimes to kindle as with what might have been the light of former days, as I from time to time observed them n the starry brilliancy which they occasionally reflected. The nose was one which had evidently been compelled by hunger or decay, from something well nigh related to a parabola, into a decided triangle. It was a remnant well worthy of Slawkenbergius, and one of the best from the promontory. The cheeks were sallow and solemn—well comporting with the motionless rigidity of the whole superficies. The mouth was one which would have puzzled Lavater; guarded inwardly by perfect files of small white teeth, those terrifying indices of something miraculous about an old proprietor; while without, the skinny lips were tightly drawn into that downward curve, so finely expressive of a fearful malice and contempt. Such a mouth was now to be my oracle! a chin, pointed as its fellow projection above, completed this wild and singular countenance. His beard lay like hoar-frost along its outline, and a single glance convinced me that the principle of life had deserted it. It lay withered upon that mysterious extremity. Not a single hair escaped from under cover. Of course I was justified in the conclusion that he was as bald as Time. A sad-colored cloak, of no particular cloth, enveloped his whole person; and now and then, as it waved in the wind, I thought I discovered the portentous insignia of high Dutch consequence, in the singular developement of the leg. I set him down as one of the most ancient of the Tea Breeches. In perfect keeping with all this, he wore a pair of pointed shoes, that occasionally shot from under his mysterious covering, and bore some marks of antique origin.

Such was the singular being beside whom I was now reclining, in expectation of a tale as singular as its author. There was certainly something more than common about this man, fitted to waken thoughts of a strange and undefinable nature. His presence was a matter that troubled me from the beginning. I thought of the suddenness of his appearance before me; and I had no recollection of having seen any such person on board during the day. His voice was low, too, but wonderfully deep; and I remembered, when he walked the quarter, it shook as though another steam-engine was playing beneath. This might have been fancy—but judge you, gentle reader, with what feelings I naturally listened to this master of mysteries! But I was determined not to be awed out of my story; and as though to restore me to the consciousness that something sufficiently human was still my neighborhood, a strong light shot suddenly up from the cabin, and in its glare I could recognise some still wakeful faces, that I had seen round me in the daylight. I therefore reclined once more upon my solitary seat. The stars were shining brilliantly over our heads—the waves were rushing and gurgling directly under us—and he began.

———

"Those gray, perpendicular rocks, that seemed to attract so much of your attention at twilight, are called, in these vile modern times, the Palisadoes. Time was—the which I can well remember"—I ventured a look, but the big hat put it out of the question—"ay, as though it were but yesterday, when those topping fellows were known by the downright sensible name of the Bold Bruisers; and so men were content to call them till that matter of independence crazed this feverish people, and then almost every spot and thing in the land, so it happened, unfortunately, to be high or queer-shaped, was dashed at once from the family nomenclature, and thenceforward known by some appellation with which it was tortured by the exclusive spirit of the time. There was your Mount Washington, and Mount Defiance; your Charter Oaks, and your Cradles of Liberty; Cape Revolution, and the Free Breakers; certain desperate looking rocks that jutted out along the coast called Constitution Boys and the Tax Takers; and, among a host of others, those veritable perpendicular masses, denominated the Palisadoes, for the simple reason that their appearance served to give you some notion of defence and obstinacy—defence, against they knew not what—nothing in particular, and obstinacy—but I must refer you to the Bill of Rights,

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and be careful, I suppose, how I take in vain that magical word 'Freedom.' Yet one would think, from the use they made of this poor name, that the hot republicans believed they could enclose the North River with a stone wall! verily, verily, there would have been some sense in this matter, if the worthy Dutchman who ruled that fair city aforetime, but who shall be nameless, had only succeeded when he swore he would swivel the Bold Bruisers on their south pivot across the Hudson, and block up all passage against the British by an effectual embargo. Then you might have talked about palisadoes with a vengeance; and what with such a troublesome fence here, and that wicked 'Gate' on the other side, Gotham at least would have been safe, merely through the terrors excited by its localities. But we have nearly passed the rocks, and I must hasten to my story.

"In 1777, while Howe lay in New York, a short distance down, where the country slopes away from those same palisadoes—in a beautiful and romantic dell, lived Isabel Vaughan and her widowed mother. Old Frank Vaughan, then one of the noblest hearts that beat in the land, had died in one of the hard times of '76, and left this little family with a few acres, and but a trifling fund, in other respects, to lead out their days, as well as they could, in the silent residence which he had chosen. There was an air of uncommon seclusion and peace about this dwelling. The hand of taste was also betrayed in the arrangement of foliage and flowers around the doors and windows. A little garden smiled in the sunshine which lay brightly and calmly along the valley; and at morning or evening time might be seen a fair and graceful creature bending among the shrubbery, and conducting the roses and honeysuckles, with studious care, in every direction, and with every fanciful variety, to embower the sweet and solitary spot that seemed to contain all her happiness.

"I need not describe Isabel to you. She was the delight and support of her little home, and as beautiful as the most brilliant of the flowers she watched over. She had grown up in the bosom of a virtuous family, and her young mind had become early imbued with that deep enthusiasm which the times had generated in the breasts of all the people, and in which her father largely participated. The stern and devoted spirit which had entered and expanded the hearts of the Puritans, in their early struggles, seemed to have come, with little alloy, down to the time of the Revolution, and, in some instances, to have brought with it that austere sense of duty and abandonment to the cause, which characterised the pilgrim fathers. With these feelings, Frank Vaughan rushed to the ranks, and fell; and with these feelings, somewhat softened indeed, but of the same character, did his beautiful daughter and her aged mother, look out upon the storm that was gathering and raging around them, and pray to heaven for favor on the cause, feeling thankful for the degree of quiet they were permitted to enjoy, while that cause was now trying by battle and blood. It was therefore rather a melancholy habit into which she had grown, than a decided pleasure, which led Isabel to the daily observation of her wild flowers and her garden. Often, as she wandered among them at still evening, she would stand and listen with beating heart, as the noise of cannon rolled on her ear from the distant city, and her thoughts would fly to her bleeding country, and she would go in and weep with her mother, as these dreary signals recalled to them the image of the husband and the father.

"It could hardly be expected that a habitation situated like this, could long escape the notice of the British parties which were scouring the country in every direction. Nor was it passed unheeded. But its very situation was the surest pledge of its safety. The lonely condition of its inmates—the meek and quiet spirit with which they necessarily surrendered the little hospitality which they could afford—and the silent but sorrowful sympathy which they accorded to their suffering country conciliated the respect even of their enemies; and Isabel Vaughan and her lonely parent found friends in those who had sworn vengeance against their land, and were now passing through it with violence. Sometimes, indeed, the abrupt appearance and unceremonious demeanor of the uncultivated and ferocious soldier, awed them into a painful sense of their apparently unprotected state, and their unfortunate position in a part of the country extremely liable to the commotions of the period. But the troops of the enemy were taught to regard the spot as exempt from the privilege of violence, and strictly charged to refrain from any injury of its peaceful and retired occupants; the leaders of the small parties which passed that way in the course of their excursions, gay, free of speech and manner, as they come to be in camp and in the ardor of war, still found, that in this humble retreat, they were invariably chastened into that quiet respect which strict and fearless virtue never fails to command; and the presence of Isabel Vaughan always excited a feeling of regard, transient though it might be; while the recollection of her carried with it a degree of undefined interest into the most careless bosoms among them. It was not strange, therefore, if the impression made even upon such hearts on such occasions should sometimes go with them to the garrison; and it required but a short time for sentiments like those to which I have adverted, escaping as they did, like very bubbles from the surface of volatile recollections, to have their due effect in exciting the curiosity which, under such circumstances, is never too prone to slumber.

"Thus, the presence of a beautiful girl, in such a beautiful and fairy-like seclusion, could not long remain a secret with those finer hearts, whose *experience* passes under the alternate sway of love and glory; and but few days had passed after the cottage had opened its lowly doors to its enemies, when Isabel, from her garden, saw a person approaching, whom, by his dress, she presumed to be an officer of rank. It was not an unusual occurrence that her solitude

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should be thus broken. But they were perilous and hurried times. Strange and terrifying tales had lately found their way to this retreat. The sense of the helplessness of herself and mother, was pressing daily more and more upon her; and, at this moment, that mother was alone, and twilight was fast closing in. Her impulse was to retreat rapidly; but the stranger approached by a side path, and was before her, as she was about to enter the door. With a slight graceful bow, he begged her to remain one moment, and pardon his abrupt approach. Soldiers were unused to apologies, (another inclination of the head, and a smile scarcely perceptible,) and they were not things to be conned, at that day. Moreover, he was concerned to say, he believed he was in an enemy's country—beautiful as it appeared. A faint smile mingled with the blush of Isabel, as she received the acknowledgment, and, stepping hastily forward, she invited the officer to enter, and partake of the poor but only hospitality which their humble roof could afford to either friends or foes; for she innocently conceived that nothing more sentimental than forage could have induced a soldier—even such a one, at such a time—to seek a spot so unimportant and secluded.

"Murray, for that was the name of the youthful officer, was unexpectedly embarrassed. He had heard that in this wild and romantic retirement, there was a specimen of beauty, worthy a sphere far above the humble one in which it shone, and which was fitted to prove attractive to an ardent and sensitive mind. But he was not prepared to find one there, whose extreme loveliness forced itself upon him at once, and whose whole appearance could captivate an eye, that had been by no means inactive, in its time, among the fair and favored of his own land. He did not come to see one whose presence could at once dispel all the lighter feelings and intentions, with which youth and warm hearts, in his adventurous course of life, are accustomed to approach the throne of beauty; and he little expected, when he entered the unprotected home of a female, with a soldier's freedom and an enemy's license, that he should find there a person before whom the idea of such freedom made him feel abashed, and whose simple and unconstrained manner demanded his perfect respect, and singularly engaged his attention. Isabel's attractions were the attractions of nature and simplicity, guided by a clear perception of propriety, and the graces of a well-directed and well-informed mind. Taste lent all its aid to strong and elevated feelings, and formed a character and presence that could not fail of inspiring a more than common interest.

"Under the impression of an interview and feelings, therefore, for which he was so little prepared, Murray was somewhat confused; and when he found himself under the roof that had so frequently opened its unresisting doors to those whom he commanded, and thought of the possibility of violence done, or insult offered there, and then glanced at the interesting form before him, he hardly knew how to extenuate the incivility and sin of what might be an added intrusion. In despair of any effectual explanation, he referred in a hurried manner, to the fears he had of difficulties or troubles which might have been occasioned there by the rough and importunate soldiery. They were, in some degree, subject to his order. He felt responsible for them; and concluded with assuring the family of ample protection in future from all farther annoyance, as far as his power would permit. The assurance was received with a thankful but a distant spirit. Isabel's was a mind not easily drawn away, or driven by sudden feelings, from its self-possession. She had observed Murray's embarrassment, and sought to relieve it, at once, as far as she could, for it was as painful to her to observe, as it was to him to bear it. The warmth and kindness of manner in which this was done, had struck him—and he remembered it. But Isabel looked upon her guest as an enemy. She had been taught to do so; and the sentiment which such instruction involved, had grown, she thought, into an antipathy. It was difficult to overcome these things in a moment, and though the young stranger recommended himself strongly by his striking demeanor—his easy conversation—and the generosity of his feelings, standing in the relation he did to her and the country she honored, still he was an enemy—and she believed it impossible that the relation could ever be forgotten.

"The interview, however, begun with so much uneasiness on the part of Murray, became interesting to him. The coldness of the stranger gave way to the native glow of his temperament, and his conversation kindled even into gaiety. The intercourse was new. It was divested of all that had sickened him elsewhere. It was the employment of his mind, sudden as it might seem. On the other side, Isabel, though not gay, became insensibly interested, and even animated, when her nature was brought into direct contact with what she honored and esteemed, wherever she met them—and which she was quick to perceive—talent and enthusiasm. She even forgot the individual, while she paid respect to his sentiments.

"Murray, in extending the offer of his protection, spoke of the defenceless character of the country.

"'Why will you touch us there,' said Isabel, 'while you have driven us to these things, in the midst of our want of means and our deprivations! But,' continued she, recollecting her father, 'there is a defence, which perhaps you cannot see, in strong hearts and clear consciences.'

"'Pardon me—pardon me!' said Murray, hastily—'I surely forget where I am, to speak of such subjects here;—but within these walls, I hope I shall not be considered an enemy—I hope we shall never meet as such'—then, recollecting himself, he added—'if, indeed, we shall ever meet again.'

"'Alas! sir,' said Isabel, 'you are our superiors—and a prohibition, I fear me, would be of little avail, while the foe holds our land under the law of the strongest.'

"'If, then, there be no prohibition,' returned Murray warmly, 'I shall take every fair advantage which the war offers.'

"'We are unused to command,' said Isabel, calmly, and with a faint smile.

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"'Not so unused,' whispered Murray to himself, 'for I obey you already.'

"But why any farther particulars of an interview, which was somewhat protracted, though a first one; and the natural consequences of which, all sensible listeners or readers, like yourself, would at once and unquestionably perceive?

"Murray departed. He had been a delighted witness of the beautiful simplicity that marked this little family, and the loveliness of the young creature that adorned it; and he quitted the house with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. He was a person of that free and unprejudiced spirit which acknowledged worth, and bowed to it wherever he found it, from an innate love of virtue; a spirit too noble to be restricted to the peculiar modes of regard which the society he rose in avowed and practised; and, whether he met them in the gay metropolis of a foreign land, or on the forest-borders of a new one, he gave his heart, undisguisedly, to the homage of virtue and purity in woman. His was the ardent spirit that saw readily, and believed unhesitatingly. In Isabel Vaughan, therefore, he saw enough, even in a single and first interview, to delight him, because he saw that which reconciled itself at once with the high and generous conceptions he had formed of valuable and admirable character, and which he had loved to contemplate. If his spirit was a rapid stream, it was also a deep one; unlike those that are too often shallow in proportion to their velocity.

"The recollection of that interview retained a vividness in the mind of Murray, which soon convinced him that to repeat it was necessary to his peace. His avocations, his duties, his pleasures grew dull; and time hung like a weight upon him. If he smiled at the idea of a passion, it was with a secret and proper satisfaction—and he felt no disposition then to check its young career. The introduction, therefore, such as it was, was duly improved. Murray found himself, in a few weeks, the welcome and even the cherished guest of Isabel and her mother; for Isabel discovered that time was fast robbing her of the prejudice which she had hitherto believed had descended to her as a sort of unalienable inheritance. It was a truth, indeed, of which that unsuspecting girl was not yet aware—as who would be in her situation?—that she was ignorant of her own heart. She did not seem to recollect the miraculous operation of the affections—the wayward course and transforming power of the passions. Least of all did she think that the deep fountains of her bosom could be broken up, by an influence that worked unseen, and almost unknown, until the waters suddenly burst the control in which they might otherwise have slumbered for ever. With her, as with every woman, love had been a dream—but a beautiful and glorious one, and one which she tremblingly hoped to realize. But that she should realize it in Murray—that her fate should be thus mysteriously linked with his, was more than she had thought of. It was more, almost, than she could believe. But when, after continued interviews, each more anxiously looked for, and each more tenderly recollected than that which had preceded it, she breathed the low-voiced confession to her own bosom, then it was that she first woke to the power and progress of her passion. It is needless to follow its course. It may be enough to say that but few months passed over them and the peaceful home of Isabel, with its blooming and blushing flowers, witnessed the plighted faith of the lovers.

"'I can scarce believe it,' whispered Isabel, smiling through her tears—'my lover, George, and yet my enemy!'

"'Ah! my most beautiful foe—this treaty merges country and all!' cried Murray.

"Isabel Vaughan was now happy, and in the pure warmth of her heart

'As guileless as unpractised infancy,'

she gave free and joyous way to this new current of thought, that went brightening and exulting before her, in all the delicious transparency of a first and holy passion. She felt that she loved, before she considered the object of her admiration; and when she did so, she felt her resentment die within her. She thought of the time when she had unconsciously hated the very sound of 'Briton;' and to recoil from one so called as from an enemy, she remembered had been a part of the great doctrine of the day, inculcated in her hearing. And now she found that to a Briton her affections were clinging; that her heart was entwining itself with the heart of a Briton; and that she was secretly vowing herself to an enemy—to the desolation of her house—perhaps to the murderer of her father! She went to her mother, and confessed, and wept with her. She felt that every interview had only linked her fate more indissolubly with that of Murray—and he had now become the almost constant companion of Isabel and her mother.

"As often as duty permitted, he escaped from the city, to linger round this fair shrine of beauty, amidst the flowers, and silence, and innocence which embosomed it. He loved Isabel with a high and honorable love. Often, with that mother and daughter, in the hushed evenings, did he mourn as a soldier should mourn, the fate which made him an enemy to the country they were proud of; and often was he ready, in the fulness of his heart, to renounce all remembrance of national enmity, till some sullen roar recalled his distracted feelings, and he remembered with something like sternness, that he heard the voice of his country reminding him of his faith and his vows of honor. Often, when the moon rode high, and the head of Isabel leaned in holy confidence on his bosom, in the little bower which she had hung with blossoms and wild leaves, would he part her dark hair, and whisper over her an abjuration of glory and even of his country, to give himself up to her and happiness in that paradise of retirement and peace. But these were dreams of love—words of deep, impassioned excitement. They carried with them what every heart has felt, and every heart has uttered, in its moments of abandonment. They exhibited the simple elements—the infant movements of the affections—developed, and carried out, in the best and holiest

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expressions which the soul lends to the lips. They were nature—they were truth.

"But the story of love is an oft told tale. I will not detain you, to recount its thousand little incidents and misgivings; its trifles, swelled into the importance of events, and the numerous fluctuations of its hopes and fears. I will pass them over. We will leave them to their early troth—to the full fruition of their morning promises and joys, to join the parties again at an advanced period of their fortunes.

"Far other things were now to engage the attention of the young soldier. Howe was about to evacuate New York, and draw off his forces for Philadelphia, and Murray must accompany his regiment. The golden string must be parted. 'Glory,' said he, 'is little better than blood, and honor is a shadow that we are chasing over the graves of our fellows. How often, if it win the laurel, does ambition return with a marble brow, and wreathed in cypress!' So thought this youthful lover—with not a little poetry, to be sure—but with how much truth!

"'And these flowers,' said Isabel, 'must fade just at the moment when they began to look brightest in my eyes, and these buds must be checked in the very midst of their promise, for I have no heart to cherish them now. Strange! that he has such an influence on my little Eden, here, and he is one of those, too, who were enemies of my father!'

"In such words as these—often uttered—were shown the unsophisticated movements of this young and unsullied spirit. So strong an attachment could not yield to a sudden deprivation without an uncommon and painful struggle.

"'We must part in a few days, Isabel,' said Murray. It was two nights before his intended departure. No answer was returned.

"'To-morrow night, Isabel, is the last night I may ever see you.' Still there was no answer, but the sorrowing girl was at his side in tears.

"'But,' said she, at last, looking calmly into his face, 'you said you should return; and you then spoke of our never parting again. Let us believe that, and be happy.'

"It was now Murray's turn to be agitated. His manner had evidently been constrained. When he came, he was thoughtful and pale. He now became hurried and abrupt.

"'But, Isabel, who may talk to us of returns and welcomes? The chances of life are doubled against us. Fate plays hard with us, Isabel. We can promise nothing—we can hope little. We must go where life is doubtful, and dishonor worse than death. And yet that dishonor might save the life of those we love. Curse—curse on the alternative!'

"Murray wrung her hand, and Isabel was startled at his vehemence. The last words, uttered in a lower tone, caught her attention, and she kindled as she spoke.

"'What is it you say, George? You talk of dishonor and alternatives! what have they to do with you, or you with them? Why talk of them in my presence? Is there any proposal I am to hear, in which either of those words are implicated! If so, you may yet learn how firmly I can say farewell. My father knew not hesitation where such terms where mentioned—and his daughter—'

"'For God's sake, Isabel, no more—no more'—and he cast on her a look that convinced that trembling girl how deeply she had wronged him by her wild and hurrying suspicions. She now stood in the attitude of one imploring forgiveness.

"'Nay, Isabel,' said he, in a low tone, as with a trembling hand he threw back her dark and disordered hair—'I will say nothing of the injustice you have done me. This is no time for cruel words or wounded feelings. I must leave you. A return here is spoken of by our commander as something possible—but the war goes on with a varied success. I can see nothing certain through this gloom, and there are dangers and difficulties in our way, that you know nothing of.' Again he grew thoughtful and troubled, as he walked away, and his bosom rose and fell, as though he was struggling for mastery with some powerful and terrible emotion.

"'Dishonor!' breathed he to himself; 'did she conceive that her fame was trying me in this way? Alas! if she knew the horrible trial of defending it!'

Suddenly—by one of those despairing exertions of which we are sometimes capable, he turned and approached the agitated Isabel, with a composed mien and a faint smile.

"'But why, my beloved girl, why anticipate all this sorrow? I shall see you again. To-morrow I will be with you—to-morrow, at twilight. Yet should the hurry of departure prevent even this short interview, for that it must be, still you shall hear from me. Close at the little landing under the cliffs—the Palisadoes—you shall find my messenger. You remember the boat I have so often employed to convey word to you. You will find it there at dark. Remember—not too early—descend the winding foot path to the sands, and receive, and send me in return a few words, a few words, Isabel—merely a farewell. The fellow is trusty. He will find me—and now—' as he spoke, Murray gently lifted from her neck a beautiful and delicate picture. He gazed on it. 'It will speak to me, Isabel, when I am gone, and admonish me and cheer me; and it shall be my shield,' said he, as he placed it, with a knightly grace and confidence, upon his heart. Isabel bowed in silence over it. She believed that heart was beating in single and utter devotion for her; and that the sentiments of the world, the voice of man, could neither quicken nor retard its pulsations. She believed every thing that woman should believe, and she was happy. Still hers was the happiness of tears—of a bewildered and anxious bosom. In a few moments those pulses seemed suddenly to cease—her arms fell gently upon her breast—she heard a murmur that sounded like a farewell, and the noise of a door closing at her side. She looked up, and Murray was gone.

"The next day rose heavily on Isabel. The winds played rudely among her flowers, and swept boarsely over her wild blossoms, bending them to the ground. She thought she saw her own fate shadowed out in these frowns of nature upon some of her fairest works.

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She compared herself with every delicate plant that she saw crouching under the blast; and in the dull and dim clouds that sailed along the leaden sky, she pictured strange forms, that seemed to scowl upon her out of their gloomy shrouds. Her haunted fancy was troubled with painful and distressing anticipations. She remembered the mysterious manner in which Murray had parted from her. She remembered the doubts he had expressed about meeting her—and she resolved them into a thousand realities. She remembered his broken and singular manner, and her excited imagination teemed with forms of terror, peculiar to the dangerous and heart-rending scenes to which his profession was the direct and deadly pathway. She endured all that a young, and sensitive, and devoted spirit may be supposed to suffer in solitude, surrendered to its loneliest reflections, and led, by a deep, and before unfelt interest in a loved individual, to throw around him all its fairy work of hopes and fears, to repose in him all the sacred promises of joy, and all her wishes of future happiness, while that individual is away, beyond her control or her knowledge; and exposed to the saddest chances of the world—the additional hazards of a desolating war, and the deadly wrath of man.

"The day thus passed on, wearisome and lonely. Nature seemed to mourn with this frail and interesting creature, who was gazing for hours upon its lights and shadows. The sun shone out, sometimes, but it was with a sad and discolored beam. The breezes came as usual, but they wafted away the perfume, and went off in hollow sounds down the valley. Some of the sweetest flowers that Isabel loved to tend, were beaten down and withered; and the roses showered their drooping leaves round the door, and in at the windows. The birds used to linger among the trees; but now they flew silently over the garden, and the hum of bees was not heard there. It is not strange that melancholy presentiments and imaginations crowded about Isabel in her cheerless retreat. She saw the sun go down with a faint and sullen light, and she waited with anxious and indescribable feelings for the coming twilight. At times she listened with intense earnestness, that she might hear footsteps coming on the wind; but the solitude only deepened as the shades of evening stole in, and yet Murray came not.

"'It is past the twilight,' said she to herself, as she paced along the brink of the Palisadoes; 'it is past twilight, and time he were coming; but I will surprise him. My white dress shall not betray me on these cliffs,' and wrapping a light cloak about her, she stood back from the summit, and gazed out upon the deep river, as it rolled its chafed waves upon the shore. There was nothing to be discerned. Stars were here and there to be seen, peeping from among the clouds, as they went driving over the heavens; and as her eye wandered among them, her bodings of ill seemed to derive a confirmation from the troubled appearance of the elements. Yet again she took courage, when she thought how much was to be charged to her busy and melancholy imagination; and, by an effort, she succeeded in stilling the throbs of her heart, and waited in as much patience as her situation may be supposed to admit, for evening to gather in, believing that a short time would put a period to her suffering anxiety. Meanwhile, enough could be gathered by eye and ear from the elevated point upon which she stood, to convince Isabel that the busy note of preparation had sounded in the camp, and that a hurried and bustling night was to pass in the city. Often, as the rising wind swept over the long reach of waters and the crags, there came the faint roll of drums, and then, the long, deep, re-echoing peal of guns, sending their muttering signals far and wide, till they died in the murmurs of the small waves, or the moan of the breeze. Then there might be seen, curving far into the air, a sudden, distant line of light, illumining the horizon for a moment, and then sinking, in lengthened train, over the distant and mustering city. A brilliant, dazzling star would then hover over the metropolis, and as suddenly vanish, to be succeeded by some other fiery telegraph. Then, again, came the swelling noise of the drum, as the air freshened for a moment; and over and above all, the small but clear strain of the bugle would float away, in notes of glorious music, even to the clouds. There was something strangely wild and solemn in this scene; and Isabel felt all her enthusiasm wake within her, as she beheld and listened. The rocket and the horn seemed to bring Murray once more before her, and her vivid associations for a moment annihilated the very rocks and seas that lay between them. But, as if on the instant to merge this vision in the still more blessed reality, an object could be discerned, making its way to the shore. A boat approached. Drawing as far back as possible, without losing sight of it, then making rapidly in on the strength of four oars, Isabel was enabled, unseen, to watch its movements. A doubtful and wondering sensation seized her, as she descried four persons hastily disembarking. She felt satisfied that one of them was Murray—but why come so attended? Darkness could not aid her now; it was too late to retreat. If she stirred into the twilight, she would be discovered. While yet in the astonishment which naturally held her at this moment, she observed that the party had disappeared in the little recess at the foot of the path that led from above. She was sure they were about to ascend. She listened. The sound of low, quick voices came up. There was an interval of silence, and the sharp report of pistol shots rang along the rocks. A shriek answered its echoes above, and a white figure was seen rushing down the narrow pathway to that enclosure. Meantime there was hot haste upon the shore. The boat was immediately filled, and hurryingly shoved off. It had hardly entered the stream, when the sullen plunge of something overboard was heard. A confused dashing of oars, and the boat had disappeared in the closing gloom of the evening.

"And now, conceive Isabel Vaughan, alone, upon that silent and dark shore. She is bending over the grass, as though in search of something, and dull smoke wreaths are curling over her head, among the branches of the trees, and against the old rocks. She has caught at something, which seemed lighted for a moment as

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by the ray of a star. She grasps it. It is her own picture. The string that bore it is severed, and drops of warm blood have already half clotted on its lineaments. Another long thrilling shriek rings along those cliffs, and the agonised girl falls on her face, desolate and motionless.

* * * * * * * *

"From that long and deadly swoon, that maiden never returned to life the same being that she was. The stroke had reached her heart, and all its impulses were paralysed. Her mind withered, and her reason fled; and over the waste there played the flickering unearthly light of ruined hopes and blasted peace, like that which wanders round decay, amidst tombs and solitudes. Well might we then say her sorrowful fears were truly, beautifully, but sadly fulfilled. She was, indeed, the blossom cut off—the flower bowed down. She was the unsullied flower of the light, scathed on the stalk; the delicate bud crushed into the dust, while it gave rich promise of expanding into beauty. Well did she fear for her bower and her home, when she saw the leaves and the bloom that enveloped them, falling to the ground, and leaving their habitations cold and desolate. Her spirit was now the rifled and desolate dwelling. Well did she fear for the clouds, and the hollow winds, and the tearful lustre of the sinking sun. She had had occasion for fear—for terrible fear; and now the deep mist had come over her soul. The summons—that strange music of death—was ringing through the chambers of her heart, and the sacred fire of intellect was expiring in its ashes!

"Still Isabel was spared. Still that fair, pale relic of loveliness was left to gaze upon, and to wonder and weep over. She was spared to a lonely and afflicted mother. Did you seek her at the now desolate retreat, (where she had first learned to love) you found there an attenuated form, culling sweet flowers to twine into wreaths, she said, for her young soldier—then they were to scatter over his grave; and sometimes she would smile through her tears, and say they were gathered for her bridal. But had you seen her, as I have often seen her, in the neighborhood of those frowning Palisadoes, you would have seen a different, but you never beheld a more heart-rending object."

I looked up again. I was exceedingly interested—but I was exceedingly puzzled at all this. I was destined, however, to get no satisfaction. It was to be all mystery with me, and I thought it well to bow and listen. He proceeded.

"Often at midnight, when I have strayed towards the crags in days long past, I have seen Isabel Vaughan standing like a statue upon the heights; her long hair floating on the evening wind, and her almost vanishing figure shivering as she drew her cloak round her, and gazed wistfully over the Hudson. I have seen her gesticulating on the brink of the cliffs—at one moment as though she was reproaching some one near her, and at the next as though she was urging the person, with emphasis, to keep silent.

"One evening I had watched her till my eyes filled with tears. She was standing in the same spot, talking wildly and rapidly with herself, and her manner was more estranged than usual. In moving towards the footpath that ran below, she passed me, but expressed no surprise at my presence. She observed my tears.

"'Why do you weep?' said she. 'You have nothing to weep for. But here are flowers. They always comfort me—they used to comfort him'—and she offered me some wild blossoms.

"'But,' said she, drawing near me, and looking wistfully in my face, 'think you the water is deep, and do you know what has changed its color?—and they tell me, too, that he sleeps below there; but we won't believe it. He is yonder—yonder—I know it,' and she pointed off towards the city. 'And you know he told me to write him farewell, and I send every night by the boat. Come—here are more flowers. Take more flowers.'

"With these words she turned from me, for I had no heart to retain her a moment by an answer, and passed down the footway, singing, as she went, an incoherent and mournful air, that stole up in low and plaintive cadences, as she wound into the dell. I watched her movements with a painful interest. It was now near dark, and I saw her come out of the little recess of low woods, and stand upon the very brink of the river. I had followed her down, struck with the strange and reckless sorrow of her manner. Yet she shed no tears. She raised her hands to her brow, and looked out for a long time under them at the still water. At length she slowly drew from her bosom a small folded paper, and murmuring a few indistinct words, threw it forth upon the waves, as far as her feeble strength would permit. Her eyes followed it, as it floated away with an intensity that betrayed, in a manner distressingly palpable, the 'total eclipse' of that beautiful mind.

"'There—there!' continued she in a deep and rapid utterance, 'Be sure you carry it to him. It is a farewell, and he charged me to send it. Be quick, or it will go out with the tide! And tell him,' cried she, raising her voice as the darkness increased about her, and as though she felt the necessity of haste—'tell him I have been waiting a long time for an answer, and that when he comes, to come alone, for they would not let him stay when he came last—and it broke my heart—and now they say I am mad;'—and once more the wild notes of that monotonous song broke from the dying girl. I accompanied her home that night, wondering how she could be permitted to wander about alone in this almost frantic condition, and returned her to her weeping and heart-broken mother. That mother and a devoted, but quiet and inefficient relative, who had come to her since the trial had become so terrible, were now the only inmates of that wretched family.

"Often at twilight did I witness that scene, under those dreary Palisadoes. Often have I seen her little white messengers tossing and eddying upon the current, as she thought them cheerily on their way to her lover. Frequently, at break of morning, I have seen her fragments of paper circling within reach of the shore, or floating in upon that point towards which your attention was directed. On one occasion, I had the curiosity to draw one of these singular missives

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from the water. It bore a black seal—and was impressed with some little love conceit that I could not construe. It was evidently written in haste. There were but few words, as I remember them, much in this way:—

"'Farewell—George—farewell! You charged me to write farewell. But you will return when the army comes back. I heard the drums last night, when you went. Farewell! Here is some of my hair;—see how white it has grown;—all my hair is white—for something strange has passed over my head—and I can feel it now!—farewell—the boat is coming—farewell!'

"Over these incoherent and almost illegible words lay a portion of hair, white as the paper which enfolded it—and a few rose leaves, dry and withered.

"For many weary months, almost nightly, did Isabel Vaughan haunt those high rocks of the Hudson. As time passed, she seemed to grow wilder. A settled melancholy was to be observed at all times, see her where you might; and upon the Palisadoes, she roamed about with starts and gestures, increasingly violent and frantic.

"The season was getting to be bleak and cold. The leaves were beginning to drop from the trees, and the flowers round Isabel's dwelling had all closed up or dropped from their places. It was the decaying time of nature. Still the poor maniac glided nightly along the cliff, heedless of the elements. She was, in a sense, beyond the reach of the things of earth.

"The British had returned to New York. There was high mustering again in the city—and again the noise of war broke upon the startled land. Again the distant drum might be heard, rolling its far summons, and coming like a murmur on the ear; and again the roar of ordnance pealed over hill and river, calling the frighted inhabitants to the recollection of past horrors, and the anticipation of others, perhaps more dreadful.

"It was one of those chill and piercing evenings which I have mentioned, when, following my wayward inclination, I wandered, as usual, to the Palisadoes. True to her melancholy associations, Isabel was there—upon the upper rock—gazing with an appearance of uncommon interest towards the city. I thought I could discover a new expression in her pale countenance. A distant shot rolled away upon the wind. A few rapid words—and she was again silent—looking and listening with increasing earnestness. The note of a bugle then came upon a rising gust; it was answered by a scream; and she clapped her hands, and tossed them wildly over her head.

"'He is coming—he is coming!' cried she. 'I hear his music. Hush! Isabel—you must not betray yourself. Remember!—'not too early, Isabel,' and she drew back from the verge, and became silent. A brilliant light shot up for a moment towards the south, and as she caught its glare, she cried—'It is his signal! there was one like that before!'—and a convulsive laugh burst from her lips. As it died away, I saw her sink upon the rocks, till she seemed crouching upon the brink of the precipice, and gaze with her hands raised to her brow, in the eager and bewildered manner I had before noticed, as though she would penetrate farther, by thus shading her eyes, in that uncertain light. A sound, like the dripping of oars, drew my attention. I turned, and saw a boat slowly making its way under the cliffs where we stood. At the same moment, another terrifying shriek broke upon the stillness—

"'I come, George; I am here—here!'—and as I again turned quickly, and with a dreadful fear, a dim, white object was seen plunging into the abyss between me and that now solitary rock! There could be no mistake—she was gone!

"With a beating heart, I leaped down the path. I fancied I heard a low moan. It might have been the wind, but there was no time to listen. When I reached the dell, there were feet passing hastily to and fro, and, as I approached the ground to which I hurried, I saw some one kneeling. He was at the side of Isabel.

"'It is too late,' said the stranger, without raising his eyes; 'it is too late! I saw her fall, as I sprang from the boat. But she smiles, even in death. Poor Murray! poor Murray!'

"For a time not a word was spoken by a single person who stood about the dreadful scene. Nothing was heard save the low quick breathing of agitated and terrified bosoms. We all hung over that bleeding body in stupified amazement and in tears. It was long before I could utter a syllable; and when I did, it was in something like broken and sobbing language.

"'You knew him then,' I said, addressing the person who had spoken; 'you know something of this sad story—'

"But I could ask nothing. I kneeled to gaze upon the corpse. She lay within a few feet of the grave of her lover. Her countenance was but slightly mutilated—scarcely at all. But her long white hair—the hair that had been bleached by sorrow, lay upon her breast—buried in blood!

"The stranger was an elderly British officer. As he seemed to be deeply affected by the harrowing spectacle before us, and as I had heard him mention the name of Murray in a tone of compassionate and melancholy recollection, I concluded he might acquaint me with some particulars relating to the simple but terrible history, of which I remained ignorant. After our excitement had in some degree subsided, I took occasion, hurriedly, to question him upon the matter.

"In a few words he informed me that he was the friend of the unhappy young man, who met his untimely fate on the dark spot where we then stood. There were broken hints—a confused story of hasty words between Murray and another—of some unholy attempt to fix a stigma on the pure fame of Isabel Vaughan The sin or insult—*such* insult! could be washed away only by blood. The infatuation had its full effect God was forgotten—man was obeyed—and we have seen the issue! Murray fell, and the villain triumphed The wound proving instantly mortal, the victorious fiend—for he could be nothing less than a fiend—through fear, inexplicable at such moments, or in the delirium of guilt, flung the bleeding corpse of his adversary into the waves, and hurried from the scene.

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"'This, then, must be his grave,' said I, pointing to the low mound at our feet 'She spoke of some one buried here, and a grave that they had told her about.'

"'To learn the certainty of that was the motive that brought me here,' returned the stranger. 'I had heard something of the humble burial of an officer, whose body was found hereabouts, soon after; but, as our forces were hurried away, I was constrained to delay inquiring till this eventful evening. As for him who laid that body low in that narrow house,' continued he, 'he has long ago expiated his crime, terribly, in tortures. He was discovered—how could it be otherwise?—in all his foul and devilish machinations, and died, as the base slanderer and the villain.'

"The stranger looked long and mournfully upon the grave of his young friend. He spoke in a manly but feeling tone, of the warm but mistaken spirit that had driven him to this wretched end, and expressed a sorrowful satisfaction in finding that his remains had been committed decently to earth.

"'This is a wild but sacred place for him to slumber in,' he said 'Let him rest; he will not be forgotten.'

"He then offered the assistance of his party, and we bore the ghastly form of Isabel to the dwelling it once adorned. Description would falter in presenting the scene of that hapless home—of that mother, beside her lifeless daughter! The veil is dropped.

"Isabel Vaughan and George Murray sleep side by side, in that green dell beneath the Palisadoes. There is nothing to mark their graves, but a little heap, with a foot and head stone. The tale is too melancholy for marble; but it is preserved in the lines of terror in which it is engraven upon the memory of those who have survived those stormy times. Tradition, not content with the gloomy character of the facts, whispers of secret murder committed in those shades, and points to those graves as spots where dark-handed violence—the dagger of an assassin—sent down its bloody and silent victim! And the Christian—the man of God, with the truth of this wretched story yet green in his recollection—*still* tells you of *murder* done there (and perhaps he calls it rightly,) and with pious eloquence depicts to you, glowing, exasperated, and guilty youth, rushing to the hazard, with crime in his heart, and death in his hand, to prove his respect for man, by daring the laws of the Almighty.

"There is a mystery in these things. Let the world think of it, if it will. It is not my business to employ the warning voice of the preacher; but I tell you, that for many years, young men and maidens, the curious, the gay, and the sorrowful, from all the country round, made frequent and silent pilgrimage to the Red Graves of the Hudson."

New York, 1839.

BOBBY, MY BOW WOW.

My friends they are cutting me, one and all,
With a changed and a cloudy brow;
But my little dog always would come at my call—
Oh, why does he not come now?

Oh, if he be living, he'd greet me; but why
Do I hope with a doubtful "*if?*"
When I come, and there is not a joy in his eye?
When I come, and his tail lieth stiff?

Ah, me! not a single friend may I keep!
From the false I am gladly free,
And the true and the trusty have fall'n asleep,
And sleep without dreaming of me.

I have got my own soul fasten'd firmly and tight,
And my cold heart is safe in my bosom;
But I would not now trust 'em out of my sight,
Or I'm positive I should lose 'em.

My one sole comrade is now no more!
And I needs must mumble and mutter,
That he who had lived in a *kennel* before,
At last should die in a *gutter!*

He could fight any beast, from a cow to a cat,
And catch any bird for his feast;
But, ah! he was killed by a big brick-bat,
And a *bat's* not a bird nor a beast.

He died of the blow! 'twas a sad hard blow,
Both to me and the poor receiver;
I wish that instead 'twere a fever, I know,
For his *bark* might have cured a fever!

His spirit, escap'd from its carnal rags,
Is a poodle all wan and pale;
It howls an inaudible howl, and it wags
The ghost of a shadowy tail!

Old Charon will ask for his penny in vain,
If my Bob but remembers his tricks;
For he, who so often sprang over my *cane*,
Will easily leap o'er the *Styx!*

If Cerberus snarls at the gentle dead,
He'll act but a *dogged* part;
The fellow may, p'r'aps, have a *treble* head,
But he'll have but a *base* bad heart.

Farewell, my dear Bob, I will keep your skin,
And your tail, with its noble tuft;
I have kept it through life rather skinny and thin,
Now I *will* have it properly *stuff'd*.

P. P. Pitts.

Art without nature is employed in vain,
And without beauty music fails to move;
Maria can alone those ends attain,
Her voice deals rapture, and her beauty love. B.

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PASSAGES FROM

THE ADVENTURES OF GEOFFREY MARTEL.

[An extract from an unpublished work.]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR."

GEOFFREY was attracted one day by an unusual crowd about the recorder's court. On entering, he perceived a great number of malefactors to be disposed of, and as their appearance presented every possible variety, from the frail inmate of the brothel, to the sweep, he felt disposed to while away an hour looking on the proceedings of the tribunal.

The first prisoner called up, was a dirty faced, lean, shaggy young man, without hat or stockings. He looked on all things indifferently: indeed his composed carelessness and vacant stare, might have led one to believe there was but little in his head to be puzzled with.

"The next case, gentlemen of the jury," said an attorney, "is Nicholas Bullbeef *vs.* Jeremy Flankman, petty larceny. You will no doubt be able to dispose of this case without loss of time, as the evidence against the prisoner is conclusive, and you, of course, will find him guilty, without delay. Richard Henry Jenks, come forward and be sworn." Richard Henry Jenks was a little thick-set lad about the age of thirteen. He stated that his master was a butcher—had sold the mutton to the prisoner, and sent him along with him to get the pay. That when he had carried it through some several streets, said Flankman seized the article, refused to settle for it, and drove him back to his master, crying. Here the little rascal's memory was so vivid, that he commenced roaring in court, like a stuck calf.

"If your honor please," said the attorney, rising half way up, "we will leave the case to the jury, without argument."

"Have you any witnesses or any thing to say?" inquired his honor, of the prisoner. Jeremy was leisurely scratching his wrist, and did not heed him.

"Have you any witnesses?" repeated the recorder.

"I don't know," he replied, looking well pleased.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued his honor, "the case is now with you, and a very plain one in my opinion."

"Guilty," was the verdict.

"Get on the stand, Mr. Flankman," remarked his honor.

"What, on that place, there?" returned the culprit, pointing with his hand to the stand.

"Yes; get up."

"What for? what's the use now? haint the jury condemned me?"

"Well, stand up where you are. You, sir, have been convicted, and justly. I therefore sentence you to three months solitary confinement, and hard labor."

"How long did your honor say? I didn't hear you good," asked the prisoner, with more interest than he had yet betrayed.

"Three months, sir."

"Couldn't your honor say all winter? I'll work like a nigger, if you do, so I get my vittles. I'll starve if you don't, and then the next court they'll be having me up at, will be crowner's, if I can't steal agin."

"What have you been doing recently for a support?" asked his honor, softened with pity.

"Nothing."

"What did you expect to do?"

"Nothing."

"Then what *will* you do, if I let you off this time without punishment."

"Not a darned thing! Since these hard times come I can't do nothing. Please your honor," he continued, with tears running down his face, "don't let me off without going to prison, or if you won't send me there, jest let me be hung, for I'm a monstrous scoundrel! I've had a mighty notion of drowning myself, but I was afraid of going to the devil. I wish somebody would do it for me, then it wouldn't be sueside."

He was sent to the almshouse.

The plaintiff, in the next case, was a person that attracted our hero no little. He, too, was quite a young man; but with the gravity of fourscore years. His coat was of the shad cut, with collar standing upright, of dark brown color, and the cuffs were worn, and much glazed with a thick, pliant, oily substance. His hat, which the court permitted him to retain on his head, was of tremendous brim, and almost concealed his woful cadaverous face.

"If thee honor will now proceed with my case, though I despise going to law, yet I will testify against this man, John Lowry."

Geoffrey stared at the speaker in bewilderment. The voice, evidently disguised, he thought he had heard before—but who it was, perplexed him no little.

The speaker that opened the cause, expatiated on the forbearance, and unassuming conduct of the class to whom the aggrieved belonged. That their proverbial inoffensiveness, subjected them to the impositions of less scrupulous members of society, and that the law should be most rigidly enforced to secure their rights.

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Geoffrey, whilst gazing intently at the quaker, did not mark the names of the parties, read by the clerk, or the mystery would have been solved at once. In the mean time, the object of his curiosity observed him likewise; and after returning gaze for gaze a moment, slouched his hat down over his face, precluding farther scrutiny.

The prisoner was charged with having stolen a book from the plaintiff's stall. The prosecuting attorney asked the prosecutor what description of book it was.

"I may inform thee that it cost me a dollar."

"But what was the title of the book?"

"Why, friend, what matters it, what the work was entitled, so its value is proven, and that John stole it?" equivocated the quaker.

"Why do you wish to conceal the title?" demanded his honor.

"Why, in our pursuits for a livelihood, we sometimes for our worldly interest, are compelled to buy and sell those carnal things which we abhor. John abused me for keeping the book for sale, and afterwards stole it, as I have stated to thee."

"But you have not yet said what horrible work it was."

"It was Tom Jones, but I never read it."

A smile went round, and damages were speedily awarded. The devout vender of Fielding and Smollet's works glided through the crowd to Geoffrey, whose hand he squeezed so unmercifully that the bones cracked. A nearer survey revealed to the astonished student, his old friend, Tom Sculk! Tom winked, and gave signs for his companion to say or do nothing that might betray him. They then proceeded down a cross street, where, with the exception of an occasional bay window, exhibiting unrolled stockings, frilled caps, lithograph prints, and prayer-books, mingled conspicuously, but little business was transacted. Passing under an awning, where every variety of toys, pictures and books, were arranged in order, on temporary shelves, Tom paused an instant, and pulled an old, one-legged, fat-faced man by the ear, telling him to be attentive to his business. This queer personage gave him a slow, significant wink, and hobbled up to a young lady, who was examining Gil Blas. Sculk, then taking Geoffrey's arm, they dived into an oyster cellar, and retreating to the most obscure stall, where a sleepy lamp dully dozed up and down for want of trimming, seated themselves. Tom rang a little cracked bell, and told the smiling damsel that appeared, to bring "ale for two, and four dozen stewed."

"Well, Tom, you know I'm all amazement—what in the name of all the ghosts and devils brought you to the city?"

"You remember the day you left home, Geoffrey, that I proposed running away then, and that, when you refused to take me along with you, I remarked that I would be off some day, in spite of every thing?"

"Yes, perfectly well," replied Geoffrey.

"Well, you see I'm here, so, d—n me if I *didn't* leave there."

"Why, Tom," said our hero, laughing, "you surely forget your articles of faith, to swear in this manner; and I perceive you also forget your thees and thous."

"What's the use of a man's acting when he's off the stage? Why, parson ———, when he's not in the pulpit, can smack his lips over this ale, and kiss that girl as well as any body—but he's an exception. Yet, there's the great ———, who makes such splendid moral speeches, swore like a Florida volunteer when Anne Davis played him a trick. All the world's a humbug. There's a time for eating, and a time to let it alone. Some wear this kind of a coat, no doubt, because they conscientiously believe it right, and some for worldly good. I'm one of the latter—I say it boldly to you, and yet I'm no hypocrite. Every one chooses his garb to deceive with—ay, every one is a deceiver. Then what's the difference between this brown shad coat, if it answers my purpose, and the fawning smiles of the rich man to the great man, and the great man to the president? Nothing! All men are caterpillars, half worm and half butterfly. If the weather is fine, and beauty and pleasure abound, they are butterflies, and they sail out and suck the honeysuckle; if it is rough weather, and they are likely to be crushed against the wall, they are worms, and creep into their snug holes."

"What in the world has produced all this, Tom? Ha, ha, ha! why, you are transformed from the black devil in the shop, into a ranting, snarling philosopher. You must certainly have caught the wandering soul of him of Pontus, from some wolf, and now only lack a tub, and an Alexander!" After much merriment at Sculk's singular transformation, Geoffrey persuaded him to give an account of himself from their parting to the present time.

"The first occurrence," said Tom, "after you left home, was an outrageous beating that Jackson Loveridge gave me about that same pigeon. But, that's neither here nor there. My father kept me at work—whipping me almost every day, for every trifling offence—and, as examples are contagious, my mother took to beating him. This family concert was kept up till almost twelve months since. There was a dinner given to the great Tecumseh killer; my father joined in the pageant, playing the fife for them. Becoming excited, on hearing the warrior's speech, and proud of having been in a campaign with him, though he agreed not with him in politics, he determined to testify his joy by firing a salute. He, therefore, hauled out the old four pounder, and charged it to the brim, which, when fired, made the whole country echo the sound. But at the next discharge it burst, and a fragment of metal fractured my father's scull. Geoffrey, I wept bitter tears then! After all my poor parent's follies, (and who has none?) I was grieved inexpressibly at his loss. He had a good heart at bottom, for I have seen him smile, when cutting my back, suddenly, at my involuntary antics and grimaces. He never fathomed my plans and propensities, and so we clashed, or rather, he slashed. But peace be with him, and may that only true God, whose eye is not dimmed by the few films of prejudice, engendered by poor, blind, scarvy man, bless him in heaven! On settling the estate, I found a few hundred remaining, after

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paying the debts. My mother is a good woman, but like all human nature, found it hard to break an old habit. So she fain would have transferred her stripes to me—me whom she ever defended, when any one else attempted the like. But it was no go; I was 'old now,' as Lear says, and so we divided spoils, and I set out to seek my fortune. But before I leave there, I must give you the gossip up to that time."

* * * * * * * *

Buonarotti Beman was sitting alone in his room, with his elbow resting on a small table, whereon were scattered in careless confusion, the instruments of his vocation. In his now almost rayless eye, was the half-formed tear of disappointment and despair; but on his curled pale lip, there yet remained a faint memento of manly resolve. It was that resolve, which only, when imparted to man, enables him to outstrip his compeers in every glorious undertaking, requiring the action of the intellect, combined with an assiduous heart. It was this, and the surreptitious withdrawal from his bacchanal acquaintance, to commune with and explore the interminable labyrinths of the heart, and the unfathomable sea of mind, that the secret prayers of a Shakspeare were heard, and he was enabled to gleam before the astonished multitude as the worshipped star of his country. It was this resolve that prompted a Cromwell to study the tastes and superstitions of the people, and enabled him to hurl the lawful incumbent from his throne, and sit in his place. It was the irrevocable resolve, whether for good or ill, which is the guiding star of all that are eminently successful or great.

Beman, since the visit mentioned in a former chapter,* had experienced a run of business equal to his wishes. Yet it was not that his purse might be full that excited the aspirations of the artist, but a desire to do something that should render his name impervious to the crumbling hand of horrid oblivion, and fix upon the escutcheon of his country, humble as he was, the testimony of a gifted son, whose heart, even in poverty, thrilled a genuine throb of patriotism. It was with these feelings that he relaxed his labor in the secondary branch of his art, and had commenced an undertaking, the design of which was noble, and would require years to finish. He was now pressed for the last quarter's rent, and was without a dollar in his purse. Relief often comes when least expected. It came this time in the shape of an old gentleman, with long locks, partly gray, but a face as cheerful and benevolent, as that of the good doctor P* * * h. He was accompanied by a middle-aged female, for whom he evinced every possible care. After minutely dusting a chair for her with his handkerchief, and depositing her muff with extreme precision in another one, he unfolded his mission.

"Young man, I want our portraits taken. I was looking over many advertisements of artists. Some were from France—painters for the king—or Germany, or London, to whom lords and prime ministers had sat. Finally, I saw your notice, and that you were a native, and not one of those ashamed to own their country, as many Americans are, that seek distinction in literature and the arts."

"I thank you most sincerely for your preference, and will never deny my country, if I starve for it," replied Beman, in a lively tone, whose spirits had evidently made a transition from sad to gay.

"Mary, my dear, you must sit first; strive to maintain that placid smile; it is even more interesting than usual, to-day. And young man, do you faithfully transfer every bit of it to the canvass." Said who? Mr. Levimbotherdouel M'Goon! Ay, and strange, and impossible as it may seem, he had relapsed into a state of gallantry, and successful gallantry too. True, he was not yet married—no, not actually espoused—but affianced, engaged, betrothed, to the plump lady before you—the good, the jolly, the fat—no, not very fat, widow Bliss.

Mr. L M'Goon had missed an annual visit to the village of ———, and many feared he was departed the way of all flesh, when a letter to Mrs. Martel, accompanied with shawls, gloves and stockings, put an end to such surmises. He was pleasantly sojourning at the Virginia springs, when he fell in with the widow Bliss. It so chanced that the old bachelor and the widow Bliss were placed in adjoining rooms. Night is the time to examine the mind—it is best done in the dark. So the widow in reflecting on her forlorn condition, occasionally sighed, and tossed about on her crumpled pillow. Levimbotherdouel was about half asleep, when he heard a deep, earnest, disconsolate long breath, then a sharp creak of the bed, and all was silent again. He now rose softly on his elbow to listen and ponder; but it seems that the widow had made her last flounce, and consigned herself to the arms of Morpheus. Not so, Mr. M'Goon. Sleep fled his eyelids that night; and when the slanting rays of the morning sun stole through the blinds, they discovered the wakeful old bachelor still on his elbow. He invariably sat by her at the table afterwards, and in some months their mutual desire was mutually inferred, and the inference with every one was, that it would be a match. The widow was not *exactly* a widow, in every sense of the word. She never heard of the death of her husband, who was at sea, and had been absent nearly seven years. * * *

They were now joined by another patronising personage.

"Friend," said the new comer, "if thou art the young man who once painted the portrait of Geoffrey Martel, I have a message for thee."

"Then pray deliver it," said Beman, bowing.

"Geoffrey is so well pleased with thy execution of the work, that he is determined thee shall have as much for thy labor, as the most celebrated of thy profession charges. He saw thy address in the Morning Gazette, and requested me to give into thy hand this purse."

"Tell him if he wishes his portrait painted again, I will receive it; if not, he must be content to take it back." Beman then added in a milder tone, "Please present him my compliments, and say that he owes me nothing, but that I am indebted to him many good wishes."

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* See Page 56, Gentleman's Magazine.

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During this dialogue, our old friend looked on with much interest; and when the young quaker was departing, he called him back. "Did you say Geoffrey Martel was in this city now?"

"Thou heardest aright, friend, and—the devil!" vehemently exclaimed Tom, on recognising Mr. M'Goon.

"The *what?*" asked Mr. M'Goon, rising out of his chair, and lifting the spectacles over his eyes.

"I mean," stammered Sculk, "I mean the—the—devil!"

"Well, my dear sir, but what has the devil to do with us or Mr. Martel?"

"Oh—only," said Tom, more confused than ever, "I only meant to say—that—*damn it!*"

"This is very fine, upon my word! Perhaps you mean to say the devil is damned?"

"Yes, sir, that was all. Ha, ha, ha! how confoundedly confused I am, when I name his black majesty—ha, ha, ha!"

"But," continued Mr. M'Goon, still staring at him, "does he always frighten the thees and thous out of your head?"

In reply to this, Tom *scratched* his head. After glancing right and left a moment, and one or two more ineffectual efforts to explain, Sculk made a short bow.

"Good by, Mr. Levimbotherdouel—I have a pressing engagement," he said, and retreated briskly out of the house. But he was not to escape thus. Mr. M'Goon, hearing his name repeated with inexpressible astonishment, fled after him, leaving his hat behind, and seizing Tom's arm, demanded his name.

"Don't you know me?" replied the young man.

"No—yet it seems I have heard your voice before, and now, I think, seen your face somewhere."

"You *have* seen me before, but under different circumstances. I am now Thomas Sculk, Esq., bookseller, corner of —— and —— streets, when the weather is fine; when foul, my stock can be seen in the basement story of ——'s literary rooms. And my worthy partner, (the mendicant,) may be found at the Exchange, transacting out door business."

Tom walked off, whilst the petrified old man stood hatless in the street, staring after him in silence, and the sun playing on his bright silver spectacles.

Philadelphia, January, 1838. J. J.

PALMYRA.

BY AMBROSE BARBER.

O'er the hush'd plain where sullen horror broods,
And darkest frown the Syrian solitudes,
Where morn's soft steps no balmy fragrance leave,
And parch'd and dewless is the couch of eve,
Thy form, pale City of the waste, appears
Like some faint vision of departed years.
In mazy cluster still, a giant train,
Thy sculptor'd fabrics whiten on the plain;
Still stretch thy column'd vistas far away
The shadow'd dimness of their long array.
But where the stirring crowd, the voice of strife,
The glow of action, and the thrill of life?
Hear! the loud crash of yon huge fragment's fall,
The pealing answer of each desert hall,
The nightbird shrieking from her secret cell,
And hollow winds the tale of ruin tell.
See fondly ling'ring Mithra's parting rays
Gild the proud tow'rs once vocal with his praise,
But the cold altars clasping weeds entwine,
And Moslems worship at the godless shrine.
Yet here slow pausing memory loves to pour
Her magic influence o'er this pensive hour;
And oft as yon recesses deep prolong
The echo'd sweetness of the Arab's song,
Recalls that scene when wisdom's sceptred child
First broke the stillness of the lonely wild.
From air, from ocean, from earth's utmost clime
The summon'd genii heard the mutter'd rhyme,
The tasking spell their airy hands obey'd,
And Tadmor glitter'd in the palmy shade.
Lo! to her feet the tide of ages brings
The wealth of nations and the pomp of kings,
And far her warrior queen from Parthia's plain
To the dark Æthiop spreads her ample reign.
Vain boast; e'en she who Immæ's field along
Wak'd fiercer frenzy in the patriot throng,
And sternly beauteous, like the meteor's light,
Shot through the tempest of Emesa's fight—
While trembling captives round the victor wait,
Hang on his eye, and catch the word of fate—
Zenobia's self must quail beneath his nod,
A kneeling suppliant to the mimic god.
But one there stood amid that abject throng
In truth triumphant and in virtue strong;
Beam'd on his brow the soul which undismay'd
Smil'd at the rod, and scorn'd th' uplifted blade.
O'er thee, Palmyra, darkest seem'd to low'r
The boding terrors of that fatal hour;
Far from thy glades indignant freedom fled,
And hope too wither'd as Longinus bled.

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THE WHIRLPOOL.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY RICHARD SULLIVAN.

PERSONS.

Lord Rayland,	Caleb,
Luke,	Mary.

PART I.

SCENE—*An extensive marsh; a river winding through it*—LUKE *and* CALEB *in a boat, having just drawn in their net.*

LUKE. AGAIN successless! Let us toil no more.
Caleb. Another cast, good Luke.
Luke. I' faith no more.
This ancient river, like the world beyond,
Is too capricious in its charities,
And hides its treasures most, methinks, from want.
Caleb, (fastening the boat and coming forward.)
Why, then, we'll cease, and rest upon this bank
Of sheltering flags, bedropp'd with flowers of June,
For you are weary. See, your flask is full—
You've tasted nought since daybreak.
Luke. I have felt
No hunger.
Caleb. Nor yet thirst?
Luke. Alas! Nor thirst.
Caleb. Come, you are much o'erlabored; and for once
Find me the better man. I'll fetch the boat,
And push you home.
Luke. Not home—not home, my friend;
I cannot bear the sight of that poor cabin.
Caleb. Nay, but it holds a young and loving wife,
Who never met you but with smiles and fondness.
Luke. Therefore it is my heart doth ache at it.
It should have been less lowly; then those smiles
Had dimpled in a fitter dwelling place.
Caleb. Yet she is happy.
Luke. She would have it seem so:
But happiness ne'er dwells with cheeks so stained
By secret tears. Howe'er her love may prompt
To kind deceit, she cannot choose but feel
Her heavy load of toilsome poverty,
When she beholds the comforts whence I snatched her.
Caleb. If 'twere not for the skill, acquired only
By length of practice, in our hardy craft;
Your sunburnt swarth, and sinews braced by labor;
I should have said you too were better known
To better fortunes. But I do not ask—
Enough for me to know that I have found
A bold companion, who can face the peril
Of winter floods, in dead of winter's midnight.
A hand that well can guide the slender skiff
When plains of ice scud o'er these willow tops,
And then with equal readiness bring down
The wild bird from his clamorous multitude.
Enough, that when the watery wilderness
With brawling streams divides the reeking marsh
And dwindles in the sunbeams of the Spring,
None can so well hang o'er these hollow banks,
To snatch subsistence from the subtle tribe
Beneath them. What remains in mystery—
Your brow, which ne'er hath brightened to a smile,
Your, silence, all unbroken—save to me,
And, more than this, your ill-disguised reluctance
To share the profits which our toils have won—
A mystery be it, if it must be so.
Luke. I have no mystery, Caleb. If I spoke
But little of myself, it was because
I thought the tale too idle. It is now
Ten months, or more, since that bleak pitiless night
Which found me shivering at your cottage door—
My wife lay almost senseless in my arms,
With little else to shield her from the blast—
She was o'erpower'd with fasting and fatigue:
Yet you can witness that she spoke no word
Of bitterness, and smiled upon my anguish.
Caleb. I well remember it; you were benighted,
And could not travel home.
Luke. Home! I had none—
You guessed the secret, but respected it—
That night! that night! I only turn to it
To show how long I've lived in debt to you—
You sheltered us—then found our little cot;
Supplied us with immediate means of life,
And all the implements to gain them after.
Since then how oft you've cheer'd my sinking heart
With all the sympathy the world denied!
Good, honest Caleb!
Caleb. You repaid it, Luke.
Luke. I cannot think of it, and let concealment
Of my past fortunes seem, as sure it must,
A coldness to repose that trust in you,
Which, after all, seems greater than it is.
How far is't hence to that low shaded village
Which hides itself beneath the branching chesnuts,
And elms that deck the pride of Rayland Hall?
Caleb. A dreary fifteen miles across the marsh.
Luke. And every step did my young, tender wife
Tread on that night of which we spoke. The lord
Of Rayland Hall stands loftier than his neighbors:
His country views him as a man of trust;
His vassals dread him as a man of power;

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And all the world doth reverence his name
As one most just in dealing with his kind,
And strict in all the duties of his faith—
Yet, it is said, this lord of Rayland Hall,
As many years ago as I am old,
Was less austere, and something given to sports,
Such as high blood and lavish means are used to.
He saw his father's mansion for a season;
Then, heedless, sought delights beyond the sea.
Alas! my mother was too young and fair!
She had no other faults—She never told
My father's name, lest the gray-headed lord
Should kindle at his favorite's misdeed.
She was thrust forth with shame from that wide door
Where none but she had pled in vain for help.
Yet she was silent. Yes, she pressed the pallet
Of sickness and of misery, yet still
Betray'd him not. The midnight passed away—
Morn came—and all who fear'd another pang
Might rend the secret from her were at rest,
And so was she.

Caleb. Come, 'tis a piteous tale—
We'll choose some other time.

Luke. I'm in the mood
Just now. A friend who tended on my mother,
In charity, a gentle-hearted widow,
Took the poor urchin who was left behind,
And rear'd me in her thrifty home. For her
I learnt th' adventurous craft of those who live
By flood and forest; for, whate'er my state,
My father's blood, his high imperious blood,
Had made me all unfit for meaner toil;
Although I then was ignorant why my spirit
Ran counter to an honest industry.
At last, the old lord died. The new one came.
Some score of years had taught him to feel shame
For his youth's license—but atonement none.
He had a wife, and other sons born fairly—
What should he with the lawless nursling of
A simple broken-hearted peasant girl?
Day after day the lonely woman pass'd
To Rayland Hall, and turned again in tears.
She never breathed her errand till the hour
She died—and then she told me how some chance
Had made her mistress of my mother's secret,
And how for years she had besought in vain
Lord Rayland to receive his own.

Caleb. This story
Puts me the more to shame that my poor means
Could yield no better aid.

Luke. By Fortune's malice,
My heart had borrowed somewhat of my sire,
And panted at the glow of virgin beauty.
We differ'd only in the soil we hunted;
For mine was far above me, and the maid
A fitting mate for Rayland's *lawful* hope—
'Twere long to tell thee how I woo'd, how won her;
Or how her house rejected her with scorn,
As a fair blossom blighted past recal:—
My heart was light; it rested on success,
And we lived joyously—I think I said
The widow died. Her cottage and her mite
Devolved on those who long had look'd for them,
And I and my poor Mary had the heavens,
And them alone, to shelter us. My birth,
But newly known to me, directed where
I should demand a home, and the fond arms
Which twined about me for support, inspired
Becoming confidence to urge my claim.
Well, then, I led her trembling to the hall:
And then—O mercy! what a look was her's!
When 'stead of nature's kindness, our last hope,
A troop of menials drove us from the door
With shouts and laughter, as audacious vagrants!
We took our way in silence; neither dared
Give utterance to the language of our souls,
Or plan our conduct thence—What choice was left!
Forlorn, indignant, houseless, and distracted,
We pass'd we knew not whither; for our senses
Were frozen by the chill of human hearts.
We never stopp'd, till at your cottage door
My wife sighed softly—she could move no farther.

Caleb. Well she could not: for you had never pass'd
The waste beyond it which we now survey,
Endless, without a tree, or fisher's hut,
Or living thing, except the plaintive lapwing,
Disporting querulous around her swamp—
But see, the moonlight steals upon our talk;
Your wife sits lonely at her wheel, beside
The willowy ford, and thinks each little cloud,
That darkling flits across the placid stream,
Her well beloved, Lord Rayland's hard-used son—
If he hath heart of man, he must relent.

Luke. He *shall* relent: I can no longer strive
To see unmoved that slender graceful form
Bending to all the lowly offices
Of the poor station to which *I* have brought her.
The tear in secret, lest to-day's supply
Should be denied to-morrow; her cheek pale
With over-watchfulness; her white hand blister'd
With labor, such as she had lately wept
To hear of in another—Yes, friend Caleb,
He *shall* relent—I'll cross him on the grave
Of my dead mother. I will watch his prayers,
And, when he calls for pardon, start before him,
And let my frantic visage howl despair!
Well, well—no more just now—I see my hardships
Have damp'd a brow which quail'd not to its own.
I have detain'd you long—and, as I think,
You have appointment to the rich abode
Of him who lords it o'er this barren wild,
And all who starve on it.

Caleb. But let me see
Your boat in motion.

Luke. There is time enough—
I wonder, Caleb, if your master's call
Portends a harder tenure of these rare
Wild goose domains, where thieves must needs be honest.

Caleb. 'Tis well they lack encouragement, or else
Yon long bleak road would yield a prize to-night
Were worth the risk. A groom, superbly borne,
And shining with embroidered coronets,
Passed lately to the house of Willowmead,
And said his lord to night would lodge him there,

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There are some one or two of our worn brethren
Who would not sleep upon the news.
Luke, (*pausing and speaking with disorder.*) Why—what—
What should they do?
Caleb. What, but to name, would fright
Both you and me.
Luke, (*vaguely.*) Ay—very true—good night.
Caleb. Good night. At daybreak we'll renew our labors.
Luke, (*alone. With increasing agitation.*) "He said his lord to night would lodge him there."
The road is very lonely;—and what then?
Though all the world were slumbering, what need
The traveller fear from Rayland's eldest born?
Let Rayland answer it. The double guilt—
What he begat in sin he took no heed
Should live in honesty. I'll roam awhile
About the moonlight waste in search of something
To sway the shuddering balance between guilt
And wretchedness. Some hidden spirit seems
To guide my feet upon the stranger's path,
And the still wave already shows my form,
Like the black spectre of a murderer!
I'd pray, but dare not—for my mind appals me!
[*Exit.*

PART II.

SCENE *before* LUKE'S *Cottage. Nearly daybreak.*

Mary, (*entering in a hurried manner.*) No, no—it is not he. I have pursued
A thousand shadows of the fleeting heavens
Instead of him. Why wilt thou stay, dear Luke?
I am alone, and have no hope but thee! (*listens*)
He never yet did pass the night from me
But he did come to bless and bid me comfort.
Now it is morning when he leaves his home,
And almost morning ere he turns to it.
This fearful waste has many a deep morass
And flooded pit, from which the laborer
Hath borne his reeking fuel; and the river
A thousand horrid, sucking, silent whirlpools.
I hear him not. I will return to where
I found his boat beside the bank; and there
I'll watch the stars as they go out. It was
So cold, this morning air, I could not bear it,
But now methinks I can. Perhaps it was
The fearful speed of that rash traveller,
Who rode so blindly o'er his perilous path
And flung the clay against my cheek, that shot
A chilliness through me. (*listens*) 'Tis a step I hear!
But surely not my Luke's—it is too slow
And loitering. *He* comes more impatiently!

(ENTER LUKE.)

Dear—dearest—most unkind, where hast thou been?
I've had a dreadful night—but no more on't—
I have the truant at my heart again.
But say, what kept thee, Luke? 'Twas surely much
That made thee leave me for so long?
Luke. 'Twas much,
Indeed. But do not question, now, my Mary.
What, hast thou watch'd all night?
Mary. How could I sleep?
I have sat guardian o'er thy evening meal
Till my thoughts strayed, and then the mournful embers
Sank with my sinking heart. And then I plaited
Rushes and yellow flags in fantasies
For Caleb's laughing urchins, when they come
To nestle round the fisher's "lady wife;"
And then—what signifies what followed? Come:
For thou art wet and hungry. I will make
Our hearth blaze up with joy for thy return.
Luke. God bless thee, Mary! Dear, go in—I'll follow;
The air's refreshing—'tis not well with me.
Mary. How is it, Luke? And what is in your hand
At which you gaze so piteously? Nay, speak!
Indeed, indeed, you terrify me, Luke.
Luke. I am bewilder'd. Here is gold for thee.
Mary. Gold! and so weighty!
Luke. Ay—enough to keep us,
With some slight help from labor, all our lives.
Mary. Why, Luke, whence came it?
Luke. Dost thou think it came
Dishonestly?
Mary. Not so, I will be sworn.
No. Though thou'rt sorely dealt with, and compell'd
To toil for sustenance, thou still hast borne
The noblest veins that own lord Rayland's blood.
Come in, and tell me what hath softened him
To send this kindly aid.
Luke. My father send it?
I will not curse him, lest the words recoil
On thee, my girl. No, no, he sent it not.
Mary. Why is this mystery?
Luke, (*after a long pause.*) I had a friend—
One whom you never saw: he died this morning,
And left me this—the earnings of his life.
Mary. And he is blest for it! my gentle Luke,
How well that manly tear becomes your eye!
This good man's little wealth—how many days
And nights of utter hopelessness 'twill spare us!
While thankfully, as proudly, thou shalt think
It was the meed thy virtue gain'd for us.
Luke, (*with increased agitation.*) Go in—go in.
Mary. O, Luke, we'll be so blest!
Thou'lt never watch the wintry night again?
Luke. No. Mary, no.
Mary. Nor tempt the drifting snows,
When they have spread alike their horrid smoothness
O'er path and precipice?
Luke. No, never, Mary.
Mary. Nor—nor with clasped hands, as I have seen thee,
With piercing misery behold the heavens,
As if thou wert aweary of the world,
And thy poor Mary too?
Luke. I shall be changed—
Am changed already—changed so much, I scarce

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Can calculate what leagues my soul hath travell'd.
So, now to bed.

Mary. Oh, I have worlds to ask.
[*Exit into cottage.*

Luke, (*alone.*) And I to answer! She did not suspect:
She thought I was too honest. My wild brain!
How stands my present fortune with the past?
Till now I sicken'd at the sight of home,
For dread of some new tale of poverty
That must be told. Well—that is past and gone—
And do I now return more happily
With that which must be secret? Was it harder
To bear confiding wretchedness than guilt
In horrid solitude. O, Mary, dear,
No more shall we two, heart to heart, lie down,
And, with our mingling fondness, steal away
Each other's thoughts! What though so steep'd in pain,
Was it not joy to share them? Never more
With their past freedom shall my words pour out
Their tide of tenderness. O, never more,
Lest I betray to what that love did lead me,
And feel thee wither in my breast with horror.
Thy tender confidence, thy modest pride,
In thy poor hunter of the desert moor
So much belied! The smiling, soft, content
With which thou hast partaken of the morsel,
More sweet because provided by *my* hands,
For ever dash'd. Thy innocent young prayers
That those to whom thy fate might make thee mother
Should be their father's image—all recall'd.
This is not all—there still hath been a hope,
Some possibility of brighter days,
But now 'tis past—the work of this dread night
Hath placed eternity 'twixt me and joy;
And every beam that might have lit me onward
Must blast me with a view more hideous
Of the black barrier. And is there, then,
No more behind? No close attending phantom
Of a rude rabble and detected felon?
No widow'd maniac hooted through the streets
With sobs and shrieks, or horrid merriment
That weaves the melody in which it dies?
Oh, I have leagued me with a fiend whose grasp
Is on my heart! (*starts*) Who's there? (*in a tone of exhaustion*) Good-morrow, Caleb.

ENTER CALEB.

Caleb. So early rising, Luke? It is not day.

Luke. Not day, good Caleb? No. I see it now;
I dreamt, or do remember something said
Of toil betimes this morn, and was unwilling
To waste your time beneath an idler's casement.
And why should *you* desert your scanty rest
T' anticipate the luckless hours which come
Too soon at last?

Caleb. Indeed a scanty rest—
And yet not more so than my lord's. Last night
There was small sleep at Willowmead. I found
Its master anxious for the expected guest,
And not prepared to spare me the commands
For which I staid.

Luke, (*with suppressed eagerness.*) And who was he?—The guest?

Caleb. I did not ask. Those powder'd underlings
Ill sorted with their weather-worn companion.
At midnight came the stranger in hot haste,
So splash'd, and mired, and wofully disorder'd,
You would have sworn some witch had hunted him
Through all the bogs of Willowmead.

Luke. What then?—
He had a story?

Caleb. I should guess he had—
But none to tell, save that he lost his way.
And then long council pass'd between the friends,
To which at last a wondering serving-man
Was told to bring the fisherman. 'Twas strange;
The traveller look'd keenly in my face,
And, running over a minute description
Of one he sought, demanded if the like
Could here be found. It was of you he spoke.

Luke. Mary, thou'rt doom'd!

Caleb. What said you?

Luke. Did I speak?
I said he told thee false.

Caleb. He told me nothing.
What should he tell?

Luke. What nothing, Caleb?—nothing
That made thy honest bosom shake?

Caleb. No; nothing.
What is it that makes your's?

Luke. Your pardon, friend;
I thought the rich ne'er talked about the wretched
Without some slanderous tale to prove their vileness.

Caleb. There was much question how you pass'd your life;
And when you came; and, farther still, from whence.
But this was *trusted* to me, and remain'd
As if I had not known it. Long I staid
To answer each minute particular
That could at distance bear upon you; whilst
At every pause the friends look'd up, to mark
Each other's looks mysteriously. At last
I was dismissed with cautions to go home
In silence; which I hither came to break,
And wonder what's to follow.

Luke. Thou wilt know
Full soon, perhaps (*aside*). It was not premature,
That dream of a discover'd criminal,
Dragg'd to the gallows amid savage mirth
And widow'd madness! (*aloud*). Patience, my good friend;
I ponder o'er thy news. (*aside*) They will be here
With murderous haste. What, drag me from my wife?
From her who went exulting in my worth,
With thoughts of measureless delights to come?
Tell her that he whom she hath loved so well
And bought so dearly, is too vile to live?
And she, my Mary, have no word to answer?
'Tis fixed. My own beloved, since part we *must*,
We'll part less shamefully. (*aloud*) Whate'er he wants—

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This stranger, he must wait. My wife will tell thee
That I have lost a dear and distant friend,
Whom I depart to bid farewell in earth.
Caleb, I owe thee many kindnesses,
And must, perforce, be in thy debt once more.
Thou wilt protect my wife till I return? (*pauses*)
She is not destitute of wherewithal
To pay thy care.
Caleb. Why such unkind assurance!
Luke. Then hasten, Caleb, and apprise thy wife:
I'll bring her straight, good friend. No question now,
Thou see'st I'm torn with grief, and cannot answer.
Thou'lt know—thou'lt know it all.
Caleb. Then farewell, Luke.
I shall expect you gladly.—
[*Exeunt severally.*

PART III.

LUKE *and* MARY *in a boat.*

The Scene varying according to the dialogue.

Mary. Be cautious, Luke; I do not love this dark
And sluggish river, which divides its banks
With such unequal treachery of depth,
And horrid silence. Often as I've crossed
The old worm-eaten bridge of tottering planks,
Which we just see against the deep blue distance,
I've thought of thee, and thy adventurous toil;
And then how stilly it would hush the cry,
And hide the secret, unresisting corse!
Oh, it is fearful; and, (but it is fancy)
All things seem fearful here. E'en thou, dear Luke,
Look'st gloomily and speechless. Pray thee, talk—
I cannot bear this silence, only broken
By the dull plash, and the dead, heavy plunge
Of water vermin, in the oozing slime.
Luke. Thou'rt new to it—but I have breath'd too long
These muddy vapors for our daily morsel
To heed the stillness of the summer dawn,
Or wintry midnight.
Mary. Why recal such times?
Dear Luke, I never murmur'd for myself,
Neither must thou! for when I see thee smile,
Our wants seem trifling payments for such bliss;
And I have thank'd the Heavens which granted it,
And pray'd, that if a richer change of fortune
Would change thy love, we still might live in want.
Luke. Yes, thou hast pray'd—'tis good—thou hast pray'd much.
I've watch'd thee in thy sleep, when thy white temples
Press'd the coarse pillow with as patient meekness
As if 'twere made for them. I've watch'd thee then,
With thy small fingers clasp'd upon thy breast,
And moving lips, which show'd thou dream'dst of prayer,
And thought that I too once was used to pray;
But fortune only grew more merciless,
And so I ceas'd.
Mary. O, say not—say not so!
My greatest comfort was to think that heaven
O'erlooked the dangers hallowed by thy love;
For then the storm about thy houseless head
Lost half its fury.
Luke. It will rage no more;
At least, I shall not hear it, Mary.
Mary. No;
For thou hast promised ne'er to leave thy rest
At such dire seasons.
Luke. I have promised thee,
My tender, gentle, most beloved Mary.
Mary. Come, thou art sad—Look, how the first faint ray
Of morn hath startled the old querulous owl
Amidst his dull and devious wanderings!
He hath made straight towards the village barn,
'Plaining as if he groan'd at his long journey
Across the marsh, which, seen between the twigs
And leaning trunks of these deserted willows,
Seems boundless in its flat and hazy empire.
And see, the heron, with his broad blue sails,
Wheels downward, to succeed the bird of wisdom—
O, long-neck'd felon! That hoarse shout of his
Is meant to tell thee thou'rt no fisherman.
Thou'lt soon be back to try thy skill with him?
Thou said'st to-morrow—Wilt thou break thy promise?

(*Sings.*)

"He bade me adieu, and he vow'd to be here
When swallows came down to the green;
But the leaves of the autumn are scatter'd and sere,
And home he hath never been."

Oh, and is that the tale! then hear what follows—

(*Sings.*)

"So under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow tree."

Mind—mind—dear Luke, your pole will scarcely touch
The bottom!—You were almost overbalanced.

(*Sings.*)

"With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave
My hiding place shall be!"

Why didst thou start?
Luke. I almost ran upon
The subject of your song—wild Martha's willow,
E'en whilst you sang of it.
Mary. Was that it, Luke?
How strange and wild it looks! I could remain
And trace its shapes fantastic till the dream
Affrighted me:—That broad and gnarled head,

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Crown'd with its upright, spiky stubs, and frowning
Between two mighty sockets, where the wrens
Have built their nests, hath weigh'd its scathed trunk
Aslant the pool, o'er which two stunted branches,
Curling to claws, complete a ramping lion,
Prepared to plunge on all who dare invade
Wild Martha's secret cell. There is a legend,
How, tangled in the roots, she still remains,
And tears the fishers' nets, in the vain struggle
To gain her freedom. Poor, distracted Martha!
She must have been sore used to do such crime!

Luke. 'Tis a hard name which thou hast learn'd, my Mary,
For the sole means which, harming none, may free
The wretch from misery—I do believe
Wild Martha sleeps as soundly in her cave
As those who rot beneath yon fading steeple—
Some for their lives were happier, and some
For they lack'd courage so to end their griefs.

Mary. Thou never spok'st unkindly, and wouldst fain
Excuse what inwardly thou'rt shuddering at.
Dost thou forget how often thou hast said
Thy manly heart hath quail'd to pass yon tree
At midnight! If thou thought'st the hapless girl
At rest, thou hadst not fear'd. Dost thou recall
That April Sunday, when the young violets
First peer'd between the moss upon the graves,
How long we saunter'd o'er the lowly hillocks,
And read rude epitaphs, and moralized
In sweetest melancholy? How we linger'd
Beside yon humble bed of good old Adam,
The village patriarch, who, from lowliest state,
Had labor'd on to unpretending comfort,
And left it to his children's children. Oh!
How thou didst reverence that place, and hope,
Like him, to struggle with thy days of trial;
Like him, to sleep the sleep of those who meet
Those days unmurmuring——

(*Luke shows much emotion*).

What, Luke! dear Luke!
I've been too heedless in my pensive talk,
And thought not of thy present grief.

Luke. And still
Forget it, Mary—I was only musing—
If, tempted to the act of her whose bones,
When skies are clear, may be discern'd far down
In their strange prison, playing with the eddy,
I should be left a like unhallow'd empire
Of fear and utter loneliness—wouldst thou
Ne'er visit the neglected spot which took
The latest of thy husband's living looks?
Wouldst thou refuse to commune with his spirit,
And say thou'st bought his pardon with thy pray'rs?
There is no grief in all the world could sit
So heavily upon my hour of death,
As doubt that thou might'st dread my memory,
And shed no tear o'er him who lov'd thee so.

Mary. Thou reveller in woes impossible!

Luke. But tell me, truly.

Mary. I'll not answer thee;
Indeed I will not, Luke; it is not well
To pay Heaven's bounty with such fearful fancies.

Luke, (*after a pause.*) Well, then, suppose me laid beside old Adam,
With decent holiness, what wouldst thou do
To live, my helpless Mary?

Mary. Oh, I ne'er
Took joy in making misery for *thee!*

Luke. I'd have thee go directly to the home
From which I bore thee. Tell thy angry friends,
That he who tempted thee to thy offence,
Toil'd night and day, till often his worn sinews
Refus'd t' obey him, for thy maintenance—
Tell them he loved thee, never used thee ill,
And ne'er had sent thee back to them to beg,
Had fate not frozen up his willing hand.
They will have pity and receive thee, Mary,
When I am gone.

Mary. When thou art gone! O, then,
I shall not need more kindness at their hands
Than will suffice to lay me by thy side.
But wherefore, Luke, when thou'rt about to leave me,
And journey, as thou sayst, to a far place—
Wherefore so wilful in thy wild endeavors
To make me weep more sadly o'er thy absence?
Thou wilt have tears enough.

Luke. Nay, keep them now;
The moment's not yet come which calls for them.
This turn hath brought us where we bid farewell,
And Caleb waits to help thee on the bank.
Good, honest Caleb! that small hut of his
Shelters a world of most industrious virtue!
All things seem smiling round him—the huge elm
Embraces him with a parental fondness,
And every day puts forth a livelier green.
The waving osiers which enclose his path
Appear to spring more lofty and elastic
Because his hand hath planted them. The wealth
Of his small garden shines, as though the dews
Of heaven were there peculiarly abundant.
His nets which waver, drying in the air,
Tell how that cheerful home was earn'd, and prove
No labor, that is honest, is too humble
To gain the smile of Providence.

Mary. How blest
Am I to hear thee say so! For it shows
Thou hast forgot thy ill-concealed despair,
And in good Caleb's meek prosperity
Foresees our own. Nay, 'tis begun already
In thy poor friend's bequest.

Luke. Farewell, dear Mary.
Here we must part.—Yes, part! (*They land opposite Caleb's cottage.*)

ENTER CALEB.

Caleb. Now welcome, Luke,
And welcome your fair wife—Right glad am
To see so sweet a face beneath my roof.

Mary. Thanks, Caleb, thanks.

Luke. I need not tell thee, Caleb,
How much thou hast of my good thoughts; here is
A proof thou cans't not doubt—it is my all. (*delivering Mary to him*).

Caleb. It were no lack of hospitality

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Were I to hope so questionless a pledge
Of thy good will might quickly be redeem'd.
Mary. Ay, tell me, Luke—when shall we meet again?
A hundred times I have besought thee fix
Thy earliest day, and thou as oft hast turn'd
To other things, as if that meeting had
No joy for thee.
Luke. O, when we meet again
'Twill be in joy indeed!
Mary. And will it so?
But when—but when, my Luke? To-morrow? No,
'Twill surely be the next day?
Luke. Be content—
Ere then I shall be watching o'er thee.
Mary. Thanks,
Thanks, thanks, O thanks! Why, if it be so soon,
I shall have scarcely time to shed one tear—
That is, whene'er these foolish eyes are dried.
Good Caleb, I'm ashamed to see you smile—
'Tis our first parting. Do not chide me, Luke—
I cannot help it. (*falling on his neck and weeping.*)
Luke. Chide thee, my poor girl!
I am too ready in the same offence:
But now farewell. Caleb, your hand.
Caleb. God speed
Your journey, Luke!
Luke. I hope He will. My Mary,
One other kiss—which I will keep most sacred,
E'en to my bed of death.

[*He re-enters his boat, and pushes off.* CALEB *and* MARY *looking after him, till an angle of the river brings him upon a new scene.*

So now 'tis past!
Poor, widow'd Mary, we shall meet no more!

[*The river becomes wider as he proceeds, and, at last, expands into a large circular pool. He rests upon his pole, and looks slowly and cautiously about him.*

This is the place. How fitting for a deed
Like mine! The high and shelving banks have nursed
With their moist clay this fringe of flag and bulrush,
To an uncommon growth, as if to hide
All eyes from me, and me from all the world.
The sun, that leaped aloft an hour ago,
Hath not yet found his way—'tis scarcely twilight,
And silent—death, how silent! How my breath
Clings to my heart, like some reluctant infant
Which arms unknown are opened to receive!
I must be quick. And now that single ray
Points, like a dial, to the very spot!
There the huge eddy in its whirling round
Comes to its dimpled centre, and glides down
To depths unknown, bearing whatever floats
Within its fatal verge in less'ning circles,
Till, like some wheeling monster of the air,
It swoops upon its prey. The strongest swimmer
Must ply for life in vain! Many are here,
From chance or choice, who long have lain in secret
From weeping friends and wives, as I shall do,
Leaving no history but vague surmise.
I'll find their mystery.

[*He pushes the boat into the middle of the pool. The scene closes.*

PART IV.

The Interior of CALEB'S *Cottage.*

RAYLAND—CALEB.

Rayland. Gone hence this half hour, sayst thou? Tell me, friend,
Could'st thou not overtake him? 'Tis of moment
What I would speak of.
Caleb. He must keep the river
To where his road runs o'er it, for the floods
Have left the moor too moist in that direction
To be with ease attempted. If I make
My way across I shall be soon enough,
For he has many windings, and the stream
Is strong against him.
Rayland. Hasten, then—your pains
Shall not in vain be used. And, lest he feel
Unwilling to return, (*writing on a leaf of his pocket-book*) deliver this.

Mary, (*singing without, in a melancholy tone.*)

"So under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow tree,
With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave,
My hiding place shall be."

Rayland. That is a moving voice!
Caleb. 'Tis Luke's young wife;
'Tis their first parting, and she feels it sorely,
Though for so short a time.
Rayland. Pray send her here—
I'll talk with her till he returns. (*stands meditating.*)

ENTER MARY.

Rayland. So fair!
So gentle! Lady (can I call you less?)
I've heard that Luke, the fisherman, did wed
With one beyond him, but it cannot be
That *thou* art she!
Mary. O, sir! I thank the heav'ns
You are as wrong in this as when you say
That Luke did wed beyond him.
Rayland. As thou wilt—
We will not waste the time in fond dispute.
Forgive me, pretty friend, nor think I ask
Without a plenteous reason—By what means
Hath he maintained thee for these many months?
Mary. It was but now you named his toilsome trade.
Rayland. 'Tis a bleak place to yield subsistence.
Mary. Yes:
But Luke was laboring for his wife; and then
Even the deserts and the floods grew kind.
Rayland, (*after a pause*). You said he ne'er was succor'd at the hands
Whence nature should have wrung as much—I mean
His father's?
Mary. Sir, I pray you pardon me;
I said it not.
Rayland. But, ne'ertheless, 'tis true;
And thou, who art so tender of that father,

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Wert driven from his mansion destitute.
Thou seest I know much. Now, then, confess
How oft distress hath made him curse that name
For much of his forlorn existence, which,
With other usage, had ask'd no repentance.

Mary. You question strangely, sir; but since it takes
No leave of truth to answer proudly—Never!
No babe e'er saw the world, no saint hath left it,
With less to answer than my hard used Luke.
He never mention'd his relentless father
Without becoming reverence; and then
I've heard him sigh to think how bitterly
The memory of an unoffending son,
Left from his infancy to all the ills
Of unprotected poverty, would hang
Upon that father's death-bed. I have said
Too much, but he we speak of is my husband.

Rayland. No: not a jot too much—'Tis a hard life,
Your husband's, and laborious by night
As well as day?

Mary. Oh, often have I watch'd
Till the gray dawn hath peep'd into my lattice,
And found me lonely still.

Rayland. But now 'tis summer;
And, as I think, his work by night is only
For the wild winter fowl. It must be long
Since you watch'd last?

Mary. No longer than last night;
But then he went to see a dying friend,
And brought back that which smoothes his nights hereafter.

Rayland, (apart and suddenly resolved). 'Tis even so!
Despair hath driven him
To gain by rapine what more guiltily
His father gave him not. Prophetic conscience;
Soon as I saw that pallid countenance,
I knew 'twas thus I should have looked for him,
And felt the secret more mine own than his!
(*Aloud*) Most fair, most worthy of a kinder fortune!
Say, if lord Rayland came with penitence
To seek the long-neglected Luke, and change
The lowly peasant to the peer's proud son,
Could'st thou forget thy days of lamentation—
Forgive the hand that raised thee not before?

Mary. Lord Rayland! Yes—that likeness! O, my lord,
I have pray'd heav'n to let me see you once!

Rayland. Hast thou no more reproach? Thy spirit then
Is like thy looks, and my remorse more deep—
But sort me not with those with whom the wrench
Of nature's links is pastime. Years were gone
Before I knew my spirit heaved the breast
Of any but the sons beneath my care;
And then, 'twixt justice and thy husband, stood
A haughty woman, jealous of her own.
O'erruled in part, I yet commission'd one,
Who prov'd unworthy of his trust, to make
Such poor amends as fortune might afford,
For absence of the rest I dared not offer.
Oh! it was wrong! and I have paid it deeply.
It hath brought down misfortune in such weight
As might be called atonement—'Tis a tale
For ampler space; my wife is dead; my children,
Or dead, or worse, in disregarded duty:
My home is solitary, but for thee
And him thou lov'st.

Mary. And who will overpay
In all a son should be, whatever grief
May elsewhere have befall'n you. O, my lord,
You come to bring us wealth, and ne'er can know
The half of that son's worth; ne'er see him tried!

(*Caleb returns in great horror.*)

Rayland. My messenger! Nay, speak.

Mary. In mercy, Caleb,
Why is your look so dreadful?—Nought of *him?*
Nought of my husband?

Rayland. He is dumb with fear.

Caleb. Would I were so for ever!

Mary. Thou hast something
Of matchless horror to relate—My husband!
O, quickly speak!—My husband!

Caleb. Did you mark
No strangeness in his manner when you parted?

Mary. No—nothing—Yes—O, God! I charge thee speak!

Rayland. Speak briefly, peasant; 'tis his father listens—

Caleb. I used my utmost speed, but the deep fen
Clung to my feet, and pluck'd me back, as though
It were in league with that most damned whirlpool.

(*They stand motionless, whilst he continues.*)

My heart misgave me whilst I struggled on;
I thought of his last look, and labor'd harder,
And came within a stone's throw of the brink.
The stream has nothing to oppose its course,
And glides in deadly silence. Then I heard
The name of "Mary," and a plunge, and then
A suffocating gasp. I heard no more;
But, dashing through the rushes which conceal'd
The drowning man, beheld a quivering arm
Just vanish in the greedy whirlpool's gorge!

Mary. But—but—thou say'st—I know—I see thou say'st
It was not he! My husband—God! O God!

(*She falls into the arms of Rayland.*)

Rayland. Thou loitering knave! what need so many words?
Thou'dst have me think it was indeed my son.

Caleb. A boat had drifted to the shore—'twas Luke's.
I leap'd into 't, and shouted loud for help,
Which, haply, was at hand. Alas, alas!
None ever rose—and none hath e'er been rais'd,
Alive or dead from that dark place! I left
My breathless friends lamenting on the bank:
Their toil was fruitless.

Rayland. Still thou art not sure—
Was there no wretch aweary of his life
Save my poor son? No father that deserved
Despair save me?

Caleb. I saw him yesterday
Wrought to a pitch of most impatient grief—
'Twas one of many blank, successless days,
And he talk'd madly of his wife and famine.

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I left him late upon the moor. This morn,
Returning home from Willow Mead, I found him
In strange disorder at his cottage door.
He told me he had slept; his wife just now
Assured me that he was not home all night,
And, when he came, he brought a purse of gold.
My lord, perhaps, you best know how he got it.

Rayland. Well, well—thou'dst not betray?

Caleb. Not I,
My lord.

Fear, shame, and horror, at the desperate deed
Explain the rest too well.

Rayland. 'Tis just, most just!
I gave no heed to his necessity,
And angry heaven hath snatched him up from mine.

[*Exeunt*

PART V.

The Whirlpool. MARY (*in wild disorder.*)

I have escaped them, keenly as they watch'd;
Because, forsooth, I was not fit to stray
Alone. I did not love their finery.
Their downy couch—I could not rest on it
As I have rested on our cabin bed:
And that long mirror did but show my face
Was very pale and haggard; methinks
The limpid stream will do 't as well. Oh, here—
'Twas here my gentle Luke did bid me come.
He said I should not visit the last spot
He look'd upon—nor pray—for what? O, truly,
That water-lilies might be more abundant.
He *should* be here, but is not. Would he were!
For I would tell him of that good old man
Who call'd me his last child, and wept so sadly.
We shall be joyous now—no more of toil—
No more of terror: we will think of nothing
But making every one good, rich, and happy;
But we'll live still in that sequester'd cot,
And listen when the distant bells do ring
Good night unto the setting sun, and mark,
With mirthful eyes, the insects revelling
In tiny multitudes above the stream.

(*Pauses for a long time, and then bursts into tears.*)

He does not come, and they'll be here anon
To take me back to that dull house of mourning.
I'll climb this leaning stump and look for him—
And now I'll see them ere they come. Why sure,
'Tis Martha's willow! No; that's farther down.
It shall be mine, and here I'll sit all day—
And *night*, when I can leave that strange old man:
And that is ea's'ly done, for he is blind—
Blinded with tears. How gaily do I rock
In the swift whirl which seems to bear me with it!
'Tis very clear, and yet I strive in vain—
I cannot see the bottom, where my Luke
Hath hid himself.—I'll call him—Luke! what, Luke!
—He does not answer: no—nor Echo neither—
She will not live in such a dreary place.
Why, nor will I—I'll come and seek thee, truant.
This hollow trunk shall be my bonny boat;
It hath been here an hundred years, and stood
More storms than man hath seen. What is it then
So heavy in a simple girl, that makes
It totter thus? I know—*it is my heart*
How merrily we swing! But softly—softly!
I'll tie my birthday scarf to this tall bulrush,
That the old man may know where I am gone,
And light on wherewithal to wipe his eyes.
There—how the light silk laughs to tell the breeze
How well we play at hide and seek!—Now crack,
Thou obstinate old tree—crack, crack, I say,
And bear me to my true love. Every time
The summer eves come round, we will be seen
Sailing along on thy old knotty back.
My Luke shall steer thee with a wish; whilst I,
In semblance, twine his hair with dripping flowers.
Crack, crack, I say. The folks shall come afar
To see us keep our holiday. Nay, then,
An thou wilt not, I'll make thee.

(*Shakes the tree, which gives way, and falls with her into the water.*)

Merrily!
O, merrily! I saw them on the search;
But they shall never catch me. Ne'ertheless,
I'll sing them, for their pains, a farewell song.

"Under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow tree;
With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave,
My hiding-place shall be."

[*While she sits, carelessly singing, the tree floats steadily round the circles of the Whirlpool, gradually approaching the centre, in which she disappears.*]

STANZAS.

As ships that meet on distant seas,
Upon a bright and cloudless day,
Seem, as their streamers catch the breeze,
Each to the other proudly gay—

As on they pass with joyous sweep,
With nought but revelry on deck,
While each may bear its hearts that weep
To farther misery or to wreck.

So in the gayest scenes of earth,
A few short moments may we meet,
And, parting, deem continual mirth
Makes happiness for each complete.

Unknowing, what no other knows,
The bitterness of either heart,
The fate the future must disclose,
The pangs the present may impart.

Augusta, Geo. M.

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THE CORK LEG.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"I have told my story, frank and free,
And now I'm singing its L. E. G."
Song of the Cork Leg.

[The following little sketch is NOT translated from the French, although, from the nature of its construction such an origin might have been surmised. The principal incident was related to me in France, and, I believe, actually occurred during some portion of the French Revolution, but the location of time and place is my own arrangement.]

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from the main street of the village of St. Florent, near Ancenis, in the old French province of Poictou, now forming the department of La Vendee, stands an antiquated chateau, or rather did stand in the fall of the year 1816, which the reader will please to notice as the date of this little tale. The neighborhood of the chateau was consecrated ground. In that quiet and rural spot commenced the sanguinary war of La Vendee, one of the most remarkable episodes in French history, unequalled in the ferocity of its character and termination. On the 10th of March, 1793, the peasantry were assembled on the lawn of the chateau by sound of drum, and directed by the officer of a detachment of gendarmerie to draw lots for their chances of escaping the hateful conscription, levied to fill the armies of the revolutionary convention. The peasantry refused to acknowledge the power of the distant rebels, and when the gendarmes endeavored to force them to the enrolment, they rushed upon the mercenaries, and deprived them of their weapons. A wagoner, named Cathelineau, headed the insurgent Vendeans, who scarcely numbered a hundred individuals, and drove the conventional force not only from the village of St. Florent, but from several of the military posts in the neighborhood. The success of the first operations induced similar risings in other parts of the district. Gaston, a wig maker, and a game-keeper named Stofflet, raised bands of peasantry which, at first, were armed only with knives, pitchforks, and scythes—but successive victories over the republican troops supplied them with arms and ammunition. The heroic Henri de la Rochejaquelein devoted himself to the service of his countrymen, and during the war of La Vendee gained sixteen victories in the short space of ten months, finishing his brief but glorious career at the early age of twenty-two. He was killed while fighting in single combat with one of the soldiers of the republic.

I have recalled these little matters of history to the recollection of the reader for the purpose of assisting his perception of some of the allusions in the following narration. The war had ceased; the emperor was secure in his island jail; and Louis *Désiré* once more rested his gouty leg upon the foot-stool of the Bourbon's throne. Hundreds of *emigrés* flocked to their native land; the *ancien régime* shook off the slime of the rabble dynasty, and various devoted servants and friends of *le gros monarque* were rewarded for their fidelity and assistance in what, at one time, was considered an almost hopeless cause.

Luc Bonchretien, for many years previous to the outbreak of the revolution, had been an old smuggler from the neighboring province of Britanny, and commanded a hardy and valiant gang who contrabanded salt across the mountains, and afterwards distinguished themselves in the Vendean war. The Chouans, as the smugglers were called, from *chat-huant*, (a screech owl,) the cry of which bird they used as their signal, were of much importance in the bloody struggle, and Luc Bonchretien, finding his business ruined by the disturbed state of the country, devoted the energies of his strong mind to the support of the Bourbon cause; and, although defeated, and at one time sentenced to the guillotine, yet the activity of his band enabled him to escape from the dungeons of the Conciergerie at Paris to the other side of the Rhine, where he dwelt until the restoration of Louis XVIII. allowed him to visit his native land with an assurance of perfect safety. During his exile, he had been of considerable service to the allied armies upon more than one occasion; and had scarcely settled himself in his native village before the grateful monarch presented him with the chateau at St. Florent, with the ownership of the adjacent lands.

The Marquis de la Mont Lozère was the owner of the chateau at the time of the commencement of the war of La Vendee, but instead of joining the ranks of the royalists and using his influence in behalf of the Bourbons, he fled to England; and when deprived of his property by the ordonnance of the convention, obtained an humble living in the great cockney city by officiating as dancing master to the little masters and little misses, who were *in statu pupillari* at one of the boarding schools in the vicinity of London.

At the restoration of Louis, he was soon at the foot of the throne, petitioning for the return of his property; but his pusillanimity in the royal cause had stopped the royal ears; his claims to his own were unregarded, and Luc Bonchretien remained the installed possessor. This warm-hearted fellow immediately invited the marquis to occupy a room in the

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chateau, respectfully signifying also, that a knife and fork would be laid for him as long as he chose to remain a member of the household. It is scarcely worth while to say that the offer was accepted.

Luc Bonchretien had a daughter, the produce of his marriage with a Rhenish maiden immediately after his departure from the vallies of the Loire. Vif Bonchretien possessed her father's good humor, without its boisterous quality. Vif was a beauty, and although well aware of the power of her charms, and like other beauties, much inclined to coquetry, yet she had resigned her heart to the safe keeping of a stalwart sergeant, one Pierre de Faon, who had figured in the armies of Napoleon, and had followed the fortunes of the imperial eagle in many a scene of weal and wo, from the hour of his conscript drill to the fatal rout upon the field of Waterloo. Pierre was born in the department of Landes, and exhibited the Gascon in his appearance; the severity of six severe campaigns had been unable to tame the potency of his swagger, or the completeness of the many defeats in which he had shared, convince him of the fallibility of the fortune of "*mon empereur*." In his devious wanderings from Flanders after the great defeat, being almost afraid to turn towards his native land, he had encountered Vif, with her father and a party of friends, who, one fine summer's evening, were dancing merrily on the table land of a bluff that overlooked the glorious Rhine, and celebrating the defeat of Pierre's beloved chief. The sparkling beauty of the little girl struck upon the bachelor heart of the wayworn soldier, and he resolved to obtain an introduction; he immediately effected his object, although Vif did not, like other heroines, swoon at the sight of his haggard face and bushy whiskers, nor fall opportunely into the river to allow him the chance of fishing her out—nor did she roll down a precipitous cliff—nor mount a runaway horse—nor in any other way afford him the slightest opportunity of exhibiting his chivalry. Pierre, to say the truth, had seen too much of the world to expect that any of these stale novel incidents would happen to oblige him, therefore he marched boldly into the middle of the party, and doffing his damaged hat with the ready grace of a Frenchman, complimented the gentlemen on the beauty of the ladies, and congratulated the ladies on the fitting beauty of the evening. He addressed Bonchretien as the ostensible head of the party, and, detecting the remains of the old *militaire* in the bearing of the *ci-devant* Chouan, claimed him as a *bon camarade*, and, after detailing the extent of his lengthy march, requested shelter for the night. Pierre's behaviour was undoubtedly a little impudent, but he could not afford to be modest; and although his ragged regimentals and travel-worn appearance were not in his favor, yet he was, or had been, an officer in the imperial army, and his Gascon spirit never allowed him to suspect his own inferiority; therefore, he advanced to the group with the best face that he could put upon the matter, which is not saying much when it is remembered that he had not been shaved for a fortnight, and that he had sold his shirt at Juliers for the means of obtaining a meal. In ten minutes Sergeant Pierre de Faon, after "pouring huge draughts of Rhenish down," and swallowing a handful of *gâteaux de farine d'avoine* and a large bunch of grapes, which refection the Frenchman preferred to the fleshy edibles that graced the board, was dancing cheerily in the midst of the girls, with a compliment to one, a joke for another, a kiss for a third, and a smile for all. In ten minutes more, he was Vif's accepted partner; and she confessed that, although the legs of his military pantaloons were fringed with rags, and his boots were not in perfect dancing order, inasmuch that his right-hand great toe would peep out every now and then to see what had caused this sudden jollification, yet monsieur the stranger was evidently a gentleman of boundless wit, elegant manners, and delightful agility in the dance.

Pierre found his quarters very agreeable, and suffered the next day, and the next, to elapse without indulging in the idea of leaving the house of the hospitable Luc; who, while he laughed at the impudence of the sergeant, pitied his destitution, and eventually offered him the run of the house till the family went to *belle* France, an event which was to happen in the course of a few days. Pierre accompanied the Bonchretiens in their transit; and having, by his vivacious industry, made himself almost necessary to the father, whose ways and habits he had studied with true cosmopolitan skill, he was invited to share the comforts of the old chateau at St. Florent. The soldier, with commendable delicacy, pretended a loathness of intrusion, when Mademoiselle Vif gave him a reproachful glance from her large black eyes, and the bashful sergeant surrendered at discretion.

Pierre, when well dressed, with his whiskers reduced to the peace establishment, was, in reality, a good looking fellow; and Bonchretien looked without regret at the inevitable result of the soldier's admission into his family. When the old Chouan became rich, he gave up his habits of business, and rejoiced in the acquisition of an active son-in-law, who would be able to manage the estate, and regulate his household; the sergeant, therefore, at the opening of this tale, may be considered as the intended husband of the pretty Vif.

The chateau had another inmate—a person of some importance to the reader, and of absolute necessity to the writer. He was the owner of the cork leg. In the early passages of the Vendean outbreak, Jacques Cloporte, a gentleman of property in the neighborhood, considerably distinguished himself in the cause of the royalists, and devoted his interests to their welfare. He joined the forces under Rochejaquelein, and after that hero's death, he joined the *emigrés* who had landed on the peninsula of Quiberon, and in the fatal *sortie* from Fort Penthièvre, where count d'Hervilly fell, Cloporte lost his right leg. Several hordes of Chouans, with their families, had sought the protection of the fort, and our friend Bonchretien was by the side of Cloporte when the latter was shot down. The Chouan carried the wounded man back to the fort, notwithstanding the defeat of his party and the enemy's hot pursuit. When the occupiers of Quiberon were compelled to surrender to the generalship of

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the valiant Hoche, the Chouan leader was forwarded to Paris as a prisoner of importance, but he soon contrived to escape from the sentenced guillotine by the agency of his band. Cloporte, who, from the severity of his wound, was not expected to live, was suffered to remain an inmate of a small farm house in the immediate vicinity of the battle field; but the whole of his property was declared confiscated. When he arose from his bed of sickness, he knew that he was unsafe in the west, where his family's name was proscribed and his life denounced. He succeeded in reaching the shores of England, where, during the war, he existed upon a small annuity allowed him by a relation upon the borders of Flanders. Out of this slender pittance he continued to save sufficient for the purchase of a handsome cork leg, in place of the wooden stump he had been compelled to wear. Thanks to the skill of the artist, the artificial limb was so perfectly formed, and naturally joined just below the knee, that when Cloporte was dressed in his best kersey smalls and black silk hose, it was barely possible to tell which was the lame limb The hitch, or jerk in his gait, still continued. The cork leg could not remove his lameness, although it mended his appearance. When the final restoration of the Bourbons took place, Cloporte journeyed to Paris, and busied himself in endeavoring to obtain a restoration of his lands, but in vain. Vexed and irritated at his want of success, he went, one evening into a *café*, and contrived to pick a quarrel with a *vieux moustache* who sat in the adjoining box A recourse to arms was the result; the veteran proposed to settle the difference with the sword, but Cloporte evidenced his cork leg as a proof of inability, and was generously allowed to name his weapons. Pistols were procured, seconds appointed, and the party proceeded to the Bois de Boulogne. At the first fire, Cloporte shot his adversary through the body. The old soldier fell, but raising himself up, he applied a handkerchief to the wound, and claimed his shot. The seconds were compelled to accede. He was placed sitting on the ground; he held out his left arm at a small distance from his chest as a rest for the barrel of his pistol, which he held in his right hand. After a long and earnest gaze, during which the blood streamed down his body and dribbled over his white pantaloons, he fired; but his aim had been affected by the coming glaziness of his eye and the weakness of his body—as he fired, he gazed at the effects of his shot, and fell backwards upon the grass. The bullet struck Cloporte upon the calf of his cork leg, knocked off a splinter, and damaged the silk stocking. He smiled at the shot, bowed politely to his antagonist's friend, and taking his second's arm, hobbled from the field. The wounded man was carried home, and a surgeon was procured, who, when he saw the nature of the wound, insisted upon the attendance of the police. The gentleman who had officiated as second took the hint, and retired. The police appeared—the wounded man recovered from his swoon, and was questioned respecting the name of his adversary. He gazed wistfully in the face of his interrogator, and exclaiming, with an oath, "I did not hurt him—he had a cork leg!" sunk back again into insensibility, from whence the doctor in vain endeavored to arouse him.

The officer of the gendarmes, perceiving the death of the old soldier to be inevitable, marched off to give the requisite information to his superior. But Cloporte had left the city, ere the necessary steps were taken for his apprehension; he had encountered his *ci-devant* comrade, the Chouan, in his visit to the metropolis, some months before, and rejoiced at his prosperity, anticipating, at that time, a favorable result to his own application. Bonchretien gave a hearty invite to Cloporte, and made him promise to spend the next year at the chateau, let matters turn as they might. Towards Vendee, therefore, did Cloporte bend his way; and in the hospitable reception of his friend forgot for a while the failure of his schemes, and the death of his antagonist, *le vieux moustache*.

Time went pleasanly at the chateau. The Marquis de la Mont Lozère hovered about the charming Vif with all the gallantry and devotion of a *preux chevalier*; and sergeant Pierre was not jealous, but laughed at the antiquated beau's attentions to his affianced wife. The marquis generally assumed the court costume of the days of Louis the Sixteenth, whom he regarded as the martyred god of his idolatry, and refused to recognise the gouty, fat, imbecile who then filled the throne, as a fitting representative of the royal line. *Louis Sièze* gave him his title. *Louis Dixhuit* refused to reimburse him for the loss of his lands. But the old gentleman led a cheerful, happy life, such only as a Frenchman of the old school knows how to lead; he was unable to get rid of the habits of the dancing master, for he was never happy unless he was fiddling and capering, and making all the household follow his example. It was a good sight to look upon him on a Sunday evening, with the lads and lasses of the neighboring villages mustered round him upon the lawn; or, if the weather was not propitious, he assembled them in the hall of the chateau, and with his *violon de poche* poked under his chin, he scraped, and chattered, *chassée* and *balancèed*, till he was in an ecstacy of delight. He had even taught Luc Bonchretien to dance, and it was worth while to contrast the burly Chouan's demeanor in the mysteries of the quadrille with the ceremonious gliding of the dancing master marquis, whose antique face, ghost-like figure, and old-fashioned costume reminded one of times gone by.

The bride expectant, Mademoiselle Vif, and her handsome sergeant, were always the leading couple in the evening dance. The marquis had but one trouble in the world; monsieur Cloporte's cork leg prevented the possibility of a participation in the amusement, although the maimed gentleman endeavored to remove the evident ill feeling with which his deficiency was regarded by the marquis, and offered to stand up in one of the fancy figures wherein numbers were required—but the horrible stumping of the unnatural limb, and the stiffness and squareness of its owner's movements tortured the sensitive nerves of the supple marquis, and he was compelled to request, with all possible politeness, that monsieur Clo-

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porte would not so excruciatingly fatigue himself again.

Pierre de Faon, by way of tittillating his nostrils with the well-beloved scent of gunpowder, made horrible war upon the quails and red-legged partridges that frequented the slopes of La Vendee. One day, in his rambles with his gun, he met with something of such an extraordinary nature that he deemed it worth while to transmit a note to Bonchretien; commissioning the carrier, a miller's boy, to ride as if he were fetching the doctor to his dying father. The lad executed his orders faithfully, and placed in the hands of old Luc, a paper, with the following inscription:

"An agent of the Parisian police is in the village. He is attended by two gendarmes, and is on the search for a person accused of murder. He seems ignorant of the name or character of the delinquent, but describes him as having a cork leg. He has heard of our friend, and will be with you before I can get home. He declares his intention, upon satisfactory proof of the identity of the accused, to convey him to Paris, alive or dead. Yours,

P. de F."

Cloporte was instantly made acquainted with the contents of this express, and as instantly declared his readiness to release his host from all responsibility, by quietly decamping from the chateau—doubting not but he could obtain a bateau upon the Loire, which would speedily float him far enough from the suspected district. Old Luc swore that he would not part with him, and insisted upon his remaining in the house. "Do you think that an old smuggler has not a trick in reserve for the rascally *commissaire?*" said Bonchretien. "Let him come as soon as he likes: I have something ready for him even now."

The words were scarcely said when Garon, the old gray-headed servant of Bonchretien, announced a gentleman from Paris, who requested a few minutes conversation with the owner of the chateau. Luc exchanged a significant glance with Cloporte, and told Garon to show the stranger into the little parlor, and to be cautious not to answer any question that might be put, and to come back to him (his master) instantly for farther orders. The servant retired.

"Now, Cloporte, you must face this tiger yourself, while I prepare my household. I will be with you in five minutes. Announce yourself as Bonchretien: if he chooses to take you for me, the owner of the chateau, let him: if he presses you very closely in his questioning, you are my brother, and we all came from Paris together about twelve months since. Get all you can out of him in return. Now, then, down with you. Ah, stop! that cursed hobble will betray you at once; I will tell Garon to send him into this room, and do not you walk, if only across the room, till I come in."

Luc Bonchretien encountered his servant at the door, and desired him to show the gentleman from Paris into the room up stairs, and then rejoin him in the marquis's apartment. Garon did as he was desired; and the stranger, advancing to Cloporte, gave him a card, with a polite bow.

M. DE TURGOT,

BUREAU DE POLICE,

à Paris.

"I have the honor to address M. Bonchretien?"—Cloporte bowed.

"To a gentleman who is remarkable for his devotion to the interests of his most sacred majesty, I scarcely need apologise for my present intrusion. A notorious malefactor has escaped from justice, and, I believe, has sought shelter in your chateau."

"You surprise me! may I ask his name?"

"You will have the politeness to excuse me in that particular, at least. I have called upon you, M. Bonchretien, in an honorable and friendly way, trusting that I shall receive co-operation and not annoyance. Permit me the *surveillance* of your household for a day, and the arrest shall be managed without bestowing a shadow of disrepute upon the family of the chateau. If I am opposed, I have force at hand, and the real nature of the affair must become public, which otherwise may be stated as a requisition from government for the presence of your friend at Paris, on business connected with the late war."

"We are in your power, monsieur Turgot," said Cloporte, "and can but thank your kindness. May I inquire the charges against the person you suspect?"

"Murder, of the blackest hue. A veteran of the imperial army was shot down in the Bois de Boulogne; Paris swarms with Bonapartean troops, who, under the act of grace, are allowed to return to the duties of citizenship. The death of a member of their body by a friend to the Bourbons, would, if allowed to pass unpunished, be deemed an act of gross partiality, and serve to increase that bitterness of feeling which it is the desire of the executive to repress."

This plausible statement of the police officer had its effect upon the unsuspicious mind of Cloporte, and his countenance betrayed the workings of his thoughts. Wishing to hide his emotion, which he perceived was noticed by the officer, he continued the conversation, and made the matter worse.

"Bois de Boulogne?—soldier?—shot? May he not have been killed in a duel?"

This was a natural question, but he gave it with much blundering timidity, and suspicious hesitation. The officer immediately glanced at the legs of Cloporte with mistrustful eagerness, and said, with much satisfaction, "Ah, ha, M. Bonchretien, I see that you know something of the affair."

At this critical moment, Bonchretien himself walked into the room, talking in a loud tone, and swinging the door wide open with a boisterous rudeness, as if ignorant of the presence of a stranger. He swung his right leg forward with an awkward jerk as he walked, in exact imitation of Cloporte's gait, and gained the centre of the room before he pretended to perceive M. de Turgot, who bounded from his seat with

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a joyous exclamation when he saw the evident symptoms of the cork leg.

"Hallo, brother," said Bonchretien, "who have you here?"

"M. de Turgot, from Paris. He has visited us—"

"On *confidential* business," said the officer, with marked emphasis. "*You* have but lately quitted Paris, I believe?" continued he, addressing Bonchretien.

"Haven't been there since the first restoration. I see that you are a stranger here, or you would have known that I have not quitted my estate during the past year."

"May I inquire how monsieur became lame?"

"Lost my leg in '95, under Sombreuil, here, on the isthmus. Brother, ring the bell, and order refreshment for your friend."

Cloporte rose from his chair, and hobbled across the room. "*You, too, lame?*" exclaimed Turgot, with astonishment.

"Why not?" said Bonchretien. "Did monsieur never hear of two wounded soldiers in the same family?"

Before the officer could reply, the Marquis de la Mont Lozère entered the apartment, but not with his usual dancing-master step, *a la pas avancez*, but with a shuffling of the right leg, and a hitch and wabble in his gait that told well of his powers of imitation. It was Cloporte's own walk.

"M. de Turgot, allow me to present you to monsieur Cloporte," said Bonchretien, leading the limping marquis to the side of the officer, whose first inquiry was about the lameness.

"Fell through a sewer-grating in the kennel, one foggy morning in London, and broke his tibia," said the host.

"Sacre Dieu! three cork legs!"

M. de Turgot asked when the last comer had been in Paris, and failing to obtain a satisfactory reply, confessed within himself that he was egregiously mystified. It will be as well to state here how it happened that the police officer was unable to obtain a more satisfactory clue to the killer of the soldier. Cloporte had not given his name at the *café* where the quarrel took place, and as the whole of his applications to the executive had been made by letter, his person and lameness were unknown to the police. Paris was full to overflowing of strangers, not only from all parts of France, but from every place in Europe. Fouché having been compelled to resign the *portfeuille*, the whole of the police system was in a state of disorder; the countless thousands of passports that were required were readily granted, and carelessly *visèd* by the various officers throughout the kingdom.

Cloporte, by the intercession of a friend, obtained a passport under a fictitious name; his cork leg was not included in the description; and he wrapped up his insensible member in a case of flannels, pretending to suffer wofully from the agonies of an excruciating gout. Turgot, who was actuated as much by the hope of gain as the desire of justice, obtained a clue only by inquiring among the drivers of the various diligences and mail-posts. The lame man was followed, and at the end of the first day's journey, he obtained the remains of the black silk stocking which had cased Cloporte's cork leg when he received the bullet of the *vieux moustache*. Previous to retiring to bed, Cloporte filled up the wound with putty, having first cut off the damaged stocking, which he replaced with a new cotton one; but, inconsiderately leaving the rags in his bed chamber, he furnished Turgot with a clue that convinced him he was on the route of the man with the cork leg.

When sergeant Pierre called in at the country tavern, he was told of the many inquiries made by a police officer after a lame gentleman who had recently arrived from Paris; Pierre, discovering an old comrade in one of the gendarmes, soon made himself acquainted with the purport of Turgot's visit, without coming in personal contact with the officer himself. Bonchretien, with the active shrewdness of the old smuggler, determined to nullify the principal evidence against his friend, and resolved not only to assume lameness himself, but to insist upon every male member of his establishment doing the same. The marquis at first refused; he could not exist without dancing—he could not dance with a lame leg. His pupils could not do without him—he *could* not do without his leg. He was proud of his legs; they had supported him when his heart, his hands, and his head had failed. Could he now insult them by passing off the dexter as a sinister counterfeit? by palming the real flesh and blood upon a stranger, and that stranger a Parisian, for a base mechanical contrivance of cork? He would die in defence of his patron and his friend; he would challenge Turgot to mortal combat, and shoot the gendarmes, but he would not degrade his understanding by walking with a limp. "Besides," added he, looking at his leg with a smile, "the attempt would be nugatory; the officer would detect me at a glance: he would know that it was impossible for the hand of man to fashion such a leg as that."

Bonchretien had contracted a summary method of direction among the Chouans, and his farm business on the Rhine had benefited thereby. He refrained from arguing the point in dispute with the marquis, but told him that if the very next minute he had not a halt in his walk, he should walk without halting a minute longer in the chateau. The marquis had no wish to renew his acquaintance with the short commons of a journeyman dancing master; he prized the flesh-pots and wine-skins of the jolly Chouan with an intensity of affection that many years of privation only can bestow. He dropped a few decent tears, and fell immediately into the practice of the Cloporte step.

Bonchretien gave a few orders to the trusty Garon, and after acquainting his daughter with the circumstances of the case, telling her to watch for Pierre's return, and instruct him in the nature of the plot, he entered the presence of the police officer, whither he was soon followed by the marquis, who was introduced to the officer by the name of Cloporte, for the purpose of discovering whether he had any clue to the name of the suspected person.

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"Sacre Dieu! three cork legs," said Turgot.

"Cork legs are rarities at Paris, I presume," said the Chouan. "Monsieur may see a plentiful variety in La Vendee."

Garon appeared to announce that refreshments had been prepared in an adjoining room. Bonchretien, Cloporte, and the marquis rose, and with a simultaneous hitch in the same leg, advanced to Turgot, and offered him an arm. As he left the room, in company with the host, he observed that Garon limped with the right leg as he preceded them. This awakened suspicion, because he had not observed any lameness in that servant when he first attended him, and he resolved to watch with redoubled eagerness.

Mademoiselle Vif Bonchretien, from the upper stairs of the second flight, had seen this procession of halting men with inconceivable glee. First came poor Garon, limping most lamely with his right leg; then, the police officer, resting upon her father's arm, whose excellent limp was accurately imitated by Cloporte and the marquis, and both of them from the same cause, because they could not help it. The idea seemed to please the young lady, for, after two or three preparatory limps across her room, she determined to join the party below, and give them a specimen of her imitative quality. The very thing that her angry father imagined would ruin his plot, served to dispel the rising suspicions from Turgot's mind; he knew that it was within the bounds of probability that they should have directed every male to assume lameness for the sake of screening the individuality of the real cork leg, but it was ridiculous to suppose that they should insist upon a young and lovely girl pretending to be lame. He therefore looked upon the family at the chateau as an extraordinary specimen of lame coincidences; and although his gallantry prevented him from inquiring how the lady met with her accident, yet he entered into an animated conversation with her, and had just arrived at the conclusion that, despite her lameness, she would make an excellent little wife, and that it would be no bad thing to be son-in-law to Luc Bonchretien, when Pierre passed the window, and Vif, hopping, jumping, and screaming with laughter, left the room.

Turgot looked at Bonchretien for an explanation. "My daughter's affianced," was the reply.

"Is he lame, too?" said the officer, almost involuntarily.

"If he were not, would he wed a cripple?" said the father, in a solemn tone of voice. Turgot was silenced. The door opened, and Pierre, with a facsimile hitch, limped into the room and saluted the company.

Turgot was barely able to keep his seat. There had been no time for explanation—scarcely sufficient for the greetings of the sweethearts, as the man passed from the outer door. The three old fellows could not be acting, for they were free and unembarrassed, and he had mentioned his business to but one of the Bonchretiens, who had never been out of his sight, and therefore why should they attempt deception when they were ignorant of the purport of his visit? Still he had an undefined idea that the object of his pursuit was in the house, although he was unable to point him out. There was but little difference in the size of the four men, and the silk stocking had been so much mutilated in its removal from the leg, as to afford no clue to the size of the limb. The soldier-like bearing and comparative youth of the sergeant induced the officer to regard him with a suspicious eye.

"You have been shooting, monsieur," said he, as Pierre laid aside his equipments. "Did you ever shoot a man?" added he, with considerable point.

"Some dozens," was the reply, and the sergeant quietly lighted his cigar.

"Is not your lame leg a serious difficulty in the sports of the field?" inquired Turgot.

"Something; but we have a general method here in Vendee, of using guns when lame legs do not succeed."

The policeman quailed, and changed the conversation: "I heard music and dancing when I entered. Is there a professor in the chateau?"

The marquis rose and made a bow. "I have the honor. Ah, what would Louis *Seizième* say, if he knew that his old and faithful servant the Marquis de la Mont Lozère—"

"Hem!" said Bonchretien, with a loud voice.

"What!" said the officer, "are you the Marquis de la Mont Lozère? I thought your name was Cloporte?"

"I thought so too, but I can't answer for any thing if I am interrupted. What, I say, would Louis *Seizième* say, if he knew that the Marquis de la Mont Lozère had resigned his ancient hall to the purposes of a dancing school?"

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, for having interrupted you. A cork leg must be a serious evil to a dancing master."

"So is a gouty head to a nation," said Pierre, whose republican spirit prompted him to have a fling at the diseased monarch then filling the French throne. "Like our cork legs, we would rather be without the incumbrance, if we knew a way to better ourselves."

This remark turned the conversation upon the absorbing topic of politics; Turgot for a while forgot the nature of his errand. Garon, with officious eagerness, limped about the room, but, unused to the trouble of acting a part, neglected to keep up his character, and frequently dropped the limp in toto, till reminded by a glance or "hem" from his master, when he would instantly limp again, and frequently jerked the wrong leg; but never did he make a mistake without instantly looking at the police officer, as if he dreaded being discovered in his fault. Turgot observed all this, and determining to solve the enigma of the universal lameness, if possible, proposed a walk before dinner. He was aware that cork legs were as good as flesh when folded under a table or before a fire, but in the open fields, in constant exercise, he expected to make some valuable observations. The proposal was coolly received. Bonchretien begged to be excused, as his daughter was about to write him some answers to letters from Paris of great importance. The marquis, under pretence of whisper-

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ing to Mademoiselle Vif, followed her out of the room. Cloporte went up stairs for his snuff-box, and sergeant Pierre pulled off his shooting gaiters, and swore that he had walked enough for one day. As he doffed his high quartered shoes, and donned a pair of easy slippers, Turgot observed a very natural working of the muscles of the right foot. Pierre took up his fowling-piece, and standing in front of the fire-place, began to clean out the barrels after his day's sport. Turgot entered into conversation with him, and watching his opportunity, seized the fire-tongs as if to replace a fallen stick of wood; pretending to stumble, he rammed the live coal which he held between the nippers of the tongs, against the calf part of the leg which Pierre had declared to be cork. The sergeant jerked away his leg with an awful oath, and applied the ramrod of his gun, with a swingeing cut, across the lower sections of the officer, as he was stooping over the fire. Both actions were involuntary with Pierre; he instantly recovered his composure, and although the integument of his calf was severely burnt, he refrained from exhibiting any farther emotion. Turgot rubbed his wounded seat in silence, for some moments; he was aware that he had given the first offence, and the firm determination of the sergeant's gaze prevented any expression of resentment at the severity of the return. At last, he stammered out, "I thought your right leg was made of cork?"

"Is that any reason why it should be burnt?"

"Do you pretend to have feeling in your wooden limb?".

"Monsieur must know but little of the force of sympathetic affections in the human frame, or he would not have asked the question. I have heard old wooden-legged invalids declare that they felt their fleshy toes ache at the end of their oaken stumps. I myself often feel the shooting of a corn that once tormented my live foot."

Turgot had heard of these freaks of the imagination, but he thought that Pierre's sympathy with the scorched cork was rather too lively. He felt satisfied that Pierre and Garon were but shamming lameness, and was more convinced that the inmates of the chateau were playing him some trick. The sound of a fiddle from an adjoining chamber attracted his attention; resolving to follow up his researches, he left the room with a short apology, and quietly opened the door of the next apartment; he wished to surprise the dancers, but his object was frustrated by the superior vigilance of the sergeant. As Turgot approached the dancing room, he heard two loud thumps against the wainscoat of the apartment he had just quitted. When he opened the door, the marquis and the lively Vif were practising the minuet de la cour, with lame agility and limping grace. The imperturbable gravity with which they went through this ridiculous duett of the cork legs, almost induced the officer to believe in the reality of their deprivations, but a loud laugh from the doorway claimed his notice, and soon dispelled all doubt. Bonchretien, who had followed him into the room, was so amused at the oddness of the grotesque evolutions indulged in by the dancers, that he was unable to contain his laughter. The old fellow was altogether much delighted with the complacity of his scheme, and emboldened by success, had been planning a few more jokes for the astonishment of the Parisian policeman. "Come, M. de Turgot," said he, "the gravity of M. Cloporte always draws a laugh from me; you wished to walk; we have half an hour before dinner—let me take you over my grounds."

The Chouan and the policeman left the room together, liberating the dancers from the necessity of restraint. The lively Vif threw herself upon a *canape*, and indulged in a hearty fit of laughter that reached the ears of Turgot as he quitted the hall. Upon crossing the lawn, a sabotier ploughman was limping down the path, shuffling the wooden shoe and his lame leg with pompous deliberation and much dust. Turgot smiled, and, pointing to the peasant, said pleasantly to Bonchretien, "It was scarcely worth while to put him to the trouble." A donkey started from beneath the garden fence; a heavy clog was fastened to one of his hind legs, and gave him a catch in his gait. "Twere well if every ass who has walked lame to-day, had as good a reason," said Turgot. Bonchretien coughed, but continued his limp. Some little ducklings scrambled from a ditch, and with evident lameness waddled across the road. A litter of young pigs hobbled along on three legs each, holding up the dexter leg of pork, and squeaking vilely. "You have given yourself much trouble, M. Bonchretien; do not lame your live stock on my account. Let us understand one another. It is evident that you are aware of my business, and of my limited knowledge of the offender's person. I know not if yourself, or your brother, or the old dancer be that offender, but I am certain that he is to be found amongst you three. We are alone, and I will speak freely—*a handsome excuse* for my return to Paris, would free you from this trouble, and prevent any future annoyance."

"We will speak of this to-night," said Bonchretien. "It cannot be lightly settled."

The day wore on. The dinner hour passed, and the lovers limped off to the arbor at the end of the garden. Bonchretien and Cloporte retired to the little back parlor for consultation on Turgot's proposal, which was settled to be deliberately slept on and decided in the morning. Turgot was to be invited to sleep at the chateau; his demands were to be ascertained; but the general limp was to be kept up, in case he should be too exorbitant in his price, or they should otherwise decide not to accede to his proposal. The marquis, after vainly endeavoring to keep up a conversation with the policeman, asked permission to enjoy his usual half hour's siesta, and throwing himself upon the sofa, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and seemed to sleep. Turgot, with a policeman's eye, saw the opportunity, and resolved to seize it; drawing a penknife from his pocket, he stealthily crept to the side of the marquis, and inserted the point in the calf of the supposed cork leg. The marquis, who was not asleep, had seen his motions from beneath the thin texture of the silken veil as he stood in strong relief against the dining-room window, illumined by the setting sun. He guessed the pur-

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pose for which the knife was drawn, and resolved not to sacrifice his friend. The blade of the knife was thrust into the flesh, but he moved not a muscle of his leg; and Turgot retired from the sofa believing that he had merely wounded a case of cork enwrapped in silk and flannel. In a few minutes afterwards, he quitted the room, satisfied that the sleeper was the object of his pursuit. The marquis rose from the sofa—a thin streak of blood glided down the old man's leg; his limb was stiff and painful. He burst into tears; he feared that his dancing days were over, and the sun of his happiness was eclipsed for life.

Turgot demanded five thousand francs for the secret, and hinted that he was acquainted with the person of the criminal, and should raise his price if his terms were not acceded to by the morning. The parties retired to rest. Turgot, dreading some surprise, carefully searched round his room, and locked the door with a double turn. He went to bed, but was unable to sleep; a sound of moaning arose in the adjoining apartment; sobs of deep distress, and starts of suffering and of pain. The officer rose, and peeping through a crevice in the boarded partition, saw the old marquis sitting upright in bed, in the next chamber; his spectacles were saddling his nose, and with many salves and heaps of lint, he was dressing the knife wound in the calf of his beloved leg. The policeman stared, and looked again, and wondered as he looked. The leg was not cork—it was bona-fide flesh and blood, and the dancing master could not be the murderer of the *vieux moustache*.

It was evident that he could make no bargain with Bonchretien while he was ignorant of the culprit's person; he knew that Pierre, the marquis, and Garon, were exempt from all cause of suspicion; the criminal was either Bonchretien himself, or that quiet mysterious brother who had received the statement meant only for Bonchretien's ear. His plan was soon formed; he applied his candle to the curtains of the bed, and as the flames mounted to the ceiling, he shouted aloud "Fire! fire!" and, throwing open his door, watched for the appearance of the objects of his doubt. Cloporte had not retired to bed; he rushed from his room on the first alarm, and with his unavoidable and natural limp, hobbled along the gallery; but Bonchretien, anxious for the safety of his daughter, darted from his chamber with all his native energy, forgetful of the limp he had assumed, and exhibiting two thick fleshy legs which could not be mistaken for cork. He jumped into the midst of the flames, and, with Pierre's assistance, tore the blazing curtains from the rods; a few buckets of water, handed up by the active Garon, extinguished the fire, and it was soon determined that all danger was at an end.

"How in the name of heaven did you contrive to ignite the drapery?" said Bonchretien.

"An accident—not to be regretted, certainly, since it has given me an excellent sight of your cork leg."

"Dog!" said Bonchretien, as the truth flashed on his mind, and he seized the policeman by the throat; "dog! to satisfy a curiosity tending not to the ends of justice, but to your own infernal avarice, you have risked the destruction of my house, and the lives of my children and my friends: out of my house! no longer shall my roof shelter you, viper as you are—out of my house, and if I see you here again, you shall have the contents of my smuggler's blunderbuss in your black and brutal heart." The contest was short; the sturdy Chouan worked the struggling policeman towards the window, which had been lifted up for the purpose of letting out the smoke. He dashed the fellow through the open space; the body fell on to the roof of an out-house, which, fortunately, was not far beneath, and rolling down the slanting roof, tumbled pretty easily on to the lawn. Bonchretien closed the window, and desired all parties to retire again to their respective rooms.

Turgot was not much hurt by his fall, although considerably alarmed. He roared for pity; shrieked murder; and swore revenge—but all in vain. He tried the fastenings of the doors of the chateau, but he might as well have attempted to open the solid wall. An ominous growling from a mastiff that seemed close at hand, and the withdrawal of the lights from the various windows, beside the nipping of the cold night air, for Turgot was *en chemise*, gave him potential hints of the necessity of motion. He roared for his clothes, but was answered only by the baying of the dog. He tried to find the stables, but the fury of the animal seemed momentarily to increase; and, mad with rage and revenge, he jumped the paling of the chateau, and set off running down the road for the village inn—a distance of more than two miles.

"I suppose the scoundrel will fetch up the gendarmerie in the morning," said Bonchretien to Pierre, as they retired along the gallery.

"I doubt it. In one of his troopers I discovered an old comrade, who was with me at Waterloo. He was one of Ney's pets, and is already tired of the Bourbon pay. I promised him a situation on the farm for life, if he would desert; he jumped at my offer, and went off this evening to Fontenay, there to hide till Turgot shall have left this part of the country. To save trouble, I believe that he made his comrade drunk before he went, and carried off the arms and ammunition of the party."

"Good!" said Bonchretien. "Poor Turgot! il a la mer a boire! Go to bed—we are safe for tonight."

Turgot succeeded in obtaining admittance at the village inn, and jumped into bed, but found it difficult to sleep. He was chilled to the heart, and perfectly dispirited. He determined, at all hazards, to summon his men in the morning, proceed to the chateau, and arrest the brother of Bonchretien upon the charge of murder. He could not be wrong: he had proved the falsity of four cork legs, and the limp of the fifth, in the hour of danger, could not be deceptive. He buried his head beneath the sheets, and tried to sleep—countless cork legs floated in the depths of the dark void; armies of limping men marched to the rescue; troops of lame horses, ridden by sergeants armed with ramrods; rats with cork legs; flying angels with wooden limbs—all the strange chimeras of diseased fancy, restlessness, and pain—entered the arena of his imagination. At one time, just as he dozed into a

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fitful nap, he fancied that he was kicked from the tower of Notre Dame by some gigantic demon with a cork leg—the long and horrid fall terminated in the breaking of all his limbs, and he awoke in an agony of sweat and fear. Twice did he jump from his bed, satisfied that the room was in flames; and once, when chilled and wretched, he returned to his bed, the cold settled in his extremities, and as he dozed, he believed that both his legs were turned to cork; he parted with this opinion only when a streak of cramp seized upon the sinews of his dexter calf, and caused him to imagine that the dancing master was returning, with interest, the thrust of the penknife. He arose, at daybreak, feverish and sad; cork legs were still the subject of his thoughts. He caught himself in an unconscious hobble as he walked to the window, and almost expected to see the tavern sign exchanged from the newly revived *fleur-de-lis* to the omnipresent *jambe de liége*.

M. de Turgot called for the gendarmes: he was informed that both of them had departed from the inn—one of them, with the arms of himself and his companion, went on the previous evening; and the other, dreading rebuke and punishment for his drunkenness and neglect, had followed his comrade's example in the early morning. The officer did not complain of his desertion: he saw that fate ran against him, and resolved to struggle to the last. He asked the landlord a few questions about Bonchretien's brother—the man with the cork leg. He was surprised to find that Bonchretien had never been blest with a fraternal tie; that the dancing-master was the ci-devant marquis; and that the Chouan, who now inhabited the chateau, was so much beloved by the peasantry, that it would be dangerous for any force less potent than an entire regiment, to endeavor to remove one of his friends from the shelter of his roof. The policeman knew that he was foiled in every way; but, determining upon revenge for the many deceptions practised upon him by the wily smuggler, he resolved to return to Paris, and by the strength of his asseverations, and the exertion of his interest, procure sufficient force and extra authority for the arrest of the person of the murderer.

On his return to Paris, he was annoyed to find that the whiskered veteran who had combated Cloporte, the man with the cork leg, had not thought fit to die at all. He ridiculed the idea of a pistol ball putting an end to a man who had frizzled in Egypt and froze in Russia, among the veterans of the glorious Napoleon. The life of the *vieux moustache* was a sad disappointment to Turgot, who had encountered such mishaps, not so much for the purpose of seeing him revenged, as in the hopes of making the capture of his murderer a means of promotion, or at least of deriving pecuniary advantage from winking at the culprit's escape.

The inhabitants of the chateau remained for some weeks in ignorance of the alteration in affairs, produced by the obstinate clinging to life in Cloporte's antagonist. The chateau remained barricaded; Pierre and his comrade, the deserter gendarme, relieved each other in the watch, and taught the peasantry the use of some half dozen muskets and cutlasses, with various evolutions and methods of defence, till the arrival of a letter from the friend at Paris who had assisted Cloporte in his escape. The news of the veteran's restoration ended the warlike state of affairs, and changed the preparations into notes of festivity and marriage joy. Demoiselle Vif became madame Sergeant Pierre de Faon: Cloporte assisted Bonchretien in tapping some dozen barrels of home brewed; and the Marquis de la Mont Lozère, not quite cured of the wound in his calf, danced a new *courante* with increased success. The health of the bride was given with many cheers; Pierre returned thanks, and Bonchretien, as her father, indulged in a speech. He reverted to the visit of the policeman, proudly detailed his means of triumph, swore never to desert an old comrade who had assisted him to fight the good fight in days gone by, and ended with proposing a bumper to the longevity of M. Cloporte, the man with

THE CORK LEG.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JOHN LOUIS UHLAND,

THE WÜRTEMBURG POET.

THE SERENADE.

WHAT soft low strains are these I hear,
That comes my dreams between?
Oh, mother, look! who may it be
That plays so late at e'en?

"I hear no sound; I see no form;
O, rest in slumber mild:
They'll bring no music to thee now,
My poor, my sickly child."

It is not music of the earth,
That makes my heart so light;
The angels call me with their songs,
Oh, mother dear, good night!

THE DREAM.

IN a garden fair were roaming
Two lovers hand in hand;
Two pale and shadowy creatures,
They sat in that flowery land.

On the lips they kissed each other,
On the cheeks so full and smooth;
They were lock'd in close embracings,
They were blithe with the flush of youth.

Two bells were tolling sadly,—
The dream has pass'd away;
She in a narrow cloister,
He in a dungeon lay.

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TO A CLOUD.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R. N.

Author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Japhet in Search of a Father, &c. &c.

Cloud, that rests on the mountain, till the bright beams of day
Shall compel thee to rise and to wander away,
Like the eagle,* which spreads his wings, flagging with dew,
Then soars up through space, to the far realms of blue.
Whether poised, as the albatross on the wing sleeping,
Or sailing, with light winds glad company keeping,
Or rolled up before the wild hurricane's blast,
Now the summer is over, say, cloud, what hath past?

Oft o'er the night's queen I have thrown my dark veil,
To conceal from her deeds which might well turn her pale—
Deeds, which mortals but seek from each other to hide,
While the eye of an all-seeing God they deride.

I have sunk down to earth at the evening's gray,
To refresh the scorch'd flow'rs which were fainting away,
O'ercharged with my dews, they have hailed the bright sun,
And smiled through their tears, as their perfumes he won.

I have plundered the ocean, distilled the salt wave,
Then have flown with my treasure the harvest to save,
And the yeoman who watched the clear skies in despair,
First hailed me with joy, then knelt grateful in prayer.

By the tempest's loud roar I've been summoned away,
To join with my fellows in dire battle array;
Hurled by the wild blast on each other clashing,
Fierce is the conflict—while the thunder loud crashing,
And the lightning's blue fires blind the sceptic's eye,
Who now owns there's a God—and who now fears to die.

'Tis the shriek of hope fled—on the wild billows tost,
Her foremast is riven and the proud vessel's lost;
The lightning has scathed her, the flames sweep the deck,
The helmsman, struck blind, clings aghast to the wreck!
Those who fondly had dwelt on the welcome of home,
Pressed and maddened by fire, seek a watery tomb.

Arraign not, 'twas mercy—the Lord throned on high,
View'd the taint in the air, and the blight in the sky.
Some perish—but contagion has fled from the shore,
And millions are spared, still to love and adore.

F. M.

* On the Appenines, at sunrise, the eagles may be seen on the west side of the mountains, with their wings extended, as they sit on the rocks, to dry the dew off, previous to their taking flight.

SONGS FOR THE TABLE.

FOR A MUSICAL CLUB.

Here we are met, all sons of jollity,
Envying nobody, all sons of glee;
Cherishing joy, but spurning frivolity,
Who so merry and happy as we!
Money we crave not, money we save not,
Our hearts from miserly mopishness free;
At this world's cares and follies we rave not,
But laugh when we see them, and sing merrily.
Nothing can sour us, while we are keeping
This rational festival, dear to the soul,
Our eyes never steeping in waters, or weeping
Salt tears to embitter the draughts of the bowl.
Hail to the spirit that fondly is crowning
This moment of joy with her fav'ring smile,
When fate on our hopes most harshly is frowning,
Her presence can all our sorrows beguile.

Pure are the pleasures our hearts are partaking,
Free from the troubles that demagogues seek;
Politics never our harmony breaking,
Here we all meet at the close of the week;

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Parties political, all hypocritical,
Saucy ambition, that feigns to be meek;
Holiday speeches, proofs analytical,
Honors, depending on popular freak;
Patriots, for office incessantly bawling,
Simpletons, called, by the multitude, wise;
Pledges, enthralling the slaves who are calling
Fair freedom the goddess whose glory they prize;
Away with them all! their nonsense disdaining,
We want them not near us, our bliss to annoy,
The spirit of peace is over us reigning,
And pours through our hearts her full tide of joy.
Fond of society, friends of sobriety,
The goblet we drink corrupts not the brain;
Water's insipid, and—just for variety—
The glass that enlivens the fancy, we drain.
Social enjoyment—airs, gay and glad enough,
Are the oxygen gas we all love to breathe;
Life would be sad enough, gloomy and bad enough,
If flowers around it we never should wreathe.
Hail to the spirit, &c.

One secret have we, the jugglers despising,
Who shroud all their schemes in darkness and mystery,
We give honest hearts no cause for surmising,
Their pages contain each line of our history.
Our secret we hide from those who deride
All pleasures not valued by dollar and cent,
'Tis one by philosophy's science supplied,—
To keep ourselves warm with the glow of content.
Gymnosophists, surly and proud, are none of us,
Freemasonry's craft to us is unknown,
Candid and free is each mother's son of us,
And they who don't like us—may let us alone.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

Come, brush off the cobwebs that cumber your brain,
And let fancy have holiday, free from alloy;
Heaven knows! life has brought us enough of its pain,
So now it shall lend us some moments of joy;
Then fill up your glasses, and in their wave dip
Gay chaplets of myrtle, embellished with flowers,
And while you are pressing the brim to your lip,
Drink deep to the mem'ry of pleasure's past hours.
Drink again!—let the toast of affection go round,
For the days when that pleasure our hearts could entrance,
Let the minstrel awaken the harp's happy sound,
While the graces are tripping the maze of the dance.
A year is departing!—it will not return,
But why should we grieve as it passes away!
The lamp of existence but faintly would burn,
If clouds should encompass the path of its ray.
O! let them not darken its flame with their gloom,
Obscure not its splendor with one mournful tear,
But cull every flower, the fairest in bloom,
To crown with fresh garlands the coming new year.
The King of Olympus bids Ganymede fill
A bumper of nectar, more bright than champaign,
While he laughs at old Time, whom he rules at his will,
Though the gray-beard usurps over mortals his reign.
To-day to a feast all the gods he invites,
And calls upon each for a toast or a song;
With the best of his wit all his guests he delights,
As the cup passes round the bacchanal throng.
"Pledge on high!" he exclaims, as he tips off his glass;
"Let us drink to the year that is speeding away:
We care not how swiftly the hours may pass,
Since they dare not, in heaven, assert any sway.
Here, Hebe, while Ganymede waits on the rest,
Replenish my goblet again to the brim;
Not one of the gods, who to-day is my guest,
With a sigh of regret its resplendence shall dim.
While mortals are bidding a ling'ring adieu
To time, as he dies, let them shed not a tear,
But greet, with a welcome, warm, hearty and true,
The hopes that are rising to bless the new Year."

TIP YOUR GLASS.

Tip your glass—who cares
How swift the moment's fly,
While each one with it bears
A flower that cannot die?
Come, music's mirthful strain,
To charm this chosen hour,
Strike up that note again,
It has a soothing power.
Who would refuse to pull
A flower, for fear of thorns?
Who, when the bowl is full,
Would say, of ill it warns?

Let lover's bill and coo,
Consumed by Cupid's torch;
A gentler flame we woo,
Our hearts it will not scorch;
'Tis kindled from the bowl,
That flows more pure at night,
When bliss pervades the soul
With mildest rays of light.
Then quickly drain the cup,
Nor stay its drops to sip;
Haste! drink the nectar up,
Before it leaves your lip.

Philosophers may preach
Of follies, that they fly,
And rules of virtue teach,
By which we all may die.
Our social art can give
The more alluring rules,
That teach us how to live,
And laugh at learning's fools.
Truth lies, 'tis said, quite low
In waters of the well,
But better truths, we know,
In shallow goblets dwell.

B. R. E.

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PENN.

(Continued from Page 98.)

CHAPTER V.

There is strength in the neck of the volleying blast,
In the hills which have stood since the world began:
But stronger than all, save the gates of the past,
Is the might of the mind of a resolute man.
Crawford.

The windows of the carriage were closed tightly, and the vehicle drove rapidly off. The darkness in which I was confined—the suddenness with which my schemes were prostrated, and I was consigned to the almost certain prospect of long imprisonment or death—and above all, the agitation produced by the fearful re-appearance and apparent power of my old and mysterious enemy, Harford—confused my senses so much that a considerable time elapsed before I was fairly conscious of the position in which I was. As I slowly recovered to a knowledge of the reality of the change which the events of a moment had wrought in my condition, there rushed upon my soul an agony of horror which I thought would have destroyed my reason. In life, the present is a thing of naught; our only existence is by memory in the past, and by fancy in the future: experience and hope are the abodes of our consciousness, and the shapes of the one and the shadows of the other make up our spiritual identity; when, therefore, any event occurs which changes the current of our years and ensures a new future for us, a portion of our mental being is torn from us.

When this feeling had passed away, and I regained the strength and tone of my mind, I was as a man who has passed through delirium or insanity. The severe distress of mind with which the unexpected apparition of Harford had wrung my feelings, seemed to have scathed my senses for a moment as with the blade of lightning; and such a gulf had the vehemence of emotion ploughed up in my recollections, that the events of the evening occurred to me as from beyond a long tract of years; for change of feeling anticipates lapse of time. By a strong effort, however, I put to flight all disturbance and distraction of mind, and bent all the energies of my intellect to the consideration of the difficulties in which I was plunged. My devoted and implacable enemy had again closed with me in deadly struggle, and I was to wrestle arm to arm and breast to breast with the fiercest and sternest passions of hell. This extraordinary man who now confronted me in desperate encounter, must have followed me in every step which I had taken since we parted more than two years before; he must have traced all my conduct and made himself acquainted with all my projects; for he had availed himself, in a manner that seemed miraculously opportune, of the only moment in all my life in which I stood in a position to be ruined. As I ran over in my thoughts the character and conduct of this person, I felt roused to a spirit of exertion and energy which expelled all fear, and gave me assurance of success in the encounter. Pride and anger, as well as self-preservation, urged me to cope with the ruthless machinations of this relentless foe; and I determined that if resolution and ingenuity, and unquailing nerve could thwart the malice of this man, his fiendish hate should yet be baffled.

It is one of the instances in which extreme depravity by the very law of existence defeats itself, that among the artificial politicians of European diplomacy, craft was so regular and deceit so systematic, that conduct might finally be counted on with as much certainty as if candor and good faith had regulated action. The force and activity of the passions is so diverse in different bosoms, that where feeling sways the judgment, one man cannot easily divine the decision of another, because he cannot easily measure the influences which are working upon his mind; but in that scheme of counsel from which all impulsive motives are banished, and the only guide of resolution is the intellectual principle of policy and interest, an unvarying rule is set up, which the enemy as well as the adviser can interpret; for that which always calculates is itself always calculable. Thus it has often happened that men of plain sincerity have vanquished the graybeards of intrigue, simply because their principle of action was so unsteady that it could not be foreknown and measured. It was this certainty of falsehood, and this uniformity of tortuousness which gave me confidence in the prospect of encountering prince Wilstein. He was a man that never strayed into truth, and never blundered into honesty; but with a scientific duplicity and a logical selfishness, calmly wrought out the problems of avarice and ambition, as if they had been equations in algebra. The consideration of the incitements which would act upon him was much simplified by putting down honor and passion, and generosity, and all other feelings as equal to zero; and it only remained to know what course would best advance his interest to be informed what steps he would pursue. To save himself would of course be his first object; and as the favorable testimony of Harford would probably effect this, he would make Harford's oath in his exculpation a condition precedent of his rendering assistance to the former in his efforts

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to concentrate the emperor's vengeance on myself; as, however, it was in the power of the prince to assist me materially, it was my policy to keep this necessity from being neutralised by being set off against that of some other person; if then I could prevent or defeat any compact between Harford and himself, the consideration of a benefit to be afforded upon my part would immediately raise a corresponding obligation on the part of prince Wilstein. An invention naturally fertile, and now greatly quickened by the imminence of danger, suggested several schemes for accomplishing this end; but all seemed to be objectionable upon some part or other, and after long deliberation I remained unsettled as to the course which I should follow.

Meanwhile the carriage, which had driven briskly for more than an hour, suddenly stopped. The wooden slide was withdrawn a little from the window without noise, and I heard these words: "We shall probably be able to exchange a few words when you get out; decide, therefore, what directions you will give me;" and the window was again closed. The words were uttered in a whisper, but I instantly recognised the voice of my English servant, whom I had sent to the prince to be his guide and attendant to the place of meeting. Less marvellously did the aspect of the star of his nativity shoot strength into the heart of Wallenstein, than did the voice of this man inspire confidence into my spirit. The familiar tone of cheering sympathy stirred the strength of a host in my bosom, and seemed to nerve my arm with tenfold power. The smallest external assistance promised to be of incalculable value, for I was so completely enthralled, that without some aid I saw no means of *beginning* a scheme for my deliverance. A plan of action at once presented itself to my mind, which, with my attendant's co-operation would probably be successful; the position in which he had been for a few days in the train of prince Wilstein would be likely to enable him to give me exactly the information which I wanted, and a few rapid words of mine would put him in possession of the part which I wished him to perform. I knew that in depending on him I trusted one whose fidelity would not have vailed to that of John Hull, whom Ridley as he went to the stake pronounced "the faithfullest servant that man ever had."

How he had contrived to follow the carriage and communicate with me as he did, I could not conceive; probably he had taken advantage of the darkness of the night to pass himself off as one of the guard, and to mount the vehicle in that capacity.

In about half an hour after the last pause, the carriage again stopped and the wooden slide of the door was shoved back. I leaned forward to see what was visible outside. The night was extremely dark, but a faint and cheerless reflection of the light from the lamp in the hands of the man upon the box, united with a low gurgling sound to betray the broad, deep waters of the Danube. In a moment after, a man appeared at the door.

"Where are we, William!" said I, in a hurried whisper.

"You will get out here," said the man, in a harsh German voice, and the light shone at the same time on a rough and whiskered visage.

I got out, and as the driver held forth his lamp I discerned the figures of several persons on the carriage and around it upon the ground; but my servant was no where to be seen. The man who had just accosted me, seized me tightly by the arm, and began to draw me toward the back of the vehicle. I saw no possibility of again communicating with my attendant, and my heart died away within me. At that instant the lamp was struck violently from the hand of the driver, and extinguished; and a person hooked my other arm roughly into his, and snorted something in German. In the next moment, an English voice whispered very lowly in my ear, "This castle belongs to Wilstein."

"What name does Harford now bear?" said I rapidly.

"What Harford?" said William, and I remembered that he was not acquainted with his former history.

"The person who came with Wilstein," said I.

"Which one?" said William, in an anxious tone; "there were several."

"O God!" cried I, in agony, as I felt that the precious moments were slipping by in vain, "the cardinal! the cardinal!"

"Cardinal Morli, an Italian."

These words, as well as my last question, were incautiously uttered in so loud a tone that those who stood around, became aware that I was conversing with some one, though I knew that they could not comprehend what we were saying. A man groped his way towards us, and seizing William by the arm, demanded who he was.

William replied in the *patois* of the province, which he had somehow managed to pick up, that he was a peasant who had come to render assistance in conducting the prisoner to the castle. The other instantly jerked him aside, and ordered one of the guard to lead him away. He then took me by the shoulder, and calling to the man who held my other arm to proceed, pressed me rudely forward.

The most important thing which I had to tell to my servant was left unsaid, and as we were rapidly separating from one another, I felt that my existence depended upon my conveying one direction to him, my tongue seemed to be paralysed, and in the dreadful agitation of the moment, I thought that I had forgotten the use of language. Flinging this horrid desperation from me, I affected to struggle with my conductors in order to delay them a moment in the neighborhood of my servant; and then turning to one of them, I cried in English at the top of my voice and in a very angry tone, as if I was railing at him for hurrying me so fast, "William! accuse that cardinal to the police instantly, and throw him into prison. He is no cardinal—he is an Englishman. Get him out of the way at once, in any manner whatever—my life depends upon it. Do you hear me?"

"I do," cried William from a distance, "and you may depend upon it."

"And I hear you, too," said a deep and distinct voice behind me, which pierced to my very soul, like the cold and inexorable tones of destiny itself. I

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needed no lamp to show me that Harford stood beside me.

"Bring that man here," said he, to the person who was leading my servant away. The injunction was instantly obeyed, and we were both surrounded by the whole of the armed guard.

"Lead them in," said Harford, "and place them in adjoining cells."

The large gate of the wall in front of which the carriage had stopped, creaked slowly on its hinges, and we were led forward into the prison yard, and the gate swung-to heavily behind us. The torch of the porter gave light enough to display the massive and sombre front of the castle, which was in the most ponderous style of the early Gothic, and which was rendered doubly gloomy by the long and deep shadows which were cast by its thick shafts and mouldings. The enormous door, which was on a level with the ground, stood open; and the blackness beyond looked darker than the night. At the entrance, the guard withdrew and left us in the hands of four officers of the prison who were standing under the portal. Almost at the edge of the door, there was a descent of several steps, down which we were led. With one echoed clang the great door was closed, and the bolts and bars were fastened. A cold, damp hall extended before us, the termination of which was not disclosed by the light which the jailer carried in front. We presently descended still lower, and turned into a very narrow entry, which struck off to the right. Another descent and another turn led to a wide and elevated hall; and after several more windings, the jailer stopped before a small door, and laying his lamp upon the floor, felt through the huge bunch of keys which he carried in his hand, till he selected one which opened the cell before which he was standing. To this dungeon William was consigned, while the adjoining was opening for me. As I was led into the vault, the momentary light enabled me to see that the cell was of solid stone, without a particle of furniture; the door was then closed, and I was left in solitude and darkness.

In about half an hour the door of my cell was again opened, and the pale and flashing countenance of Harford appeared under the lintel. He leaned against the side of the door, and fixed his calm and steel-bright eye upon me.

"Your execution," said he, in a calm, hard tone, "will take place in half an hour. That the stings of self-accusation may, meanwhile, be sharper, and the vulture gnawings of remorse may tear your heart more achingly, know that prince Wilstein, whom you strove to ruin, has already, by my efforts, made his peace with the emperor; that the entire possessions of the other three nobles will be forfeited, and themselves banished, and that the estate of your benefactor, Rozenburg, will go to prince Wilstein; and that I, for disclosing these intrigues which you have been building up, will be largely rewarded, and enriched by your efforts. By attempting to play the villain, you have destroyed yourself, ruined the kind-hearted friend to whom you were most beholden, and have benefited no one but that hated enemy who now laughs at your calamity, and mocks when fear has come upon you. You will now die with the pleasant consciousness of having been easily outwitted by your direst foe, and the certainty of being unjustly cursed by the beggared Rozenburg as the basest ingrate that ever machinated schemes of selfishness." The speaker paused, and his pale face grew darker with demoniac passion, and his breath came heavier as he folded his arms and leaned forwards against the side of the door, and continued, "Above all, it is inexpressibly gratifying to me that in your treasonable schemes of villany, you have been guilty before God, as well as before the law; and that when the pains of mortal life, and the goadings of mortal conscience are ended, the torments of eternal hell shall gather about your soul. You may hope that the priest who confesses you on the scaffold will give you consolation; that priest," and his voice became a sharp and shrill scream, "will be myself; and if there be power in words, the consolation which I shall whisper in your ear as you lie upon the block, shall tear your soul with the hottest ploughshares of anguish."

When he had finished, he retired from the cell and locked the door after him. "*Cannot* I yet triumph over the malignity of this man?" was the earnest question which I put to myself when he had left me; and the blood boiled within my frame as the hope of conquering my exulting foe rose in my mind. I recurred to the schemes which I had meditated while riding in the carriage, and which seemed to be defeated by the imprisonment of my servant. As I paced my cell in high excitement, there flashed upon my mind a mode in which my delivery might *perhaps* be effected. It was indeed only a chance; the circumstance upon which I founded my plan was but a probability which I had reasoned out from a remark which my servant had made; and the result of availing myself of that circumstance as I intended to do, was still more problematical. Still, though the process by which I deduced a prospect of relief, was complicate and subtle, every step of it seemed to be firm, and as I ran over the matter in my mind, my heart beat high with the confidence of triumph; at all events, this was the most promising course that I could follow, and I resolved to stake all my hopes of safety upon it. It was in less than a quarter of an hour after Harford had left me, that my door was again opened, and an officer summoned me to come out. As I obeyed the order, my heart beat with painful quickness, less from fear than hope. I longed to put to trial the scheme which I had formed.

The turnkey led the way, and we passed through several long galleries and ascended several flights of steps. At length we reached a large door which opened in the wall that terminated one of these corridors. Through this we passed into a large vaulted chamber which bore the air of a place of justice. At the end of the chamber, on a platform, behind a line of desks, were seated five persons. In the centre of a still higher platform, one man was sitting. All were masked in dominos. They constituted a formal court which I had before heard of, into whose presence all persons condemned to death by the emperor

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were brought before execution, sometimes as a mere ceremony, sometimes to be examined as to their knowledge of matters interesting to the state. On one side of the tribunal stood the engine for "the question," and on the other a platform surmounted by a block. By the latter stood the headsman, and a man in the garb of a priest, whom I knew to be Harford. I felt the cold eye of the Englishman upon me, and was conscious that he was gloating on the certainty of my destruction. In that court, in fact, the trial might be considered as one of the steps in the process of execution; for though it was in the prerogative of the superior judge to remand the prisoner for solemn trial in a higher and public court, at any time before sentence of condemnation was regularly entered on the records of that tribunal, that was a power almost never exercised, and certainly not to be looked for in the present case. In front of the judges sat a secretary, with a large volume lying open before him. I was led forward and stationed in advance of his table. He read over the articles of accusation, in which I was charged with inciting rebellion against the emperor, and committing various overt acts of treason. He then turned to the judges, who all sat back in their chairs like images of stone, and demanded if they had any questions to the prisoner. The superior judge leaned forward and wrote a few words, which were handed down to the secretary, and then resumed his statuesque position.

The secretary glanced his eye over the paper, and turning towards me, said, "You are required to declare with whom the idea of this rebellion originated."

"It was the suggestion," said I, in a firm tone of voice, and, as I spoke, I riveted my eyes upon the superior judge, "it was the suggestion of an Englishman, who has been long known to me as one of the most abandoned of men; an adventurer and an impostor, who has perjured himself and profaned the holy church by falsely assuming the title of cardinal Morli. He communicated the plan to prince Wilstein, by whom it was promoted."

There was an involuntary start made by every member of the assembly, except the superior judge. From the moment that I began to speak, I observed him "e'en with the very comment of my soul," but not the slightest agitation was visible in his figure; he sat as motionless as if he had been hewn out of granite. The persons on the lower platform began to whisper to one another, and I heard the word "question" pronounced by several: they then looked up towards the president to see what course he would pursue. He still sat unmoved.

"Have the honorable judges any other interrogatories to propose?" said the secretary after a few moments. A profound pause ensued.

"Has the prisoner any thing farther to declare?"

"Nothing," said I, and a longer pause followed. I fixed my eye upon the president of the court with inexpressible anxiety, for I felt that on the issue of the next minute my life depended. As the winged instants flew by, and he still sat without the demonstration which I expected, my hope failed within me, and I gave myself up for lost.

The silence was presently broken by the voice of the secretary.

"Has the prisoner any thing to object to the sentence of death?"

My glance wandered away from the officer on whom it had been fastened so keenly, in the faint heart-sickness of hope, wearied down to despair. The last expectation of escape seemed destroyed; and as I took home to myself for the first time the consciousness that death was inevitable, and awfully near, a feeling of unutterable agony crept through my frame.

"Sentence of death is accordingly pronounced upon the prisoner," said the secretary; and he took up his pen to give the decree the irreversible force of law by enrolling it in the records of the council.

The president judge arose. "I remand the prisoner for public trial: let him be conducted to his cell."

"Upon the eye! upon the very eye!" was my inward exclamation of joy and exultation. "At last the galled jade has winced."

The secretary looked round with astonishment, and the members of the inferior tribunal whispered anxiously together for a few moments. One of them then arose and addressed himself to the superior.

"Has the president considered how trivial and unworthy of consideration are the words which have fallen from the prisoner? and how peremptory is the order of the emperor that instant execution should be done on him?"

"Is the power which I have exerted denied?" said the other, in an angry tone; "let the prisoner be led out at once;" and he waved imperiously with his hand, and came down from the tribunal.

The officer who had brought me into the council took me immediately from the room. I entered my dungeon with far different feelings from those with which I had first gone into it. "Knowledge," said I to myself, in the excitement of delight, "is indeed power; and intellect is power. Thus far my guessings have been true; and my reasoning on the workings of the subtlest mind in Germany have been correct. If the rest of my calculation is as right, I shall soon be breathing the free upper air."

I was sitting down in the corner of the room meditating upon the events which had occurred, when I suddenly heard the noise as of a door swinging open into my cell, on the side opposite to the regular entrance. Immediately after, there was audible the footstep of a man stepping down upon the floor of the cell, and closing the door behind him. In the next moment, the screen of a dark lantern was shoved back, and I beheld the masked figure of one of the judges of the council which I had recently left.

"The honor and purity of the holy church," said the stranger, in a voice palpably feigned, "is so dear to the council of justice, that that assembly has been adjourned in order to inquire the truth of the charges which you have made against cardinal Morli. I have therefore come, by the direction of that tribunal, to learn if you know any thing in his character reflecting discredit on his profession."

"Lying knave!" cried I, "you have come on your own account, to inquire if I knew any thing which

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impeached his veracity so much as to invalidate the testimony from him by which you were delivered from the vengeance of the emperor. Prince Wilstein," I continued, laying my hand on his shoulder, "let us have no more of this mummery; throw off this foolish disguise both of body and mind, and let us converse like men of the world, of whom each is anxious to understand the other, and to benefit himself."

In order that the reader may understand the plan by which I had undertaken to deliver myself before the council of justice, which explanation the rapidity of the previous narrative prevented my giving at the time, I will briefly state the circumstances on which I relied, and the mode in which I proposed to employ them.

My servant, William, had stated to me that this prison belonged to prince Wilstein. I knew that there were several such Bastiles throughout the German kingdoms, belonging mediately to the emperor, but directly governed by the potentates in whose dominions they happened to be. I had farther learned that it was an invariable custom for each prince to preside at the secret capital trials which took place in the castle which stood within his domain. When, therefore, Harford had mentioned that prince Wilstein had been fully restored to the favor of the emperor, it became almost a matter of certainty that he would be present at my own examination. Recurring to the course of conduct which had suggested itself to me while I was driven towards the prison, I saw that my greatest safety consisted in making prince Wilstein dependent upon me for some service or benefit connected with his own reputation with the emperor. To charge the prince himself with having set on foot these rebellious schemes would still leave him capable of being cleared by the testimony of Harford. But if I could destroy the character of the latter, and at the same time blemish the prince by an unfavorable suggestion, I should be throwing down the only support of his reputation, and, at the same time, be increasing the necessity for such aid. The declaration which I afterwards made to the council presented itself as a convenient charge for these purposes; and it remained to inquire what would probably be the reasoning and the action of Wilstein in this interesting predicament. The evidence of persons executed was always very accurately reported to the emperor; and it would at once occur to the prince that the averments made by me were statements which his master could verify with very little trouble. In fact, they respected matters so easily investigated—the country and actual name of a conspicuous person—that if they were true, the mere suggestion of them would infallibly lead to detection. The prince, as a sagacious man, would desire to have some farther evidence in his favor, in case the exposure of cardinal Morli deprived him of the good name which his testimony had given him; and this was only to be obtained from me. The best course then for Wilstein to pursue, would be to adjourn the council and employ the time which intervened before the public trial, in endeavoring to procure from me some satisfactory expression of his innocence. So far I had calculated justly on his manner of proceeding; and when a person in disguise entered my cell, I had no difficulty in concluding that my visiter was prince Wilstein.

When I had finished speaking, as I have narrated above, the stranger paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then threw off his domino. His countenance was grave and dignified, and gave no evidence of either disorder or shame.

"You say true, perhaps," he remarked presently, almost to himself, "but you say it roughly. It seems to be the manner of your nation."

"An unpolished manner," said I, "is the natural index of an unstudied purpose; and your highness will perhaps pardon the roughness of the one for the honesty of the other."

"Nay, nay," said the sagacious politician, glancing his sharp eye round upon me; "a rough bark may well hide a rotten trunk; and a bear-skin coat may cover a courtier. A rude manner is oftener the cloak of craft than the companion of sincerity."

"Prince," said I, "I am fully acquainted with the purpose which has brought you here, and a lengthened discussion may perhaps ensue between us. Will not this extensive castle afford a more comfortable apartment than this for the deliberations of its master?"

The prince took from his pocket a golden key, which from its innumerable wards appeared to be the master-key of the castle, and opening the outer door of the cell, desired me to follow him. After walking a little distance along the passage, he unlocked another door which disclosed a narrow flight of steps. By these steps, which seemed to be interminably long, we reached a large and spacious hall, the glazed and unguarded windows of which indicated that we had escaped alike from below the earth and from the department of prisons. I then comprehended the construction of this vast and ingenious castle. The whole of that part of the building which was above the ground, constituted a regular feudal castle, the entrance to which was the front opposite to that which looked towards the river, which led to the dungeons below the surface of the earth. This structure, which in former ages, had doubtless been a fearfully convenient residence to a long race of warrior chiefs, was never at present regularly or wholly occupied by prince Wilstein.

From the hall we passed into an apartment well lighted and furnished, and having the particularly acceptable circumstance of a blazing fire in the end of it.

The prince seated himself at a table near the fire, and I placed myself on a chair opposite to him.

"You remember," said he, with an artless air, "the paper which I left in your hands before consenting to meet the nobles, and which contained a statement of the motives which induced me to lend my countenance to the scheme; it is now the time for the production of that document. Do you happen to have it about your person?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried I, in a tone of easy insolence, and fixing my eyes upon him with an air of banter. "*Does* your highness think that I have kept that paper? what interest had I, pray, to preserve the evi-

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dence of *your* innocence! I know not what I have done that you should impute to me a behavior so ineffably simple. Prince!" said I, in a severer tone. "I have been bred in the same school that you have, but I have learned my lesson more thoroughly. Know, that from the first moment that we met, until now, you have been the bubble of your own craft and the dupe of my convenience."

Not to excite passion unnecessarily is a maxim of general prudence, which those who have had most experience of the world will the most cordially assent to; for there is no passion so intense, so dark, and so dangerous to deal with as resentment. In the present case, however, I knew that Wilstein was

> One to whose smooth-rubbed soul could cling
> Nor form nor feeling, great nor small;

that he was a man of that eel like limberness of spirit, that the idea of being irritated would never enter his mind, provided, therefore, I could bully him and make him afraid of me, I cared not how stinging my language might be.

"In the country in which I was born," said I, drawing my chair closely up to him, "persons are in the habit of speaking to one another very plainly. With your permission, we will do so on this occasion. It is manifest, then, that you are wholly in my power, and that I am wholly in yours;" to the last proposition the prince nodded assent; "I have already said enough to destroy the character of this cardinal Morli, for what I have said is true; and there are those, prince, beyond these walls, who will at once follow up the investigation of the matter before the emperor to conviction. The antagonist power which each of us possesses over the other may be exerted to the destruction of both, or the benefit of both; there is no other alternative, for any injury done to me, will, *ipso facto*, ruin you. The most reasonable method, then, to cancel the dependence which each has upon the other, is for you to liberate me and my servant, and for me to give you a memorandum similar to the one which you originally deposited with me. You may draw up that memorandum in whatever form you please."

The prince sat a few moments in thought, and then drew a sheet of paper towards him in silence, and began to write. Seeing the necessity of obtaining all the advantage which I was to get, before signing the prince's certificate, I said, "Perhaps you will allow me to direct that my servant be liberated at once, and horses provided for us by one of your attendants."

"I will give the order, myself," said the treacherous hypocrite with a most affable smile.

"Do not take that trouble, for the world," cried I, and I sprang forward and struck the gong with the quickness of light. A servant instantly appeared from one of the inner rooms. "His highness desires," said I to him, "that the person who last night came into this castle with me, may be conducted to this room, and that two saddled horses be stationed immediately at the gate of the building."

The man retired, and I sat down to write a couple of statements which I intended the prince should sign. In one of these he was made to declare my perfect innocence from every treasonable design, and his assured knowledge that I was the tool of others, and was ignorant of the purpose for which the nobles met. The other paper was merely an order to the jailor to liberate my servant and myself instantly upon the presentation of that writing. This I thought it important to have, lest having obtained his own benefit and purpose, the prince might attempt to prevent my leaving the castle. I handed the two articles to him, and he gave the paper which he had written. It amounted to no more than the document which he had at first given to me, and contained nothing which I did not believe to be true. I signed it at once and extended it towards the prince, but held it in my grasp until by glancing my eye keenly at the signatures on the paper which he stretched forth in exchange, I had satisfied myself that they were correct; I then laid my hand upon my own papers, and at the same time relinquished my hold upon his. Such were the generous courtesies which passed between an English gentleman and a German prince. Vice is always vulgar; there is no heraldry of falsehood or deceit.

My servant in a few moments appeared, and I rose to take leave of prince Wilstein. Well knowing the bottomless treachery and heartless cruelty of the hoary diplomatist, I felt afraid that the moment that we had left his presence he would order his attendants to seize us before we could mount our horses. I therefore asked him some question respecting the direction of the roads, and when he found some difficulty in explaining their course to me, I begged him to show me from the steps what he meant, and taking his arm in mine, drew him with an amicable force, into the hall, and onward to the very gate, talking vehemently myself all the way to prevent his uttering any objection to the compulsion which I put upon him. As I laid my hand upon the bridle of one of the horses and directed the attendant to let go, I turned to prince Wilstein, and made my compliments to him with an air of unusual sincerity and feeling. I thanked him cordially for his kindness, and assured him that I should always think myself bound to do him all the services which came within my power; this I did, partly willing to gain his friendship so far as the cheap sacrifice of words could do it, and partly to engage his attention while I sprang into the saddle.

We rode leisurely till we were out of sight of the castle, and then striking into the great road to Vienna, we spurred our horses and galloped rapidly forward.

CHAPTER VI.

The cause must sanctify the course. Through mirk and vapors the clear arrow finds its target.—*Schiller.*

THE cold, pale gray of the first dawning hour was beginning to mark the east before I slackened the urgent pace at which we had been riding. We had left the castle several miles behind, and now being beyond the fear of pursuit, I checked my horse that I

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might ponder more calmly on the course which I was to undertake.

About ten hours had elapsed since the light which was now rising over the hills had left the earth; in that time, what mighty events had happened! A failure and a triumph! but was it indeed a triumph? My person was safe—but, was my honor? Of all that I had endured, the reflection of the injury which I had been the means of inflicting on the generous and unsuspecting Rozenburg, had been the most bitter; and skilful in the secrets of mental torture had been that cool inquisitor who had selected that consideration to fret my spirit with his cruel taunts. The efforts which I had made to free myself from the dungeons of Wilstein, had been hurried on more by a determination to disappoint the revenge of Harford than by a love of life. That victory being gained, I felt that I would be infinitely dishonored and base if I did not sacrifice every thing to rescue my noble friend. By what method to accomplish that I knew not, but I felt resolute to forget all personal interests and abandon every thing to the hope of delivering him. I at once set my ingenuity to work to contrive some plan of accomplishing this end. The fatigue of mind which the severely-tasking labors of the preceding night had caused, rendered me almost incapable of framing a single thought; and the exquisite relief which a total cessation from mental exertion, convinced me that to the lord of thought as well as to the slave of passion there is no wish more natural than the gisour's, "I ask no paradise but rest." I knew, however, that there was but one more plan to be conceived and executed, and whatever pain it might cost me, I determined not to be wanting to that. I strung up my resolution to the highest pitch, and summoned the whole force of my intellect.

The only witness which stood forth to criminate the duke of Rozenburg or any other of the confederate nobles, was the treaty of alliance which had just been executed when the soldiers of the emperor entered the hall. If that could be destroyed, all parties would be clear. Doubtless it was now in the possession of the emperor; and I had learned in the course of conversation with Rozenburg that all documents of that description were deposited in an office for public documents in the imperial palace. The scheme which suggested itself to me was a desperate one; no other than to discover that office, and possess myself of the important parchment. Such a conception at the first view presented innumerable difficulties, and in a calmer mood I should not have given such an idea a momentary consideration. But my mind was at this time highly excited, and daring and danger were familiar to my thoughts; it seemed to me that one who possessed the eye of an eagle and the nerves of a man of steel, *might*, by throwing himself boldly and resolutely into the undertaking, succeed in his purpose; and that possibility was enough for me.

We reached Vienna late in the afternoon, and took lodgings at one of the hotels. It seemed to me as I thought of the enterprise which was before me, that in all probability I should perish in the labor. I therefore dismissed my servant and gave him money for his journey to England. I then sat down and wrote a letter to the duke of Rozenburg, explaining to him the history of the letter to Wilstein, which Harford had shown to him, and stating the effort for his safety which I was preparing to make. Having finished this, and arranged all my other affairs with reference to my probable loss of life, I left the hotel and set out in the direction of the palace.

Falling into conversation with a retainer at the gate of the imperial mansion, I learned in which chamber the public papers and writings were kept. It was in a remote wing of the building, and an officer always slept in the room. There happened to be a drawing-room at the palace that evening, and as various parties arrived and went away, I saw that nothing would be easier than for me to enter and conceal myself in some part of the hall, till the inmates of the building had retired to bed. I paused for a moment to ponder on the expediency of undertaking the scheme; but I had firmly resolved that nothing should make me shrink from any thing that held out a probability of success; and, nerving myself with the hardihood of desperation, I waited for a convenient moment, and glided into the hall, and hid myself behind the folds of a long and sweeping curtain. In this position I remained for several hours, feeling no touch of fear, but a sense of deep humiliation at the unworthy and degrading position which I had assumed. At length the company dispersed, the great door was closed, and the menials left the hall. I retained my place until I presumed that all the occupants of the palace were asleep. I then came from behind my shield, and walked noiselessly in the direction of the chamber which I sought for. I passed through several deserted rooms until I came to one, through the keyhole of which a light was visible. Placing my ear close to the door, I distinguished the sound of persons engaged in playing dominos. I drew back and waited till the noise had ceased, and the light was no longer to be seen: I then concluded that the gamesters had withdrawn and placing my hand upon the door, it yielded and swung partially open.

"Who is there?" cried a voice within.

I remained motionless.

"Damn the wind!" said the man; "it keeps blowing the doors open every minute." And he rose and slammed it to, and then left the apartment through another door.

As I feared that I might find others likewise awake if I continued my course immediately, I stood where I was for the space of nearly an hour, and then resumed my progress. I passed through two or three large and splendid apartments which seemed just deserted by the courtly revellers. The flickering coals upon the hearth sent uncertain glimpses of brightness through the room, sometimes scarcely visible, and sometimes blazing up with a brilliance that startled me with the idea that a candle was in the room; by the aid of this I made my way cautiously through the scene.

I came presently upon a staircase which appeared to lead into what I supposed was the vicinity of the apartment which I was in search of. I ascended it,

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and passed along an entry in which it terminated. I was now among the sleeping-rooms, and infinite caution was necessary to prevent any noise being made. The slightest might rouse some of the occupants of the chambers adjoining. As I went along slowly and with the lightest tread that was possible, the floor seemed to creak and snap under my step as I had never before heard it do under the heaviest foot. I felt almost certain that the roar would awake some one, for to my excited senses, the boards seemed to crack with the loudness of thunder. At length I accomplished the passage of more than half the entry, and had arrived at what I supposed must be the position of the sought-for chamber. The passage through which I had been voyaging was quite dark, and it for the first time flashed upon my mind that I had no means of recognising the apartment of which I was in search I made my way back as quietly as I could, descended into the dining-room and secured a candle, which I lighted by the great lamp in the hall, and returned over the perilous road which I had before trod in vain. To my great delight, I read by the light of the candle the wished for title on one of the panels of an adjacent room. I extinguished the candle, and gently turned the knob of the door; it was locked; of course there was some one within. In painful perplexity I paced the floor several times, unconscious of what I did. I leaned upon the side of the window and looked out in uneasy hopelessness of heart. As my eye fell upon the distant sky, I thought that I saw the fatal streaks of the onward and resistless day. Half-mad with distraction of doubt and anxiety, I stepped forward and knocked at the door of the chamber, determined to try the last desperate suggestion which my ingenuity could supply. After repeated knockings, I was answered from within.

"His imperial majesty," said I, in a mechanical tone, "has summoned a council of state, on important business, and desires at once to see the officer of the rolls."

I then retired some distance up the entry, and concealed myself behind a large pillar. In a few minutes a person came out of the room, and went in the direction from which I had come. As soon as he was out of hearing, I came from my concealment and rushed into the chamber. I was just dashing at a pile of papers on a shelf in one corner of the room, when I discovered a person lying upon a sofa on the other side of the apartment. I could have cried with vexation at this new mishap. I stood a moment to see if he moved, but finding him asleep, I crept towards the place where the document which I was in search of was most likely to be found. I was certain of recognising it by a tri-colored riband which I had laced through the top of it. To my unutterable joy, I beheld the precious instrument on the very summit of a pile which lay upon a large table. I seized it, and having assured myself that there existed no mistake as to the identity of the papers, in a moment it was roaring in the great stove which warmed the apartment. I waited till I beheld the last relic of it turned to cinders, and then prepared to leave the room and the palace as I had come in. As I was in the middle of the floor, in my way to the entry, I glanced my eye towards the sofa. The man was sitting up on it, staring directly at me: he had been awakened by the noise of closing the door of the stove. At the same moment I heard the footsteps of the officer coming along the entry.

To spring to the door and lock it, and to seize the man within the room by the throat before he could utter an alarm, were the efforts of an instant. I drew a dagger with which I had provided myself, and held it with my other hand to the back of his neck.

"If you struggle or make the slightest noise," said I, "you are a dead man. If you follow me quietly, you shall not be hurt."

Keeping my grasp upon his throat, I led him hastily to a door on the other side of the room. I knew that there was an entrance to the palace gardens on that quarter of the building, and if I could prevent the escape of the man to give the alarm, and reach the ground before the officer could gain admission to the room, I was pretty certain of effecting my escape. The apartments through which we passed were fortunately vacant, and I hurried with my prisoner along with breathless haste. In spite of the imminent peril in which I was, there was something irresistibly comic in the idea of dragging a man after me, or rather pushing him before me, to prevent his doing me any injury. I gained at length the lower hall of the wing. The garden-door was locked and the key absent. I sprang from the window, flew through the grounds, and scaled the wall, with the rapidity of lightning. I knew that my hotel would not be open at that early hour, and I accordingly turned into an adjacent alley and threaded my way through a variety of obscure streets, intending to wander through the city till the day had dawned.

I reached the hotel at sunrise, and ordered my horse to be instantly saddled. I went to my chamber and wrote another letter to the duke of Rozenburg in the room of that which I had prepared the night before. Without entering into detail, I stated the fact that the deed which fixed upon him the weight of treason was no longer in existence; and I expressed a hope that having dispelled the danger which my imprudence had brought upon him, would relieve me in his mind from any injurious reflections. I then explained the motives which had influenced the course which I had adopted while with him, and with many sincere expressions of gratitude, took my leave of him. When this was finished, I drew up a memorial to the emperor, in which I assumed to myself all the guilt of the scheme which he had detected, and declared the entire innocence of the nobles whom he had arrested.

These letters I delivered with appropriate directions to the servant of the inn, and mounting my horse in the first yellow rays of the sun, turned my back for ever on the busy city of Vienna.

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CHAPTER VII.

The morn is on the mountains,
And the breeze is in the sky;
And like the sound of fountains
Wave the rustling leaves on high.

Through the dim, night-wasted air,
The white river of the day,
Like a tide of waters fair,
Makes its fresh and gladdening way.

Crawford.

NEVER did the air play about my temples with a ore delicious softness, than as I cantered uncovered ong the fine avenue of lindens that stretches for veral miles along the road as you issue from the uthern gate of the bright capital of Austria. Never d my blood beat with a richer fulness or more triuphant spirit. As I looked back over the events of e last few days, a deep beat of exultation vibrated rough my soul. Some of the rarest and highest easures which it is possible for man to enjoy were ine. The irrepressible pride of Manfred, when the ight of his human will drove back the baffled fiends, as mine, with greater fervor; for while the magic a spell had given force to his words of scorn, the nassisted energy of intellect had wrought my deliverice. I had vanquished Harford by the might of ind. I had met the schemes which he had matured darkness and deceit, and had scattered them to the ind. I had calmly parried the stroke of his venance, and the shock of failure had even endangered s own safety. As I thus tasted the keen delight of nappointing an enemy of his eager vengeance, I had ewise the more generous consciousness of having ade a splendid sacrifice for friendship. The swelling easure, howbeit, on the whole, unworthy, which the ood man feels in a cold resilience from the proffered anks of those whom he has largely served, and in ampling on the sentiment whose force has urged him high acts of valor, was mine. I had perilled every ing for Rozenburg, and had even scorned to tell him f the danger; I had delivered them and myself from e toils of instant ruin; and the thought made my heek glow with triumph; "alone, I did it." These, nd a thousand other considerations glanced through y mind and stirred my feelings with a tumult of lofty elights. "Hope elevated and joy brightened my rest."

Th forms of nature seemed also to be radiant with eculiar loveliness. On high, the breeze was fretting e light clouds into beauty; and around, the crystal ew-drops were feathering the hills with a down of lory. Never seemed to me the air so orient with aterblended gleams of paradisal brightness as on this almy morning. The commonest objects seemed to e intensely beautiful; and my spirit fed upon the plendor of the fashion of them as if it had been anna. I cannot paint the ravishment that atmosphered my soul.

Galloping still onward, in an uncertain tumult of delight, my mind was creating food for itself by building high visions of enterprise and eminence. A thousand schemes of ambition, in which I would embark, rose up before my sight. My sensibility and excitement increased every moment; and I found it impossible to pause. At noon I was riding on with increased animation. The day was hot and cloudless, but with my bare head exposed to the ardent rays I still urged my course along. At length, I became unable to distinguish the features of the landscape; every thing seemed to grow lurid and waste. The air appeared to be on fire, and thin flame to be compassing all the scene. I spurred my horse vehemently to escape from the suffocating heat. At that moment, a ball of fire seemed to dart from the sun directly into my brain. In the next instant all was darkness.

What followed, in the trance of insensibility and the forgotten madness of delirium, I know not. When my recollection returned, I was conscious that I was lying in bed in some strange place, attended by kind persons, and surrounded by quietness and solitude. I had no energy to move or to speak, or to vary the changeless current of dreamy existence by a thought or a memory. The days, I knew, were coming and going, and a beautiful phantasm ever and anon drew aside the curtains and bent over me, but I could not look at her, nor did her presence rouse any emotion. I seemed to feel, and see, and hear, as through a dim and thick glass.

Weeks passed by in this condition of life in death, when suddenly the film was removed from my being, and full and perfect consciousness returned. It was towards the close of a mild afternoon, and the rich, yellow sunset's sleepy light was streaming through the room. A deep and delightful calm was upon my spirit, and the repose of profoundest peace lay upon my heart. I raised the folds of the curtain and looked out into the apartment. Kneeling before a picture of the Virgin, that hung in the recess of the window, silent in the breathless ecstasy of adoration, was a young and beautiful girl. Her eye of lambent fire was fixed in the rapt calmness of unutterable love, and her lip was compressed and motionless. As the mellow light of the departing day fell with a flush of glory on her cheek, and bathed her glossy hair in brightness, a more enchanting picture never visited the painter's musings. I leaned upon the pillow and gazed upon her, and wished that that moment might never pass away.

In a few minutes she rose and walked towards my couch. When she saw that I was restored to consciousness, and that my eye had recovered its expression of life, a faint glow of surprise and pleasure flashed through her face.

"How do you find yourself?" said she, in a voice of exquisite softness, and gazing in my countenance with deep interest.

"Well! very well!" said I, and the feebleness of my tone just showed me how weak I was. I took her hand in mine; "And you have watched me, and been kind to me! I thought that I was in my father's house, and the spirit of my sister visited my couch."

I placed her hand upon my heart, and a tranquil pleasure shrouded my spirit.

[To be continued.]

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THE PANTHEON.

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars, Mercurius, Neptunus, Jupiter, Vulcanus, Apollo.—*Eunius.*

No. 1.

JUPITER BRONTETES.

Ab Jove principium Musæ: Jovis omnia plena.—*Virgilius.*

Τοιον εχων υπουρανον αιπεινοις εν χερσιν
Αμφικα πυροεντα και ξωντα χερσαιον
Του γαρ υπο πληγης φυσεως παντ, εφριγαεν.

ΚΑΕΑΝΘΗΣ.

High on the golden summit of a mound,
Whose adamantine rocks environ round
The eastern heaven with blazing parapet,
The awful synod of the gods was met:
O'er cheeks immortal—mortal paleness spread,
And expectation stood aghast with dread,
While robed in majesty, unmoved, alone,
In conscious power reclin'd the Thunderer on his throne.

Beneath, the giant sons of earth, with tread
Majestic, shook the valley's startled bed,
And mingling all their hosts, at length disclosed
The marshalled ranks in dread array disposed;
Fierce as the whirlwind sweeps in fury by,
Their shout of mad defiance rent the sky;
And wild as mountain oaks, by tempest riven,
Each raised his brawny brows and tossed his arms to heaven.

With dread consent the disembattled bands
Round Ossa fold their long and brawny hands;
And as they urge their giant force amain,
The writhing mountain groans with very pain,
Till from its deep foundation torn, with shock
That crushed its mighty ribs of solid rock,
Up Pelion heaved, upon its top it stood,
With all its craggy rocks and all its wealth of wood.

Elate with hope and flushed with wrath and pride,
They clambered up the mountain's rugged side,
And ranged upon its awful steep, prepare
On heaven to pour their magazines of war:
His arrows, Typhon—Mimas, rocks uprent,—
Enceladus, whole blazing forests sent;
While from their bases torn, Porphyrion hurled
Vast hills like fragments of a late disruptured world.

Fierce raged the din of war: in echoing shock
Trunk shivered trunk, and rock was crashed on rock;
Huge blazing trees shed down their boughs like rain,
In storm of fire that deluged all the plain,
And robed in flames and clouds of gloomy dread,
O'er heaven's vast realm wide wasting ruin spread;
Yet from the bosses of Jove's mighty shield,
Fell harmless all the blazing horrors of the field.

Then waking all his wrath, th' Olympian sire
Shook his dread hair and bent his brows in ire,
Seized the red bolt, and through the rock-ribbed mound
Drove fiercely, strewing all the fragments round;
And quaking rock and quivering mountain fell
Where gnawed by fire the Ætnean brothers fell,
Olympus trembled at the shock, and main,
And earth, and startled hell gave back the sound again.

ENDYMION.

No. 2.

VENUS APHRODITE.

Orta solo, susceptа solo, patre edita coelo.—*Auronius.*

ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΘΡΟΝ, αθανατ, Αφρεδιτα,
Παι Δεος, δολοπλοχε.

ΣΑΠΦΩ.

The chariot of Aurora now had rolled
In burning beauty from the reddening sea,
And parted was the tissue veil of gold
Enshrouding earth within its drapery;
Smiles lit the ocean waves, the stream, the grove,
The rugged mountain peaks; and harmony,
Awakening around, beneath, above,
With voice of music hailed the heavenly queen of love.

Amid the light and gossamer form, the world
Of waters gathered, as it rose and fell
Like beauty's heaving bosom, slowly curled
From out the depths a rosy-colored shell,
That tinged the waters with the blush it wore;
As with a merry chime, in fluctuant swell,
Afar to Paphos' golded sanded shore,
The ocean's richest pearl in glittering bark they bore

There in her rosy car of shell, reclined
The ocean-born with brow and eyes of light—
The dew-gemmed tresses flaunting on the wind,
Her naked beauties shading from the sight,
That else with pain the senses had oppressed;
While in her smile th' enamoured waves grew bright,
And the cool airs around her cheek and breast
Grew warm, and by their blush the Deity confessed.

And on that crescent bark's transparent prow,
Sat Cupid waving his bright purple wings,
To cool the fervor of his mistress' brow;
And while the keel through sparkling water springs,
The lovely Graces, with their zones unbound,
And the Nereides, in living rings
Of beauty, did the goddess circle round,
To whose imperial sway creation was the bound.

ENDYMION.

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PAGES FROM

THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. II.

THE COUNTERFEITER.

"There's nought so monstrous, but the mind of man,
In some conditions, may be brought t' approve.
Theft, sacrilege, treason and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named."
Lille's Fatal Curiosity.

It is a sorrowful fact, that in this country, as in England, the system of roguery and public depredation has arrived to a state of perfection that renders it, in its various branches and classifications, as regular and methodical as almost any one of the various occupations to which mankind, in civilized communities, are devoted.

As in the law, there is the barrister and the sergeant, the advocate and the counsellor, the clerk and the conveyancer; or in medicine, the apothecary and the prescribing physician, the Thompsonian and the Morrissonian, the homœpathist and the regular faculty, the surgeon and the dentist,—so in the prosecution of crime, there is a distinct branch of the community, known to the police, in all the principal cities of our union, who pursue their course of depredation with a system and individuality of department, that is as peculiar for its boldness and method, as it is appalling to the progress of civil and moral reform.

The veteran officer of the police, when the intelligence of a recent crime is made known to him, seeks first to ascertain precisely in what form the injury has been committed, and then refers to his catalogue of names of those who are devoted to that particular branch of offences, to fix his suspicions, and to predicate his scrutiny. His correspondence informs him when any name upon his list in any department, is suspended, by temporary removal from the scenes of action, by virtue of the *pulling* of its owner, and if intelligence is given to him of the propinquity of any of the *genus*, who belong to the character of the offence that has been committed, by directing his energies upon them, and ferreting them closely, he seldom fails to make some discovery that brings him near to his ultimate object.

In crime, there is the bank robber and the housebreaker, the highwayman and the pickpocket, the wholesale forger and the retailing publisher, and other varieties, as separate, independent, and distinct in their various branches as the members of any two different occupations or professions to which honest men are educated and devoted. It has afforded me, occasionally, no little amusement to observe the indignancy with which the practitioner in one of the higher branches of crime receives the intelligence that he has been accused of an offence *out of his line*, and I have often smiled to hear the reply to the allegation, when a forger has been accused of picking the pocket of a neighbor, or a housebreaker or burglar has been arrested for passsing counterfeit money, that "the police might have known him better than to believe that he would have been guilty of such an act." Such however is the prevalence of that strong characteristic of human nature—the pride of aristocracy.

Thomas Brown, at one time a notorious forger and counterfeiter, was one of the proudest and most aristocratic of his kind, I have ever been made professionally acquainted with. His personal appearance gave him many advantages over the rest of his species, and his natural intelligence, improved by early education, and a former association with a highly respectable class in the community, well fitted him for a distinguished career of vice. No man of his age, perhaps, had as much experience in the servitude of the law, and the regimen of prisons throughout the United States, as Brown. He freely discoursed upon the advantages and disadvantages of the prison discipline of the several States, and often ventured his strictures and suggestions with a sincerity and earnestness, that would have induced a stranger to have believed him a disinterested philanthropist, solely bent upon the moral amelioration of his unfortunate and deluded fellow beings.

After his discharge from two years' confinement in the State Prison, at Cherry Hill, I recollect to have asked his opinion of solitary confinement as a means of punishment and reform. In reply, with much *sang froid*, he gave his approval of the treatment, especially as it relieved the criminal from the necessity of associating with every one who had occasion to become a temporary inmate with him, but repudiated to derision the idea of the architect in believing that he had accomplished the fulness of solitary confinement in his closest cell in the plan of his erection. "If," said he, "you want a man to be entirely solitary, why build your cells square, as they are? If I grow

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tired of looking at the plain blank wall that laterally surrounds me, I have a beautiful prospect and relief in turning my eyes upon the rich variety that is offered to the mind in beholding the angles formed by the corners of my apartment. Build your cells round if you want their inmates to be solitary."

Some of the leading incidents in Brown's life, as imparted to me by him, I have deemed worthy a record. As there is always something romantic in the dawn of every career of virtuous or vicious distinction, so was there in that of the notorious counterfeiter. Educated for a highly respectable sphere of life, and fitted in personal exterior for some accomplishment in society, Brown had no plea of pinching penury, or refuge from the gripe of impending want, to palliate his secession from the paths of honesty. But there was a more than ordinary inducement—a great object that first led him from the text of his ancestry. In early life he had become deeply enamored of a lovely and confiding girl of very tender years, whose parents had evinced a most decided opposition to all communication or intimacy between him and their only child.

To avoid him, and to obviate an attachment which they perceived was rapidly becoming mutual, Rosa was sent to a distant relative, to form new associations and to become estranged to the predilections of her home.

Some time elapsed before his resolve was made to follow her. The conclusion, however, was made, and with a determined spirit, Brown so arranged his business as to beguile the direction and object of his travel, and to excite no suspicion in the breasts of the parents or his friends. A few days placed him at the side of Rosa. Here beholding, in all the freshness of young beauty, the object of his love, only more ripened by the lapse of time, and rendered more interesting from the apprehension of having lost her, he made himself known with a resolution to accomplish his purpose, and to secure his prize before the intervention of assidous opposition could reach him. He practised his first deceit upon Rosa, by telling her he had come, with the consent of her parents, to return with her to them as man and wife.

Rosa loved him, but the surprise was too great for her heart so readily to realise. She had left her parents, with the last breath at parting impregnated with filial obedience, and knew the cause of her exile from her home. How to account for so sudden and so happy a change, she was unable, and while she gave token of the joy which such intelligence had given her, she yet claimed the privilege of so much caution, and the relief of so much assurance as she could obtain by a formal communication with her parents. That she should address them by letter immediately, and learn from the hand of her father the confirmation of what had been represented to her, was readily agreed to. She accordingly addressed her parents, expressing her happiness at the alteration of their spirit towards the object of her early attachment, and requesting their formal approval of the denouement she was in heart so easily prepared for.

This letter was written, and, she believed, speedily despatched to them. But the vigilance of Brown had intercepted this communication. After the lapse of the necessary time, an answer was received, and all the representations of her lover were attested by the hand of her father, which was as familiar to her as her own. The requisite preparations were speedily made, and, amid the congratulations of surrounding friends, the happy pair were united in the holy tie. The next day they set out for a tour to the fashionable resorts, which the season had thronged with the gay and light hearted; and Rosa, losing sight of the world around her, seemed to live only in the hopes and happiness of her union.

In the mean time, Brown's resources had failed him, and he knew no way to replenish them without giving at home the intelligence of his location. A friend of the father of his wife lived in the neighbourhood of ——— Springs, where he was then staying. To him he made himself known, introduced his wife, and exhibiting a letter of credit, given in case of emergency, succeeded without difficulty, in borrowing a sum large enough to answer his purposes for some time, upon the credit of the father. It soon became necessary, to avoid the danger of discovery, to remove from this quarter to some place of greater retirement. Brown, with his wife, next proceeded to B———. In the interim, however, the intelligence of the marriage had reached the parents of Rosa, and her father, distracted almost to madness, had started in pursuit of the fugitive pair. From the place of his daughter's exile, where he learned the imposition that had been practised upon his unsuspecting child, he pursued them through a course of fashionable and extravagant gaiety to the last place of their public announcement. Here he received from the hand of his friend, the acknowledgment of the son, for a sum of money of considerable amount, paid, in case of necessity, at his written request, and upon his credit. If despair could add another pang to the phrenzy of the parent, the father had it here. His suspicions of the character of the man that had cheated him of his child, were now realized; and to the unwilling separation of the idol of his heart, was added the fearful apprehension of irretrievable infamy and shame. Beyond this, his search was fruitless; and in the agony of his bereavement, he returned to the solitude of his home, to commune in cheerless dejection with the partner of his misery and deprivation.

A year elapsed, and brought no tidings of Rosa to her parents. On a dreary day in the succeeding winter, a miserable female stood at the door of the hospitable mansion of the heartbroken father, and begged admission. It was, as usual, given. But what were the feelings of the inmates, when, feebly tottering in dressed in the wretched habiliments of poverty, and deeply marked with the lineaments of wo, they beheld the miserable wreck of their once beautiful and buoyant Rosa. The scene of recognition was one of almost unearthly horror. The child had preserved one remnant of her bridal possessions only, from her general destitution, and she stood speechless before them, holding it with a trembling hand, for the acceptance of the father. His palsied hand could scarcely

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reach it, as he sought to receive the proffered mystery. He opened a soiled envelope, and enclosed, he read a page of parental admonition to his child, written in a hand so much like his own as almost to make him doubt its fallacy himself, and concluding with a direction to celebrate her nuptials with Brown, at the house of her friend, whither she had been sent by him, with all proper and convenient haste. The letter was signed with his own name, and the signature so exact in the resemblance of his own peculiar chirography, as to be calculated to deceive those most intimate with it, on the most rigid scrutiny

Rosa had been the victim of fraud and deception, and her parents received her to their arms again.

Brown, in the meanwhile, had become engulphed in crime, and associated with a band of the most hardened offenders, had deserted his home, after having rendered it miserable from destitution, and cheerless from his brutality. Rosa had not deserted him, however, until she learned the certainty of the doom which had been pronounced upon him, consigning him, for the first time, to the penitentiary.

A virtuous love can survive almost any shock in the breast of a noble woman, and honest adversity seems only to strengthen her affections under the trial—but let her confidence in the object of her affections be once destroyed, or let him mantle himself in the cloak of infamy and crime, and the bonds which united him to a partner in his destiny, even in the very arms of death, will fall like ashes to the ground around him.

Brown served the time of his commitment in the state prison. On his release, he stepped into the world alone, like one on whom the fiend had set his mark, that all the world might know him. He felt he had the execrations of an honest community upon him, had sold his shadow to the king of sin, and that he was recognised as *the convict* wherever he exhibited himself. He gave up the prospect of returning again to the world, and turning his back upon honesty, bent his energies, with a demoniac perseverance, to the study and perpetration of crime. His accomplishments of person, and intelligence and general skill, made him a prize to the *bevy* who gathered around him, and an acquisition to the oldest and most aristocratic of the community of crime. Brown was a finished penman, and his successful forgery of the signature of the parent, by which deception he had made one lovely being his wretched victim, and his after success upon the friend of the parent of his dupe, in obtaining, upon a forged letter of credit, a large sum of money, readily afforded a seductive inclination to the course of his vicious propensities.

At this period, Brown was taken in hand by a *nest* of the most daring and finished counterfeiters that have ever been discovered in this country. After being well supplied with money by them, and undergoing a scrutiny and probation of nearly a year's duration, he was at last prepared for his initiation into the mysteries and privacy of their secluded eyry. The description of this place, as given to me, was startling to the unsuspicious honesty with which we are accustomed to behold all things around us, and, under other circumstances than those in which it was revealed to me, would have excited a hesitancy in my faith.

Brown was arraigned, in the presence of three of the principals of the *horde*, and after some desultory conversation, was placed under the most solemn, diabolically conceived, and most fearful oaths ever uttered from the lips of man, administered to him by the eldest of his *triers* that stood around him. He was then taken by the hand by the man who had sworn him in, and led, accompanied by the others, through an apparently interminable labyrinth of alleys and windings, until he was halted at the door of a frail and dilapidated old building, that seemed to have been built and deserted by the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, centuries ago. A shrill, but suppressed whistle, and a peculiar cough, was answered by a magic opening of the door from the inside, without the apparent assistance of human agency. The room into which the door led, if such a term be applicable to such a place, was a dreary, half-floored apartment, entirely unfurnished—the remnant of plastering that once had been thrown over the walls, was hanging from above and on all sides, in ragged and crumbling mockery of misery, and a few cross pieces in the apertures in one side of the building, gave evidence that there once had been an attempt at windows. "Surely," thought Brown, as he related his feelings to me, "this must be a mockery through which I am passing, to prepare me for the final introduction into their place of occupation."

In a moment he was bade to follow his companions, by dropping himself through the gaping joist of the floor, and trusting himself, in a darkness as of the deadest night, to their future guidance.

A trap door was sprung, and with a cautious, yet unflinching step, he descended after his leader, step by step, until he had reached the bottom of a long flight of stairs. Here a light was struck, and all parties seemed to breathe as if a heavy responsibility had been removed, or a great accomplishment achieved. Brown, with the advantage of the little light that was now afforded, looked round him; he beheld nothing but the rough damp walls of the cell in which he stood, without a sign of the artizan, or business about it. He was soon, however, led through another small opening in the side of the wall, which was discovered by removing a stone or two from one corner, and another long flight of steps was disclosed, which gave evidence, on looking up them, of leading him again into daylight.

Up these he followed his convoy, and finally was introduced into the work-shop of the master spirits of crime. This last place was a small and very confined room, with no visible entrance save the mysterious and complicated one through which they had just passed, and was most singularly lighted by means of ground glass sky-lights in the ceiling, neither of them of a diameter greater than the width of an ordinary shingle.

Here sat a gray-headed veteran, with large iron features, and a grizzly beard, that had not, from appearances, been reaped for months—a small magnifying lens was fastened between the prominency of his

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cheek bone and the projection of the forehead over his deep sunken eye, and in his hand was a small instrument, with which he had apparently been engaged upon a plate of steel that lay before him. Brown was formerly introduced, and gruffly received by the old man, with a cold expression of a wish that he was no *blow* in his character.

The next subject of attention was the progress and variety of their labors. From various chests and hiding places in the room, dies of every variety, and in unlimited abundance, were produced, from the various combinations of which, the similitude of almost any note in circulation could be impressed upon the copper-plate in little time, while the graver of the old man would soon supply the fac simile of the scrip in the body of the bill.

From another hiding place in the little apartment, was produced a great variety of notes, upon almost every institution in the middle and eastern states, all most beautifully finished, and printed upon paper that could excite no suspicion of the character of the instrument in the mind of scrutiny itself.

Here was the work—the result of the industry of time, and the almost finished assurance of the harvest of wealth that was to repay the seclusion and combined perseverance of active spirits for years. The notes all wanted the signatures of the officers of the respective institutions, and to accomplish this work, had been the object of the solicitude and liberality that had so long been bestowed upon Brown, by the confederates who had gathered around him.

Little ceremony was used, and genuine notes of the various banks being procured, and a desk and every necessary utensil prepared, Brown was left alone to perpetrate this last, most delicate, and skilful accomplishment of the counterfeiter.

In a few weeks, from the large mass of various notes, signed with most successful accuracy of imitation, a portion were selected to test their bearing in the market. They went off well, and promised a rich repay to those engaged in the criminal enterprise. Large quantities were sold at liberal discounts, and disseminated through the country Such, indeed, was their success, that in a moment of hardiness, one of the principals, who had, at times, been regarded as dangerous, on account of his levity and occasional indulgence in drink, ventured, at the challenge of one of his minions, to attempt the passing of one of their notes at the institution it purported to have proceeded from, and to obtain the change for it. This rashness led to his arrest. He happened to stand at the counter of the bank, by the side of a police officer, who recognised him, and immediately recommended a scrutiny, which detected the counterfeit, and prompted the pursuit which overtook the felon. His arrest was kept profoundly secret, while the detection of the new emission of fraud, opened the intelligence of those interested, in some degree, to the extent of the march which had been stolen upon them.

Every assiduity was used, and every promise held out, which could induce the prisoner to disclose his confederacy. At last, upon the promise of liberation and protection, he consented to become the evidence of the commonwealth, and, under the escort of the police, to betray the *locus domicilia* of his associates.

Early the next morning after the arrest, accompanied by a selected *posse* of officers, armed to the teeth, the prisoner started on the mission of surprise At the time of his penetrating their mysterious and deep retirement, Brown was seated at his desk busily engaged in filling up the numerous packages of printed blanks before him, the old man was at his bench with his graver, industriously at work upon a new plate nearly finished, while the others of the gang were carefully classifying and apportioning the finished notes, according to their respective names and denominations. The door was opened before a noise or foot-tread had awakened a suspicion of surprise. In an instant each man was seized and manacled. A careful note was taken of the occupancy of each at the moment—the trunks, dies, plates, tools, notes, and all the paraphernalia of the room were taken possession of, and with great activity and vigilance conveyed to the private office of the mayor. There was no escape, no palliation, no lenity for any of them. Day after day disclosed new evidence of the deep-laid schemes and wide extent of their nefarious designs, and Brown, with his confederates, without a sympathy, or a kind compassion from a single eye, received his sentence, on the various notes he was identified with, to solitary confinement for nearly half a score of years in the Eastern Penitentiary of this State.

For a long while after the conviction, the ingeniously contrived presses, the skilfully devised dies, and the matchless counterfeiting of the signatures of the various officers of the institutions that had been the subjects of the fraud, remained at the office of the mayor, exciting the wonder of the most experienced mechanics, the admiration of the first of our artists, and the astonishment of the whole community that were awakened to the schemes of depredation that had been prepared for them. Thus succeeded the first great public enterprise of the COUNTERFEITER.

EPIGRAMS.

SERMONS IN STONES.

"SHE's secret as the grave, and so
Her word you cannot doubt it."
"True, but some graves have stones, you know,
That tell one all about it."

A WARM RECEPTION.

RUSTICUS wrote a letter to his love,
And filled it full of warm and keen desire;
He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did—
The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

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MIRABILIA EXEMPLA.

BY A METROPOLITAN.

No. II.

"Our thoughts are ours—their ends none of our own."—*Shakspeare.*

The Destruction of Cooke's Circus at Baltimore, and Death, by Fire, of Fifty-two Horses—Burning of Cavalry Barracks in Germany; Seventy Horses Burnt—Circus Riding philosophically explained—The Courier of St. Petersburg—Speed of the Racer—Flying Childers' Performances - English and American Horses—Eclipse and Henry Race, &c. &c.

In the course of the last month, the extensive building in Front street, Baltimore, erected for theatrical purposes, and used lately by Mr. Cooke and his well-appointed company of equestrians, was totally destroyed by fire, and the whole of the highly-trained and beautiful animals belonging to the establishment, miserably perished. We were present soon after the discovery of the fire, and heard the account of the ostler or groom, who slept in the stables under the stage, in the centre of the horses' stalls, yet was unable to extricate any one of the animals under his care from the fury of the flames. He describes his first discovery of the fire to have occurred only when the hot coals of the burning rafters, that supported the stage, fell upon his bed. He got out, he could scarcely say how, but the roaring of the flames and the density of the smoke forbad the possibility of his return. He mentions the name of one of the horses which was standing close by the bedside with his back on fire. Another had his ears actually blazing. A person who slept in a small room near the orchestra, averred that the centre of the front of the house and the scenery on the stage were in flames, while both the sides of the audience part were uninjured. This assertion favors the prevalent opinion that it was the work of an incendiary.

It was a piteous sight to observe the lamentations of the various individuals connected with the establishment, when they ascertained the impossibility of the animals' rescue. Mr. Cooke wept tears of affection at the loss, not of his property—of all that he owned in the world—of the produce of a long and laborious life—but at the loss of his favorites, of the animals whose docility and intelligence had endeared them to his affections, and were actually a portion of his family. One of the horses had been nearly fifteen years in his possession; many of them were unequalled in their training, the result of a long course of education and continued practice. Most of them had crossed the Atlantic with him and his family; and he had refused extravagant prices for some of his favorites both in this country and in the old.

I remember to have heard an officer, connected with one of the foreign legations, relate, in graphic terms, the destruction, by fire, of the horses belonging to a German regiment of chasseurs. This event, which took place during the late war in Europe, occurred in one of the frontier towns in Germany; the horses had been newly collected for a fresh raised corps, and were placed in the stables belonging to the barracks, awaiting the approach of the men, who were daily arriving in small numbers from the various adjacent districts. My informant was stationed at the barracks, but was unable to leave his room in consequence of a badly-healed wound having commenced bleeding again, and requiring every possible attention and repose. In the depths of the night he was awakened by the cry of fire; he hastened to the windows, some three or four stories from the ground, and found that the whole range of stabling was in flames. The long low roof was covered with a thatch of dry straw and weeds, and the flames ran with inconceivable rapidity along the entire line of stabling, which stood out endways from the main body of the barracks. The wind carried the smoke and flames from the house, and as the roof burnt away, the officer was able to see into the interior of the stalls, and to discern the agony of the burning horses. It was supposed that the thatched roof caught fire from the lighted end of a cigar thrown from the room immediately under my informant, and just above one end of the stabling range. A high wind fanned the flame, and the roof was almost entirely consumed before the alarmed ostlers and attendants were roused from their beds, or able to open the stable doors, and attempt the rescue of the horses.

The falling flakes of fire from the roof soon ignited the straw used for littering, and the hay within the racks. Unluckily the low roof had prevented the formation of lofts, or the horses might have been saved.

The officer declared that at one time he could see the interior of the stable for upwards of fifty feet—the thin and distant rafters that supported the thatch being half or wholly burnt, and not interfering with the sight below, which the remaining flames rendered as light as if illumined by the mid-day sun, although an occasional cloud of smoke from the burning straw for a moment dimmed the view. Some of the horses were standing as if paralyzed with fright, and were burnt to death in their halters; others, bursting their fastenings, either by sundering the rope, or tearing the iron ring from its hold in the manger's side, shrieked

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that horrid yell which horses only utter when fearfully alarmed—a yell, which, if the reader has not heard, he never can imagine; and with dreadful plunges and violent kicks, lamed themselves against the wall or posts, and died struggling to the last. Others, starting from their fiery bed, with blazing manes and ears, galloped madly up and down the stable's length, telling the madness of their pain and fright in an occasional shriek that rose above the roar of the flames and the cry of men.

There were two old troop horses in the stables, and the officer declared that they continued galloping side by side, from one end of the range to the other, leaping over the dead and dying bodies of their comrades, with the practised regularity of the battle charge. The various doors of the stables were at length opened: but the high wind drove the smoke and flames to seek escape at every aperture. If the gushing fire did not drive the assistants from the doors, the desperate rushing and kicking of the horses prevented the frightened ostlers from rescuing them from their fate, and upwards of seventy of the noble animals perished in the flames One of the troop horses, recognising the voice of his groom, rushed through the stable door: his ears, tail, and mane, were burnt to the merest stumps: huge blisters were on his sides; his buttocks were scorched and bloody, and his eyeballs seemed bursting from their sockets. He galloped madly across the square, dashed headlong against a wall that opposed the straightness of his path, and dropped dead in the middle of the crowd.

I was very lately sitting amongst a party of ladies and gentlemen who were enjoying the amusements of the circus, when one of the company propounded this simple question—"Why do the horses and their riders lean to a certain degree with their sides towards the centre of the ring?" I regret to say that it remained unexplained to our satisfaction, although the facts are simple and almost self-evident. I have before me a philosophical explanation of the cause of this peculiarity, and offer no apology for its insertion here.

The horse is going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and he is leaning to a certain degree with his side towards the centre of the ring. The quicker the speed, the greater is the degree of leaning inwards of the horse. The rider, also, is similarly affected. He, too, leans inwards as much as the animal on which he is standing. If you were to draw a straight line from the top of his head, it would go obliquely down to the outer feet of the horse, so much do both seem to present the same angle of inclination. Why is this leaning inwards? The immediate reason for this remarkable phenomenon is a natural or instinctive feeling of the horse and his rider. Both feel, that, if they did not lean inwards, they would be dashed over in an outward direction. In truth, they cannot help themselves from leaning. It would be out of their power to move rapidly round the ring in an upright posture. A consideration of the cause of this, leads us to a first principle in the laws of motion. The principle is—and it was Sir Isaac Newton who discovered it—that "every body must persevere in its state of uniform motion in a straight line, unless it be compelled to change that direction by some new force impressed upon it." That is to say, if you once put a body in motion, it will go on moving for ever, in a straight line, never stopping and never turning, until some different kind of force or an obstacle alter its tendency.

The only reason why we do not see this exemplified in ordinary moving bodies, is, that they are all turned aside and drawn to the earth by attraction. They are constantly impeded by a counteracting force. A similar principle exists in reference to the heavenly bodies. The planets, it is conceived, have been hurled into space, from their common centre, the sun, and they would have proceeded onwards in a straight path for ever, had they not been restrained by a counteracting attraction in the body of the sun; and by a fine balance of the two tendencies or forces—the onward tendency and the attractive tendency—the planets have been obliged to pursue lines of direction round and round the sun, and which will last as long as time endures. But what has all this to do with horsemanship? Here is the connection of the two things. The constant tendency to go straight onward of any moving body, whether a planet or a trifling object, is only restrained, kept within bounds, by the counteracting force of attraction; it is by no means extinguished. Therefore, in going round in a circle there is a perpetual tendency to fly off in a straight line; and the greater the velocity in going round, so just the more powerful is the tendency. This incessant desire in a circular moving body to fly off, is scientifically called *centrifugal*, that is, *centre fleeing force*. We see it exemplified in a thousand ways in the case of whirling bodies. In turning a circular grinding-stone rapidly with water in contact with it, we perceive a rim of water first rising on the stone, and next flying off; and the more rapidly we turn the stone, so does the water fly off with the greater force. The particles of water so projected always fly off in a straight line, which they preserve for an instant or two, till pulled to the earth by attraction, which causes them to fall in a bending direction. The earth is bulged out to a thickness of twenty-six miles greater at the equator than at the poles, merely in consequence of this disposition of the whirling matter to fly off, like the water from the grinding-stone. If the earth whirled much faster than it does, the sea would be thrown off and the world would go to wreck. The reason for the horse leaning inwards is now pretty apparent. He feels an unconquerable tendency to fly off in a straight line, and this obliges him to lean inwards to counteract such a dangerous impulse. He is only doing all he can to overcome his centrifugal force. A horse quickly turning a corner feels the same necessity for leaning inwards to save himself. What is most worthy of remark, in all these cases, is, that centrifugal force gets the better of attraction of *gravitation* to a certain extent. For instance, neither a man nor a horse can stand still, and at the same time lean over to an angle of say forty or fifty degrees, without

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falling on his side. The thing is impossible. If he attempt it, he will certainly fall, that is, be pulled to the ground by attraction of gravitation. But let centrifugal force be put into active operation, and see how opposite is the result. This new force overcomes attraction to a certain degree. The force impelling outwards balances the force impelling inwards, and betwixt the two the animal is kept suspended in the air. How beautiful an example of this is seen in the case of an accomplished skater on ice! You see him moving in all kinds of circular or curvilinear paths on the smooth surface of the frozen liquid. You see him leaning over, poised on the side-edge of a single skate, an edge as sharp as a knife, and describing with his person an angle of sixty degrees to the horizon, and yet he does not fall. Perhaps he does not know himself what it is that is supporting him. Moving gracefully and safely in the circular path which his changeful fancy directs, he constitutes, like the equestrian, a complete practical example of the operation of one of nature's great primary laws.

There is a sort of drama acted in the ring at the circus, called The Courier of St. Petersburg. A courier is supposed to be despatched from St. Petersburg with a letter in his charge, which he is ordered to carry with the utmost diligence he can use. There is no speaking; but the dumb show, the letter to be carried, the courier and his horses all tell the story of the piece. In order to travel with the utmost possible speed, the courier chooses to ride on six horses at once. This is, of course, nonsense; but the spectator is so occupied by the spectacle, that he does not stop to inquire why a man can ride quicker by going on six horses, than on one after another, stage by stage. You see the courier set the six horses off at a gallop round the ring. Sometimes there are two abreast, sometimes three, and at other times the whole six. The thing you have to admire is the wonderful ease with which the rider steps from the back of one horse to another. He is not disturbed by the velocity of the animals. Sometimes he feigns to fall asleep lying across their backs. Awakening with a start, he is seemingly about to fall, and you wonder he is not dashed to the ground. But in all these performances he is quite at his ease, because he is in the same condition of motion as the horses. In stepping from one horse to another he does not change his condition. If, however, he were to try to step from the back of one of the moving animals to a fixed object, he would assuredly receive a fall. The phenomenon of an absence of jarring in the changing of places of bodies possessing a motion in common, is thus exemplified in the most perfect manner imaginable. There are, indeed, no experiments illustrative of the principles which guide the motion of bodies, so well worth seeing and studying, as those which may be witnessed in feats of horsemanship.

The utmost speed of a circus horse when galloping round the ring, is not beyond ten miles in the hour; the smallness of the circle, and the contiguity of the horse, serve to make the pace appear more rapid than it is. There have been some contradictory opinions given lately respecting the speed of the horse; a plain statement of a few facts may place the thing in its proper bearing. A correspondent in the New York "Spirit of the Times," the best paper in the Union for a lover of the sports of the turf, quotes an extract from the Annual Register for 1763, purporting to be a Review of Monsieur Cendamine's "Tour in Italy." In this extract, the velocity of the race horse is philosophically considered, but the monsieur, like all travellers in foreign lands, obtained merely hearsay information, and reasons upon several incorrect predications. He states that the four mile course at Newmarket, England, has been *frequently* run over in six minutes, six seconds. This is decidedly wrong; Flying Childers' greatest performance was over this course, in six minutes, forty seconds, and that was done but once. He mentions, also, a famous horse called Starling, who sometimes performed the first mile in a minute, but there is nothing of the sort on record. It has been said that Flying Childers went a mile in a minute, but there is no certainty of fact in the saying; he once ran one-third of a mile in twenty seconds, but he was some twelve seconds over the minute when the mile was completed. Firetail, a famous racer, is said to have gone a mile in one minute and four seconds, yet the recorded time of his race with Pumpkin gives the first mile in one minute and thirty-six seconds. These instances are sufficient to contradict the monsieur's unsupported assertion that Starling *sometimes* went his first mile in a minute.

At the end of Cendamine's remarks are some elucidations by Dr. Maty, Librarian to the British Museum. They are short, and we will copy them for the sake of making an emendatory statement.

There are (says Dr. Maty) two courses at Newmarket—the long and the round. The first is exactly four miles and three hundred and eighty yards; the second is four miles, *less* four hundred yards. Childers, the swiftest horse ever remembered, has run the first course in seven minutes and thirty seconds, and the second in six minutes and forty seconds, which amounts to forty-six feet nine inches French, in the second. Whereas, all other horses except the foregoing, take at least seven minutes and fifty seconds in completing the first and longest course, and seven minutes only in the shortest—which is forty-four feet five or six inches the second. These are facts (adds Dr. Maty) which I believe to be true. I must also add, that it is commonly supposed these coursers cover, at every bound, a space of ground twenty-four English feet in length.

The doctor is not correct in his statements, or perhaps the courses have been altered since their original formation. The long couse, as Dr. Maty calls it, is now termed the Beacon Course, and is just four miles and three hundred and fifty-eight yards, by the Jockey Club standard admeasurement. The Round Course is not four hundred yards less than four miles, but two hundred and forty-seven, or one hundred and fifty-three yards longer than Dr. Maty's account. Childers' performance over the Round Course in six minutes and forty seconds gives him seven minutes and one second for the four miles, and the time over the Beacon Course is something longer still, when reduced

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to the exactitude of an American four-mile track. But Childers in 1721, did run the distance of four miles in six minutes and forty-eight seconds, carrying one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He covered twenty-five feet at every stroke when racing, and he was once known to leap thirty feet upon level ground.

Bay Malton, an English race horse, with a cross of vulgar blood in his pedigree, ran four measured miles, over York Course, in seven minutes, forty-three seconds and a half. Eclipse ran the same distance in eight minutes, without any inducement to speed, and carrying the enormous burden (for a racer) of twelve stone, or one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. This, when it is considered that every seven pounds is calculated to make a difference of two hundred and forty yards in every four mile heat, speaks volumes for the power of Eclipse.

Excepting the instance of the Flying Phenomenon, Childers, the American Eclipse and Henry race displays better speed in a four mile heat than any of the above cited cases. Indeed, king's plates, originally given to encourage the breed of horses in England, are now considered nuisances on race grounds, because of the necessary four mile heats to which they are appended. Some heavy old-breed racer generally walks over the course for the cup; the modern breeders refusing to peril the chance of a twelve mile run. It is universally allowed, that the present system of bringing the English racer into competition before he has completed his second year, is sure to end in the deterioration of the breed. Bottom and soundness are sacrificed to speed over the one-mile course, and the frequent failure of the racer's legs before they come to their full power, proves the iniquity of the custom. Childers and Eclipse did not appear until they were five years old, but now the best horses of the day are frequently foundered and destroyed before they have attained that age.

The great race between Eclipse and Henry, on the 18th of May, 1823, stands first in American annals of racing. The time of one of the heats has never been beaten, but the race on Union Course, at New York, November 3d, 1837, between Mingo, Lady Cliffden, Fanny Wyatt, and Picton, must, considered as a whole, be pronounced to be the fastest four-mile day that ever occurred upon any race-course in the world.

The first heat, between Eclipse and Henry, was run in	7 min.	37 sec.	
The second heat, won by Eclipse, in	7 "	49 "	
The third heat, won by Eclipse, in .	8 "	24 "	
Making for the twelve miles,	23 "	50 "	

The first heat between Mingo, Lady Cliffden, Fanny Wyatt, and Picton, was won by Picton, in . . .	7 min.	44 sec.
The second heat, won by Lady Cliffden, in	7 "	43½ "
The third heat, won by Lady Cliffden, in	7 "	56½ "
Making, for the twelve miles,	23 "	24 "

Fanny Wyatt came in second in each of the last two heats; Mingo was pulled up dead lame. This last horse has been victorious in several of the severest trials of speed and bottom.

The English racing calendars have nothing that can beat the above displays. The most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness and speed of the English racer, is the performance of a horse named Quibbler, belonging to a Mr. Hull; this fine animal once ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket, in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

Ct

PENSEZ AMOI, PAULINE.

THINK OF ME, when morning flashes
Up the rosy eastern skies,
Parting first the silken lashes
From those glorious azure eyes.

Think of me, when Sol's bright rays
Fast exhale the morning dew,
And the sultry noontide blaze
Wilts the drooping flowret too.

Think of me, when day-light lingers
Round thy lattic'd bower at even,
And the night, with stealthy fingers,
Gems the glittering vault of heaven.

Think of me, at night's lone noon,
Dreaming in thy peaceful sleep,
Like the placid summer moon
Smiling o'er the tranquil deep.

When the bloom of sweet spring-time
Clads with flowers the hawthorn tree,
And the heart beats quicker time—
Then, dear maiden, think of me!

Firmly sure, at each sweet hour,
When thy thoughts do hither stray,
Watching, I will bless the power
Binds us heart to heart for aye.

A. McM.

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THE FIRST SORROW.

The still and sable night!
And a young mother, lone and silently
Beside the sad and solemn bed of death
Kneels watching. Tears, big, heavy tears, apace,
Roll down the pale and sunken cheek, whence grief
Awhile has lur'd the rose-bud tints of beauty;
And the eyelid rais'd, full fring'd and silken,
And the deep blue eye, pure, and upturn'd to Heaven
Beseechingly. Her brow is clear and broad,
And not a line has care or sorrow mark'd
To tell that they were there. *It is her first grief;*
And the blow has well nigh stricken at once
That tender chord within the human heart,
Whose sharp and quick vibrations drive the mind
To phrenzy and despair. But yet her heart
Has a strong hold upon the hope that lives
In that bright world above us, and in Him
Who sitteth on the throne of the high Heavens,
Whose promises are holy; and to Him
Thus, in the hour of grief and lamentation,
She lifts her faltering voice in quiet prayer,
And pours her full heart's bitterness:

Father! supreme and holy God!
I bow beneath thy chastening rod.
And bend the suppliant knee;
Fond visions o'er my fancy start;
Oh, teach my weak and erring heart
To look on high to Thee!

She was my first!—my heart does still
With fond and feverish pulses thrill
As thought *will* centre there;
I would, but cannot burst the chain—
I know all earthly things are vain—
Oh, fill my heart with prayer!

Prayer, to the high, th' Eternal One,
Whose brightest smiles so oft have shone,
Whose love is ever near—
Prayer, that His outstretch'd arms may bear
Beyond the reach of time or care
The sweet babe slumb'ring here!

The sweet babe slumb'ring here! How bright
Those stars blaze thro' the ebon night,
In pride and glory there!
The host above—the cold babe here,
That host so bright—this form so dear,
But mock my heart to prayer!

Sweet slumberer in death!—no more
Shall that pure smile its influence pour,
No more that voice be heard;
And the bright glance I loved so well,
That spoke with more than magic spell,
And the full bosom stirred.

That glance shall speak no more!—Oh, God
My thoughts, my soul, are all abroad
With this sweet child of earth;
But, oh, 'tis no unholy spell
That makes this stricken bosom swell,
And gives these visions birth.

I strive to render *all* to Thee—
My child, my heart's best jewel'ry,
But earth will entrance win;
And thought will wander back awhile,
To kiss *her* lip—to catch *her* smile—
Oh, God, *can* this be sin!

The sorrowing mother ceased. In gentle tones
Her humble plaint was pour'd, and her full heart
Was for a while unburthened. But her eye
Would ever seek the soft and lonely couch
Whereon the first-born pledge of youthful love
Lay pillowed. And her sinking heart at times
Would quake with quick and violent emotions,
As she would lift the cold and clammy corse
And clasp it to her bosom. And, anon,
When the sweet star-light crept with beauteous ray
Within her chamber, she would stretch her arm
And touch with gentle finger the pale cheek,
To know if it were cold! And her sick heart,
Struck with the consciousness that Death was there,
Would turn and hold sweet converse with its Maker—
Wild and convulsive—dreamy, but sincere;
As if her soul would rise and say, "I would,
Oh, God, I would, but *must* I give thee ALL!"

Columbia, Pa. ALF.

NAPOLEON PREPARING FOR WATERLOO.

BY OLIVER O. M'CLEAN, GETTYSBURGH, PENN.

'Tis written in heav'n—to his doom must he go;
His prison God rais'd in the sea long ago,
And death has a sure archer waiting him there—
'Tis madden'd ambition with dart of despair.
The thousands that round him obediently stand,
Are bound like himself to the soul's distant land,
And sparkling in splendor, will march in war's glee
To eternity's kingdom his heralds to be.
But now that his day into darkness is hasting,
Its light is in golden magnificence wasting.—

For the rays of his fame in the strength of his pow'r,
Are radiantly closing round Waterloo's hour.
And the muse as she now in a fond moment turns
Her vision, where o'er him this sunset glow burns,
Can almost imagine that hope's iris-wings
Are fluttering there 'mongst those glorious things.
In tempest and whirlwind his being has sped—
His hours of existence like dark mists have fled,
But his history's clouds to the muse appear mild,
Even beautiful now, o'er his fame's evening piled.

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers, not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

MARCH.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1781	The Federal Constitution adopted by Maryland.
—	1827	Died, aged 69, Christopher Gore, Governor and First U. S. Attorney-General of Massachusetts.
—	1833	The New Tariff Bill, (Mr. Clay's,) passed the Senate of the U. S. and signed by the President.
—	1837	Acknowledgment of the Independence of Texas passed the Senate of United States by Vote of 23 to 19.
2	1769	Born, in Orange County, N. Y. De Witt Clinton, many years Governor of New York, and prime mover of the Erie Canal scheme.
—	1776	Boston cannonaded by Americans, from Lamb's Dam, Cobble Hill, and Lechmere's Point.
—	1811	Wreck of Ship Frances, of New York, on Arklow Bank. Crew saved.
—	1835	Died, in Bath County, Va. aged 77, General Samuel Blackburn, a Soldier of the Revolution, a distinguished Lawyer, and member of the Virginia Legislature. At his death he liberated his slaves, 46 in number, and paid their expenses to Liberia.
3	1760	The Fort at Ninety Six, S. C. unsuccessfully attacked by 200 Cherokee Indians.
—	1776	The Ship Inverness, and six other Vessels, freighted for England, burnt by Americans, near Savannah, Georgia.
—	1779	The British, under Colonel Provost, defeated the Americans at Briar Creek, Georgia. 150 killed, 162 prisoners.
—	1803	The first fire in Philadelphia (Whalebone Alley) after the establishment of *Hose Companies*
—	1805	The Federal Constitution adopted by Louisiana.
—	1810	The Great Elm, at Kensington, near Philadelphia, blown down. Under this Tree, William Penn held his first Treaty with the Indians, in 1682.
—	1815	War declared against Algiers by the United States.
—	1835	The second Session of the twenty-third Congress of the United States terminated, leaving almost all the important measures which had been discussed and partially acted upon, unfinished.
—	1836	Died, at Rockville, Maryland, aged 86, General John Smith, formerly member of Congress.
4	1628	Royal Charter granted by Charles the First for the Government of Massachusetts.
—	1681	William Penn, by Charter from Charles the Second, constituted Proprietor of Pennsylvania.
—	1776	Americans established themselves on Dorchester Heights, near Boston.
—	——	Commodore Hopkins took New Providence, and captured the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, with all the artillery, stores, &c.
—	1778	American Frigate, Alfred, captured by British Ships Ariadne and Ceres.
—	1782	The House of Commons resolved that whoever should advise His Majesty to prosecute an offensive War in America, should be deemed a public enemy.
—	1783	Official Returns in British Parliament stated that 43,633 men, exclusive of Officers, had been killed, or died in the American War, and that the Expenses of said War to the English Nation amounted to 645,615,455 dollars. The expenses of the war to the United States amounted to 135,193,700 dollars.
—	1789	First Meeting of Federal Congress at New York, John Adams acting as Vice President; General Washington elected President. His Inauguration took place April 30.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
4	1793	General Washington inaugurated President of the U. S. for a second Term. John Adams Vice President.
—	1797	John Adams inaugurated President of the U. S. Thomas Jefferson, Vice President.
—	1801	Thomas Jefferson inaugurated President of the U. S. Aaron Burr, Vice President.
—	1805	Thomas Jefferson inaugurated President of the U. S. for a second Term. George Clinton, Vice President.
—	1809	James Madison inaugurated President of the U S. George Clinton, Vice President.
—	1813	James Madison inaugurated President of the U. S. for a second Term. Elbridge Gerry, Vice President.
—	1814	The British defeated by the Americans at Longwood, about one hundred miles from Detroit.
—	1817	James Monroe inaugurated President of the U. S. Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice President.
—	1821	James Monroe inaugurated President of the U. S. for a second Term. Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice President.
—	1825	John Quincy Adams inaugurated President of the U. S. John C. Calhoun, Vice President.
—	1829	General Andrew Jackson inaugurated President of the U. S. John C. Calhoun, Vice President.
—	1833	The Tariff Act put into operation.
—	——	General Andrew Jackson inaugurated President of the U. S. for a second Term. Martin Van Buren, Vice President.
—	1836	Died, at Bombay, aged 37, John Lowell, Jr. of Boston, a celebrated traveller.
—	1837	Martin Van Buren inaugurated President of the U. S. Richard M. Johnson, Vice President.
5	1495	Henry VII., granted a Patent to John Cabot and his three Sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanchius, for their discoveries on the American Continent.
—	1770	Boston Massacre. The British Guard having been attacked by the Bostonians, fired upon the Mob, and wounded several, whereof five died. This was the second blood shed in defence of American Liberty.
—	——	The Bill imposing Taxes upon glass, paper, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colors, and tea, repealed by the British Government, excepting the tax on tea.
—	1785	Died, aged 44, Joseph Reed, Adjutant General in U. S. Army, Aid to Washington, and President of Pennsylvania. Born in New Jersey.
—	——	Died, at Raleigh, N. C. aged 58, John S. Ravenscroft, Bishop of North Carolina.
6	1781	Skirmish at the Pass of Whitsell's Mill, on Reedy River, S. C., between the Light Brigade of American Army and the Van of the British, led by Lieutenant Colonel Webster, who crossed the stream uninjured, amidst a shower of bullets from a corps of twenty-five riflemen, chosen as skilful shots, many of whom fired two, and even three times.
—	1812	Died, aged 63, James Madison, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.
—	1835	Died, at Lichfield, Conn. aged 81, Col. Benj. Tallmadge, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
—	1836	Bexar, in Texas, after standing repeated attacks for two weeks, taken by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna. The garrison, 187 men, including the Commander, Col. W. B. Travis, Col. David Crockett, and Col. James Bowie, were all slain, except the sick, and seven men who asked for quarter.
—	1837	Treaty with Florida Indians concluded by General Jessup.
7	1707	Born, at Providence, Rhode Island, Stephen Hopkins, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1778	U. S. Frigate, Randolph, of 36 guns and 305 men, commanded by Captain Nicholas Biddle, blown up in action with British Ship, Yarmouth. Four men only saved. Captain Biddle was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1751.
—	1836	Died, at New Haven. Conn. aged 57. William Bristol, Judge of U. S. Court, for the District of Connecticut.
—	1837	Died, near Woodville, Mississippi, aged 40, William Haile, formerly member of Congress from Mississippi.
8	1811	Died, at Germantown, Robert Hare, formerly Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania.
—	1828	Shock of Earthquake sensibly felt in the Middle States of America.
—	1836	The Bill for the relief of the Sufferers by the great Fire at New York, passed the House of Representatives in Congress, by a Vote of 114 to 94.
9	1502	Columbus sailed from Cadiz on his last Voyage of Discovery.
—	1812	John Henry's Plot for the Dissolving of the Federation, disclosed to Congress. He received 50,000 dollars of the public money for the disclosure, and sailed to France.
—	1834	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 48, Gilbert R. Livingston, D. D.
10	1639	Sir Ferdinando Gorges obtained a Charter for the Government of the Province of Maine. In 1676, Massachusetts purchased the rights of Gorges' heirs for twelve hundred pounds sterling.
—	1683	The First Council and Assembly of Pennsylvania met at Chester. William Penn presided, and divided the Province into Counties, appointing Sheriffs, &c.
—	1776	The British Soldiery, contrary to orders, commenced plundering Boston.
—	1788	Died, aged 64, Joseph Hawley, a distinguished American Patriot. Born at Northampton, Massachusetts.
—	1813	U. S. Schooner, Adeline, encountered the British Schooner, Lottery, in the Night, in Chesapeake Bay. The latter supposed to be sunk.
—	1821	General Andrew Jackson appointed the first American Governor of Florida Territory.
—	1833	Died, at Bremen, Maine, aged 86, Com. Samuel Tucker, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
11	1789	The Incorporation of Philadelphia settled by Law.
—	1813	An American Privateer, of 18 guns, called the General Armstrong, encountered the Fire of an English Frigate, of 24 guns, for three quarters of an hour, within pistol shot, and succeeded in escaping with only 6 men killed and 16 wounded.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
11	1814	Destructive Fire at Nashville, Tennessee.
—	1820	Died, aged 82, Benjamin West, the celebrated Painter.
—	1836	Died, at Grove, Alleghany County, Md., aged 102, Captain Charles Miel, a Revolutionary Officer. He was a native of England, served under Wolfe at Québec—entered the Revolutionary Service—was at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and served to the end of the War.
12	1664	Charles II. granted his Brother, the Duke of York, a Patent for the Lands between St. Croix and Pemequid, (Bristol,) New England.
—	1676	Groton, New England, burnt by the Indians, under King Philip.
—	1761	Shock of an Earthquake felt in Massachusetts and the adjoining States.
—	1775	The Earl of Effingham, an English Nobleman, resigned his Command when his Regiment was ordered to America, refusing to fight against his countrymen.
—	1780	The British Garrison at Mobile surrendered to the Spaniards.
—	——	General Lincoln surrendered Charleston, S. C. to the British troops.
—	1817	The English Brig, Nancy, wrecked while entering Georgetown, S. C.
13	1775	George III. confirmed the Act to restrain the Commerce of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina.
—	1815	General Jackson received the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace with England, and revoked his order of Martial Law.
—	1832	Great Flood on the Hudson River, and much damage done.
—	1836	Steamboat Benjamin Franklin exploded near Montgomery, Alabama; nearly 30 persons killed and wounded.
14	1660	William Ledra hanged in Massachusetts, for returning from Transportation, to which he had been sentenced for being a Quaker. Several persons were also publicly whipped, for being Quakers.
—	1682	The Duke of York confirmed his grant of East Jersey to twelve proprietors, who had purchased Sir George Carteret's right.
—	1813	The British Ship, Poictiers, 74, and the Belvidera Frigate, blockaded the Delaware River.
—	1817	Died, at Lancaster, Pa. Jasper Yates, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
—	1835	Treaty concluded between the Cherokee Indians and the United States, wherein the Indians agreed to cede their Lands east of the Mississippi, and retire to a Territory guaranteed to them in Arkansas.
15	1493	Columbus arrived at Spain after his first Voyage of Discovery.
—	1767	Born, near Camden, South Carolina, Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States.
—	1781	The British under Lord Cornwallis, defeated the Americans under General Greene, at Guilford Court House, North Carolina.
—	1835	Died, at Keene, N. H., aged 69, Samuel Dinsmoor, late Governor of New Hampshire.
16	1678	Died, John Leverett, Governor of Massachusetts.
—	1751	Born, in Virginia, James Madison, the fourth President of the United States.
—	1781	Battle between the French and English Fleets off Cape Henry.
—	1832	Act of Congress passed to establish a Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.
—	1833	Died at West Farms, Westchester County, N. Y. aged 52, William Hoffman, M. D.
—	1836	Died, at Princeton, N. J. aged 80, Josiah Ferguson, a Revolutionary Officer.
17	1676	The Town of Warwick, New England, destroyed by the Indians, under King Philip.
—	1776	Commodore Hopkins evacuated New Providence.
—	——	The British forces evacuated Boston, leaving behind them 250 cannon, 25,000 bushels of Wheat, &c.
—	1812	Died, at New York, aged 52, Edward Miller, M. D. an eminent physician and littérateur.
—	1834	Died, at Philadelphia, James Montgomery, D D.
—	1836	Died, at New York, aged 67, John Lang, senior Editor of N. Y. Gazette. He had been connected with the same paper for nearly 40 years.
18	1766	The American Stamp Act repealed by the English Government.
—	1836	Died, at Albemarle County, Virginia, Hugh Nelson, a celebrated Judge, member of Congress, and U. S. Minister to Spain.
—	——	Died, at Philadelphia, at an advanced age, Charles Smith, L. L. D. He was an eminent Judge of Common Pleas, and the arranger of the Laws of Pennsylvania for publication.
—	1837	Died, at Frankford, Pa. aged 38, Francis J. Harper, member of Congress elect from Penna.
19	1734	Born, at Chester County, Pa. Thomas M'Kean, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; Chief Justice, and Governor of Pennsylvania.
—	1760	Great Fire in Boston, Massachusetts.
—	1822	The Independence of Colombia, Mexico, and Peru, recognised by the United States.
—	1837	Died, at Washington City, aged 70, Jeremiah M'Lane, of Columbus, Ohio; member of Congress, and Secretary of State.
—	——	Died, at Schenectady, N. Y. Joseph C. Yates, Governor of New York, and Judge of the Supreme Court of that State.
20	1810	The "One-hundred Dollar Act" became Law in Pennsylvania, giving power to Magistrates to determine suits to that amount.
—	1831	The City Bank of New York robbed of 220,000 dollars, of which 170,000 thousand were subsequently recovered.
21	1673	The original Wooden Castle at Boston Harbor destroyed by Fire.
—	1788	Dreadful Fire at New Orleans, which consumed the greatest part of the City.
22	1622	Three Hundred and Forty-seven of the Colonists in Virginia massacred by the Indians.
—	1758	Died, of Small-pox, aged 55, Jonathan Edwards, a most celebrated American Metaphysician and Theologian.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
22	1765	The American Stamp Act passed by the British Government.
—	1776	Letters of Marque and Reprisal issued by America against Great Britain.
—	1816	A Treaty concluded between the Cherokee Indians and the United States.
—	1820	Commodore Decatur killed by Commodore Barron in an affair of honor.
—	1830	Violent Hurricane in Washington County, Ohio.
—	1836	Died, at Washington City, aged 82, General Mountjoy Bailey, a Revolutionary Officer.
—	——	Died, at Chester, N. H. John Bell, formerly Governor of New Hampshire.
—	——	Died, at Knox County, Indiana, aged 90, Col. Francis Vigo, an emigrant from Sardinia, who amassed a princely fortune in America, and devoted every farthing to the support of the starving army of George Rogers Clark, engaged in the conquest of the soil from the Indians. He lived many years in indigence, ashamed to urge his claims, till, just before his death, a few friends advocated his cause, and obtained from Government an allowance of his claims, to the amount of 30,000 dollars.
23	1621	Died, suddenly, John Carver, one of the Pilgrims, and the first Governor of the Colony at Plymouth.
—	1704	Robert Kidd executed for Piracy, at Execution Dock, on the banks of the Thames, England.
—	1777	Peekskill attacked by the English, under Colonel Bird. General M'Dougall retired, after setting fire to the Stores.
—	1810	Died, in Philadelphia, Robert Hare, formerly Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania.
—	1815	British Brig of War Penguin, 18 guns, captured by U. S. brig Hornet, 16 guns, Captain James Biddle; the Penguin was so much injured that she sunk.
—	1817	Wreck of the Ship Natchez Belle on Abacco Reef; Crew all saved.
—	1833	Lotteries rendered illegal in Massachusetts.
24	1782	The Independence of the United States of America acknowledged by Spain.
—	1792	Benjamin West, the American Painter, elected President of the Royal Academy at London.
25	1812	Died, at New York, aged 56, George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated Actor.
—	1818	Died, at Cumberland Island, near St. Mary's, Georgia, aged 62, General Henry Lee, a celebrated Revolutionary Officer.
—	1836	Died, near Montgomery, Alabama, aged 67, Bolling Hall, formerly member of Congress for Georgia.
26	1794	Commencement of the Embargo for 30 days; afterwards increased to 60.
—	1814	Two elegant Swords, voted by Pennsylvania, were presented to Commodore Decatur and Lieutenant James Biddle, for their gallantry in destroying the U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, which had fallen into the hands of the Tripolitans.
—	1830	Extraordinary High Tide on the Coast of New England. At Boston the water rose upwards of 16 feet, and caused much damage.
—	1835	Died, at Washington City, aged 38, Charles Pinkney, junior Editor of the Sun.
27	1814	General Jackson attacked the Creek Indians at the Horse Shoe Bend, upon the Tallapoosa, and killed 600 Warriors. This action finished the Creek War.
—	1830	Died, at Bedford County, Pa. aged 51, John Tod, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
—	1834	Died, by his own hand, at Washington City, General James Blair, member of Congress for South Carolina.
28	1676	Forty Houses and several Barns burnt by the Indians at Rehoboth, Mass.
—	1810	Awful Tornado affected Georgia. The storm ravaged a district upwards of six miles in width.
—	1814	General William Hull, found guilty of Treason by a Court Martial, for surrendering Detroit to the enemy, and sentenced to be Shot. Sentence remitted by the Executive.
—	——	U. S. Frigate Essex, attacked by British Frigate Phœbe, and Sloop of War Cherub, and captured, after a desperate resistance of two hours and a half.
—	1830	Treaty signed between the United States of America and the King of Denmark.
—	1834	The Senate of the United States passed Resolutions against the exercise of the powers of the Executive, in the Removal of the Deposites, and charging the President with assuming power and authority not conferred by the Constitution and Laws, but in derogation of both.
29	1780	Commencement of the Siege of Charleston by the English forces, under Sir Henry Clinton.
—	1833	Died, of Cholera, at Havanna, William Shaler, American Consul. He was the Author of "Sketches of Algiers," written while filling the Consulate there.
—	1836	Died, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, aged 81, Matthew Williamson, a Revolutionary Officer in the Commissariat Department.
—	——	Colonel Fanning and five hundred and fourteen men massacred by the Mexicans.
30	1814	U. S. Forces, under General Wilkinson attacked La Cole Mills, Canada, but compelled to retire.
—	1829	Died, at Salem, N. J. aged 100, Edward Augustus Holyoke, a celebrated Physician, in practice upwards of 79 years.
—	1830	Violent Hurricane in Muncy County, Virginia.
31	1774	The Boston Port Bill, interdicting all Commercial intercourse with the Port of Boston, in the Colony of Massachusetts, received the assent of the King of England.
—	1791	Died, at Elizabethtown, N. J. General Matthias Ogden, a brave Revolutionary Officer. He was one of the first Volunteers who joined Washington; he toiled with Arnold through the Wilderness to Quebec, and was wounded in the Attack upon that City.
—	1816	Died, at Fredericksburg, Va. aged 73, Francis Asbury, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had labored as an itinerant Minister for upwards of 50 years.
—	1833	The Buildings connected with the Treasury Department at Washington City, burnt.
—	1837	Great Fire at Utica, N. Y. Damage, 100,000 dollars.
—	——	The Navigation of the Hudson opened from New York to Albany, after having been closed for 115 days.

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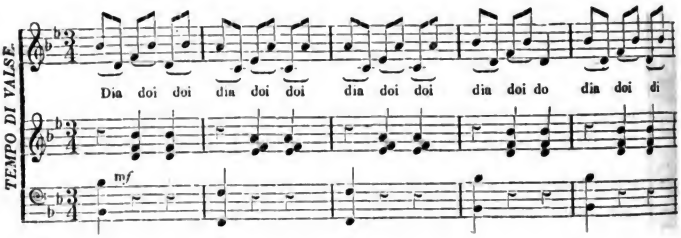
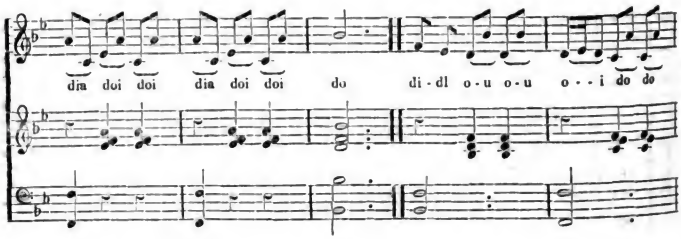
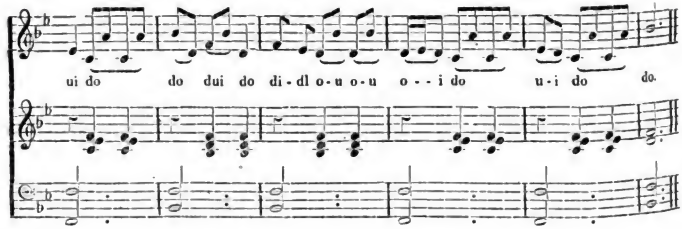
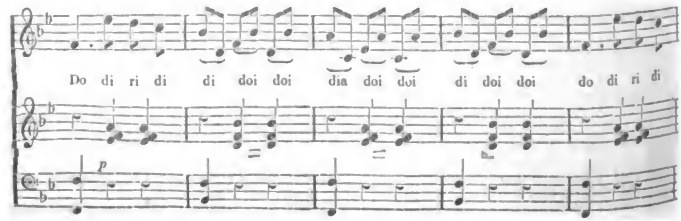
JODELN.

[The great popularity of the Swiss and Tyrolese Airs has induced us to give the following exemplification of the Mountaineer's method of singing called Jodeln. It is a curious and perfect specimen, constituting the entire range of this beautiful peculiarity of intonation. Passages of this kind are frequently sung by a single voice, and are introduced in the Glees of the Peasantry, as a substitute for an instrumental accompaniment.]









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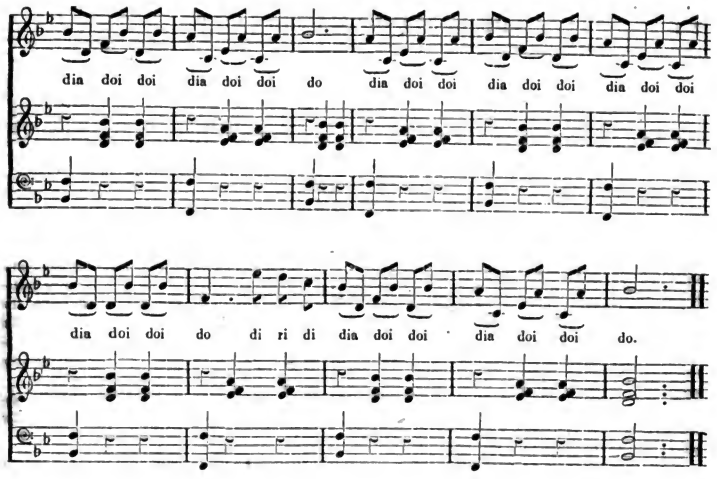

I'LL MEET THEE AT THE FESTIVAL.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

I'LL meet thee at the festival, I'll be amid the train,
Where mirth and laughter joyously pursue their merry reign;
I'll meet thee in the lighted halls, and with the masquer's art,
I'll hide the burning agony that preys upon my heart.

I'll meet thee at the festival, and 'mong the giddy band;
Again thou'lt seek me for the dance, again I'll yield my hand;
It shall not tremble in thy clasp, its pulse shall ne'er reveal
The many sorrows thou hast taught this bruised heart to feel.

I'll speak to thee of other days, I'll bid thine eyes look back
Upon those sunny scenes again, thro' memory's misty track;
I'll speak of them with heartless glee, and not a tear shall tell
How fondly in my bosom rests their sweet, unbroken spell.

Mine eyes shall never, never droop, with grief before thine own,
And I will teach my lips to speak in naught but pleasure's tone;
Unask'd, I'll pour with mirthfulness in thine unwilling ear,
Those early strains which thou so oft hast fondly plead to hear.

I'll meet thee with a glance as bright as that which decks thy face,
For sorrow, on my blooming cheek, shall not have left a trace,
And thou shalt seek in vain to see, thro' all the woman's wiles,
The iron entering on the soul, gilt o'er with mirth and smiles.

I'll meet thee at the festival—go thou among the gay;
I too will join the merry dance as gleesomely as they;
I'll meet thee at the festival, and with the masquer's art
I'll hide the burning agony that preys upon my heart.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN. By Miss PARDOE. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

This work has been repeatedly criticised and as repeatedly praised. We have not marked a dissentient voice among the critical Cerberuses of the press. Lengthy extracts from the City of the Sultan have graced the pages of nearly every periodical publication in Europe and America; and each succeeding quotation but excites an eager desire for more. Miss Pardoe has well depicted the customs and manners of the beings of the East; she has had the rare advantage of being first in the field under the reforming sway of the present Sultan, and has ably used her advantages. While the novelty of her delineations charms the attention, the vividness of her style, and the elegance of her descriptions, carry the fascinated reader into the very scenes she wishes to portray.

The various descriptions of the harems and mosques have gone the rounds of the press—the following poetical selection is peculiar in its difference from the general style of the work, but it is unique, and better adapted for quotation than any disjointed portion of the picture.

"Along the channel may be constantly seen clouds of aquatic birds of dusky plumage, speeding their rapid flight from the Euxine to the Propontis, or bending their restless course from thence back again to the Black Sea, never pausing for a moment to rest their weary wings on the fair green spots of earth that woo them on every side; and it is only when a storm takes place in the Sea of Marmora or sweeps over the bosom of the Bosphorus, that they fly shrieking to the cypress forest of Scutari for shelter; and these the Turks believe to be the souls of the damned, who have found sepulchre beneath its boughs, and which are permitted, during a period of elementary commotion, to revisit the spot where their mortal bodies moulder; and there mourn together over the crimes and judgment of their misspent existence upon earth, while, during the gentler seasons, they are compelled to pass incessantly within sight of the localities they loved in life, without the privilege of pausing even for one instant in the charmed flight to which they are condemned for all eternity.

My mind was full of this legend when I visited the cemetery—and I can offer no better apology for the wild verses that I strung together as I sat upon a fallen column in one of the gloomiest nooks of the forest, and amid the noonday twilight of the thick branches, while my companions wandered away among the graves.

THE DAMNED SOULS.

Hark! 'tis a night when the storm-god rides
In triumph o'er the deep;
And the howling voice of the tempest chides
The spirit that fain would sleep:
When the clouds, like a sable bannered host,
Crowd the dense and lurid sky;
And the ship and her crew are in darkness lost,
As the blast roars rushing by.

Voices are heard which summon men
To a dark and nameless doom;
And spirits, beyond a mortal's ken,
Are wandering through the gloom;
While the thunders leap from steep to steep,
And the yellow lightnings flash,
And the rocks reply to the riot on high,
As the wild waves o'er them dash.

And we are here, in this night of fear,
Urged by a potent spell,
Haunting the glade where our bones are laid,
Our tale of crime to tell.
We have hither come through the midnight gloom,
As the tempest about us rolls,
To spread, 'mid the graves where the rank grass waves,
The feast of the Damned Souls.

Some have flown from the deep sea caves
Which the storm-won treasures hold;
And these are they who through life were slaves
To the sordid love of gold;
No other light e'er meets their sight,
Save the gleam of the yellow ore;
And loathe they there in their dark despair,
What they idolized before.

They have swept o'er the rude and rushing tide,
Bestrown with wreck and spoil,
Where the shrieking seaman writhed and died
'Mid his unavailing toil;
And they rode the wave without power to save
The wretch as he floated by;
And sighed to think, as they saw him sink,
What a boon it was to die.

Some were cast from the burning womb,
Whence the lava-floods have birth;
From fires which wither, but ne'er consume
The rejected one of earth;—
And these are they who were once the prey
Of the thirst that madmen know,
When the world for them is the diadem,
That burns into the brow.

They who crouch in the deepest gloom,
Where no lightning-flash can dart,
Who, chained in couples, have hither come,
And can never be rent apart;
These are they whose life was a scene of strife,
And who learnt, alas! too late,
That the years flew fast which they had cast
On the altar of their hate.

But, hark! through the forest there sweeps a wail
More wild than the tempest blast,
As each commences the darkling tale
Of the stern and shadowy past—
And the spell that has power, in this dread hour,
No pang of ours controls;
Nor may mortal dare in the watch to share,
That is kept by the Damned Souls!"

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ANKEE NOTIONS. A MEDLEY. By TIMO. TITTERWELL, Esq. *One Volume.* Otis, Broaders, and Company. Boston.

TIMOTHEUS TITTERWELL, we extend unto thee the hand of good fellowship, and expect the return grasp in ood faith when it shall please thee to visit our city of right angles, or the spirit of locomotion shall induce s to cross the sound. We care not for the value of thy goodly list of "Contents;" we speak not of the exellence of thy various papers, albeit thy "Broomstick" did smite us hard, "the Singing School" did make us ream, and "The Science of Starvation" filled us with plentiful delight; but we would fain exalt our voice ı praise of thy delectable Preface, which, in our opinion, is the gem of thy work, although "Josh. Beanpole's ourtship" is conspicuous in the annals of fun. Permit us to mutilate thy handiwork, that our friends may idge of thy delectable conceits.

The worst thing for a man's health is melancholy, but a good joke helps digestion and promotes longevity. ı good joke, like a good sherris sack, hath a twofold operation. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there ll the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of imble, fiery, delectable shapes, which acting slily and sympathetically upon the corners of the mouth, proiuce hearty, jovial, honest laughter. The other property of your excellent joke is, the warming of the blood, which before, cold and settled, left the face long, the heart lumpish, the looks dumpish, and the whole inward nd outward man most dismally frumpish;—all which are the badge of pusillanimity, cynical sourness, and seudo-sapient self-conceit. But the joke warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts exreme, mollify the heart, tickle the ribs, expand the pericardium, inspirit the lungs, light up the bosom, clear he œsophagus, lubricate the tongue, inspire the brain, sublimate the cerebellum, titillate the skull-bone, vivify the spiral marrow, and quicken the whole nervous system: so that man being jolly, becometh perforce, generous, forgiving, liberal, communicative, frank, inquisitive, sympathetic, humane, and pious: and doeth noble deeds without end. And thus goodness, mercy, munificence, public spirit, patriotism, and the whole host of social virtues and Christian charities come of joking. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be to forswear doleful dumps and addict themselves to fun.

What makes people dyspeptical, hypochondriacal, apoplectic, envious, rabid, fanatical, factious, quarrelsome, selfish, consumptive, and short-lived? The doctors say this and that, but they know nothing about it. Politicians and metaphysicians reason and speculate, but they cannot find out. The true cause is that aforementioned chilliness of the blood, occasioned by the want of good merriment: nothing else, depend upon it: for since good jollity has declined, nothing has gone on rightly among us. How came the heroes of seventy-six to fight so valiantly to the tune of Yankee Doodle? Why simply because Yankee Doodle is a jolly, jigging, mirth exciting tune.

Quien canta, sus males espanta.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS. SECOND SERIES. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

THIS work is written by a Mr. Grant, a parliamentary reporter to the London Morning Chronicle newspaper, the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," which obtained considerable notoriety from their bold and sketchy manner. The announcement of the first series of "The Great Metropolis" excited great curiosity, which its appearance did not fully satisfy; its contents were pronounced common-place and stale; newspaper articles were embodied as matters of authority, and the pages of the work were filled with transcriptions of guide-book data and show-catalogue details. But the book sold well; and another series was, as usual, deemed necessary by the author and the bookseller. The London critics find more fault with the second series than with the first; but, in our opinion, without sufficient reason. The volumes before us are more anecdotal and original, although the general reader will meet with many old acquaintances; but considerable information of the rarest quality and value is embodied in the present series, sufficient to render its presence necessary upon the shelves of our library of reference.

The opening chapter, "Almacks," is an impertinence which a penny-a-liner only could design. A newspaper reporter, who, by the exertion of every possible human interest, could not obtain admission into the coterie at Willis's rooms, absolutely pretends to define the opinions, and gives extracts from the secret meetings, of their mightinesses the Lady-patronesses of this most aristocratic assemblage, ungallantly stigmatising the seven "fates" of the fashionable world under opprobious and fictitious titles, although in a previous page he has given the real appellations of these dames of ton. The whole chapter is about as correct as one of the descriptions of high life given in a vulgar fifth-rate fashionable novel.

The article upon "Political Opinions" gives about as good an idea of London politics as a bucket-full of salt water does of the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Grant has devoted this chapter to the exemplification merely of *parish elections, pot-house meetings,* and *radical dinners;* and he luxuriates in the slang and cockney brawlings with evident delight. By the way, Mr. G. makes all his dramatis personæ, whether thieves, policemen, farmers, jurymen, radicals, cockneys, or Irishmen, indulge in the same vulgar dialect. Mr. S——, who is denounced by him as the recent inventor of a new religion, was one of Birkbeck's partners in the Illinois scheme; he was connected with the celebrated Thompson, who, with his son in-law, Fearon, owned the largest gin palace in London, and figured conspicuously among the Freethinking Christians before Mr. Grant was born.

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There are many little improprieties in the course of the work—several of the data enumerated in the charter entitled "Literature," are also given under the head of "Authors and Publishers," and these repetitions occur within a few pages of each other. Phrases of doubtful use are current with Mr. Grant: the death of a man is described as a crossing of "the well known bourne of Shakspeare." A poet's description or allusion to a matter of primeval antiquity cannot give him a right and title, or nominal proprietary. Milton has written the finest description of the lower regions extant, yet "Go to Milton's Hell," would sound but strangely. We hear of Dante's Inferno as the name of a poem, but if a stray ghost, wandering on the banks of the gloomy Styx, were to ask old Charon if the stream before him was Shakspeare's Bourne, it is likely that he would receive a crack on his spiritual skull from one of the paddles of the infernal ferryman. There is also a discernable difference in the style of various parts of the work; some passages are particularly well written, while others are puerile and weak, authorising the supposition that different writers have been employed. The pages descriptive of various events in Newgate, are well done; the author becomes truly eloquent, and in fitting language developes the horrors of the jail. On the other hand, trite and common-place remarks and woful truisms frequently occur; take the following passage as a sample. He is speaking of the beadles who ring the bell upon the walks of the Royal Exchange, for the purpose of driving out the dilatory merchants, when the hour for closing the gates has arrived. "My only surprise is that some city aristocrats do not, in a paroxysm of wrath, caused by his unceremonious interruptions, take his bell, and smash it to pieces. To be sure, they would repent it afterwards, and therefore it is better they should not do it. I may add, they would have no right to do such a thing; but when people act under the influence of a momentary excitement, they sometimes do what is wrong."

In the article upon "Literature," we are told that about seven hundred authors, are, in one way or another, connected with the periodical literature of London; and that about four thousand persons get their living there entirely by their literary labor.

The chapter descriptive of "THE BANK OF ENGLAND" renders this work one of the most desirable books extant. We cannot believe that Mr. Grant wrote the whole of it himself; he must have had the most powerful and the most valuable assistance. It is a complete history of this modern wonder of the world; perfect in the thorough knowledge it displays of the power, resources, and uses of the banking privileges of the establishment, and interesting from the variety of the information given upon various interesting matters connected with its history. We cannot pretend to quote any thing like a body of matter sufficient to give an idea of the value of this portion of the work—a few extracts, for the entertainment of the reader, are all that we can afford to publish.

The largest amount of a bank note now in current circulation is for 1,000*l.* But it is said, though I cannot pledge myself for the accuracy of the statement, that some time ago two notes for 100,000*l.* each, and two other for 50,000*l.* each, were engraved and issued. It is added, that a plain butcher, who had amassed an immense fortune in the time of the war, went one day with one of the 50,000*l.* notes to a private banking establishment, and asking the loan of 5,000*l.*, proposed depositing the note in the banker's hands as security; adding he had had it beside him for years. The 5000*l.* were of course forthcoming at once; but the banker hinted to the butcher the folly of losing the interest on so large a sum as 50,000*l.* by keeping a note for that amount in his drawers "Voy, werry true, sir," said the latter, who was quite an illiterate man, "but I loikes the look on't so werry well, that I has got a t'other one of the same kind at home." Both the notes had somehow or other come into his hands, and he had determined not to part with them.

This eccentric individual was losing, and the Bank of England was gaining, in the way of interest on the two notes, reckoning but five per cent., the simple legal interest, the small sum of 25,000 dollars a year. There is another story told of a gentleman residing in Portland street, London, who framed and exhibited in one of the apartments of his house, for five consecutive years, a bank post bill for 30,000*l.* It was only taken down and converted into money by his heirs. This foolishly ostentatious man lost 7,500 dollars a year, at simple interest, for five years, for the sake of exhibiting a small parallelogram of printed paper to his visiters, not one of whom, he knew, dare steal the treasure, because the circumstance of its being so exhibited was well known to the Bank Directors, and if any person other than himself had presented it for payment or change, he would have been "pounced upon as a thief."

The next note under 1000*l.* is for 500*l.* There are others for 300*l.*, 200*l.* 100*l.*, 50*l.*, and so on down to 5*l.*, which last amount is now the lowest. Previous to 1759, the Bank never issued any notes of less value than 20*l.* That year it put a great number of 10*l.* notes into circulation. In 1733, 5*l.* notes were first issued, and in 1797, 1*l.* and 2*l.* pound notes were also brought into use, when the Bank of England stopped cash payments. The currency of the latter ceased in point of fact in 1823, and in 1829 they were formally prohibited by act of parliament.

The Bank of England loses about 200,000 dollars a year from forgeries on the public funds. In 1803, its losses from the frauds of the principal clerks and cashiers amounted to 1,700,000 dollars, and the forgeries of Fauntleroy lost the bank a still larger sum. In the year 1820, three hundred and fifty persons were convicted of forgeries of various descriptions upon the Bank of England.

There are few sights, perhaps, better worth seeing in London, than that of the interior of the Bank of England. However enlarged may have been the stranger's ideas of the extent of the establishment, the actual thing itself is sure to exceed them; he fancies, when taken from one apartment to another, that he is never

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) see the whole place; and he wonders, as he goes from one part of it to another, and sees so many persons usily employed in them all, how there can be occupation for so many. But that department of the bank vhich, as might be expected, strikes the stranger with the greatest astonishment, is the large room, where the rdinary transactions of paying in and taking out money occur. The number of individuals employed in this epartment of the bank alone, is, I should suppose from a rough guess, from seventy to eighty. Then there s the everlasting bustle caused by persons coming in and going out, on the outside of the counters. This lepartment, indeed, has all the appearance of a market-place. There is a crowd of persons constantly present, and they are always moving about as if in the open streets. But the most interesting sight of all, and hat which is sure to rivet the stranger's eye as fixedly as if there were some charm in it, is the quantity of gold he sees lying scattered on all parts of the counters, coupled with the large bundles of notes he sees in he hands of the payers and receivers. Sovereigns lie here and there in heaps, like so many mountains in miniature. The extent of business done in this department of the bank in the course of a day, is great beyond what any one could previously imagine within the bounds of probability. I am assured by one who has been many years in the establishment, that in the article of sovereigns alone, keeping out of view bank notes, a quarter of a million of pounds sterling will sometimes exchange hands between the bank and its creditors, in the course of the eight hours the establishment is open. I have heard the entire amount of money, including bank post bills, &c., which is turned over, on an average, in one day at the bank, variously estimated. The lowest estimate is 2,000,000*l.*, and the highest 2,500,000*l* The quantity of business arising from private accounts is very great; the number of these varies as a matter of course. I believe it is at present between twelve and fourteen thousand.

I have sometimes endeavoured to form an estimate of the number of persons who receive their dividends on the first day of every half-year on which they are payable; but it is difficult to come to any very confident conclusion on the subject. I am satisfied I am under the mark when I say it exceeds ten thousand; perhaps I would not be far wrong, were I to compute the sum paid away by the bank on that day as dividends, at 500,000*l.*; but of course, nothing like certain data to go on in such a case exists, so that this is only to be regarded as a rough guess.

The number of persons employed in one way or other in the Bank of England, is so great, that they may be said to form a little community of themselves. The number of clerks alone, though occasionally varying, is never under 900. The number of engravers, and printers of notes, in the constant employment of the bank, is 38. The salaries of the clerks vary from 500*l.* down to 75*l.* per annum. The entire amount paid to the various servants of the establishment, about 1000 in number, is upwards of 200,900*l.*

The article on the "Stock Exchange" is full and amusing, with many singular anecdotes of distinguished speculators. The divisions under the heads "Royal Exchange," "Newgate," "Old Bailey," and "Penny-a-Liners," are worth reading, particularly the chapter descriptive of the prisons of the Great Metropolis.

THE DIVORCED. By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

THIS, although a melancholy, is a deeply interesting history—and we gather from the last page that it is not a fictitious one;—we can readily believe it, and heartily recommend a perusal to the novel-reading public; especially to the younger portion of it, whom, if we understand the lady rightly, it is especially meant to warn and admonish. A tone of pure and lofty principle pervades the narrative, well calculated to promote the best interests of morality. Lady Bury is no compromiser—no apologist of *venial* trespassers—but lashes with an unsparing hand the crime and criminals—teaching her lesson *prospectively*—she at once startles her readers with the fearful *consequences* of transgression, as the best method of awakening their minds to the blinding selfishness of unlawful passion. As specimens of the authoress' power in putting the question home, we select the following:

There were times when Lord Howard lamented the step he had taken. How should it be otherwise—for though the world have so decided the question of wrong and right as to make the man in such cases immaculate, the woman impure—though the one is thrust out of society, the latter is courted and well received. Still no man can be inwardly at ease, who sees his wife set apart as a thing the good avoid, and the worldly fear to acknowledge, lest their own errors might be drawn out to light by the contact.

The children of the second marriage learn the history of the first, and the knowledge crushes the hopes of their existence.

So then my first sorrow was caused by my mother's guilt—she who has so coaxed and doted on me, is, in fact, my worst enemy—there is an end of my reverence for my parent. I no longer can consider our home as the abode of virtuous love—no, all the ties which bind us together as a family—which make them my parents—which makes Henry and me brother and sister are sinful—we ought never to have existed.

The sad story thus closes:

Lady Howard's history affords a fearful example to those whose affections, like hers, are unhallowed—who stand on the brink of the precipice. Oh may all such take warning from this melancholy statement.

How weak and inadequate our own strength is to uphold us in the path of duty—how terrible are the consequences of the guilty joy of those who buy it at the price of virtue—how sure the punishment, even in *this world*—how far short such attachments fall of giving the felicity which they promise—and that years of penitent humiliation, of sorrow, and of trial, would be insufficient to atone for sin, was there not a higher power willing and able to save even to the uttermost.

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GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S LONDON COMIC ALMANAC, FOR 1838. BY RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, GENT.

The purchasers of the stale jokes and newspaper cuttings that are printed in America, in the form of Comic Almanacs, with vulgar wood engravings and nigger songs, and the fitting concomitants of battered type and whitey-brown paper, can have but little idea of the humorous and elegant work before us. The mechanical execution, both letter press and copperplate, is of the best description; twelve plates illustrative of the months exhibit Cruikshank's inimitable talents in the most favorable light—the subjects and details are almost entirely local; inspection alone can give a proper notion of the genuine humor and minute display of that *vivida vis animi* in which the modern Hogarth is known to excel. There is nothing of the grossness of caricature in the exemplification of Cruikshank's designs; the prurient fancy of the great master of the satirical school of painting has not excited our favorite artist to imitation, nor has the popularity attending Rowlandson's vulgarities induced him to debase the proprieties of his art; his humor is the fun of a gentleman, the result of an innate perception of the ludicrous, matured by intimacy with every variety of human life. It is to be regretted that his powers are frittered away in the execution of local and temporary subjects; the light and frivolous nature of the publications upon which he is constantly employed, forbid the possibility of his achievement of more extended designs; indeed we often wonder at the multiplicity of effect crowded most happily into a picture but a few inches square. In the work before us, there are single figures but half an inch in height that tell a joke as palpably as could pages of descriptive letter press.

Besides the twelve copperplates, each month is illustrated by a head piece, an engraving on wood, from a design by Cruikshank. Innumerable petite figures of fun dot every page, forming puns to the eye, and giving zest to every line of the letter press, which is so perfectly Londonish in its bearing as to almost deny us the chance of furnishing any satisfactory extract. We know not who are the scribes of the Comic Almanac, or who ensconces himself beneath the cognomen of Rigdum Funnidos, but we boldly profess to prefer the work before us to the productions of Hood. There is a capital letter from Miss Henrietta Julia Wiggins on her travels, to her sister Miss Adelaide Theresa ditto, with a short postscript from mamma, and another from papa. The young lady's letter is full of bad French, and describes the family's peregrination from England to France; with a recapitulation of the mishaps endured by the cockneys in their visit to the land of Gesl. The ma hires a French ladies-maid in London, and bargains for the whole of the trip, but the demoiselle leaves her mistress when she lands in France, kindly informing Mrs. Wiggins that she only engaged her passage across the channel. A very nice *Dame Francaise* pays great civility to them during their sea trip, and volunteers to take charge of one of the old lady's *sacs de nuit*, because the *douaniers* or custom-house officers won't allow people to land more than one carpet bag a piece. Of course, the French lady refuses to deliver up the bag or its valuable contents, (the old lady's trinket box,) after swearing to the property at the custom-house. A young swindler, under the title of Marquis, makes love to the daughter, and sends the father to call a coach while he holds his umbrella over the lady. The father returns in the custody of two gendarmes, bleeding profusely, and covered with mud. "Instead of *cocher*, he kept calling the driver *cochon*, (which you know means pig,) and poor pa got tremendously ill used." Various unlucky accidents occur, till, at the close of the young lady's letter, the ma writes a postscript, detailing her daughter's flight with the impostor marquis—a second P. S. by the pa, mentions the ma's flight with the French valet and all the baggage.

"Frost Fair," is excellent, but local. "St. Patrick's day—an Irish *mellow day*"—is not the best thing in the book. "The Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew is a caustic exposure of the humbug of this ignorant fanatic, who wished to deprive the poor of England of every chance of relaxation during the week, and of a clean chin and a hot dinner on the Sunday. "John Budd and Sukey Sims" is an approved copy of the punning ballads by Hood. "That Mister Nubibus" is a relation of the misfortunes of a man who never goes out a pleasuring without experiencing rainy weather. Joe Cose, a bumpkin footman to a newly-made member of *parliament*, writes a comical epistle from London to his sweetheart Phebe in the country. The pair of rustics are described as being sadly out of their elements; the poor swain says:—

"i mis yew quite ass much ass master missis missis we spend al our Spar time in Smith feeld which is the only rele pleasure we hav Smith feeld is just the same ass I of our own feelds in West stafordsheer only no gras nor no eges nor no riks of hay nor no Stiles to sit a coartin on But ful of orses & cows & carves & pigs & shepe & other Beestly sites O them deer pigs ow Glad i was to ear there wel none vices it quite put me in mind of yew & deer Butermilk villige & i rely cood have Stade a earin them squele al day Lung wich deerest Feby doant Bleav wat i say about the pigs is al Gammon we hav got a Bewtifull ous in pel mel & the yung ladys ar verry Gay mis Jewlia is verry fond off Sowlogical gardning & gos evry day to Studdy the hannimils at the regency Park allso mis Jawgeny rides out evry mornin on her pony with James the noo sirvent beind on I off the hold coch orses wich as bean clipt & his tale Cut thurrow bred for the okasion the sirvents is al very wel & my duty to yewr farther & ow is yewr sister Suzn & poor litl nock need Nely & abuv al deerest luv Ows yewr muther Respectiv cumps to al yewr old felow sirvents & Pleas exept yewrself deerest Feby

"from yewr adorabl

"JOE COSE.

P. S. O Feby Feby wear al in a huprore sins Riting my abuv we hav found out mis Jewlia only went Sowlogical gardning for a xcuse to mete her luvver & is boath loped away gudnes or rather Badnes nose wear Allso the same of mis Jawgeny & James the noo sirvent ass i told yew off but Bles yewr art was no sich thing but only a luvver in disgize & wen we al thort him a Real lakky turned out nothink but a Vally de Sham."

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There are many other capital articles, particularly "Apropos of the Goose," and "My Dancing Days are Over," wherein a very stout gentleman pathetically laments the preponderosity of his fat. "Manners made Easy," is a good burlesque upon the many codes of etiquette which have lately appeared. The following letter from a schoolmaster to a father is quotable, and worth perusal:

TO SOLON SLY, Esq.

My Dear Sir—The approaching vacation devolves on me the pleasing duty of reporting to you, by the hands of Master Timothy, the general progress of his studies. In some respects, his extraordinary precocity has even exceeded my wishes. I have directed his reading principally to Biography, and his ardor has led him to add to my selection the lives of Turpin and Moore Carew, together with the instructive narratives of the Newgate Calendar. His progress in penmanship has been so great, that he has not only written all his own letters, but many for his school-fellows, to which the versatility of his genius has led him to append their names so accurately, as to enable him to obtain from their parents with the help of the post-boy, a considerable addition to his pocket money. I have cleared up a few of these little shades of character, which have been brought to light, as you will perceive at the foot of my bill. In Arithmetic, Subtraction has been his favourite rule, as all the drawers in the house can testify. He has also worked some complicated sums in Vulgar Fractions, and proved them, by the glazier's bill inclosed. His skill in Division has also been displayed in his setting all the school together by the ears. In Composition, his forte is romance and general fiction; indeed his conversation is of so flowery a nature, as to have been compared to a wreath of li-lies. At our races he greatly improved his acquaintance with the Greeks—Late-in, of course, included—and my servants picked him up at midnight, land-measuring, at length, on the Turnpike road. He has progressed in Logic, though rather addicted to strange premises, which may lead to serious conclusions. He has become an accomplished natural philosopher—his pursuit of Ornithology has led him to every hen-roost in the village, and all my eggs have been constantly exhausted in his experiments on suction. During his enquiries into the nature of animal heat, my favorite cat caught a severe cold, from which she never recovered, through his turning her out without her skin, on a frosty night. I have inserted a small item from my surgeon's bill, for repairs of his companions' noses, damaged by his passion for Conch-ology; and a charge, which I fear you will think heavy, for a skylight, destroyed by Master Timothy's falling through, while crawling along the parapet on a dark night, to seek some information at my gardener's daughter's window—an extraordinary instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. His decided turn for the belles lettres has deprived me of two of my best maids; for I have been obliged to discharge them on suspicion of irregularly participating in his studies, contrary to the rules of my establishment. As I do not feel competent however to do justice to the education of so talented a youth, I shall not expect to see Master Timothy again after the holidays. I am, my dear sir,

Your faithful Servant,

Birchfield Academy, Herts. Barnabas Bombrush.

The February number of The AMERICAN JOURNAL of the MEDICAL SCIENCES displays the usual ability of conduct and more than the usual quantum of valuable information. The original papers from the editor's *collaborateurs* present a body of scientific intelligence not elsewhere to be obtained; the reviews and bibliographical notices are copious and soundly critical, while the pages devoted to the summary of foreign and American facts of recent date, and connected with every possible branch of the medical sciences, evince the talent and tact with which this valuable work is managed.

"The PICKWICK PAPERS" have been published by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, in one volume, extra octavo. It is a handsome and desirable book, and a necessary addition to the library of every lover of genuine humor and artist-like pictures of every-day life. The Illustrations by Samuel Weller and the inimitable Alfred Crowquill, whose pen and pencil are equally unique, are added to the present publication. There is scarcely any necessity for pictorial explanation to Mr. Dicken's graphic delineations of character and events, but the admirers of Boz will receive much delight from a contemplation of Crowquill's "speaking bits," as we heard an artist properly term his eloquent designs. The plates devoted to the "Prisoners for Debt," constitute volumes of physiognomical detail; Lavater could not better exemplify the varieties of grief, of fixed despair, of careless misery—and the habitual doggedness of look which characterises the sufferers from hope deferred; while the brutal apathy of the swindler, the maudlin jollity of the sot, and the low cunning of the wretch who preys upon the necessities of his fellow prisoners, form an opposite but equally painful subject of contemplation. "Pickwick drunk," by Crowquill, is likely to make the lungs of the looker-on crow like chanticleer. The title page is well designed; the leading characters described in the Pickwick Papers are detailed in full with a *vraisemblance* that requires no explanation.

We bid farewell to the Pickwickians with regret; and look with much expectation of delight to the completion of Dickens' other works—the slowly moving but interesting Oliver Twist, and the long-promised Barnaby Rudge.

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ETHEL CHURCHILL; or, THE TWO BRIDES. By THE AUTHOR OF THE IMPROVVISATRICE, FRANCESCA CARRARA, &c. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, having gained the suffrages of Apollo's worshippers, seems determined to assert her right of sovereignty in the realms of prose, if the impassioned language used in the novel before us can honestly retain that name. The reader of Ethell Churchill will immediately perceive that it is written by a poet; the vividity and imaginative exuberance with which the ideas are expressed, can scarcely be deemed within the bounds of prose. There is no useless display of verbosity, no long and sonorous phrases of trite correctness—it seems as if the author found it difficult to keep within prosaic bounds: passages of the deepest beauty burst forth in the narration of common place details, which the experienced novel reader generally neglects as unnecessary to the development of plot or character. The author of the Improvvisatrice has thrown a poetic halo round her prose which many a weaver of verse fruitlessly labors to attain. By a natural gradation, the pen of the poet wanders from the paragraph to the distich; original mottoes, of exquisite sweetness, adorn the commencement of each chapter, and these divisions are so numerous, that gems of poesy glitter in almost every page.

This novel, for we suppose that the splendid creations of modern intellect must yet retain the generic name, although there is more difference in the varieties than the cat kind affords, in which the crawling kitten claims classification with the noble lion—this novel, like many others of the present day, is named after one of the second-rate personages who figure in its pages. Ethell Churchill is a mere nonentity—a milk and water creation compared with Lady Marchmont, or the delicate-minded Constance, who may rank with the finest imagining that ever did honor to the *belle sex*. We cannot understand why an inferior feature is selected to grace the work with its appellation; Bulwer has fallen into the same error in his "Leila," who apportions the smallest possible share of the reader's interest—indeed, but seldom appears in the exciting scenes that fill every page.

Ethell Churchill may be denominated an historical novel, with more fitness than one-half of the books which are thus entitled. Many distinguished people of the last century figure in its pages. Sir Robert Walpole, the ever prosperous minister, who was asked by his secretary what he had done to God Almighty to make him so much his friend. Gay, the poet; Swift, the Dean; the famous publishers, Curll and Lintot; Sir Godfrey Kneller, the eccentric painter: Lavina Fenton, the actress—the original Polly, in Gay's Beggar's Opera, and afterwards the Duchess of Bolton; Mrs. Howard, the royal favorite: the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury; the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the poet, Pope; although we opine that Miss Landon has outraged the propriety of the great moralist's character, in rendering him under the influence of a devoted passion for the lively countess, and for making that passion for a married woman generally known; we have nothing on record to induce us to suppose that the intercourse between the parties amounted to more than a literary flirtation.

This book is a singular and exciting compound—full of the most interesting details, portrayed with a bewitching and feminine delicacy that strangely contrasts with the masculine delineation of some of the principal characters, and with the originality and force of the plot's detail. We wish to select a few extracts for the inspection of our readers, but know not where to choose a passage that will faithfully exhibit the nature of the work. It is a beautiful whole, that scarcely admits of detaching a creditable sample—nevertheless, the following passages must amuse:—

Well, I have made a plunge into the cold bath of her ladyship's acquaintance, and she accompanied me to Sir Godfrey's. It was quite a visit of canvassing, for he has almost given up his profession; it is a favor if he paints you. Lady Mary told me some amusing anecdotes. Among others, she repeated to me a conversation between him and Pope, who called on a visit of condolence during a severe fit of illness. The poet, by way of comfort, gave him every prospect of going to heaven. "Ver good place," replied the invalid, "but I wish *le bon Dieu* would let me stay in my new house—it is good enough for me."

I do not often give advice; first, because it is a bad habit that of giving any thing; and, secondly, because I always think of the ambassador's answer to Oliver's declaration, "that if the court of Spain cut off his head, he would send them the heads of every Spaniard in his dominion." "Yes, please your highness," returned the diplomatist, "but among them all there may not be one to fit my shoulders." In like manner, with all our choice of other people's experience, there is never any that suits us but our own.

"Do you not even believe in love?"

"Yes," was the reply,—"as I do in the whooping-cough, or the measles; as a sort of juvenile disease, to be got over as soon as possible. If young people would but consider,—a thing which young people never do, they would find that love is its own cure. Gratified, it dies of satiety; ungratified, of forgetfulness. Let any man, in the course of a few years, look back upon the most desperate passion he ever experienced, and he will find himself not only cured, but ashamed of it.

"I always pray in German—the language is so expressive and energetic."

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears, I oftener doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubt the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock, with sparkling words, the dark and hidden world within.

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I wonder whether Sir George Kingston has ever been in love. Does any body ever go through life without eling it? yet the generality of what are called love affairs appear to me the most insipid things in the world. hey put me in mind of the French-woman, who, at a masquerade, was tormented by a full-grown Cupid ex-aiming.

"*Mais regardez-moi, je suis l'Amour.*"

"Yes," cried the lady, "*l'amour propre.*"

After all, a story I have heard my grandmother tell of the last but half-a-dozen Lord and Lady Pomfret's urtship, is not so far removed from the ordinary course either.

"Do you love buttered toast?" was the gentleman's question.

"Yes I do," was the lady's reply.

"Buttered on both sides?"

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"Well, then, we will be married."

"How very nice! Yes."

Now half what are called love affairs, have no higher ground of sympathy than the poor mutual liking for ittered toast.

I wish I could remember some of the things I said last night; but, alas! the epigrams uttered over cham-gne are like the wreaths the Egyptians flung on the Nile, they float away, the gods alone know whither.

It is ungracious to find fault with a book that has given us a pleasure of the most exciting kind, but the ty of the critic must be done, even with the productions of a lady and a poet. There are too many instances 'stale *ana* scattered through the work; the pages of Spence, Pepys, Walpole, Taylor, and Wraxall, have fur-shed Miss Landon with a variety of smart sayings and clever repartees by the famous men and women of e age; we admit that they are skilfully dovetailed into the conversational mosaic-work assigned to her cha-cters, but the recognition of these old friends impairs the freshness of the work. Again, the whole of the *rsonæ* are too fond of quotations. This habit is excusable, though tiresome, in wits, authors, and players, it in Ethell Churchill, all the lords and ladies, heroes and heroines, somebodies and nobodies, play at one ernal game of quotation; it has been remarked that a good unhackneyed citation, if short and apt, is better an any homily of original dullness; but Miss Landon inflicts not dullness upon her readers, and has no occa-on to borrow phrases—the frequent use of inverted commas in her pages, tires the eye and "sates the atten-re sense."

In the course of two or three pages we have as capacious a chapter of crime as any that graces the pages the *Causes Celebres*, or the Newgate Calendar. Lady Marchmont, a young and lovely member of the haut a, is discovered by her husband in her infidelity; her paramour is proved to be a heartless lump of vanity, d the outraged and outrageous lady mixes poison in the night-draught of her husband, and inviting her lover a midnight meeting, administers his death-dose in a cup of coffee, and he dies, as the morning dawns, like dog, by the side of a pathway in the Park, in the very spot which, a few hours before, he had soaked with e blood of Walter Maynard, who had fallen in a duel, while Lavinia Fenton, who is said to have loved him arly, stands laughing by, and indulges in merriment and ridicule, as the chosen of her heart is carried sense-ss to her carriage. All this is unnatural, and to a writer possessing Miss Landon's powerful genius, perfectly nnecessary.

We were about to add a protest against this lady's general indulgence in the sad and sorrowful, but the truth the following passage in this, her last new work, has stopped our critical pen. But the beauties of the ork are so predominant, that the author can afford us a longer and severer disquisition upon its faults than e are inclined to indulge in. We heartily commend its perusal to every class of our readers, promising them gratification which is seldom attainable, notwithstanding the general excellence of the novels of the day.

Nothing astonishes me more than the envy which attends literary fame, and the unkindly depreciation hich waits upon the writer, of every species of fame, it is the most ideal and apart; it would seem to inter-re with no one. It is bought by a life of labor: generally, also, of seclusion and privation. It asks its ho-r only from all that is most touching, and most elevated in humanity. What is the reward that it craves?—lighten many a solitary hour, and to spiritualize a world, that were else too material. What is the requital at the Athenians of the earth give to those who have struggled through the stormy water, and the dark ght, for their applause?—both reproach and scorn. If the author have—and why should he be exempt om?—the faults or his kind, with what greedy readiness are they seized upon and exaggerated? How ready the sneer against his weakness or his error! What hours of feverish misery have been past! What bitter ars have been shed over the unjust censure, and the personal sarcasm!

EILA. By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER. *One volume, extra large octavo. Fifteen Engravings.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

When Samuel Rogers, the English banker and poet, issued an edition of his "Italy," in one large octavo olume, with many exquisite vignette illustrations from paintings by Turner, Stothard, and others, engraved n the first style of the art, he was laughed at by his friends, and severely criticised by his brethren of the uill. It was said that the vanity of the man had employed the wealth of the banker in ornamenting the orks of the poet; the public laughed at the joke, and purchased the book. A large edition sold rapidly; the demands of the trade remained unsatisfied for several months [illegible] the booksellers at the [illegible]y of the affair," that they pub[illegible]

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sive, at their own risk, and realized money by their venture. The success of the yearly series of "The Book of Gems," is another gratifying evidence of the prosperous union of the beauties of the arts pictorial and poetical; and to this success, and a decline in the popularity of the pretty playthings, the Annuals, we owe the appearance of the splendid book now before us. What would the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa Harlowe," say, were he to behold the gorgeous style of production bestowed upon this modern novel? What would the conductor of "The Minerva Press," which, for nearly half a century, issued the small and plainly printed, and worse papered duodecimo volumes, descriptive of the loves and lamentations of the novel and romantic heroes and heroines of circulating library celebrity—what would his opinion be of the appearance of "Leila," a *tome* of unequalled typography, beautiful paper, and abounding with large engravings from the *burins* of acknowledged excellence? Our readers who have only seen Bulwer's last work in the unseemly garb of the New York edition, can form no idea of the beauty of "Leila" in her gorgeous ornamented and picturesque attire.

The words of the novel are by this time pretty well circulated throughout the Union—thanks to the general system of spoliation and robbery which disfigures our literary system; we shall not, therefore, present our readers with even the trifling specimen that our limits could afford. Bulwer has closely followed the historical details of the fall of Granada, and has invested the fate of its last and vaccilating king with an interest which his mighty pen could alone achieve. The character of Almamen is the author's creation, and adds another to the long list of evidences of his intimacy with the rarest secrets of the human breast. Still we do not think that the whole work is one of Bulwer's best; he has evidently written to order; the dramatic effect of the subjects of the plates has been too much considered; and the circumscribed limits to which he has been compelled, prevented the indulgence in that minutiæ of detail which distinguishes his developments of passions, characters, and plot.

We are surprised to find Bulwer constantly recurring to the African origin of the Moors. This mistake is general amongst superficial readers, we are aware, but certainly did not expect the author of Pelham would have spoken of the African blood of Boabdil, one of the famous race of the Abencerrages, who prided themselves upon the purity of their Asiatic blood. The followers and countrymen of Mohammed were called Arabs from being children of the west; but when they carried Moslemism into Europe, they were termed Saracens. The prophet died in 632; in 640, Amru, an Arabian general under the caliph Omar, burnt Alexandria, and conquered Egypt. In 692, the Saracen chief Abderahman sailed from Egypt, and landed in Spain. In 711, the kingdom of Cordova was founded by this potentate, who threw off allegiance to the caliph, and extended the conquests of the followers of the prophet throughout the land. The Spaniards called their conquerors, Moors, from their possession of Mauritania, which they had won from the Visi-goths; but if eight hundred years residence in Spain did not entitle the Saracens to the appellation of Spaniards, we cannot see the justice of terming the Asiatic soldiers of Mohammed, Africans, because a portion of their armies resided a few years in Egypt, or Mauritania. Voltaire (Smollett's translation) speaks of Spain as "a country which has been with ease subdued, successively, by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths and Vandals, and at length by these Arabs, who were known by the appellation of Moors." Bulwer is not alone in this mistake. A statesman of the present day, John Quincy Adams, lately perpetrated a very singular criticism on Shakspeare, in which he endeavored to prove that the death of Desdemona was an act of heavenly justice for the sin of her marriage with the Moor Othello, whom he evidently considers of negro descent; but Othello himself mentions his claims to ancestors of "royal siege," and if he may not quote his Andalusian birth, at least he must be allowed to locate the origin of his race upon the eastern side of the Isthmus of Suez.

It was scarcely worth while for our friends of THE KNICKERBOCKER to point out to its readers that a little twelve-line *jeu d'esprit*, in our January number, originally appeared in the New York Mirror. The joke in question, one of many embodied in an article called "Resuscitated Joes," is about ten or twelve years old, and we are sure Colonel Morris was not displeased that we considered his petite effusion worth resuscitating. The title and motto of the article forbid the possibility of a charge of plagiarism, for there can be no pretension to originality in a chapter openly professing to consist of old jokes newly revived. The majority of the "Joes" are versified by a talented contributor, who, most likely, was not aware of his offence in adding to his collection twelve short lines from an old number of the Mirror, till the Knickerbocker kindly pointed out the enormity. Several of our articles have appeared in the Mirror, and we have been glad to see them there, although they did appear without acknowledgment—indeed, we frequently see whole pages of our own productions going the rounds of the New York periodicals, monthlies excepted, without a line of credit, but we never observed that the Knickerbocker made its readers acquainted with the fact. The other article mentioned by the editor of the Knickerbocker was handed to us, in manuscript, by the author himself, (an editor in Philadelphia,) who was ignorant of its publication in the Knickerbocker till we called his attention to the statement; had we been aware of its staleness, it would not have appeared in our pages. We have not sufficient opportunity of forming acquaintance with the valuable contents of the Knickerbocker; indeed, we never see it, except upon the taules of the Atheneum; in the list of respectable periodicals, it stands alone in neglecting our pod-

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1838. No. 4.

RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

THE one essential characteristic of the material man is life, and the one essential characteristic of the moral man is religion. As in the physical system there are two sources of vitality—the heart and the brain, so in the spiritual system there are two sources of piety—the intellect and the feelings. As in the former both must exist, so in the latter. As in the one both must be distinct, so also in the other.

During one of the most oppressive summers which I ever remember to have felt in Persia, I left Bacdat, which was then my residence, to estuate in the delicious village of Soora, a place which may or may not be on the maps, about five hours north of the city. Whatever part the love-crowning roses and the "rosy-crowned loves" of the place might have had in carrying me there, the pleasure of enjoying the society of decidedly the most intelligent man I ever met with, constituted a large share of the inducement. Our cottages were in two vallies, on the opposite sides of a respectable hill, and as to accomplish the passage in the middle of the day was a thing impossible, (a *bête de mot*, which is good Persian, if it is not French,) we paid each other alternate visits every morning, measuring them as the pendulum of the world oscillates by the day. One morning, as I walked down his side of the hill, I saw him sitting by a fountain before his door: "Mirkaun!" cried I, "what is your opinion of the origin of evil?"

"Separation," answered he, and he monologized till sunset in proof of his position that all moral errors arose from the separation of things which ought to be united.

The next day when he called on me, he said, as soon as he came within speaking distance, "L., what is your opinion of the origin of evil?"

"Union," answered I; and employed the day in demonstrating that all error was occasioned by the union of principles which ought to be kept separate.

I am surprised, by the by, that those who have sought for the first germ and cause of evil in the universe, have not rather looked for it in the confusion, division, or misapplication of good, than attempted to refer it to a distinct and independent principle. I may add, that when I met my companion on the following morning, he asked me what opinion I held of the merits of the two days' discussion. I replied that either was a good theory as theories went, but that the truth would probably be found in both joined together.

"True," replied he, "and that proves my position."

I have wandered from my purpose, which was to remark that the true cause of the final corruption of every pure religion, and the original fault of every impure creed, has been joining with the divine and systematic portions of the belief—matter which, though a part of the whole scheme of *religion*, were yet no part of the assured creed, being, in fact, implied results from it, or collateral connections with it, rather than a definite element of the original principle. I have no intention to develop this idea in all its applications; that belongs to a work which yet remains to be written by some independent thinker, and which, when written, will be the most valuable addition to human knowledge which it has received since the time of Bacon—the History of Religion. I am only wishing to indicate the effect of the pagan and Roman Catholic religions, of incorporating feeling with conviction, and the propriety of keeping them asunder in the modern Protestant systems. In Greece, religion was the natural offspring of feeling; in the elder Christian world, feeling was the adopted issue of religion; the two matters are now separate systems, for the most part, and should be so entirely.

The delicate Grecian placed by nature in the land of beauty's chosen seat, amid all tender and impressive influences, felt as the child of nature needs must feel when every breeze that blew was instinct with delight. There is in all sentiment something sacred; and the Greek, following the mild impulse of natural inclination, deified the whole system of his feelings, and the wondrous mythology of his country was created. Of a religion thus fashioned, many were the advantages. The earth was a consecrated pantheon; and every moving, every resting thing, a caryatic or columnar suppor[illegible] [illegible]e entablature. Wherever

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he looked were altars—wherever he listened was the chant of praise—wherever he tended, spread a chancellated ground. In every spot was seen a God, or the garments of a God; mementoes of adoration were every where abounding. From off the morning hills the sheeted mists arose with silent pomp of homage; and with a gentle burst of holy joy the bubbling fountain bounded to the earth. The commonest act of life was worship; for over all a deity held sway, and aureoled all with piety. It was the peculiar blessing of this creed that there was nothing, and there were none, *beneath* religion; the lowliest feeling had its warder in the skies; and the chosen representative of every sentiment being but an exalted *man*, always retained a sympathy with humanity. When the timorous mariner called upon the name of Neptune, or gazing on the lowering sky, sighed for the aid of the storm-assauging brothers, he felt that his hopes were suspended from them by the chain of a common nature. When the warrior, about to loose the dart, or lanch the spear, cried to "the God of the Silver Bow," he knew that while his patron had the power of an Olympian, he had the feelings of an honest brother of the chase; the Christian would have trembled at the profanity of such a prayer. But while this religion secured more general and constant acknowledgment of God, it brought many great and fatal evils, for as Moses in the presence of his God shone celestial, so did the brightness of those deities always among men, fade into human pallor, and they descended in sanctity as they did in station. The mythology ever became an instrument of evil; for as religion was the offspring, it soon became the slave, of passion; and the feeling which had wrought, could warp, divinity. Whatever inclination prompted or indolence invited, imagination was at hand to stamp with the approbation of some divine example; "and conscience, drunk as with wine, could sanctify to them all bloody, all abominable things." Thus was piety, like the Britons, destroyed by its allies, and the dome of religion, like the fane of Erroul, fell by the weight of its own pillars.

As when the thousand stars of night rush out, the single power of the sun comes on, so did the Christian Lord reveal his awful splendor as the heathen gods passed away. Under the new faith, and naturally distinct from it, feelings of course arose, and were all baptized into the church. But it was soon perceived that these feelings had no sympathy with heaven, when heaven was filled by the exclusive terrors of Jehovah, and that they could no more cling to the naked doctrine of "God over all, always, and in all places," than the myrtle could entwine itself about the red-hot thunderbolt. They therefore invented the demi-divinity of the virgin, as a rock on which to hang, screened from the brilliance of almighty power, and proceeded, like sagacious jewellers, to set their God in saints. It has been the fashion of late years to class the saint system of the papal church among the most conspicuous monuments of human folly; but folly was not the fault of the Romish hierarchy; the "wisdom of the serpent" did nothing unwisely. They who made the calendar fell, like England's national debt, on posterity. The progress of the matter was in this wise: Religion, as it came from God, was not an affair that could whistle through the key-holy of a nursery, or be made the umpire of a market-house dispute; many acts must therefore be done apart from all religious consideration, else religion becomes degraded: that which is done beyond the eye of piety soon becomes a sin, and the practice of sinning soon makes men sinful; to obviate this result, the saints were created to be representatives* *sub modo* of the Lord, to keep alive a sense of the divine existence and obligation, and bear the truth to many places where the master in person would not venture without compromising his dignity; for the rosary might be carried into a corner when the cross would stick fast in the door. Again, there are constantly occurring in life a lage number of little miracles, and a still larger number of false stories of them; if these be referred to chance, the notion of a constant providence is lost; if they be assigned to the intervention of the Almighty, omnipotence is degraded. By the happy insertion of saints into the chain of agents, the good is secured and the evil prevented,—religion is made "familiar," but deity by "no means vulgar." All hands shared the advantage. Such were some of the motives that led the framers of the wisest system that the earth has ever witnessed to this wonderful device, and contributed to make the papal church, what it has always appeared to those who observed without prejudice, and thought without passion—the very sublimest monument of human ingenuity that ever existed. The evils of this invention were doubtless foreseen and despised. Those evils I need not dwell upon—every thing was brought into the bosom of religion,—politics, domestic arrangements, science, war, and "quicquid agunt homines," was the concern of the priesthood; till the ark of the Christian covenant became like Noah's, a mere menagerie, in which when human concerns, like the beasts, came in at the door, purity, like the dove, went out at the window. The master's prediction became history; his mustard-seed had grown into a tree, and birds, of which most were "obscoeni aves," found shelter in its branches. The spiritual church had for its type the monasteries of the time, in which men ate, drank, and slept, and performed all the business of life within the consecrated walls. The temple became utterly defiled, and the church fell into a state which called forth the sorrow and scorn of all good men. I think that I am right in finding the germ of all these abominations in the original error of introducing into Christianity al-

* I remember a fable, I think in Athenæus, of Jupiter stopping one night at the house of a peasant with a couple of thunderbolts on his back. The cottager, fearing that the bolts might set his house on fire, refused to admit the thunderer unless he left his load in the yard; this was impossible, for the deity said his power were "one and inseparable," and the poor god was obliged to sleep under a shed. The saints of Christianity were so made as to be gods in all respects, only that they did not carry thunderbolts, and were therefore admitted as a much *safer sort of two-*

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fairs which did not belong to it, of extending religion much too far in its influence, and of thinking that feeling must be consecrated to the Lord. When you cut blocks with a razor, the razor it is which suffers.

The sum and substance of protestant Christianity is, "repent and believe;" that much, and no more, of precept came from God, and that much, and no more, of performance should go back to him. We have seen the evils of joining feeling and religion; let us keep them distinct; let revealed faith be preserved the same narrow and distinct path which it was made by the Almighty finger, and let the natural piety of feeling flow like a brook by the side of it, to refresh, but not seduce the traveller—to relieve, but not convey him. While sentiment is trellised on the outer wall of the temple, it adorns and protects it; if it finds its way within, it rends the walls and disorders the building.

Here then lies the true use of poetry in these modern times; I mean human and unreligious poetry,—poetry as a system independent on religion in its origin and end,—the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Wilson, Brydges, and Shelley. Let us never look on their conclusions as sacred, nor imagine that they form any part of Christianity; let us not believe that we fulfil any direct portion of our vocation and duty as Christian men, when we renew within us the mood they exhibit; but let us read them to keep our sympathies tender, our moral perceptions delicate, our hearts free and open, our hopes fresh and springing, and our whole nature elevated, pure, and unselfish. When this is done, then let us go to prayer.

Another advantage springs from the fictions of poetry as long as it is kept apart from religion. In these latter days, when philosophy has explained all the material phenomena of the universe, we are in danger of resting on second causes, and losing the many excitements to pious feeling which the ancients had; the golden lies of the poet are of infinite benefit in keeping open in our breasts the springs of wonder, and preserving in the world some traces of mystery. The heathen poet tells he was converted by hearing a clap of thunder in a clear day; *now*, it is only by a bold poetic fiction, that in the thunder "God in judgment passes by;" and these fictions, though not accepted by the intellect, have their effect upon the heart. When piety leads us among the false mysteries of the outer world, it keeps alive a sense of the real mysteries of the hidden world. I need not say that under this view the line between fictitious poetry and true religion must be strictly kept up; for divine revelations must never be married to human inventions. I therefore regard "religious poetry" as full of evil.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Oh! bless me once again, mother,
Before I go to rest,
And lay my weary, aching head,
Upon thy gentle breast.

And press thy lips once more, mother,
Upon my fever'd brow,
It always chased the sorrow there,
Oh! chase its sickness now.

Mine eyes are growing dim, mother,
And earth fades fast away;
But, as they leave the world of night,
They meet a world of day.

Weep not when I am gone, mother,
Unto the silent tomb,
For there's a land of promise bright,
Where thy young bud shall bloom.

For when my years were bright, mother
My bosom full of glee,
Thou bad'st me lisp my infant prayers,
Bent lowly at thy knee.

And weak and indistinct, mother,
As were those accents here,
They rang around the throne on high,
In silvery echoes clear.

A thousand angel forms, mother,
Are beck'ning from the sky,
And yet I cannot loose my soul
From its first tender tie.

Take to thy gentle heart, mother,
My sister, young and gay,
And let her image fill the void,
When I am far away.

And closer twine in love, mother,
Around my brother brave;
Give them my share of thy fond heart,
When I am in the grave.

Then bless me once again, mother,
Before I go to rest,
And let me close my weary eyes,
And die upon thy breast.

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THE MAN-MULE.

A LEGEND OF GALLICIA.

Alberto Piolanos (a person of excellent qualities, and of matchless skill in the art of causing all landed property in his possession to produce an abundance of corn and such matters, and of such curious ingenuity in vine-dressing, that a very Mahometan might have lifted up his hands and blessed the goodly fruit that clustered on the branches), Alberto was known, far and wide, as the proprietor of the prettiest wife, and the reputed father of the prettiest daughter, in all Gallicia. Some years, however, had passed over the earth since Dame Blanche was in her bloom, and although it was reported by certain middle-aged personages, who, some twenty years before, might have considered themselves not quite excluded from the hope of attracting her attention, that the fair-faced matron at one time enjoyed the most sylph-like figure, the softest waist, the minutest ankle, and the roundest arm they ever saw, yet it is our duty to confess that considerable change was observable in all respects, and that a good-natured plump presentment of a dame of forty, with a pair of contented cheeks, small laughing eyes, and a little double-chin, was all the beauty discernible in the "gude wife" Blanche. She, notwithstanding, was far from forgetful of her former celebrity, and would often tell of the various offers she had received from great folks, and was very eloquent on the fact of having once danced with a prince of the blood who was rude enough to accompany his condescension with a kiss. Alberto listened to these narrations with inward satisfaction, and stretched out his limbs, and smoothed his chin, with the air of one not altogether remiss in the duty of thinking well of himself. "But Alberto had the advantage of them all, you see," was generally the conclusion of his wife's history, and another smooth of the chin attested Alberto's concurrence in that observation.

The advantage above alluded to was succeeded by the production of a daughter, who soon threatened a successful rivalry to her mother's charms. In commemoration of the happiness resulting from her birth, she was named Felicia, and at the expiration of eighteen years it was generally admitted, by way of compromising all hostile opinions, "that she took marvellously after her mother." This resemblance was in no degree impaired by any essential difference in matters of the heart, for as the mother, according to her own account, rejected numerous desirable alliances, and answered negatively to many beneficial poppings of the question, so her daughter exhibited the strongest repugnance to any interference on that delicate point, and manifested, at proper seasons, an earnest disposition to consult her own feelings and inclinations in all affairs of that character. The propriety of her own conduct, Dame Blanche was by no means disposed to question, but it so happened that Felicia was perverse enough to follow her example, and oppose her choice, which was an offence she thought demanding at least the interposition of the legislature.

It is strange by what kind of mental anamorphosis things appear irregular and irreconcilable regarded from different points. Alberto and his wife had experienced in their youthful attachment the wrongs of parental tyranny to a very pliable extent, but having settled in their own minds, and to their own satisfaction, that the principals in the oppression were a pair of merciless and ferocious monsters in human form, they instantly set about vexing and thwarting them in all directions, and defied them finally by linking themselves in the bonds of disobedient love. But now every thing was changed. They had discovered that youthful people have no right to think for themselves; that old heads were better than young; that marriages of passion are marriages of pain; that improvement of condition is the chief object of wedlock; that fathers and mothers are the best judges of what is proper for their children; and that nothing can be more unpardonable than for sons and daughters to have a will of their own. All this might be very proper, were it not for the existence of an old saying, which sets forth—"that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander;" a sentiment strictly and philosophically in unison with our own opinion, and very much assimilating with common sense.

The end of all this is to show that, as refers to the disposal of donna Felicia, things went on very indifferently in the family of Alberto Piolanos. The young lady strongly protested against the candidate nominated by her father, and seconded by Mistress Blanche, and petitioned vehemently against the return of any such representative of her affections. There was a whisper of a very warm canvass proceeding in behalf of another party, who was said to command, as far as could be determined, the unanimous suffrages of that busy constituency which rages and wars within a woman's breast. The fact is, every thing was at sixes and sevens on this head. Alberto would have nobody but a certain squire in the neighborhood, whose name was Teophilo, and whose pretensions to preference were chiefly founded upon a tolerably fine person, a gallant mien, sharp wits, and a high sense of pacific honor; which, it will be allowed, were qualifications not fairly endangered by the concurrent possession of some hundreds of acres, and a few eligible and productive farms, of which Alberto's happened to be one. Whatever malice and vindictive spite might suggest, we are not one of the number who are ever looking on the dark side of men's

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reputations, and are happy to say that Alberto was of the same nature, for he derided the petty malignity of those who would allow a prejudice to exist against Teophilo because he was so well to do in the world, and scorned the meanness of permitting a fine house, fair grounds, and an adequate exchequer, to operate against the happiness of a young man who had no other failings. The virtues of the youth, indeed, were only less obvious than the ample sufficiency of his "ways and means," and wherefore not cherish those virtues, and assist to carry off some portion of his humiliating moidores?

So urged the humane Alberto, and so insisted Mistress Blanche for hours together, even when slumber had sealed up the eyes of all the others of the household, and none but her own and those of her loving spouse were "wide awake" to the moonbeams and their own interests. The subject, indeed, was one of peculiar attraction to Mistress Blanche, and she would sometimes indulge the old gentleman with such a lengthened dissertation on its merits, and find herself so graciously encouraged by his patient attention, that her admiration of his powers of silence would become unbounded, till a sudden "Don't you think so, my dear?" producing an equivocal grunt on the part of don Alberto, she turned testily on her side, with some such address as, "What's the use of talking to you, fool?" and was soon immersed in dreams. But her indignation fled with the night, and with the morning came a calm consideration of Teophilo's claims.

But notwithstanding all efforts from all quarters to prevail upon the fair Felicia to think better of Teophilo, and encourage his approaches, the implacable maiden remained fixed to her resolve.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, you wicked girl," said her mother to Felicia one Sabbath morning—"Are you not ashamed of yourself to put on that common dress when you know Teophilo is coming to escort you to mass? Fie, fie!"

"Good enough for him, I think," was the reply. "And yet it pains me to disobey you. Give me a motive, and I can be as gay as others."

"A motive!—yes, I understand you; substitute the little wretch Clamerclotti for the joyous and passionate Teophilo, and then—ah! I know your meaning, miss. But it is useless, he shall never enter my doors."

"He never shall against your wishes, mother, but while my heart is my own, I will never resign it to any other."

"That's right, Miss Undutiful," said Mistress Blanche—"break your mother's heart, do, and marry the fellow. Ah! you may play with your cap string, and pretend not to heed me, but when I'm dead and gone you will perhaps."

"Oh! mother, do not talk so," said Felicia earnestly—"You know I love you, and would do every thing to please you, but—oh! do not talk of being dead and gone. I would do any thing to comfort you, you know I would!" and the poor girl approached her mother with eyes half-filled with tears, and kissed her affectionately.

"There, there, dry your eyes, here's Teophilo coming," said Mistress Blanche, assisting to remove the evidences of weeping from her daughter's face. "Look gay—come—I didn't mean it. Ah! Teophilo, we have been waiting for you, you see," added the dame, as a youth entered with the air of one who felt a superiority to his company. "Felicia has been quite vexed that you delayed so long."

"May I crave her pardon?" said the youth with a mock bow, "we are still in time if the divine Felicia will accompany me."

"O yes, that she will," said the mother, and the youth, swinging his feather with great importance, presented his hand, and led the reluctant Felicia to the door, the latter assenting with as little grace as was consistent with propriety.

They were scarcely ten steps from the house when Teophilo commenced his suit with a fervent flow of unintelligible devotion which a lover only could presume to interpret. The difficulty of penetrating the meaning was not greatly diminished by the fact that the maiden's thoughts were totally occupied with another person, of whose presence she was soon apprised by one of those significant coughs which tell little to any but those for whom they are intended; and it was unobserved accordingly by her loquacious companion.

On the opposite side of the way walked Ferdinand Clamerclotti, a stout young peasant, who had been watching some time for the chance of meeting Felicia alone. The disappointment appeared to affect him in no great degree, for with a sly look at the maiden, and a jocose frown intended for her partner, he set his cap on one side of his head, and swaggered along with all the independence of one assured of the omnipotence of his own personal advantages. But in reality, Clamerclotti knew well he had very little to boast in that respect. He was short, strong, and active, and possessed a countenance that would have marked him as a vulgar epitome of manhood, had not a cheerful cunningness in the eyes and the good-natured up-to snuffishness of his whole bearing relieved him from that impression, and given him a certain individuality which seemed duly appreciated by the young maiden, who returned his attentions with all the manifestations of an earnest reciprocity. The cough we have mentioned will be readily supposed to have proceeded from this personage, and a short conversation of looks took place between the parties, who evidently understood, with the greatest proficiency, that silent dialect.

"How sweet a day it breathes of Felicia!" said Teophilo; "There is such loveliness and beauty in all around. There is the burning sun—there the heavens—there—"

"Your pardon, sir, your pardon," cried a voice: "Is not your name Teophilo? If it be, fly, for there is ruin menacing your house. The infuriate flames are raging over your inheritance, one-half of it may by this time be in ashes. Fly, and urge those who would assist you by your presence."

"What has happened? speak," said Teophilo, alarmed.

"Your mansion is in flames. The shrieks of females are heard. There is a cry for don Teophilo.

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begone, or you are ruined. Ah me! that it were not so."

"I must hence. Felicia, forgive me. Our united interests demand my absence from you," said the youth; and he put himself in motion with painful precipitation.

"Ha! ha! stride away," shouted Clamerclotti, when he perceived the success of his jest. "The fellow's house is as secure as he left it; and will remain so, if he has wit enough to avoid running his head against it as he goes along. Ha! ha! now I've got you to myself, my darling, and I demand a kiss for my pains."

"Nay, not here," replied the girl, laughing at the manœuvre.

"Now, or never," said Clamerclotti, helping himself, "and this may be the last I shall have for many a day."

"Are you really going away then, Ferdinand?" inquired Felicia mournfully.

"It's fixed, sweet eyes; I shall be on my road to-morrow. A fortune awaits me, furlongs of gold and leagues of silver. But I'll come back again, depend upon it, and erect a castle here, and have you for my queen."

"You are laughing at me, Ferdinand; if you love me, we need neither castles nor gold; and if I loved you not, I might, I dare say, have both without you."

"Likely enough, my dainty donna, and bless that sweet tongue that it says so," answered Ferdinand. "But you see, that villainous old hag, whom some persons call Fate, is strangely at odds with me hereabout, and I am resolved to try her in another quarter. Rely on it, I will outbuy that Teophilo yet;" and so saying, Clamerclotti slapped his thigh; and turning down a path-way, they found themselves in an unfrequented place, where a group of trees afforded them a pleasant shelter from the sun, and preserved them, moreover, from the inconvenience of observation.

"Give me this ribbon from your hair, my fairy," said Ferdinand, attempting to untie it, "I want it for some purpose."

"For what?" inquired Felicia.

"To swear by, ruddy-lip. Give it me, and vow you will be faithful to your Clamerclotti while he possesses it."

"That I will," replied the maid, "and though he should lose it too. There it is."

"Let no persuasion wed you to another then, sweet mouse," said Ferdinand, placing the ribbon in his breast, "and as for myself, you know well all about that;" and so the young couple talked away the time until the tread of steps and buzz of voices proclaimed the return of the congregation from mass, when, fearful of being seen, they parted.

The rage of Teophilo, upon discovering the cheat that had been practised upon him, was unappeasable, and he swore by his sword that nothing but the life of the offender could expiate such an intolerable imposition upon his credulity. The fact of a rivalry subsisting between himself and a low-born peasant had been carefully concealed by Alberto and his wife, but the idea afforded by Teophilo's description of the culprit, left little doubt in the minds of the worthy couple that the delinquent was none other than Ferdinand Clamerclotti,—a supposition but little falsified by Felicia's hesitation and blushes whenever questioned on the matter. But we must beg permission to take leave of the whole of these parties for awhile, and follow Clamerclotti, who set off the following morning on a journey to a distant city, where fancy, the busy architect of hope, had already erected certain unsubstantial tenements, termed, "castles in the air," and delivered over the lease and title to our intrepid traveller.

At an early hour Clamerclotti was on the road. A spacious wallet at his back contained all his worldly goods and chattels, and a little bag swung beside it was well furnished with every thing necessary for the commissariat,—a precaution not to be neglected with impunity. With the determination of one intent upon some great object, he trudged along till the exhausted inward man began to suggest hints as to the propriety of succoring his failing energies; and a convenient spot presenting itself at the same moment, he sat himself down, and commenced his repast. A large oaten cake was soon disposed of, and a second appeared in a fair way to share its fate, when a long and dismal groan aroused him from his meditative mastications, and, starting on his legs, he perceived, at no great distance, a human form stretched on the earth, and the heavy sobs proceeding from it, denoted the creature to be in the utmost pain and tribulation. The face was hideously distorted with convulsions, and the breast heaved quick and panted with agony.

"Take them off, they tear me, the fiends are on my chest, and beat me, and mock me," cried the unhappy man. "Ah! how they rend me."

"A Lobishomen! by the son of my mother," exclaimed Ferdinand, approaching the figure "Yes, 'tis Monday. He is a Sabbath victim. The fit will soon be off;" and he lifted the shape from the ground, and sprinkled the temples with water.

"They are going now, they are fading—see. But they point at me still," said the Lobishomen. "What is this? wine! give it me;" and with a hearty draught at a bottle which Ferdinand had secured for his own consolation, the wretched being became more composed, and looking into Clamerclotti's face, as though awaking from a stupor, he raised himself up, and began to supplicate for mercy.

"*You* will not hurt me? oh! do not," he implored, crouching before the youth; "I will labor for you, but do not spurn me, and strike blows upon me."

"*I!*" exclaimed Ferdinand, "*I* beat you! Be not alarmed. If you'll favor me by partaking of a portion of those viands yonder, you are cordially welcome. I dare say your stomach is not over delicate after a fast of some thirty hours."

"You know Jacques Mana, then, the poor Jacques," said the other, "and you will be kind to me, and not hurt me?"

"Lord a mercy! what botheration's got into your head to make you suppose I will?" *replied Clamerclotti.* "Here's a merry feast for us close by, and I

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think we may as well be wise enough to enjoy it whilst it lasts. Don't talk nonsense, Jacques, (since that seems to be your name,) there's not a giant living who can say I ever wantonly molested him, and, I think, if several wild beasts of my acquaintance could express their real opinion, they would exonerate me from any charge of violence towards them; for I frankly confess I was never the man to take advantage of a lion's weakness, or impose upon the good-nature of a rhinoceros, not I; and if so, I hope you will believe me to be sufficiently amiable."

"There is jest in you, young man," said Jacques Mana, "and I thank you that you can sit and be joyous in the presence of a Lobishomen. Know you not that I am cursed of heaven!—that I am six days man and one day brute? that the sinking sun of Saturday doth terminate my humanity? and that the Sabbath sees me only in the shape of a mule pursued by demons, and torn and goaded by hideous shapes, that follow and flay me till the sacred day is past!—and know you not that I am proscribed, and hated, and cast from the doors of men!"

"I've heard as much," replied Ferdinand, "but I can't say I was ever credulous of it until the present moment; nor indeed am I now, for the truth is, Jacques, (you'll pardon my familiarity, I hope,) I am very doubtful of the whole matter, and entertain an opinion (with your permission,) that you are laboring under a delusion. It may be possible, certainly, but as 'seeing is believing,' I will defer my opinion until such time as my own eyes are satisfied of the fact. In the meanwhile, perhaps you will be good enough to convert to your own use whatever you prefer in this bag;" and they both commenced a series of such effective operations upon the provisions, that in a marvellously brief period the whole had disappeared.

"Do you doubt the fate that attends me then?" said Jacques Mana when they had concluded. "Know you not that my ancestors were as I am? And yet why should I ask? your gentleness to me proves that you doubt the Lobishomen's destiny, for did you not, you would hate me as others do. But you shall see."

"Seeing is believing," as I said before, replied Clamerclotti. "But how and when shall I see?"

"I tell you not when or how, good youth, but you *shall*. Which way the wind blows bend the branches; I say that you *shall*. But listen to me awhile. There were joy and feasting of yore in the halls of Mana, for the lady of Lacanza was soon to be the bride of the lord of Mana. There was a mystery in the fate of the lord of Mana. None ever saw him on the Sabbath. He was a kind and good knight, and many believed he secluded himself on the holy day for purposes of piety; but others shook their heads, and gave looks which commonly indicate either a knowledge or suspicion of something generally known or imagined, but of a character not to be talked about or dwelt on in the general conversations of neighborfolk. Certain it is, he was never seen on the Sabbath, and the deep love conceived by the lady of Lacanza for the strange knight, constrained her father to pursue such measures as would determine the cause of his hebdomadal invisibility, and rescue his daughter from the danger of plighting her maiden vows to a Lobishomen. He resolved, therefore, to fix the day of marriage at once, and appointed a Sunday.

"With many artful objections did the lord of Mana attempt to prevail upon the old man to decide upon another day, and the lady united her prayers to those of her lover (perceiving he desired it) to the same effect, but the count was inexorable. A shudder shot through his frame when he contemplated the possibility of his dear and only daughter contracting herself to a Lobishomen. The prevarication and confusion of the lord of Mana confirmed him in his belief.

"'She shall not wed him,' he said; 'her nuptials shall be in a nunnery rather. I had rather see her dead and tombed. She shall not, if these gray hairs can teach her obedience.'

"Such were his words: and the old man wept many tears—tears, not like the summer-showers of youth, half sunny and half sad, but tears, such as the sharp and bitter waters that spring from the mineral earth, and taste of the heart-ore whence they arise.

"The appointed day was soon as near as to-morrow is to this moment, and the sun hung brightly in the heavens, as he does now. The lady Lacanza sat by her lover's side, and they gazed upon a fair scene before them, and talked of future happiness. The evening advanced, but, as the minutes fled, they stole away the mirth of the lord of Mana, and he sat almost mute, and sighed, and drops like dew stood upon his forehead. The lady looked in his face, and started from him. His cheeks grew paler and paler; his beard, that was smooth as her own tresses, became rigid and untwisted; his eyes were lustreless. He sat for an instant thus, and then passed from the room like an ungraved ghost. With one only look towards his betrothed lady, he glided towards the spacious hall, and vanished. But he was again to appear; yes, he was to appear again. A noise was heard without, and a wild mule, whose cries were like a mortal thing, ran madly past the window. The count Lacanza saw it, and, clasping his daughter to his breast, exclaimed, 'Thou art saved, thou art saved.' And she *was* saved; for that mule was the lord of Mana; he was a Lobishomen, my ancestor; and now believest thou!"

"Not a word of it," replied Clamerclotti; "for to tell you my opinion, it's all a hum. I dare say you'll pardon me for venturing to have an opinion of my own, but I assure you it is of no use telling me all about this; I'm one of that curious tribe that will not believe a thing unless it happens to be credible; and as for this old mule story, I'll be turned into a mule myself if there's a word of truth in it."

"You are young, and that excuses you," said the Lobishomen; "but the time shall come when thou shalt be wiser."

"Like enough," rejoined Clamerclotti, "like enough. I've plenty of time, that's certain; and I should be glad, I confess, if I could, at this present moment, avail myself of your politeness to give me a lift on the road to wisdom; but, as I have to go some few miles before

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I reach a village, and the evening is falling, I would rather insure to myself a night's lodging, than rest my head upon the hard block of erudition. So, farewell, Mr. Jacques, and if you should be coming at any time to the great city, some thirty miles away, I dare say Ferdinand Clamerclotti will be distinguished enough to be found by inquiring for him. Saint Gregory preserve you, Jacques, and keep you from the bad habits you have been mentioning. Good by:" and, with a shake of the hand, the Lobishomen turned down a side road, and Clamerclotti pushed lustily on his way to the city.

We should ill describe the effect of this adventure upon the mind of Ferdinand, were we to leave the reader under the impression that he was altogether sceptical of the veritability of Mana's words, and that his blunt pleasantry was occasioned by an enlightened superiority to superstition. It was no such thing. Among the peasantry, the tradition was considered not only recommended by very respectable testimony, but founded on events as certain as the births and deaths of their several grandmothers, or the specified period when St. Michael moulted, and presented one of the finest feathers of his left wing to the charge and custody of some faithful friars. It would have been wrong, therefore, had Ferdinand ridiculed the tradition altogether, however much impressed with doubts as to its positive reality. His mind was not more settled by the fact of having himself found Jacques Mana under the influence of that very fear and torture which it was said accompanied the metamorphosis, and so strongly convinced of the irrevocable doom that attended him.

"So, it's all very odd," said Clamerclotti, as he pushed forward; "and I must wait the convenience of Master Jacques to enlighten me on this head. It's a mighty queer world, that's certain, and I'm not quite sure that I've not been walking about the earth in a different shape myself before now, for I recollect having a strange appetite for thistles one day:" and in such manner he thought and talked, until he arrived at a little village, where he sojourned for the night; and on the following evening, with panting heart, he surveyed a great city extending before him, and the turrets were shining with the golden light of the setting sun, and a thousand thoughts of success and fortune danced through the cranium of the bewildered Clamerclotti.

"Here I am, then," he said, as he stationed himself before the house of a merchant, to whose regards he bore letters of consignments, "and here begins my prosperity. I dare say Felicia could make herself happy in such a mansion as this even:"—and he announced himself with an important clamor at the door, and was soon ushered into the presence of his superior, who received him with considerable courtesy, and finally handed him over to a tall personage in a fine dress, with instructions that every care should be taken of him. The frankness and cheerfulness of the youth soon elevated him in the opinion of the merchant, and he gradually found himself promoted from offices of insignificance to offices of trust; until a circumstance occurred which established him in the favor of his master, and opened the way to a better advancement.

There happened to be engaged in the service of the merchant, one, of whose integrity Clamerclotti had many reasons to think unfavorably; and his suspicions were soon verified by the sudden disappearance of the worthy. The mere coincidence of absence could certainly have justified Clamerclotti in no way for supposing delinquency on that account; but other circumstances, including the mysterious abstraction of considerable sums of the current coin of the realm, and certain slips of paper with names written upon them, which the merchant was superstitious enough to consider valuable, afforded sufficient ground for an hypothesis of that nature. At all events, the individual was missing, and the said moneys had become suddenly invisible. The merchant was ruined if justice failed to detect the culprit; but it so happened, Ferdinand was the fortunate instrument, in the hands of justice, and the happy means of restoring peace and solvency to his master's affairs. He had watched the haunts of the offender and his companions, and with care and secrecy, contrived to gain admission to a room where he understood they frequently assembled, and having overheard their plans, and discovered the place where the money was deposited, he waited their departure, and quickly possessed himself of the prize. The retreat of the parties was somewhat retarded by a band of persons, who seized and bound them as they passed through the passages, and consigned them, in a rude manner, to the prison-house. The merchant was soon relieved of all his apprehensions by the appearance of Clamerclotti with the greater part of the booty, and with tears of gratitude he declared himself eternally bound to the youth, and implored to be permitted the opportunity of returning his thanks in a more tangible manner than words, should Ferdinand be ever plunged in a similar emergency.

This opportunity was soon afforded him. A touch on the shoulder, accompanied with a whispered word, which was "Felicia," surprised our hero one day as he was hastening through the streets, and looking he perceived the retiring figure of Jacques Mana, who beckoned him to follow, and by his gestures seemed to intimate that his mission was any thing but of an agreeable character.

"What! Jacques, my old fellow," said Clamerclotti, when he came up to him, "what in the name of wonder brings you here? Another of your scampering fits, I suppose."

"You know Alberto Piolanos," said the Lobishomen, "and his daughter, and his wife: and you know the don Teophilo."

"To be sure I do," replied Clamerclotti; "and there are two of them I'd rather cheat, one I'd rather kiss, and one I'd rather trounce, than any of their own ages in Gallicia. But what of them?"

"Ask of each separately, and I'll reply," answered Jacques.

"Is the old chap well, then?" inquired Ferdinand.

"Well," said the Lobishomen.

"The old dame too?"

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"Also well."

"My darling unmarried?"

"Unmarried."

"And Teophilo as great a fool as ever?"

"As great a fool as ever."

"What ails then?"

"A great deal ails," answered Jacques. "The old chap, as you call him, is threatened with houseless poverty, the old dame with endless wretchedness—"

"What! my old Dame Blanche?" interposed Ferdinand.

"The same,—Felicia with a forced marriage to save her parents from ruin, and the don Teophilo with the curses of all for his malice and cruelty in turning the old people out of doors because their daughter has made choice for herself. One day may be too late to rescue the young Felicia—she is wavering; for, however deep her affection for you, it is hard she shall see her parents ruined."

"I'll be off by to-morrow's sun-rise," said Clamerclotti, "for I take you to be a man of your word, Master Jacques, and I fancy you wouldn't deceive me. I cannot conceive, though, how the deuce you got to know all this."

"I know it," replied the Lobishomen, "be that sufficient. "If you would save the girl, go, go, go;" and, with a solemn emphasis on the latter monosyllable, he bowed his head gravely and departed.

Ferdinand had long cherished a strong desire to see those spots once more, and wander amidst those scenes so nearly associated with his earliest and happiest days; and the true secret of his uncommon confidence in the integrity of Jacques might be traced, we fancy, in some degree to this anxious longing; for he seized the excuse with more earnestness than is generally manifested on like occasions. With praiseworthy promptitude, he represented the whole state of affairs to the merchant, and solicited his assistance, adding that a temporary absence would agree exceedingly well with his health, and a sight of Felicia would tend materially to restore that desirable circulation of the blood which the avocations of a cititizen had materially impeded. In all this the good merchant readily acquiesced, and producing a sum equivalent to twice the supply which Clamerclotti requested, he bestowed upon him his blessing, and the youth conveyed himself from the room. The next day saw Ferdinand on the road. His golden store was well secured about his waist, and had not an accident occurred by which he sustained a severe sprain, he would probably have relied upon those trusty animals called his legs, to conduct him with safety to the end of his journey, and would then have escaped what it is now our duty to relate.

By the side of the road sat our hero rubbing his aggrieved limb with great perseverence, and sending forth occasional groans of impatience and agony, when on a sudden Jacques Mana appeared, and began to make some inquiries as to the cause of his lamentations and distress.

"Oh! go to the devil," cried Clamerclotti," in extreme anguish—"go and be hanged with you, don't you see I'm hurt?"

"I pity you," said the Lobishomen, "you'll never be able to walk for a week. Here you must stay, unless you permit me to carry you to the next village, some miles away, where you can rest for the night. I am strong."

"I should feel all over obligation to you, if you would do the same," said Clamerclotti, repenting of his roughness to poor Jacques. "So, if you are willing, clap me on your back at once, and away with me."

"That will I," replied Jacques, raising Ferdinand up, and placing one leg on each side of him, in a position which is denominated pick-a-back—"and now say, are you comfortable?"

"As much so as sitting on a pair of hatchets, called hips, will enable me—but I am not the man to complain. I am quite ready; move on, Master Jacques;" and with many jests and gambols they went on their way, the light step and easy spring of the burdened man seeming strangely inconsistent with the massive rotundity of the burden.

With much zeal did Jacques Mana persist in his course, even when Clamerclotti, absorbed in his own cogitations concerning Felicia and her parents, remained silently on his back. The different sentiments occasioned in the mind of Ferdinand by the different circumstances under which he surveyed every object then, compared with those excited in his breast on his first approaching the city, were the source of much entertainment to him, and he fell into a kind of reverie that might possibly have lasted for a considerable period, had not a consciousness of a sudden change of position on the back of Jacques Mana, and a certain careering in the air of that personage, aroused him with a start to a sense of what was passing before and around him. The first object which struck his amazed vision was a pair of long and hairy ears, established on a foundation which appeared the head of a horse, from which head descended a very long face, terminating with a snout containing two nostrils, that sent forth lines of steam on both sides and snorted terribly. With a shriek of amazement, Clamerclotti hung about the back of the beast, and fixed his fingers in a shaggy fringe surmounting the neck of the animal, while the creature himself ran wildly to and fro, and leaped and jerked with such violence that Clamerclotti found a difficulty in keeping his place, and he inwardly cursed the folly of men who question the truths of tradition, and more especially the legend of the Lobishomen.

"You'll have me off, Jacques—on my life you will; I pray you kick not up your heels so monstrously—stop, stop," cried Ferdinand; but the large ears were deaf, and with a frantic sound of misery that seemed to stun the very birds, for they fell dead to the earth around them, the Lobishomen set off at full speed with the unfortunate Clamerclotti, and in a moment tree and hedge appeared but shadowy lines in the landscape, and the hills began playing at leap-frog. Away they went, over heath, and mead, and plain; over mountain, vale, and glade,

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they dashed, they fled, they flew; the winds made way, and the racing lightnings could scarcely keep pace with them.

"Stop, stop," shouted Clamerclotti, "stop, or I perish;" but the night came forth, and they still sped on, and demons sprung from the darkness as they passed, and pinched them, and laughed with hideous faces, and pulled and tortured them.

"Ah! how like you that?" screamed one of the fiends, seizing Clamerclotti by the nose with claws like pincers; "or that, or that?" and he tore at his hair, and nipped at his neck; while two young devilkins perched on his ears, and shouted with a vehemence to which a lion's roar was a whisper.

"Believe you it now, believe you it now?" cried another demon with a round face, accompanying every word with a blow on the pate of the youth with an instrument resembling a hammer;—"do you believe it? if not, permit me to break your cranium through;" and he set about his work with renewed violence, whilst others fixed upon Jacques, and pierced him with small arrows, and hung upon his tail, and screwed his ears about until they seemed ready to break off by the roots, which pleased them mightily, and they laughed in an ecstacy of joy.

"When it shall please you to let my head alone with that confounded hammer, Master Fiend, I shall feel infinitely obliged to you," said Clamerclotti, recovering his self-possession; "and perhaps you would accommodate me, Signor Uglymug, by liberating my nose. As to the young chaps who are bellowing away in my ears, I should be sorry to interrupt them in so pleasing a pastime."

"Niffle—hiffle—whizz!" cried one of the fiends; "Hish! kickle!" cried another; and "Swackle!" cried a third.

"Do you believe it now?" cried the leader of the gang.

"Horror! horror!" cried Jacques, flying with frightful speed over the land.

"Believe it, believe it," pursued a tribe of minor monsters.

"I think I have reason enough, in all conscience," replied Clamerclotti: "and I can only tell you, gentlemen, that once out of this scrape, I'll keep my thoughts to myself for the future, I'll trouble you to take your tail, Sir Devil, out of the way of my mouth, if you please, or I may otherwise be induced to give it a gripe."

"Swibble! flickerback!" screamed a tall fiend.

"Block!" cried a little one.

"Mumbleflabber!" pursued a fat specimen of the demon tribe, and with a rush, like a hurling wind, they all dashed down a precipice together. The dark hollow appeared endless; and they descended and descended until a hazy insensibility came over the whole functions of the astonished Clamerclotti—the last glimpse of his fading faculties assuring him they were descending still.

The morning had gone on before, and the sun was in the east, when Clamerclotti discovered himself to be lying in a field, with neither Lobishomen nor devil in the neighborhood, but a certain soreness all over his body reminded him of his adventure on the former evening; and he arose, and shook himself, and examined his limbs with great care to ascertain if any injury had resulted from his downward excursion, but all was well.

The scene around him was one not altogether unfamiliar, for yonder was Alberto's farm, and many a recollection poured gladly into his mind when he gazed upon the dwelling of his faithful Felicia. The Lobishomen had been considerate at all events, in one respect, for he had scrupulously adhered to Clamerclotti's line of route, and delivered him almost at the door of his home, with no other change than a few scratches and bruises.

The dame Blanche was soon roused from her occupation by a knocking at the gate, and vast was the wonder of all when the runaway Clamerclotti presented himself, and took from his side a pouch of real gold. The farmer drew himself up and smiled at the shining darlings, while his wife declared with much solemnity that she had always prophesied Ferdinand would make a man after all. Felicia was silent, but inwardly delighted; and when Ferdinand represented he had heard of their misfortune, and had come to beg of them to accept the little he could supply for their use, a general shaking of hands took place, and Alberto whispered in his ear—"I always thought you'd be my future son-in-law. I could not abide Teophilo from the first, believe me;" with such other expressions of congratulation as generally flow from persons whose interest is on a par with their fervor. The recital of Clamerclotti's adventure with the Lobishomen was received with wonder and astonishment, the old people piously crossing themselves at every new event in the history, with that indefinite idea of religious confidence which is mostly produced by the bewildering tenets in which they had been reared. The gentle Felicia, in the meanwhile, crept gradually to the side of her lover, and, looking in his face, held fast by his arm, till a sudden noise in the adjoining room happening just at a moment when her whole attention was fixed on the mystery, she started from her seat, and produced at the instant a series of such piercing screams, that they could only be abated by a solemn assurance on the part of Ferdinand that her consternation had been occasioned by no other incident than a false step performed by the cat in her way to the milk-pan. The tale was often repeated in after times to such passing travellers as chanced to light upon the hospitable habitation of Ferdinand and his little wife; but none ever heard of the unhappy Jacques, who, it is to be feared, must have died as he had lived, a wretched outcast and an unfriended man.

PICA.

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SOLILOQUY,

ON AN OLD PEN.

I HAVE, e'en now, with the fine, glittering edge
Of my new knife, essay'd to mend thy point,
But all in vain—thou art the muses' steed*
That I have used, and used, like many a *she*
Hath used her hen-pecked mate; by holding well
Thy good old nose upon the grindstone down,
Till time has conquered all thy fractious powers,
And made thee what thou art.
Oh! luckless was the day,
And sad to thee the hour, in which I plucked
Thee from thy mother's arms: (or, if ye will,
Her goose-white wings.) Ere that dire hour,
It was her constant joy to skim along
The ambient ether of th' cerulean skies:
(That is, with much exertion,) or to walk
By the old Dutchman's barn, and *Misthaufen*,
Where horses, cows, and hogs, and pigs, and calves,
Were wont to roam in elegant confusion—
There could thy mother walk in waddling grace,
Probing the rich manure, and thou untouched!
But this is changed, and thou art—what thou art!
So long obedient to its master's will,
The stiff, unyielding quill has sunk beneath
The tortures of his many sleepless hours.
Yes, thou art what thou art. I e'en perceive,
Our friends, the chamber flies, in wanton mood,
Have marked thee with disgrace.† Well—thou art old,
And, as the mob say—*discomboborated:*
Yet, hen-peck'd, fly-peck'd, or whate'er thou be,
Thou art unto thyself a burden now,
And therefore, like all worthless things, should perish.
Yet deem not thou shalt sink into the grave,
A thing unknown—a thing forgotten—No,
Although, like a sneaking son-in-law,
I wish th' old donkey dead that ministered
To all my wants; that some more *useful* tool,
May move obedient to my purposes—
Thou still shalt live in mem'ry as a friend
"Whom I have not loved wisely, but too well."
Yes, wondrous pen! Thou solace of the woes
That step-dame nature oft around my path
Hath darkly flung; I view thy spotted top
With sad remembrance; yet even in my grief,
Although thou also be'st the monitor,
Of what I was—of what I soon must be—
Thy strange, uncouth appearance calleth forth
An undissembled and impartial smile.
E'en when I did thy dirty point essay
Once more to flatter—to patch up—to mend,
Thou did'st remind me of the school-boy's *nose*,
Which once I saw upon a frosty morning,
Dripping a-pace; and in whose ear I then
Did parley thus:—Said I to him, "My boy!
Why don't thee blow thy nose?" "Oh," said the boy,
"So oft of late I've blown it, and so much,
That by the nice repeated operation,
I have become possessed of a new fact,
Worth my whole store of new-collected knowledge.
'Tis simply said—*my nose will not* STAY *blown!*"
Now, with the echo of the school-boy's words
Still ling'ring in mine ears, I'll even think
Upon his dear-bought knowledge; and henceforth,
My Pegasus, when thy successor's limbs
Grow laughable with age, their nozzles soggy,
Like to thine own, defying "Roger's patent,"
Oh, then, old pen, thy mem'ry, like a dream,
Shall flit before my vision, palpably.
And though I profit in experience,
And own a true, yet frost-cold simile,
Doubtless, a tear will stand within mine eye,
To think of thee, and of the school-boy's *knows!*

Locust Grove, Lancaster Co., Pa. E. H.

* *Equine* genus, species *asinus.*
† *Stercus muscari.*

TO AN OLD BLIND HORSE.

WHAT, though the icy hand of Time
Has cool'd thy ardor, cramp'd thy speed—
Yet still thou rear'st thy crest sublime;
For still thou stepp'st—a comely steed.

Tho' now those orbs are quench'd in night,
That sparkled once with youthful fire,
Yet, cherish'd by instinctive light,
Thy noble spirit's still entire.

Thy symmetry remains complete—
Still graceful flows thy mantling mane:
Thy taper ears, thy well-set feet,
Thy pristine beauty still retain.

That shining skin, so soft and sleek—
That trim tail's fashionable air,
Thy master's kind regard bespeak,
And show his servant's duteous care.

Old steed! sure it was a lucky day
That brought thee first to such a birth:
While others drudge their lives away,
Thine flows in feasting, ease, and mirth.

And, could a poet's wish prevail,
When here thy vital race is run,
Thy form should still through æther sail—
A sprightly courser of the sun.

FLORIZEL.

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PLAY-HOUSE PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ACTOR'S ALLOQUY."

The stage and actors are not so contemptible,
As every innovating Puritan,
And ignorant swearer, out of jealous envy,
Would have the world imagine.
G. Chapman's "Revenge."—1613.

No. I.

MAD ACTORS.

THE stage has numbered among its votaries many persons of both sexes whose actions have evinced unsoundness of mind. Eccentricity, a minor madness, and intemperance, an aberration "most lazar-like and loathsome," were the frequent marks of note attached to the paths of the erratic histrion of by-gone times; but in these days of propriety and tee-totalism, an undue peculiarity in behaviour is scarcely countenanced, and actors are no longer eccentric when off the stage, nor intoxicated when on. One great tragical exception may be adduced as evidence to the contrary, but I claim him for the purpose of proving my rule.

The life of an actor is almost like a maniac's dream; to-day, he is "the observed of all observers," the favorite of the many, the idol of a chosen few; the audience plaud his every look, his friends repeat his sayings, and force him to their feasts; authors consult him, critics praise him, and the world rings with the repetition of his name. What may not a little week produce? let the instances of Kean, John Kemble, and Wood declare the mighty change. Trivialities, which affect not the mass of human nature, are often the screws of an actor's fate, and press him into misery and ruin.

There is a positive infatuation connected with every department of theatrical life that almost amounts to relative madness. Sanity seems to be discarded as the outset—when the stage-struck youth deserts both "reason and the shop," and devotes himself to a life of incessant toil, for the chance of a decent living in the purlieus of the play-house. What but madness can account for his continuance within "the whirl of the wings," after the discovery of the lack of substance in the tinsel of the stage; and what, but lunacy, can explain the obstinacy of the veteran who remains in the theatre he affects to despise, and encounters the malice of the untalented, the envy of the underlings, the sneers of the youngsters, and the malignant backbitings of his compeers, rather than resign the exciting habits of an actor's life—and with all its disagreeables, it is an exciting life, and therein lies the secret of its maddening charm. In no other profession can the same combination of triumph be achieved; the successful actor warms the bosoms of hundreds at the same moment; they bend as he directs; their blood flows thickly at the tale of wo—their eyes attest the truth of his distress—their loud acclaims reward the warrior's shout, and peals of hearty laughter tell of the jests' success. The talents of the peformer exact an instantaneous homage, which is more personally exciting than the most fervid imaginings of a brilliant posthumous reputation. He places his creations before the public; if successful, nightly crowds applaud him to the echo; and he enjoys, in one voluptuous gush, a draught of maddening delight, which, in the case of painters, sculptors, and poets, had been the tardy givings-forth of years.

The myriads of ideas, which, connected with endless varieties of character, pass through the brain of a popular and busily occupied actor, keep him in a state of dreamy excitement, which the opium-eaters' paroxysms may parallel, but not exceed. The curse of forced study, the mental labor of conception, the loading of the tired memory, the fag and worry of the many rehearsals on the cold and dismal stage—redolent of gas, or lamp oil, the nervous agitation connected with the first performance of each new part, the hopes of triumph and the fears of failure, the bodily fatigue, the painful lassitude of re-action—all conquered but to be again and again endured. The sensitive brains of the scholar and the student, and such are to be found upon the actors' list, are unable to stand the forcible wear and tear of a long career. The imaginative and gentlemanly Conway and the melancholy Penson committed suicide while laboring under mental aberration; and many other names could be added to the list.

The exciting nature of an actor's life works with direful potency in the quick consumption of the mental spark. Actors are frequently compelled to resign all professional avocations long before the failure of their physical qualities, for they are a hardy race, and addicted to longevity, but their faculties of memory are worn out in the service of the drama, and they are incompetent to the task of studying the necessary novelties of the day.

The second rate and inferior members of the stage have their ills to undergo; much credit is due to them for their general good behaviour in a profession in which they are unable to attain the desirable good, yet are compelled to suffer such numerous and lamentable

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evils; in which, without being able to enjoy the high chivalric state of feeling attendant on the exercise of successful genius, they are forced to endure their portion of the mad enthusiasm connected with every division of the stage department. I have often wondered that it does not more frequently terminate in application to false excitement—in violent outbreaks of disappointed ambition—in bursts of ill temper—of natural malice—and revenge.

Having endeavored to show the causes of the excitability of an actor's temperment, I will proceed to enumerate several instances of positive madness, or outrageous eccentricity, most nearly related to acknowledged lunacy. There are persons connected with the stage, who, fancying that "genius to madness nearly is allied," assume the vagaries of wits' astray, and act the madman off the stage, for the contemptible purpose of making themselves notorious. I shall not humor such insults upon humanity by mentioning their freaks, or chronicling their names.

In the thirteenth chapter of that execrable concoction, Barry Cornwall's "Life of Kean," there is mention made of the hero's first performance of Iago—"the dress of Othello being filled, upon that occasion, by the body of a certain now forgotten Mr. Sowerby." We know that the name of an actor is comparatively soon forgotten, but the annihilation of his memory would be a blessing, compared with the pain of crucifixion at the hands of a biographer like Mr. Barry Cornwall, who has sacrificed the honesty of truth to the gratification of an ungrateful son and a vindictive wife. Mr. Sowerby was a man of unquestioned talent, and held the station of principal tragedian at Drury Lane, before and after the appearance of Mr. Kean; and although the brilliant talents of the greatest actor that ever trod the boards, threw Mr. Sowerby's exertions into the shade, he was not the first of a long list of high tragedians who were placed "in a state of retirement" during Kean's startling career. He must, under any circumstances, have held a conspicuous station in the list of eminent actors, but for the possession of the quality which has induced me to select him as the hero of some half dozen anecdotes. He was decidedly mad—harmlessly, funnily mad—but too mad for the drama's welfare, and the certainty of an unbroken night's performance. He was for some time the hero dominant of the Norwich circuit—a range of theatres of the first respectability in England, that is, before they fell into the hands of the present manager, who selects plays and players on the greatest wretchedness principle, and considers a penny saved better than sixpence earned. But in Sowerby's time, the theatre was managed by a gentleman: men of talent graced the boards, and it was no disgrace to be an actor in that vicinity. Several odd stories are related of Sowerby's conduct. While playing in the Great Yarmouth Theatre, a Mr. Bowles, who afterwards left the stage and became an eminent Unitarian minister, was engaged to play the line of business which had been in Sowerby's possession for some time. In fact, the eccentricity (to use the milder term) of the latter gentleman, had compelled the manager to look out for another tragedian. Sowerby went into the front of the theatre to witness the debut of his rival, who made his first appearance in the character of earl Osmond, in Monk Lewis's play of The Castle Spectre. Sowerby had long considered this part as most exclusively his own, from his peculiar delivery of the "dream scene" in the latter portion of the play. Mr. Bowles did not come up to the requisite pitch, and Sowerby quitted the theatre in disgust. About ten o'clock at night, a gentleman was sitting at the sea-end of the jetty, a long pier-like projection from Yarmouth beach, when his attention was attracted towards something in the sea that looked very much like a human head bobbing up and down in "the short yesty waves," a few yards from the jetty. He pointed out the strange object to a watching pilot; the night was starlight, and the tide was rapidly ebbing. The pilot hailed, and heard a voice in reply. The skiff or coble of a collier brig was fastened to the jetty piles; the gentleman and the pilot jumped into the little boat, and paddled to the suspicious swimmer, whom, with some difficulty, they succeeded in getting ashore. He was much exhausted, and could scarcely speak his thanks.

"Surely, I must be deceived," said the gentleman. "It cannot be Mr. Sowerby!"

"Yes—yes, it is."

"Pray, explain how you came in the sea with the whole of your apparel on. Did you fall overboard from one of the pleasure yawls?"

"No."

"Surely, you did not contemplate suicide?"

"No."

"Resolve this mystery, if you please."

"I went to see Bowles play Osmond—his infernal "dream scene" put me into such a fever, that I left the theatre. I walked the beach, but could not get cool. When I thought of his vile performance, my blood boiled, and my brain seemed scorched; so I walked into the sea to refrigerate myself. I waded up to my arm-pits, and liked it much; but the tide took me off my feet, and I had rather a larger swim than I intended. You have saved my life, and deserve my gratitude—you shall be well repaid. To-morrow night I play Macbeth—you shall witness the performance from the stage-box."

John Pritt Harley, the popular London comedian, was Sowerby's room-mate in the provinces, and once, at the tragedian's request, lent him a clean shirt. The play of the evening was the Mountaineers; Harley performed Sadi—Sowerby played the mad Octavian, and when dressed for the character, exhibited to the sorrowing gaze of the comedian, his last new ruffled shirt hanging in various picturesque shreds around the bust and arms of the tattered Castilian.

"Why, d—n it, Sowerby, I thought, when you asked me for a shirt, that you were short of clean linen for the day—I imagined you wanted it for private wear, not for stage property—it is my newest and my best."

"I thought so," said Sowerby, "when I put it on—I had such trouble to tear it into rags. I borrowed yours, because I did not like to rend one of mine—but you shall have it again when the play is over."

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"Though this be madness, there is method in it," methinks I hear the reader say. True, and the next anecdote exhibits a like display. The Bath audience are proverbially cold in their bestowal of applause—the polite circles of Bladud consider any ebullition of feeling as an impropriety, and ridiculously check the expressions of that delight which they frequent the theatre for the purpose of attaining. Sowerby made his first appearance on the Bath stage in the character of Othello—he soon felt their coldness—and, after working through the early part of the play, determined to address them, previous to attempting the difficulties of the great scene in the third act. Walking slowly down to the front of the stage, he said to the audience, "You and I had better come to some understanding before I go any farther—you have paid your money to see me act. I am doing my best for my share of that money; but I can do better, if you will also give me my share of applause. I don't care about it, but you will get a better pennyworth if you do, for I cannot act without applause—and so you can do as you like, now you know what you have to expect." This strange address had the desired effect; the audience were roused from their senseless apathy, acknowledged the justness of his remarks by repeated rounds of applause, gave him three cheers at the end of the act, and throughout the play bestowed upon him more approbation than they had ever given to John Kemble's best personification.

Before he went to Drury Lane, he played Coriolanus at the Liverpool theatre, and was severely hissed. He struggled on till the ovation scene, and when the stage was full of virgins, matrons, Roman senators, and Volscian warriors, he advanced boldly, at the conclusion of a burst of disapprobation, and said, "You don't seem to like my acting—what do you think of my dancing?" and taking up the extreme ends or points of his soldier's shirt, as a little miss takes up her frock, he commenced frisking all over the stage. Of course, he was not allowed to finish the play. Some years afterwards, he re-visited Liverpool; and having a London fame attached to his name, was engaged as a "star" for the regular series of nights. He exerted himself with success, and the audience rose at the termination of his performance of Hamlet, and greeted him with loud and hearty cheers. The curtain was gently falling upon the dying and the dead, when the philosophic Hamlet started to his feet, and bobbing his head underneath the descending baize, stood upright before the astonished pit. In those days it was not customary to dispel the illusion of the actor's art by bellowing for the resuscitation of the departed hero, for the purpose of hearing him repeat some stereotyped phrase of servility; and the audience, wondering at his design, suspended their applause. "Your cheers are useless," said Sowerby; "I value them not. Some five years ago, you honored me with your disapprobation, and drove me from your boards. I was as good an actor then, as now. But metropolitan fame has now given me the current stamp, and you insult me with your applause. I have played to-night to show you that I can play, and to make an opportunity to tell you what I think of you. Your cheers are useless. I despise you, and never will degrade myself by again appearing on your stage."

Sowerby was devotedly attached to his profession, and being of a scholastic turn, and cultivated though erratic mind, was much courted by the wits and scholars of the day. While playing in London, a party of gentlemen visited his dressing room at the theatre; the play was Southern's tragedy of Oronoko; Sowerby performed the part of the slave king, and not wishing to be interrupted, requested his friends to retire from the stage part of the theatre, but to meet him at supper at his own rooms at the conclusion of the play. The gentlemen agreed, and went into the boxes to witness the termination of the play. The curtain fell; Sowerby threw a cloak over his stage dress, and without even washing the African visage from his face, jumped into a hack carriage, and desired to be driven to his hotel. A wandering of the mind came over him; he retired to his bed room, totally forgetting to order the supper for his friends, and, deeply immersed in some abstractive cogitation, doffed his stage attire, and jumped into bed. In the course of an hour, his friends arrived at the hotel, and requested to be shown to the supper room; they were ushered into a cold and cheerless apartment.

"How long will supper be?"

"What would you like?"

"The dishes ordered by Mr. Sowerby."

"He ordered nothing but a bowl of chocolate and some dry toast at nine to-morrow morning."

"Where is he?"

"In his room—fast asleep."

The indignant guests hastened to the tragedian's apartment, and found his black Oronoko's face resting on the white pillow; they roused him from his slumber; a hasty meal was provided; and, as a punishment for his neglect, Sowerby was compelled to take the chair, in his shirt, and sit, with unwashed face, at the head of the table during their protracted orgies. The wine, in due time, had its effect; and the party resolved to sally forth and scour the streets. Sowerby accompanied them, and "accoutred as he was," promenaded various of the public avenues. He was discovered by a watchman, at daybreak, in an early purl house, standing, *en chemise*, in the midst of a group of two or three hackmen, some ladies of pleasure, various link boys, and an occasional pickpocket, who were gazing upon the tragedian's cork-clouded countenance while he was delivering a lecture upon the Aristotelian proprieties of the drama.

This extravaganza movement may be placed to the score of drunkenness—a sin which he seldom exercised. But while manager of the Belfast theatre, he was discovered, at midnight, wrapped in a blanket—the only covering he had, except his shirt—on the steps of the earl of Donegal's house. Sowerby had retired to bed, as usual, in good time, and with every appearance of steadiness. The servant had taken his clothes and boots from the bed room, for the purpose of brushing them preparatory to the morning's dressing. Sowerby, when in bed, recollected that the earl had left his card in the course of the day, and that it was a duty to return the call. He jumped out of bed, and

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as he could not find his clothes, ensconced himself in the folds of his bed blanket, and sallied forth. The earl's servants did not immediately attend to his late summons, and, the watchman observing a strange figure sitting upon the steps, and curiously disguised, dragged him off to the watch-house, where he was detained for the night. In the morning, one of the police functionaries recognised the lunatic manager, and he was escorted to his home.

His strange peculiarities of conduct were more developed in the small affairs of life, in which he received no opposition, and therefore exhibited his vagrant mind without control. He never played the same part twice in the same dress; his various suits were hung around his rooms, and it was his delight to expatiate to any willing listener upon the various minutiæ connected with the performances of his characters in the separate dresses. He retired from the stage shortly after Kean's appearance in London, and died, in Dublin, I believe, in the midst of his relatives and friends.

W. E. B.

THE FIEND.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILADELPHIA.

SCENE—A DUNGEON.

DRAGONBERG *discovered.*

Dragonberg. So then, a dungeon is the stern reality of all my air-built grandeur!—and where I looked, in one bold spring, to grasp at riches, glory, power—I find but treachery, defeat, and shame. No matter; a few short hours will quench the burning fever which my life has proved; and passion's raging fires, that human hell, subside to-morrow in the calm of death. The *calm* of death!—shall *I* so prove it?—is there no *second* principle within, to writhe in agony or float in joy? and if there be, is mine so stainless it can brave the peril?—horror! horror! when I look that way, my heart is palsied, and manhood withers at the dubious sight! Oh! could I call back the past, and yield no more to sceptic sorcery—call back the hour when my aspiring soul, festering in obcurity, threw off its humbleness and bartered with the Fiend. Yet, hold! these remorseful thoughts are not unlikely tokens of the spirit's coming?—the hour—the place—the darkness—all have a tongueless horror, which!—and should it come, shall I then plunge my soul still deeper in despair?—no! I will pause here. I have been a guilty wretch—but not so guilty, if there be an omniscient power, robed in mercy, as our churchmen paint, that it will spurn my prayer. Lowly and shuddering, then, my suffering spirit bends to that mysterious essence, in humble, agonizing suit—

A Voice in the gloom. Ha! ha! ha!

Dra. (*rises.*) Who laughs?

The Fiend. (*discovering.*) Your Fate!!!

Dra. (*recoils.*) The Fiend!

Fiend. The life—the might—the destiny of Dragonberg!

Dra. Your purpose, spirit?

Fiend. To view my saintly proselyte at prayers, and howl a "so-be-it" with him.

Dra. None other?

Fiend. I would assist thee in this hour of peril.

Dra. Avoid me, spirit. I will crush myself no further in thy horrid snare; here will I pause.

Fiend. And with *an hour's* repentance wash out the *life*-stained foulness of thy gamesome spirit? Fool!—thou'rt mine.

Dra. No farther than my will!—for every boon from thee, a deeper penalty will settle on my soul—and therefore did I bend to heaven.

Fiend. For pardon?

Dra. No; for mitigation of the wrath provoked already; earthly atonement I shall make to-morrow, and—

Fiend. Hell will re-echo with loud peals of joy, in welcome of her new inhabitant.

Dra. A voice of mercy will annul that joy, and call me up to peace and pardon,

Fiend. Art *sure* of that? Oh! thou speculating fool, be still; snatch the realities of existing life, nor reck of that you know not.

Dra. There *is* another state.

Fiend. And if there is—will it prove bliss to thee?

Dra. Again I say, thy power is limited, and must yield to higher.

Fiend. How know you that? What is there, then, to evidence superior might?

Dra. Creation's harmony—the countless might-proclaiming wonders of earth, sea, and sky.

Fiend. How know you those wonders are not mine?

Dra. No, they are the awful robes in which a power of love and mercy is invested, wrought by its own will into immortal grace and beauty. His joy is charity—thine, destruction.

Fiend. Enthusiast! fool!—Destruction is the pri-

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meval law of all the might and mystery around ye! Whence the everlasting war maintained throughout all nature—throughout the myriad myriads that people earth, air, ocean—from the small malice of the venomed fly, to the huge rancor of the forest lord? Each living thing that crawls, sails through the air, or floats beneath the wave, exists but to *destroy*, and prey *through* life—*for* life.

Dra. Inferior things exist not otherwise;—man, immortal man, was never so designed.

Fiend. Destruction's very spirit!—of all natures, the human is the bloodiest, most rancorous, and remorseless. Look to the gory chronicles of earth's mighty blood-spillers, from creation's dawn up to her present noon-tide—and prove him thence a mild exception, if you can.

Dra. The butchers of the earth fulfil their destiny. Man may be seen in other views than these.

Fiend. He may. Destruction's fierce idolator has left his war horse for the couch of peace;—'tis but to change his *mode* of sacrifice—to yield up broken 'stead of bleeding hearts—to sheathe the brand, and murder with the brain. Attest this, all ye human fopperies, love, lust, ambition, intrigue, cabal!—ye thousand playthings of *destructive mind*.

Dra. For creatures of an hour—the slime and darkness of whose filthy deeds, covers them for ever. *Mind!* the word calls up association's radiant train, to vindicate the bright immortal gift. Art! with her enthusiast band of fire-eyed votaries. Science, with his giant brood, to wrestle and reveal great nature's mysteries. Spirits, that breathe and burn—not to destroy—but sublimate their kind, and with their own dear love and light, attest the *everlasting* love which glows for all.

Fiend. Dreamers and fools! Imagination's maniac tribe without the pale of reason.

Dra. Therefore beyond it—and their triumph sure o'er thee and thy apostate crew, who kindled horror and destruction in the world.

Fiend. Ha! ha! ha!—Destruction *was—it is*—and *shall be*, while creeds, and crowns, and crimes exist, to urge man's sanguinary spirit to the eternal slaughter. Be you then wise: live and fulfil your own appointed measure.

Dra. It is fulfilled to-morrow.

Fiend. No; I must have victims yet.

Dra. What victims?

Fiend. Those that you will yield me on the altar of your passions. I ask no more. Remember, the unchecked vigor of each fiery impulse was what I trafficked for.

Drag. With my own will to terminate.

Fiend. E'en so; but know I not you will postpone your visit to the land of *doubt* while *certainty* invites thee. Farewell. * * * * * * * * * *

TO KICK OR NOT TO KICK.

THE bucket to kick or not kick—
  Aye, that's the d—d troublesome question!
Come, give your opinion, friend Dick,
  And yours—or I never can rest, John?
Is he nobler, who struggles with fate,
  And the sorrows of life boldly suffers?
Contented the candle's last glimmer to wait—
  Or who cuts it right short with the snuffers?

Is he nobler, who bears with the arrows and slings
  When misfortunes, outrageous, come double?
Or he who his coat and his jacket off flings,
  And dives in the ocean of trouble—
To die and be sleepy no more—
  Or to sleep, and then say in our slumber—
"Adieu to the cholic—the toothache is o'er,
  And corns will no longer encumber."

But 'spose that we waken and find
  We're surrounded as yet by all evil—
Or dream (such a dream were unkind)
  We were whistled away by the devil!
Aye, dreams are the devil, and there is the rub!
  When our carcase of clay we off shuffle—
What bugaboo dreams might come into one tub,
  And give us their *paws* on the cheek or the ruffle?

And that's just the reason that folks
  Live in misery almost diurnal—
Submitting to tyrants' and conjugal yokes—
  To slav'ry almost infernal:
For who would cry "oysters" or "clams?"—
  Or who would be scorned by a joker?
Or who'd have exposed their bare hams,
  When their brains could be reach'd by a poker?

Oh, who'd be in love and despised,
  And smother it all in his gizzard?
Or who of the law 'd be apprised,
  When he found himself lean as a lizzard?
Or who'd be a porter, and lug
  His loads on with grunting and sweating?
But for fear—the trap death—where so snug
  You are shut, that there's no out of 't getting!

Thus conscience, or fear of some black bugaboo,
  A coward will make a brave fellow:
For a bird in the hand, well you know, is worth 2,
  For which you have yet got to make your gun bellow!—
So here it is better to stay,
  Than hop, perhaps, off to old Nicky—
And I, who intended myself for to slay—
  I'll be hanged! if I hang myself—Dickey!

Phila. M.

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THE LAST ABENCERAGE.

A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VISCOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

[The date of this Romance is connected with the termination of Bulwer's "Leila," and "The Last Abencerage" is a lineal descendant from the hero of Bulwer's work.]

When Boabdil, the last king of Granada, was compelled to abandon the kingdom of his forefathers, he halted on the top of Mount Padul. That elevated spot commanded a view of the sea, on which the unfortunate monarch was about to embark for Africa; from it also could be discovered Granada, la Vega, and the Xenil, on the banks of which were erected the tents of Ferdinand and Isabella. At the sight of this beautiful country, and of the cypresses which still marked here and there the tombs of the faithful, Boabdil could not refrain from shedding tears. The sultana Aïxa, his mother, who accompanied him in his exile, along with the grandees who lately composed his court, said to him: "Weep now like a woman, for the loss of a kingdom, which thou hast been unable to defend like a man." They descended the mountain, and Granada disappeared from their eyes for ever.

The Moors of Spain, who shared the fate of their sovereign, dispersed themselves throughout Africa; the tribes of the Zegris and the Gomeles settled in the kingdom of Fez; the Vanegas and the Alabes took up their abode upon the coast, from Oran to Algiers; and the Abencerages established themselves in the environs of Tunis, forming, within sight of the ruins of Carthage, a colony, which, even in our own times, is distinguished by its elegant manners and the mildness of its laws.

These families carried into their new country the remembrance of their old one. The *Paradise of Granada* lived constantly in their memory—the mothers repeated its name to their children at the breast; they lulled them to sleep with the romances of the Zegris and the Abencerages. Prayers were repeated in the mosque every five days, with the face turned towards Granada; and Allah was implored to restore to his chosen people that land of delights. In vain did the country of the *lotophagi* present to the exiles its fruits, its waters, its verdure, and its glorious sun; far from the *Vermilion Towers*,* there were neither pleasant fruits, limpid streams, fresh verdure, or sun worthy to be looked at. If any one showed the plains of Bagrada to an exile, the latter only shook his head, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Granada!"

The Abencerages, particularly, preserved the most tender and faithful remembrance of their country. They had quitted, with the most poignant anguish, the theatre of their glory, and the banks which they had made so often ring with the war cry of "Honor and love." Being no longer able to lift the spear in the deserts, or to wear the helmet in a colony of farmers, they devoted themselves to the study of simples, a profession in equal estimation among the Arabs with that of arms. Thus did that race of warriors, which formerly inflicted wounds, now make its occupation that of healing them.

The cottage of that family, which lately possessed palaces, was not placed in the hamlet of the other exiles, at the foot of Mount Mamelife; it was built amidst the ruins of Carthage, on the sea shore, in the very place where St. Louis expired on his grave, and where a Mahometan hermitage is now to be seen. Along the walls of the cottage were hung bucklers made of lions' skins, bearing impressed upon a field of azure, two figures of savages breaking down a town with a club; round this device was this motto: "It is but little!" the coat of arms and devices of the Abencerages. Spears adorned with white and blue pennons, alburnos, and helmets of slashed satin, were ranged by the side of the bucklers, and figured in the midst of scimitars and poignards. Here and there also were suspended gauntlets, bits ornamented with precious stones, large silver stirrups, long swords whose sheaths had been embroidered by the hands of princesses, and golden spurs, with which the Yseults, the Ginevras and Orianas were wont of old to invest their gallant knights.

Beneath these trophies of glory, were placed upon tables the trophies of a life of peace. These were plants culled on the summits of Mount Atlas, and in the deserts of Sahara; many of them had even been brought from the plain of Granada. Some were intended to relieve the ailments of the body; others were supposed to mitigate the severity of mental suffering. The Abencerages regarded as most valuable those which were useful in calming vain regrets, in dissipating foolish illusions, and the ever-reviving, ever-deceiving, hopes of happiness. Unfortunately these simples possessed qualities of an opposite nature, and the sweet odor of a flower of the country, frequently acted as a sort of poison to the illustrious exiles.

Twenty-four years had passed away since the taking of Granada. In that short space of time, fourteen Abencerages had perished, by the effects of a new climate, the accidents of a wandering life, and principally by the chagrin which imperceptibly undermines the strength of man. Only a single descendant remained—the last hope of that illustrious family. In Aben-Hamet were united the beauty, the valor, the courtesy and the generosity of his ancestors, with that mild lustre and slight tinge of melancholy which adversity, nobly supported, inspires. He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father, and then determined to make a pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors, in order to gratify the secret longing of

* The towers of a palace at Granada.

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his heart, and to execute a plan which he carefully concealed from his mother.

He embarked at the port of Tunis; and a favorable wind carried him to Carthagena, where he landed, and immediately proceeded on the road to Granada. He gave himself out for an Arabian physician, who had come to collect plants amid the rocks of the Sierra-Nevada. A quiet mule bore him slowly along in the country where formerly the Abencerages were carried with the swiftness of the wind on warlike coursers; a guide walked before, leading two other mules ornamented with bells and party colored woollen tufts. Aben-Hamet crossed the large heaths and woods of palm-trees of the kingdom of Murcia; from the great age of these trees, he conjectured that they must have been planted by his ancestors, and his heart was pierced by regret. There rose a tower in which the sentinel, in former times, kept watch, during the wars of the Moors and Christians; here appeared a ruined building whose architecture proved its Moorish origin—a fresh subject of grief to Aben-Hamet! He dismounted from his mule, and on pretence of seeking for plants, hid himself for a few moments, in the ruins, in order to give free vent to his tears. He then proceeded on his road, in a state of reverie, which was encouraged by the noise of the mule bells, and the monotonous songs of his guide.

Flocks of sheep directed by a shepherd like an army, in sere and barren plains, and occasionally a solitary traveller, far from diffusing an appearance of life upon the road, only served, in a manner, to make it more gloomy and desert. These travellers all wore a sword attached to the waist; they were wrapped up in a mantle, and a large slouched hat half covered their faces. As they passed, they saluted Aben-Hamet, who could only make out, in their noble salutation, the names God, of Senor, and of Knight. At the close of day, the Abencerage took his place in the midst of strangers at the inn, without being troubled by their indiscreet curiosity. No one spoke to him, no one questioned him; his turban, his robe, and his arms, excited no surprise. As it had been the will of Allah, that the Moors of Spain should lose their beautiful country, Aben-Hamet could not help entertaining a feeling of esteem for its grave conquerors.

Emotions still more vivid awaited the Abencerage at the end of his journey. Granada is built at the foot of the Sierra-Nevada, on two high hills, separated by a deep valley. The houses, built on the declivities in the hollow of the valley, give this city the shape and appearance of a grenade half open, from which resemblance it derives its name.* Two rivers, the Xenil and the Darro, the sands of the first of which contain gold, and the other silver, wash the feet of the hills, form a junction, and afterwards a serpentine course in the midst of a charming valley, called la Vega. This plain, which is overlooked by Granada, is covered with vines, with pomegranate, fig, mulberry and orange trees; it is surrounded by mountains of singularly beautiful form and color. An enchanting sky, a pure and delicious air affect the soul with a secret languor, from which even the passing traveller finds it difficult to preserve himself. Every one feels that, in this country, the tender passions would have very soon stifled the heroic ones, if true love did not always feel the wish to have glory as its companion.

As soon as Aben-Hamet discovered the tops of the first buildings of Granada, his heart beat so violently, that he was obliged to stop his mule. Crossing his arms over his breast, and fixing his eyes on the holy city, he remained speechless and immovable. The guide halted in his turn; and, as elevated sentiments are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared affected, and conjectured that the Moor's feelings were excited by the sight of his former country. The Abencerage at last broke silence.

"Guide!" said he, "be happy! hide not the truth from me, for the waves were calm, and the moon entered into her crescent on the day of thy nativity. What are these towers which shine like stars over a green forest?"

"That is the Alhambra," answered the guide.

"And the other castle upon the opposite hill?" said Aben-Hamet.

"It is the Generaliffe," replied the Spaniard. "In that castle there is a garden planted with myrtles, where it is said, the Abencerage was surprised with the sultana Alfaima; farther off, you see the Albaicyn, and nearer to us the Vermilion Towers."

Every word, which the guide uttered, pierced the heart of Aben Hamet. How cruel it is to be obliged to have recourse to strangers for information respecting the monuments of our ancestors, and to have the history of our family and friends related to us by indifferent persons. The guide, putting an end to the reflections of Aben-Hamet, exclaimed: "Let us proceed, sir; it is the will of God! Do not be downcast. Is not Francis I., even now, a prisoner in our Madrid? It is the will of God!" He took off his hat, crossed himself with great fervor, and drove on his mules. The Abencerage, spurring on his beast, exclaimed in his turn: "It is written."

They passed close to the great ash-tree, memorable as the scene of the battle between Muça and the grand-master of Calatrava, in the time of the last king of Granada.* They made the circuit of the Alameida

* It has been asserted by some of the Moorish historians, that the new city (formerly called Illiberia) received its name from the houses lying together in clusters like the seeds of a *pomegranate*. Others have given the derivation from the name of a damsel of extraordinary beauty, Granata, who was discovered in a cave near the river Darro.—*Ed. G. M.*

* Muza was a natural brother to Boabdil, the last king of Spain, but is not mentioned as such by Bulwer. Muza was the son of a Christian captive, and ranked high among the chivalry of the Spanish Moors. When Don Rodrigo Tellez Giron, the master of the order of Calatrava, a brotherhood of knights in New Castile, ravaged the Vega or valley of Granada, he offered, by letter, a challenge to any single knight of the court of Boabdil. Twelve of the noblest Moors drew lots for the chance, and Muza was the selected hero. The combat ended in the partial discomfiture of the Moor, but the Christian master declined pressing his advantage against the brother of the king of Granada.—*Ed. G. M.*

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walk, and entered the city by the gate of Elvira. They re-ascended the Rambla, and arrived shortly after at a square, surrounded on all sides by buildings of Moorish architecture. A khan was opened in this square by the Moors of Africa, whom the trade in silks attracted in crowds to Granada. Thither the guide conducted Aben-Hamet.

The Abencerage was too agitated to enjoy much rest in his new habitation; the idea of his country tormented him. Unable any longer to master the feelings which preyed upon his heart, he stole out privately, in the middle of the night, to wander about the streets. He attempted to reconnoitre, with his eyes or with his hands, some of the monuments, which the elders of his tribe had so frequently described to him.

Perhaps the lofty edifice, whose walls he could only half distinguish through the darkness, was formerly the residence of the Abencerages? Perhaps it was in this solitary square, that, in other times, those splendid carousals were given, which raised the glory of Granada to the skies; there it was that, on such occasions, troops of horsemen superbly dressed, marched in procession; there were stationed the gallies loaded with arms and with flowers, and dragons darting out fire, and carrying illustrious warriors concealed in their sides—ingenious inventions of pleasure and gallantry.

But alas! in place of the sound of *chuafins*, of the noise of trumpets, and of songs of love, the deepest silence reigned around Aben-Hamet. This mute city had changed its inhabitants, and the victors reposed on the couches of the vanquished. "They sleep then, these proud Spaniards," exclaimed the young Moor with indignation, "under the roofs from which they have banished my ancestors! and I, an Abencerage, I wake, unknown, solitary and forsaken, at the gate of my father's palace."

Aben-Hamet then reflected upon the destinies of man, on the vicissitudes of fortune, on the fall of empires, on Granada itself surprised at last by its enemies in the midst of pleasures, and exchanging all at once its garlands of flowers for chains; he pictured to himself its citizens forsaking their homes in gala dresses, like guests, who, in the disorder of their attire, are suddenly driven from the chambers of festivity by a conflagration.

All these images, all these ideas, crowded on each other in the soul of Aben-Hamet; full of grief and anguish, his thoughts were principally turned to the execution of the project which had brought him to Granada. Day surprised him in this reverie; the Abencerage had lost his way: he found himself far from the khan, in a remote suburb of the city All was yet asleep: no noise disturbed the silence of the streets; the doors and windows of the houses were still shut; the clarion of the cock alone proclaimed, in the habitation of the poor, the return of labor and of pain.

After wandering about for a long time, without being able to find his way, Aben-Hamet heard a door open. He saw a young female come out, dressed nearly like the gothic queens which we see sculptured on the monuments of our ancient abbeys; her black corset trimmed with jet tightened her elegant waist; her short petticoat, narrow and without folds, discovering a beautiful leg and charming foot; a black mantilla was also thrown over her head; with her left hand she held this mantilla crossed and drawn up close like a stomacher under her chin, in such a manner that nothing was seen of her face but her large eyes and rosy mouth; a duenna walked by her side; a page preceded her, carrying a prayer book; two footmen in livery followed at some distance the beautiful unknown; she was repairing to morning prayers, which were announced by the ringing of a bell in a neighboring monastery.

Aben-Hamet fancied he saw the angel Israfill, or the youngest of the houris. The Spanish maiden, not less surprised, looked at the Abencerage, whose turban, robe, and arms set off to still greater advantage his noble countenance. Recovering from her first astonishment, she beckoned to the stranger to approach, with the grace and freedom peculiar to the women of that voluptuous country. "Senor Moor," said she to him, "you appear to have recently arrived at Granada; have you lost your way?"

"Sultana of flowers," replied Aben-Hamet, "delight of men's eyes, Christian slave more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast rightly guessed! I am a stranger in this city: having lost myself amidst its palaces, I was unable to find my way back to the khan of the Moors. May Mahomet touch thy heart, and reward thee for thy hospitality!"

"The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the lady with her sweetest smile; "but I am neither sultana of flowers, nor a slave, nor desirous of being recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, sir knight, and I will lead you back to the khan of the Moors."

She walked lightly before the Abencerage, led him to the door of the khan, to which she pointed with her hand, then passed on to the back of a palace, and disappeared.

To what then is the repose of life attached? his country no longer occupies solely and exclusively the mind of Aben-Hamet; Granada is no longer in his eyes deserted, forsaken, widowed and solitary; she is dearer than ever to his heart, but it is a new illusion which embellishes her ruins! With the recollection of his ancestors is now mingled another charm: he has discovered the burial place where the ashes of the Abencerages repose; but while he prays, throws himself on the ground, and sheds a flood of filial tears, he fancies that the young Spanish maiden has sometimes passed over these tombs, and he no longer considers his ancestors unfortunate.

In vain does he wish to occupy himself with nothing but his pilgrimage to the land of his fathers; in vain does he scour the hills of the Darro and the Xenil to gather plants from them at the morning dawn; the young Christian lady is the flower of which he is now in search. What fruitless efforts has he not already made to discover the palace of his enchantress! How many times has he attempted to retrace the same ground over which his divine guide conducted him!

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How many times has he fancied that he has recognised the same bell, and the same cock crow, which he had heard near her residence. Deceived by similar sounds, he runs immediately to the side from which they proceed; but the magic palace no where presents itself to his eyes! Frequently also the uniformity of the female dress at Granada gave him a ray of hope; at a distance every Christian female resembled the mistress of his heart;—when close to him, not one possessed her beauty or her gracefulness. Finally, Aben-Hamet had made the round of the churches, in order to discover the stranger; he had even penetrated to the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, but this was the greatest sacrifice which he had yet made to love.

One day he was botanising in the valley of the Darro, whose waters rolled along in the middle of the vale, and presented on the margin of its course newly erected mills, noisy waterfalls, the broken arches of a Roman aqueduct, and the remains of a bridge of the time of the Moors. In the course of his random walk, he struck into an alley of trees which wound round the declivity of the hill of the Albaicyn. A country house, surrounded by a grove of orange trees, presented itself to his view; as he approached the grove he heard the sounds of a voice and a guitar. "It is my houri!" said Aben-Hamet, and he listened with a beating heart; at the name of the Abencerages several times repeated, his heart beat still quicker. The fair unknown was singing a Spanish romance retracing the history of the Abencerages and the Zegris. Aben-Hamet was no longer able to restrain his emotions. He darted through a hedge of myrtle, and found himself in the midst of a party of young ladies, who were alarmed at his appearance, and with loud screams, fled in all directions. The Spanish lady who had been singing, and who still held the guitar, exclaimed: "It is the Moorish gentleman!" and called back her companions. "Favorite of the genii," said the Abencerage, "I sought thee as an Arab searches for a spring at the heat of noon. I heard the sound of thy guitar; thou wert singing the heroes of my country I discovered thee by the beauty of thy accents, and I come to lay at thy feet the heart of Aben-Hamet."

"And it was in thinking of you," replied donna Blanca, "that I sang the romance of the Abencerages: ever since I saw you, I fancied that the Moorish knights must have resembled you."

The color mounted slightly to Blanca's forehead as she pronounced these words. Aben-Hamet felt as if he could have thrown himself at the feet of the young Christian, and declared to her, that he was himself the last Abencerage; but a remnant of prudence restrained him: he was afraid lest his name, from its celebrity at Granada, should give uneasiness to the governor. The war with the Moriscos was scarcely terminated; and the appearance of an Abencerage at that moment might give the Spaniards just cause of apprehension. It was not that Aben-Hamet was alarmed at the prospect of danger; but he trembled at the idea of being obliged to remove himself for ever from the daughter of don Rodrigo.

Donna Blanca was descended from a family which derived its origin from the Cid de Bivar, and from Ximena, the daughter of Count Gormez de Gormas. The posterity of the conqueror of Valencia, owing to the ingratitude of the court of Castile, was reduced to a state of extreme poverty; it was even believed, for several centuries, to be extinct, such was the obscurity into which it had fallen. But, about the time of the conquest of Granada, a last descendant of the race of the Bivars, the grandfather of Blanca, made himself distinguished, less by his pedigree than by his signal valor. After the expulsion of the infidels, Ferdinand rewarded this descendant of the Cid with the estates of several Moorish families, and created him duke of Santa-Fè. The newly created duke fixed his residence at Granada, and died at the prime of life, leaving an only son already married, don Rodrigo, father of Blanca.

Donna Theresa de Xeres, the wife of don Rodrigo, gave birth to a son, who received, at his birth the name of Rodrigo, like all his ancestors, but was called don Carlos, to distinguish him from his father. The great events of which don Carlos was a witness from his earliest years, the dangers to which he was exposed while yet in his nonage, contributed to render still more grave and severe—a character naturally disposed to austerity. Don Carlos was scarcely fourteen years of age, when he followed Cortez to Mexico: he supported all the dangers, and was a witness of all the horrors of that astonishing adventure; and he was present at the overthrow of the last king of a world until then unknown. Three years after that tragic catastrophe, don Carlos had returned to Europe, and was present at the battle of Pavia, as if he had come to witness kingly honor and valor sinking under the strokes of fortune. The aspect of a new world, long voyages on seas which had never before been navigated, and the spectacle of the revolutions and vicissitudes of fate, had made a deep impression on the religious and melancholy imagination of don Carlos. He entered into the knightly order of Calatrava; and devoting himself to celibacy, destined the whole of his fortune to his sister.

Blanca de Bivar, the only sister of don Carlos, and much younger than him, was the idol of her father. She lost her mother in her infancy, and had just entered into her eighteenth year, when Aben-Hamet made his appearance at Granada. Every thing about this enchanting woman was fascination itself, her voice was ravishing, and her dancing lighter than the zephyr. Sometimes she delighted in directing a chariot, like Armida; at other times she flew upon the back of the swiftest barb of Andalusia, like those charming fairies who appeared to Tristan and to Gelaor in the forests. Athens would have taken her for Aspasia, and Paris for Diana of Poitiers, who was then gracing the court of France. But with the charms of a Frenchwoman, she had all the passions of a Spaniard; and her natural coquetry in no degree diminished the fixity, the constancy, the strength and elevation of the feelings of her heart.

At the noise of the screams, which the young ladies sent forth, when Aben-Hamet rushed into the midst

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of the grove, don Rodrigo came running up. "My father," said Blanca, "this is the Moorish gentleman of whom I spoke to you. He heard me singing, and recognised me; he entered the garden to thank me for having put him in his right road."

The duke of Santa-Fè received the Abencerage with the grave and unaffected politeness of the Spaniards. This nation has none of those slavish airs, none of those circumlocutory phrases, which reveal the abjectness of ideas, and the degradation of the soul. The language of the first nobleman and of the peasant is the same, the salutation the same, the compliments, habits and customs are in all respects the same. In proportion as the confidence and generosity of this people to strangers is unbounded, in the same proportion is its vengeance terrible when betrayed. Of heroic courage, of patience inexhaustible, incapable of yielding to bad fortune, it must either vanquish, or be crushed to the earth. It has little of what is called wit, but exalted passions are with it a substitute for that light which is derived from the refinement and abundance of ideas. A Spaniard, who passes the day without speaking, who has seen nothing, and cares not for seeing any thing, who has read nothing, studied nothing, compared nothing, will yet discover, in the greatness of his resolutions, the necessary resources at the moment of adversity.

It was don Rodrigo's birth-day, and Blanca was giving her father a *tertulia*, or little entertaiment, on the occasion, in this delightful solitude. The duke invited Aben-Hamet to seat himself amidst the young ladies, who were amusing themselves with the turban and robe of the stranger. Some velvet cushions were brought, and Aben-Hamet reclined himself on these cushions in the Moorish fashion. He was questioned respecting his country, and his adventures; he replied to these inquiries with grace, spirit, and vivacity. He spoke the purest Castilian; one would have taken him for a Spaniard, if he had not almost constantly said *thou* instead of *you*. This word had something so sweet about it in the sound, that Blanca could not help feeling a secret spite when he addressed it to one of her young companions.

A numerous retinue of servants appeared, and were the bearers of chocolate, of fruit cakes, and little sweet cakes from Malaga, white as snow, porous and light as sponges. After the *refresco*, Blanca was entreated to execute one of those characteristic dances, in which she excelled the most accomplished Guitanas. She acceded to the wishes of her friends. Aben-Hamet was silent, but his supplicating looks spoke as eloquently as his mouth would have done. Blanca chose a *zambra*, an expressive dance which the Spaniards have borrowed from the Moors.

One of the young ladies began to play upon the guitar the air of this foreign dance. The daughter of don Rodrigo took off her veil, and fastened a pair of ebony castanets round her white hands. Her black hair falls in ringlets on her alabaster neck; her mouth and her eyes smile in concert; her color is animated by the action of her heart. All at once she makes the noisy ebony re-echo, beats time three times, commences the song of the *zambra*, and mingling her voice with the sounds of the guitar, darts off like lightning.

What variety in her steps! What elegance in her attitudes! Now she raises her arms with vivacity, then she lets them fall with languor. Sometimes she springs forward as if intoxicated with pleasure, and then retires as if overwhelmed with sorrow. She turns her head, seems to call to her some invisible person, modestly holds out her rosy cheek to receive the kiss of a newly married husband, flies back ashamed, returns delighted and consoled, marches with a noble and almost warlike step, and afterwards skims afresh the verdant mead. The harmony between her dancing, her singing, and the music of the guitar was perfect. The voice of Blanca had that species of accent which stirs up the passions from the very bottom of the soul. The Spanish music, composed of sighs, of lively movements, of melancholy repetitions, of airs suddenly stopped, presents a singular mixture of gaiety and melancholy. This music and this dancing settled the destiny of the last Abencerage.

In the evening, they returned to Granada by the valley of the Darro. Don Rodrigo was so delighted with the noble and polished manners of Aben-Hamet, that he would not let him depart without receiving his promise to come frequently and amuse Blanca with the wonderful stories of the East. The Moor, at the heighth of his wishes, accepted the invitation of the duke of Santa-Fè; and, after the following day, he was regular in his visits to the palace which contained her whom he loved more than the light of day.

Blanca found her heart very soon engaged in a deep passion, from the very impossibility she had fancied that ever she should feel that passion. That she should love an infidel, a Moor, an unknown stranger, appeared to her so extraordinary, that she took no precaution against the malady which began to insinuate itself into her veins. But no sooner did she become sensible of its inroads, than she accepted this malady like a true Spaniard. The dangers and troubles which she foresaw, neither made her draw back when on the brink of the precipice, nor deliberate long with her heart. She said to herself: "Let Aben-Hamet become a Christian: let him love me; and I will follow him to the extremity of the earth."

On his part, the Abencerage also felt the full power of an irresistible passion: he no longer lived but for Blanca; he no longer occupied himself with the plans which had brought him to Granada. It was easy for him to obtain the information of which he came expressly in pursuit: but every other interest, except that of his love, had vanished from his eyes. He even dreaded the knowledge which might produce a change in his mode of existence. He asked for nothing; he wished not to know any thing. He said to himself: "Should Blanca become a Mahometan; should she love me, I will serve her to my last breath."

Thus determinted in their resolutions, Aben-Hamet and Blanca only waited for a favorable moment to discover their mutual sentiments to each other. It was then the spring of the year. "You have not yet seen the Alhambra," said the daughter of the duke

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of Santa-Fè to the Abencerage. "If I can guess, by some words which have dropped from you, your family is originally from Granada. You will perhaps be pleased to visit the palace of your ancient kings? I will myself, this evening, be your guide thither."

At the hour appointed for this pilgrimage to the Alhambra, the daughter of don Rodrigo was ready, mounted on a white mule, accustomed to climb the rocks like a goat. Aben-Hamet accompanied her on an Andalusian horse, equipped in the Turkish manner. In the rapid course of the young Moor, his purple robe was swelled by the wind, his crooked sabre echoed on the elevated saddle, and the winds shook the plume with which his turban was surmounted. The common people, charmed by his graceful carriage, called out on seeing him pass: "It is an infidel prince whom donna Blanca is going to convert."

They first went up a long street which still bore the name of an illustrious Moorish family. This street bordered on the exterior enclosure of the Alhambra. They then crossed a wood of young elm trees, arrived at a fountain, and shortly found themselves in front of the interior enclosure of the palace of Boabdil. In a wall flanked with towers and surmounted by battlements, was a gate, called the Gate of Judgment. They passed through this first gate, and proceeded along a narrow path which led them in a serpentine course between high walls and half-ruined houses: this brought them to the square of the Algibes, close to which Charles V. was then erecting a palace. From thence, turning northward, they halted in a desert court, at the foot of an unornamented wall, out of repair from the effects of time. Aben-Hamet, springing lightly from his horse, presented his hand to Blanca, and assisted her in alighting from her mule. The servants knocked at a deserted door, the threshold of which was concealed by the grass; the door opened, and all at once disclosed to view the secret recesses of the Alhambra.

All the charms of, and regrets for his country, mingled with the illusions of love, seized the heart of Aben-Hamet. Silent and immovable, his wondering looks dived into this habitation of the genii. He fancied himself transported to the entrance of one of those palaces which are described in the Arabian tales. Light galleries, canals of white marble bordered with lemon and orange trees in full bloom, fountains, and solitary courts, presented themselves in all directions to his eyes; and through the lengthened vaults of the porticos he perceived other labyrinths and fresh enchantments. The azure blue of the most heavenly sky appeared between the columns which supported a chain of gothic arches. The walls were covered with arabesques, that seemed to the eye like imitations of those stuffs of the east, which, in the ennui of the harem, are embroidered by the caprice of a female slave. A blending voluptuousness, of religion, and of war, seemed to breathe in this magic edifice; it was a species of lovers' cloister, a mysterious retreat, where the Moorish sovereigns tasted all the pleasures, and forgot all the duties of life.

After some minutes of surprise and of silence, the two lovers entered into this residence of fallen greatness and past felicity. They first made the round of the hall of Mesucar, in the midst of the perfume of flowers and the cool freshness of waters. They then penetrated into the Court of Lions. The agitation of Aben-Hamet increased at every step. "Didst thou not fill my soul with delight," said he to Blanca, "with what pain should I find myself obliged to ask of thee, a Spaniard, the history of this palace! Ah! these places are made to serve as a retreat for happiness, and I——"

Aben-Hamet perceived the name of Boabdil enchased in the mosaics: "O my king!" exclaimed he, "what is become of thee? where shall I find thee? In thy deserted Alhambra!" And tears of fidelity, of loyalty, and of honor suffused the eyes of the young Moor.

As he pronounced these words, Blanca conducted him into an apartment which seemed to be the very sanctuary of the temple of love. The elegance of this asylum could not be surpassed; the entire ceiling, painted blue and gold, and composed of arabesques of filagree work, allowed the light to appear as if through a tissue of flowers. A fountain spouted in the midst of the building, the waters of which, falling again in a shower of dew, were received in an alabaster shell. "Aben-Hamet," said Blanca, "look well at this fountain; it received the disfigured heads of the Abencerages. You can still see, on the marble, the stain of the blood of the unhappy men who were sacrificed to Boabdil's suspicions. It is thus that, in your country, men who seduce credulous women are treated."

Aben-Hamet had ceased to listen to Blanca; he had prostrated himself, and kissed respectfully the mark of the blood of his ancestors. Then rising, he exclaimed: "O Blanca! I swear by the blood of these knights, to love thee with the constancy, the fidelity, and the ardor of an Abencerage!"

"You love me then!" returned Blanca, clasping her beautiful hands, and raising her eyes to heaven; "but do you forget that you are an infidel, a Moor, an enemy, and that I am a Christian and a Spaniard?"

"O holy prophet!" said Aben-Hamet, "be thou witness of my oaths!" Blanca interrupted him. "And what reliance think you can I place on the oaths of a persecutor of my God? Do you know whether I love you? Who has given you the assurance to hold such language to me?"

Aben-Hamet in consternation replied: "True, lady, I am only thy slave; thou hast not chosen me to be thy knight."

"Moor," said Blanca, "lay artifice aside. Thou hast seen, by my looks, that I love thee; my passion for thee exceeds all bounds: be a Christian, and nothing shall prevent me from being thine. But, if the daughter of the duke of Santa Fè venture to speak to thee thus frankly, thou mayest judge, from that very circumstance, that she will know how to conquer herself, and that no enemy of the Christians shall ever possess any claim to her."

Aben-Hamet, in a transport of passion, seized the hands of Blanca, and placed them first on his turban.

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and then on his heart: "Allah is powerful, and Aben-Hamet is happy! O Mahomet, let this Christian acknowledge thy law, and nothing can——" "You blaspheme," said Blanca, "let us depart hence."

Leaning on the arm of the Moor, she proceeded to the fountain of the Twelve Lions, which gives its name to one of the courts of the Alhambra. "Stranger," said the artless Spanish maiden, "when I look at thy robe, thy turban, and thy arms, and think of our loves, I fancy I see the shade of the handsome Abencerage walking in this forsaken retreat with the unfortunate Alfaima. Explain to me the Arabic inscription which is engraved on the marble of this fountain."

Aben-Hamet read these words:

The beautiful princess who walks, covered with pearls in her garden, adds to the beauty of it so prodigiously——"* The rest of the inscription was effaced.

"It is for thee that this inscription was made," said Aben-Hamet. "Beloved sultana, these palaces have never been so beautiful in their youth, as they now are in their ruins. Listen to the murmur of the fountains, the waters of which have been turned from their course by the moss: look at the gardens, which we see through these half-ruined arcades; contemplate the star of day, which is setting beyond all these porticos; how sweet it is to wander with thee in these abodes! Thy words embalm these retreats like the roses of Yemen. With what delight do I discover in thy speech, some of the accents of the language of my fathers! The mere rustling of thy dress on these marbles makes my heart leap. The air is only perfumed because it has touched thy tresses. Beautiful art thou, as the genius of my country in the midst of these ruins! But, can Aben-Hamet hope to fix thy heart? What is he, when compared to thee! He has roamed over the mountains with his father; he knows the plants of the desert. Alas! there is not one of them, that can heal the wound which thou hast given him! He carries arms, but he is not a knight. I said to myself formerly: 'The water of the sea which sleeps under the shelter in the hollow of the rock, is tranquil and silent, while all that is in the open sea is noisy and agitated: Aben-Hamet! such will be thy life, silent, peaceful and unknown, in some remote corner of the earth, while the court of the sultan is overturned by storms!' I said so to myself, young Christian; but thou hast proved to me that the tempest may also disturb the drop of water in the hollow of the rock."

Blanca listened with delight to a language which was so new to her, and the oriental turn of which seemed so much in harmony with this fairy abode, which she rambled over with her lover. Love penetrated her too sensitive heart: she felt her knees sink under her, and was obliged to lean more heavily on the arm of her companion. Aben-Hamet supported the sweet burden, and repeated to himself as he walked along: "Ah! why am I not an illustrious Abencerage!"

"Thou wouldst please me less," said Blanca, "for I should be more unhappy; remain in obscurity and live for me. A brave knight often forgets his love for glory."

"Thou canst not have this danger to apprehend," replied Aben-Hamet with quickness.

"And how wouldst thou love me then, if thou wert an Abencerage?" demanded the descendant of Ximena.

"I would love thee more than glory, and less than honor!" was the answer of the noble Moor.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon during the promenade of the two lovers; they had traversed the whole of the Alhambra. What recollections were presented by it to the mind of Aben-Hamet! *Here* the sultana received by means of air-holes, the smoke of the perfumes which were burnt in the apartment beneath; *there*, in that secluded retreat, she adorned herself with the glorious attire of the east. And it was Blanca, it was his beloved, who related all these details to the handsome youth whom she idolized. The rising moon diffused her doubtful light in the forsaken sanctuaries and in the deserted courts of the Alhambra; her silver rays reflected upon the green turf of the gardens, and upon the walls of the apartments, the lace-work of an aerial architecture, the arches of the cloisters, the flitting shadows of the spouting waters, and those of the trees agitated by the zephyr. The nightingale sang in a cypress which pierced the dome of a ruined mosque, and the echoes repeated her plaintive strains. By the light of the moon, Aben-Hamet wrote the name of Blanca on the marble of the Hall of the Two Sisters; he traced it in Arabic characters, in order that the traveller might find an additional mystery for the exercise of his conjectures in this palace of mysteries.

"Moor," said Blanca, "let us quit this spot. The destiny of my life is fixed for ever. Bear well in mind these words, 'Moslem, I am thy lover, but without hope; Christian, I am thy devoted wife.'"

Aben-Hamet answered: "Christian, I am thy despairing slave; Moslem, I am thy proud husband."

The passion of Blanca increased every day, and that of Aben Hamet became equally violent. He was so transported at the idea of being loved for his own sake, and of owing the sentiments which he had inspired to no foreign cause, that he did not disclose the secret of his birth to the daughter of the duke of Santa Fè: he felt a secret and delicate pleasure in reserving the information that he was of an illustrious name and race, until the very day when she would consent to give him her hand. But he was suddenly recalled to Tunis. His mother had been attacked by an incurable disease, and wished to embrace and bless her son before her death. Aben-Hamet presented himself at the palace of Blanca. "Sultana," said he to her, "my mother is at the point of death. She has sent for me to close her eyes. Wilt thou continue to love me?"

"Thou leavest me then," replied Blanca turning pale; "shall I never see thee more?"

* This inscription, as well as several others, is still existing. It is needless to say that Chateaubriand wrote the description of the Alhambra on the spot.

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"Come with me; I wish to exact an oath of thee, and to give thee ona in return, which death alone can break. Follow me."

They proceeded together to a cemetery which was formerly that of the Moors. Here and there were still to be seen little funeral columns round which the sculptor had formerly figured a turban; but which the Christians had subsequently replaced by a cross. Aben-Hamet led Blanca to the foot of these columns.

"Blanca, this is the place where my ancestors repose; I swear by their ashes to love thee until the day when the angel of judgment shall summon me to the tribunal of Allah. I promise thee never to engage my heart to another woman, and to take thee for my wife, as soon as thou shalt know the divine light of the prophet. Every year, at this period, I will return to Granada, to see if thou hast kept thy faith to me, and if thou wilt renounce thy errors."

"And I," said Blanca, in tears, "will expect thee every year; I will preserve, until my latest breath, the faith which I have sworn to thee; and I will receive thee for my husband, when the God of the Christians, more powerful than thy mistress, shall have melted thy infidel heart."

Aben-Hamet departs; the winds carry him to the African shores. His mother had just expired. He bestows upon her a tribute of tears; he embraces her coffin. Swift roll the months; sometimes wandering amid the ruins of Carthage, sometimes seated on the tomb of Saint Louis, the banished Abencerage longs for the day which is to carry him back to Granada. That day at last arrives: Aben-Hamet embarks, and the vessel directs her course to Malaga. With what transport, with what joy, but joy mixed with apprehension, did he descry the first promontories of Spain! Is Blanca expecting him on these shores? Does she still remember the poor Arab, who has never ceased to adore her under the palm tree of the desert?

The daughter of the duke of Santa-Fè was not unfaithful to her vows. She had requested her father to convey her to Malaga. From the mountain tops which bordered the uninhabited coast, she followed with her eyes the distant vessels and the flying sails. During the tempest, she contemplated with alarm, the sea, as it was raised into fury by the winds. Then it was that she loved to lose herself in the clouds, to expose herself in dangerous passages, to feel herself washed by the same waves, or carried along by the same hurricane which threatened the life of Aben-Hamet. As she saw the plaintive sea-mew skim the waves with her large crooked wings, and fly towards the shores of Africa, she charged her with all the love messages and extravagant wishes which proceed from a heart devoured by passion.

One day, while wandering on the beach, she discovered a long vessel, whose elevated prow, bent mast, and triangular sail denoted the latteen craft of the Moors. Blanca ran to the port, into which she soon saw the Barbary vessel enter, making the sea foam under her rapid course. A Moor, most superbly dressed, was standing on the prow. Behind him, two black slaves, held by the bridle, an Arabian horse, whose smoking nostrils and scattered mane indicated both his natural ardor, and the terror with which the noise of the waves affected him. The bark arrives, lowers her sails, touches the pier, and lays to her side; the Moor springs upon the shore, which re-echoes with the sound of his arms. The slaves disembark the leopard-spotted courser, which neighs and leaps with joy at once more finding himself on land. Other slaves lower with great care, a basket in which lay an antelope amid palm tree leaves; her delicate limbs were fastened and doubled under her, for fear of their being broken by the movement of the vessel; she wore a collar of aloe beads, and upon the gold plate, which served as a fastening to both ends of the collar, were engraved in Arabic, a name and a talisman.

Blanca recognised Aben-Hamet; fearful of betraying herself in the presence of the crowd, she retired and sent Dorothea, one of her attendants, to inform the Abencerage, that she was waiting for him at the palace of the Moors. Aben-Hamet was at that moment presenting to the governor his firman, written in blue characters on beautiful vellum, and rolled up in a silk case. Dorothea approached, and conducted the happy Aben-Hamet to the feet of Blanca. How great were the transports of the lovers in again meeting, satisfied of each other's fidelity! What happiness in seeing each other after so long a separation! How many fresh vows of eternal affection!

The two black slaves bring the Numidian courser, which, in place of a saddle, had only a lion's skin thrown over his back and fastened by a purple belt. Afterwards the antelope was introduced. "Sultana," said Aben-Hamet, "this is a roebuck of my country, almost as light as thyself." Blanca, with her own hands, untied the beautiful animal, which seemed to thank her, by looks of the sweetest expression. During the absence of the Abencerage, the daughter of the duke of Santa-Fè had been studying Arabic; she read with tearful eyes, her own name engraved on the antelope's collar. The animal, on being restored to her liberty, laid herself down upon the ground, and leaned her head against the knees of her mistress. Blanca gave her some fresh dates, and caressed this native of the desert, whose fine coat retained the perfume of the aloe wood and of the rose of Tunis.

The Abencerage, the duke of Santa-Fè, and his daughter departed together for Granada. The days of the happy lovers passed nearly as those of the preceding year. The same walks, the same regret at the sight of his country, the same love, or rather love always increasing, and always mutual; but also the same attachment in the two lovers to the religion of their fathers. "Become a Christian," said Blanca—"become a Moslemin," said Aben-Hamet. And they separated once more, without giving way to the passion which attracted them to each other.

Aben-Hamet re-appeared the third year, like those birds of passage, which love brings back to our climate in the spring. This time he found not Blanca on the shore; but a letter from the object of his adoration informed the faithful Arab of the departure of the duke for Madrid, and the arrival of don Carlos at Granada. The latter was accompanied by a French

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prisoner, now his friend. The Moor's heart sunk within him at the perusal of this letter. He set out from Malaga for Granada with the most melancholy forebodings; the mountains appeared to him frightfully solitary: and he several times turned round to look at the sea which he had just crossed.

Blanca, during her father's absence, had been unable to quit a brother whom she loved, a brother who intended to divest himself of all his property in her favor, and whom she had not seen for seven years. Don Carlos possessed all the courage and all the pride of his country. Terrible as the conquerors of the New World, in whose ranks he had first carried arms; religious like the Spanish knights who conquered the Moors, he cherished in his heart that hatred of the infidels which he inherited with the blood of the Cid.

Thomas de Lautrec, of the illustrious house of Foix, in which beauty in the females and bravery in the males were regarded as hereditary qualities, was the younger brother of the countess de Foix, and of the brave and unfortunate Odel de Foix, lord of Lautrec. At the age of eighteen, Thomas was knighted by Bayard, in that retreat which cost the life of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Some time after, Thomas was pierced with wounds and made prisoner at Pavia, when defending the chivalrous monarch, who then lost all, except his honor.

Don Carlos de Bivar, who was a witness of the gallantry of Lautrec, had caused the greatest care to be taken of the wounds of the young Frenchman, and there was speedily formed between them one of those heroic friendships, of which esteem and virtue are the foundations. Francis I. had returned to France, but Charles V. detained the other prisoners. Lautrec had had the honor to share his sovereign's captivity, and to lie at his feet in prison. Having remained in Spain, after the departure of his king, he had been given up on his parole, to don Carlos, who had just brought him to Granada.

When Aben-Hamet presented himself at the palace of don Rodrigo, and the door of the apartment in which was the duke of Santa-Fè's daughter was opened, the Abencerage experienced torments hitherto unknown to him. At the feet of donna Blanca was seated a young man, who was looking at her with a species of transport. This young man wore breeches made of buffalo's skin, and a doublet of the same color, fastened by a belt, from which was suspended a sword ornamented with fleurs de lys. A silk mantle was thrown over his shoulders, and he wore a narrow brimmed hat, shaded with plumes of feathers. A lace ruff, falling back on his bosom, allowed part of his neck to be seen. A pair of mustachoes, black as ebony, gave a masculine and warlike air to a countenance naturally mild. To his large boots, which fell down and doubled over his feet, were attached golden spurs—the marks of the owner's knightly quality.

At some distance, another knight was standing, leaning on the iron cross of his long sword; he was dressed like his companion, but seemed rather older. His austere look, though at the same time ardent and passionate, inspired respect and awe: the red cross o Calatrava was embroidered on his doublet with this device: *for this and for my king*.

When Blanca first saw Aben-Hamet, she uttered an involuntary scream: "Knight," said she immediately, "this is the Moor of whom I said so much to you; take care he does not bear away the victory. The Abencerages were just like him, and they were surpassed by none in loyalty, courage and gallantry."

Don Carlos advanced to meet Aben-Hamet. "Senor Moor," said he, "my father and sister have informed me of your name. They believe you are of a noble and brave race: you are yourself distinguished for your courtesy. My master, Charles V. must soon commence war against Tunis, and we shall shortly, I hope, meet each other in the field of honor."

Aben-Hamet placed his hand upon his bosom, seated himself upon the ground without answering, and remained with his eyes fixed upon Blanca and Lautrec. The latter was admiring, with the curiosity peculiar to his countrymen, the handsome countenance of the Moor, his noble dress and his brilliant armor. Blanca displayed not the slightest embarrassment: her soul was completely exhibited in her eyes; the ingenuous Spaniard made no attempt to conceal the secret of her heart. After a silence of a few moments, Aben-Hamet rose, made his bow to the daughter of don Rodrigo, and retired. Astonished at the behavior of the Moor, and at the looks of Blanca, Lautrec left the apartment, with a suspicion which was speedily changed into certainty.

Don Carlos remained alone with his sister. "Blanca," said he, "explain yourself. Whence this trouble which the sight of this stranger has occasioned you?"

"Brother," answered Blanca, "I love Aben-Hamet, and if he will become a Christian, my hand is his."

"What!" exclaimed don Carlos, "you love Aben-Hamet! the daughter of the Bivars love a Moor, an infidel, an enemy, whom we have driven from these palaces!"

"Don Carlos," replied Blanca, "for three years Aben-Hamet has renounced me, sooner than renounce the religion of his forefathers. He possesses nobility, honor, and knighthood: to my last breath I will adore him."

Don Carlos was capable of estimating the generous resolution of the infidel. "Unfortunate Blanca," said he, "whither will this passion lead thee! I had hoped that my friend Lautrec would become my brother."

"I cannot love that man," said Blanca; "but be assured of this, that Blanca will never become the wife of an infidel."

Don Carlos flew to the Abencerage. "Moor, renounce my sister, or meet me in single combat."

"Art thou entrusted by thy sister," said Aben-Hamet, "to reclaim the vows which she has made to me?"

"No," replied don Carlos, "she loves thee more than ever. But Lautrec is my friend; but for thee, he would be my brother. You must give me satisfaction for the tears which you make my family shed."

"I am contented to do so," answered Aben-Hamet; "but although I am sprung from an ancient family,

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which has probably combated thine, I am not a knight. I see no one here to confer upon me that order, which will allow thee to measure thy strength with mine, without degrading thy rank."

Struck with admiration by the Moor's remark, don Carlos exclaimed, "I myself will dub thee knight! thou art worthy of it."

Aben-Hamet bent his knee to don Carlos. The latter gave him the accolade, by striking him three times on the shoulder with the flat side of his sword; afterwards, he girded on him the same sword which the Abencerage, perhaps, was about to plunge into his bosom. Such was ancient honor.

Both of them immediately sprung upon their coursers, got beyond the walls of Granada, and flew to the fountain of the Pine. The duels between the Moors and Christians had, for a long time, given celebrity to this spring. It was there that Malek Alabes had fought with Ponce de Leon, and the grand master of Calatrava had killed the brave Abayados. The fragments of the armor of this Moorish knight were still seen suspended from the branches of the Pine, and on the bark of the tree some letters of a funeral inscription were still legible. Don Carlos pointed out with his hand, to the Abencerage, the tomb of Abayados. "Imitate," said he to him, "that brave Moor, and receive baptism and death from my hand."

"Death perhaps," answered Aben-Hamet, "but Allah and the Prophet for ever!"

They immediately proceeded to take their ground, and commenced the deadly fight. They were only provided with swords: Aben-Hamet was much less skilful than don Carlos in combat, but the excellence of his sword, which had been tempered at Damascus, and the fleetness of his Arabian steed, gave him an advantage over his enemy. He gave the reins to his courser in the Moorish manner, and with his large sharp stirrup, cut the right leg of don Carlos's horse under the knee. The wounded animal fell to the ground, and don Carlos, dismounted by this fortunate blow, marched against Aben-Hamet, bearing his sword aloft. Aben-Hamet sprung to the ground, and met don Carlos with intrepidity; he warded off the first blows of the Spaniard, who broke his sword against the Damascus blade; twice disappointed by fortune, don Carlos, fired with rage, called out to his enemy: "Strike, Moor, strike; don Carlos, although disarmed, defies thee and all thy infidel race."

"Thou mightest have slain me," replied the Abencerage, "but I never thought of giving thee the slightest wound. I only wished to prove to thee that I was worthy of being thy brother, and to prevent thee from despising me."

At that instant, they perceived a cloud of dust: it was Lautrec and Blanca, who were spurring on two mares of Fez, fleeter than the wind. On arriving at the fountain of the Pine, they saw the combat suspended.

"I am vanquished," said don Carlos, "this knight has given me my life. Lautrec, you will perhaps be more fortunate than me?"

"My wounds," replied Lautrec, in a noble and dignified tone of voice, "allow me to decline the combat with this courteous knight. I have no wish," added he, with a blush, "to learn the subject of your quarrel, or to penetrate a secret which would probably be a death blow to myself; my absence will speedily cause peace to be restored between you, at least unless it be Blanca's orders that I should remain at her feet."

"Sir knight," said Blanca, "you must remain with my brother: you must look upon me as your sister. The hearts of all present are suffering deeply; you will learn from us to bear the ills of life."

Blanca wished to constrain the three knights to shake each other's hands; all three refused to do so. "I hate Aben-Hamet," exclaimed don Carlos. "I envy him," said Lautrec. "And I," said the Abencerage, "I esteem don Carlos, and pity Lautrec; but I can love neither my rival nor my foe."

From that moment Aben-Hamet became a thousand times dearer to the daughter of the duke of Santa-Fé: love delights in valor. Nothing was now wanting to the Abencerage, since he had shown himself brave, and don Carlos owed his life to him. Aben-Hamet, by the advice of Blanca, abstained from appearing at the palace for several days, to allow the wrath of don Carlos time to cool. A mixture of mild and bitter feelings filled the soul of Aben-Hamet; if, on the one hand, the certainty of being loved with so much fidelity and ardor was to him an inexhaustible source of delight; on the other, the certainty of never being happy without renouncing the religion of his fathers, weighed heavily on his courage. Years had already elapsed without bringing any relief to his sufferings: should he see the rest of his life pass away in the same manner?

He was plunged into an abyss of the most serious and tender reflections, when one evening, he heard the bell ringing for that Christian prayer which announces the close of the day. It struck him that he would enter into the temple of the God of Blanca, and ask farther counsel of the Master of Nature.

He set out: he arrived at the gate of an ancient mosque, which had been converted into a church by the faithful. With a heart pierced by sorrow and feelings of devotion, he penetrated into the temple which was formerly that of his God and of his country. Prayers were just ended: there was no longer any one in the church. A holy obscurity prevailed amid the multitude of columns, which resembled the trunks of trees of a regularly planted forest. The light architecture of the Arabs was here married to the peculiarities of the gothic, and, without losing any of its elegance, it had assumed a gravity better adapted to meditation. A few lamps scarcely gave light to the hollows of the vaults; but, by the brightness of several lighted tapers, the altar of the sanctuary was still conspicuous; it glittered with gold and precious stones. The Spaniards glory in stripping themselves of their riches, in order to decorate with them the objects of their worship; and the image of the living God, placed in the midst of lace veils, of crowns of pearls, and bunches of rubies, receives the adoration of a half naked people.

Not a seat was to be seen in the whole extent of

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this vast area: a marble pavement, which served as a covering to the coffins, served the great as well as the little, to prostrate themselves before the Lord. Aben-Hamet walked slowly up to the deserted naves, which re-echoed with the solitary noise of his footsteps. His mind was divided between the recollections which this ancient edifice of the Moorish religion recalled to his memory, and the feelings to which the religion of Christians gave birth in his heart. He distinguished at the foot of a column, a motionless figure, which he at first mistook for a statue on a tomb. On approaching it, he distinguished a young knight on his knees, with his forehead reverently bent, and his arms crossed upon his bosom. This knight made not the slightest movement at the noise of Aben-Hamet's steps; no mental wandering, no external sign of life disturbed his deep prayer; his sword was laid on the ground before him, and his plumed hat was placed by his side on the marble: he had the appearance of being fixed in that attitude from the effect of some enchantment. Aben-Hamet recognised Lautrec. "Ah!" said he to himself, "this young and handsome Frenchman is asking some signal favor of heaven; this warrior, so celebrated for his courage, is here laying his heart bare to the sovereign of heaven, as the humblest and most obscure of men! Let me also pray to the God of knights and of glory."

Aben-Hamet was about to prostrate himself upon the marble, when he perceived, by the glimmering of a lamp, some Arabic characters and a verse of the Koran, which appeared upon a half ruined tablet. His heart again felt the pangs of remorse; and he made haste to quit a building in which he had entertained the idea of becoming a traitor to his religion and his country.

The cemetery which surrounded this ancient mosque was a species of garden, planted with orange, cypress and palm trees, and watered by two fountains; a cloister went all round it. Aben-Hamet, in passing under one of the porticos, perceived a female about to enter the church. Although she was wrapped up in a veil, the Abencerage recognised the daughter of the duke of Santa-Fè; he stopped her, and said to her: "Dost thou come to seek Lautrec in this temple?"

"Dismiss this vulgar jealousy," replied Blanca; "if I no longer loved thee, I would tell thee so: I would scorn to deceive thee. I come here to pray for thee. Thou alone art now the object of my wishes. I forget the concerns of my own soul for thine. Thou shouldst not have intoxicated me with the poison of thy love, or thou shouldst have consented to serve the God whom I serve. Thou disturbest my whole family; my brother hates thee, my father is overwhelmed with vexation, because I refuse to marry. Dost thou not see how much my health suffers? Behold this enchanted asylum of death: here I shall soon be laid, if thou dost not hasten to receive my vows at the foot of the Christian altar. The struggles which I endure are gradually undermining my existence; the passion with which thou hast inspired me, will not always support this feeble frame. Remember, oh Moor, to speak to thee in thy own language, that the flame which lights the torch, is also the fire which consumes it."

So saying, Blanca entered the church, and left Aben-Hamet confounded with her last words.

The struggle is ended; the Abencerage is vanquished; he is about to renounce the errors of his faith; he has struggled long enough; the dread of seeing Blanca perish triumphs over every other feeling in the breast of Aben-Hamet. "After all," said he to himself, "perhaps the God of the Christians is the true God? This God is always the deity of noble souls, since he is the God of Blanca, of don Carlos, and of Lautrec."

Full of this idea, Aben-Hamet waited with impatience for the following day, to inform Blanca of his resolution, and to convert a life of sorrow and of tears into one of joy and happiness; he was unable, however, to repair to the palace of the duke until the evening. He learned that Blanca was gone with her brother to the Generaliffe, where Lautrec was giving an entertainment to his friend's sister. Agitated by fresh suspicions, Aben-Hamet flies upon the traces of Blanca. Lautrec blushed at seeing the Abencerage appear so suddenly; as to don Carlos, he received the Moor with cool politeness, through which esteem was scarcely perceptible.

Lautrec had caused a collation to be served up of the finest fruits of Spain and of Africa, in one of the apartments of the Generaliffe, stiled the *Hall of the Knights*. All round this hall were suspended the portraits of the princes and knights, who had conquered the Moors—of Pelayo, the Cid, Gonzalvo de Cordova; and the sword of the last king of Granada was hung under these portraits. Aben-Hamet did not allow the internal pain which he felt to appear, and only thought, like the lion in the fable, on looking at these portraits, "We know not how to paint."

The generous Lautrec, who saw the eyes of the Abencerage turned involuntarily towards the sword of Boabdil, said to him, "Knight of the Moors, had I anticipated the honor of your presence at this fete, I would not have received you here. One loses a sword every day, and I have seen the bravest of monarchs deliver up his to his fortunate enemy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Moor, hiding his face with a corner of his robe, "one might lose it like Francis the First, but like Boabdil——"

As night came on, lights were brought, and the conversation took another turn. Don Carlos was requested to relate the discovery of Mexico. He spoke of that unknown world with the pompous eloquence, which is peculiar to the Spanish nation. He related the misfortunes of Montezuma, the manners of the Indians, the prodigies of Spanish valor, and even the cruelties of his countrymen, which did not, in his eyes, seem to deserve either praise or blame. These narratives delighted Aben-Hamet, whose passion for the marvellous betrayed his Arabian blood. When it came to his turn, he gave a picture of the Ottoman empire, newly established on the ruins of Constantinople, bestowing a tribute of passing regret to the first empire of Mahomet; the happy days when Al Reschid, the Commander of the True Believers, saw shining

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around him Zobeide, the Flower of Beauty and Strength of Hearts, and the generous Ganem, the affectionate slave. Lautrec painted the gallant court of Francis the First, the arts reviving from the midst of barbarism, the honor, the loyalty, the chivalry of the "olden time," joined to the politeness of civilized ages, the Gothic turrets ornamented with the Grecian orders, and the French ladies setting off their rich dresses with Athenian elegance.

After this conversation, Lautrec, wishing to amuse the divinity of the entertainment, took the guitar, and sang this romance, which he had composed to one of the mountain airs of his country:—

Oft to my birth-place, mem'ry's glance
Will turn, and my wrapt soul entrance!
Sister, how sweet the minutes rolled
In France;
My country! Thee more dear I hold
Than gold.

Rememb'rest thou how to her breast
Our mother both her children prest,
And how her bright white locks would glister?
How blest!
While we with lips of love, sweet sister!
Kiss'd her.

Rememb'rest thou that castle dear,
By which the swift stream flowed; and near,
That Moorish tow'r, with age so worn,
From where
The trumpet sounded when the morn
Was born.

Rememb'rest thou that tranquil lake,
Which the swift swallow skimm'd to slake
His thirst; where zephyr the sweet rose
Would shake;
And Sol's last rays at evening's close
Repose.

Rememb'rest thou that friend beloved,
Who my heart's tend'rest passion moved;
As to pluck flow'rets sweet and fine,
We roved,
Helen did her fond heart on mine
Recline.

Oh! who my Helen back will yield,
My native hill, my oak-crown'd field?
Their mem'ry keeps my heart-wounds old
Unhealed;
My country! thee more dear I hold
Than gold.

As he finished the last couplet, Lautrec, with his glove, brushed away the tear which the recollection of the gentle land of France extorted from him. The regret of the handsome prisoner was warmly participated by Aben-Hamet, who deplored, as well as Lautrec, the loss of his country. When requested to take the guitar in his turn, he excused himself, by saying that he only knew one romance, which would not be at all agreeable to Christian ears.

"If it is a song of the infidels smarting under our victories," said don Carlos scornfully, "you may sing it; tears are allowed to the vanquished."

"Yes," said Blanca, "and that is the reason why our ancestors, while they were under the Moorish yoke, have left us so many *complaints*."

Aben-Hamet then sang this ballad, which he had learned from a poet of the tribe of the Abencerages.

As Royal John rode out one day,
Granada's town before him lay,
With sudden start, "Fair town," said he,
"My hand and heart I give to thee.

"Thee will I wive, and to thee will
Cordova give, and proud Seville.
Robes rich and fair, and jewels fine,
Shall all declare my love is thine."

Granada cried, "Great Leon's king!
I'm the Moor's bride, I wear his ring.
Then keep thy own; the gems I wear
Are a gorgeous zone, and children dear."

Alhambra's tow'rs! palace of God!
Town of fair flow'rs and fountains broad!
A Christian base, Abencerage,
Rules thy birth-place; 'twas in Fate's page.

The plaintive simplicity of this ballad affected even the proud don Carlos, notwithstanding the imprecations it pronounced against the Christians. He would have wished to be excused from singing himself, but out of courtesy to Lautrec, he felt obliged to yield to his entreaties. Aben-Hamet handed the guitar to Blanca's brother, who thus celebrated the exploits of the Cid, his illustrious ancestor.

Bright in his mail, with love and valor fired,
The Cid, about to part for Afric's war,
Stretched at Ximena's feet, as love inspired,
Thus sung his parting to the sweet guitar:

"My love hath said: 'Go forth and meet the Moor,
Return victorious from the well fought field;
Yes! I shall then believe thou canst adore,
If, at my wish, thy love to honor yield!'

"Then give to me my helmet and my spear!
In bloody fight the Cid his love shall prove,
Amidst the din of war the Moor shall hear
His battle cry, 'My honor and my love!'

"O gallant Moor, vaunt not thy tuneful strain,
My song shall be a nobler theme than thine,
Ere long 'twill mark the chivalry of Spain,
As one where love with honor doth combine.

"Oft in my native vallies shall be heard
In the old Christians' mouth Rodrigo's name,
Who nobly to inglorious life preferred
His God, his king, his honor, and love's flame."

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Don Carlos appeared so proud in singing these words, in a masculine and sonorous voice, that he might have been taken for the Cid himself. Lautrec shared the warlike enthusiasm of his friend; but the Abencerage turned pale at the name of the Cid.

"This knight," said he, "whom the Christians denominated the Flower of Battles, bears with us the name of the Cruel. Had his generosity but equalled his valor——"

"His generosity," said don Carlos, interrupting Aben-Hamet, warmly, "was even greater than his courage, and none but a Moor would calumniate the hero to whom my family owes its birth."

"What sayest thou?" exclaimed Aben-Hamet, springing up from the seat on which he lay half reclined: "dost thou reckon the Cid among thy ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," replied don Carlos, "and I recognise my possession of it, by the hatred with which my heart burns against the foes of my God."

"It follows then," said Aben-Hamet, looking at Blanca, "that you belong to the family of the Bivars which, after the conquest of Granada, invaded the possessions of the unfortunate Abencerages, and put to death an ancient knight of that name, who attempted to defend the tombs of his forefathers."

"Moor!" exclaimed don Carlos, inflamed with rage, "know that I do not suffer myself to be interrogated. If I now possess the spoils of the Abencerages, my ancestors acquired them at the price of their blood, and to their swords only do they owe them."

"Only one word more," said Aben-Hamet, with constantly increasing emotion; "we knew not in our exile that the Bivars had the title of Santa-Fè, and it was this which was the cause of my error."

"It was on the same Bivar," answered don Carlos, "who conquered the Abencerages, that this title was conferred by Ferdinand the Catholic."

The head of Aben-Hamet declined upon his bosom; he remained standing in the midst of don Carlos, Lautrec, and Blanca, who looked at him with astonishment. Tears gushed from his eyes upon the poignard which was fastened to his girdle. "Pardon me," he said, "men ought not, I know, to shed tears; from this time mine will no longer flow externally, although I have many more to shed: listen to me.

"Blanca! my love for thee equals the burning winds of Arabia. I was conquered: I could no longer live without thee. But yesterday the sight of this French knight at his prayers, and thy words in the cemetery of the temple, made me resolve to know thy God, and to pledge thee my faith."

A movement of joy from Blanca, and of surprise from don Carlos, interrupted Aben-Hamet; Lautrec covered his face with both hands. The Moor divined his thoughts, and shaking his head with an agonizing smile, said, "Knight, lose not all hope; as to thee, Blanca, weep for ever over the last Abencerage."

Blanca, don Carlos and Lautrec, all three lifted up their hands to heaven, and exclaimed, "The last Abencerage!"

There was a moment of silence; fear, hope, hatred, love, astonishment, and jealousy agitated their different hearts: Blanca shortly fell upon her knees:—"Gracious God! thou hast justified my choice; I could only love the descendant of heroes!"

"Sister!" said the irritated don Carlos, "you forget that you are here in the presence of Lautrec."

"Don Carlos," said Aben-Hamet, "suspend thy wrath; it is my business to restore thee to repose." Then addressing himself to Blanca, who had again taken her seat:

"Houri of heaven, genius of love and of beauty, Aben-Hamet will be thy slave to his latest breath; but hear the full extent of his misfortune. The old man who was immolated by thy ancestor, while defending his home, was the father of my father; learn also a secret which I concealed from thee, or rather which thou madest me forget. When I came for the first time to visit this sorrowful country, my first object was to find out some descendant of the Bivars whom I might call to account for the blood which his fathers had shed."

"Well then," said Blanca, in a voice of grief, but sustained by the accent of a great soul, "what is thy resolution?"

"The only one which is worthy of thee," answered Aben-Hamet, "to restore thee thy vows, to satisfy by my eternal absence, and by my death, what we both of us owe to the enmity of our Gods, of our countries, and of our families. Should my image ever be blotted out from thy heart; if time, which destroys every thing, should erase from thy memory the recollection of Aben-Hamet—this French knight—thou owest this sacrifice to thy brother."

Lautrec started up impetuously, and threw himself into the arms of the Moor. "Aben-Hamet, think not to outdo me in generosity; I am a Frenchman; I was knighted by Bayard; I have shed my blood for my king; I will be like my sponsor and my prince, without fear and without reproach. Shouldst thou remain with us, I will entreat don Carlos to bestow upon thee the hand of his sister; if thou quittest Granada, never shall thy mistress be troubled with a whisper of my love. Thou shalt not carry with thee into thy exile, the fatal idea that Lautrec was insensible to thy virtues, and sought to take advantage of thy misfortune."

And the young knight pressed the Moor to his bosom with the warmth and vivacity of a Frenchman.

"Knights," said don Carlos in his turn, "I expected nothing less from the illustrious races to which ye belong. Aben-Hamet, by what mark can I recognise you for the last Abencerage?"

"By my conduct," replied Aben-Hamet.

"I admire it, undoubtedly," said the Spaniard, "but, before I explain myself, show me some proof of your birth."

Aben-Hamet took from his bosom the hereditary ring of the Abencerages, which he wore suspended from a golden chain.

At sight of this, don Carlos stretched out his hand to the unfortunate Aben-Hamet. "Sir knight," said he, "I regard you as a man of honor, and the real descendant of kings. You honor me by your plans connected with my family; I accept the combat which you came privately to seek. If I am conquered, all my property, which formerly belonged to your family,

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shall be faithfully restored to you. If you have renounced this plan, accept in turn the offer which I make to you: become a Christian, and receive the hand of my sister, which Lautrec has solicited for you."

The temptation was great; but resistance to it was not beyond the strength of Aben-Hamet. If all powerful love pleaded strongly in the heart of the Abencerage; on the other hand, he could not think but with terror of uniting the blood of the persecutors with that of the persecuted. He fancied he saw the shade of his ancestor rising from the tomb, and reproaching him with this sacrilegious alliance. With a heart torn by grief, Aben-Hamet exclaimed: "Ah! why do I here meet with souls so sublime, characters so generous, to make me feel more bitterly the value of what I lose! Let Blanca pronounce; let *her* say what I must do, in order to render myself more worthy of her love!"

"Return to the desert!" was the exclamation of Blanca, as she sunk to the earth in a swoon.

Aben-Hamet prostrated himself, adored Blanca even more than heaven, and departed without uttering a word. The same night he set out for Malaga, and took his passage on board a vessel which was to touch at Oran. Near that city he found the caravan encamped, which leaves Morocco every three years, crosses Africa, repairs to Egypt, and rejoins the caravan of Mecca in Arabia. Aben-Hamet joined it as one of the pilgrims.

Blanca's life was at first considered to be in danger, but she recovered. Faithful to the promise which he had given to the Abencerage, Lautrec departed, and never did a word of his love or his sorrow trouble the melancholy of the daughter of the duke of Santa-Fé. Every year Blanca made a journey to Malaga, to wander on the mountains, at the period when her lover was accustomed to return from Africa; she seated herself upon the rocks, contemplated the sea, and the vessels in the distance, and afterwards returned to Granada. The rest of her life she passed amid the ruins of the Alhambra. She complained not; she wept not; she never spoke of Aben-Hamet; a stranger to her would have thought her happy. She was the only survivor of her family. Her father died of grief, and don Carlos was killed in a duel, in which Lautrec acted as his second. What was the fate of Aben-Hamet no one ever knew.

In leaving Tunis, by the gate which leads to the ruins of Carthage, the traveller finds a cemetery; under a palm tree, in a corner of this cemetery, a tomb was pointed out to me, which was called the *tomb of the last Abencerage*. There is nothing remarkable about it; the sepulchral stone is perfectly smooth; only, after a Moorish fashion, a slight hole has been excavated in the middle of it by the chisel. The rain water which collects in the bottom of this funeral cup, serves, in a burning climate, to quench the thirst of the birds of heaven.

The above translation of Chateaubriand's Romance of "Aben-Hamet, the Last of the Abencerages," is almost verbatim from the original French, and necessarily retains many idiomatic phrases and traces of the author's quaint affectations of Eastern imagery, and the puerilities of the French romances of the old school. The national songs which occur near the close of the tale, are faithful transcripts of well-known French, Moorish, and Spanish chaunts The description of the celebrated palace of the Alhambra was written on the spot; and the account of the ruined mosque turned into a chapel, was penned in the cathedral of Cordova. The favorable opinions expressed by Chateaubriand in this romance respecting the Spaniards, prevented its publication in France during Napoleon's career—after a lapse of twenty years, the author was enabled to give his production to the public; when the notoriety of his political essays overpowered the success of this and other of his various romances. Chateaubriand's works are but little known in America, although, while escaping from the ferocity of the revolutionary proscriptions in his country, he resided in the United States for several years, two of which, (1788 and 89,) were passed in the interior of Kentucky, then a perfect wilderness; when he associated entirely with the savage tribes. He succeeded during the following year, in crossing the wonderful extent of country between the States and the Pacific, and returned to his native land.

Bulwer, in his "Leila," to which "the Last Abencerage" is an agreeable pendant, has followed the historians of the Moorish wars in the particulars relative to the immediate fall of Granada, but has strangely deviated from the real history of the well-known events in the life of the last king of the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain. Abouabdoulah, called Boabdil by the Spaniards and Abdallah by the Moors, was not a bachelor monarch, inactive and listless, as represented by Bulwer, but an ambitious restless prince, who pushed his father and his brothers from their seats, to gratify his inordinate craving for power; and, at the instigation of a Zegri chief, murdered many a proud noble of the line of the Abencerages, to revenge the fancied adulterous intercourse of his queen-sultana with one of that race. This savage butchery of his nobles produced the civil wars of Granada, between the Zegris and the Abencerages, a division of more fatal import to the stability of the Moorish dynasty in Spain than the combined attacks of the Christian forces. The queen demanded "a trial by battle," which, by the laws of chivalry, Boabdil was compelled to accede. Three of the most renowned knights of Spain disguised themselves as Turks, entered the lists, and conquered the Zegris who battled against the queen. This injured lady, with several of the most conspicuous of the Granadine nobility, abjured the Crescent, and sought the shelter of the Cross in the camp and court of Ferdinand. These matters of history are repudiated by Bulwer, who has converted Boabdil into a strange compound of fear and bravery, fervor and despair. The novelist seems to have formed his conception of his hero upon the oft-quoted speech of his mother at the disastrous termination of the war: "Weep for the loss of the kingdom which you were unable to defend like a man;" but this severe rebuke is not applicable only to a coward king, but also to him whose brutal tyranny had driven from his court the brave knights who composed the flower of Moorish chivalry. Boabdil has never been charged with want of courage, but with every species of treachery—his troops deserted him in crowds—famine stared him in the face for many weeks—but his courage quailed not; and he capitulated with his conqueror when he was longer "unable to defend his kingdom like a man." Ed. G. M.

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THE PANTHEON.

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars, Mercurius, Neptunus, Jupiter, Vulcanus, Apollo.—*Ennius.*

No. 3.

MERCURIUS CADUCEATOR.

Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
Nuntium, curvæ lyræ parentem.
Horatius.

Αυτιλ' επειθ' κτο ποδδιν εδησατο χαλα πεδιλα
Αμβροσια χρυσεια τα μιν φορεον Ημεν εφ' υγρην,
Ηδ' επ' απειρονα γαιαν αμα πνοιοισ ανεμοιο
Ειλετο δε ραβδον τη τ' ανδρων ομματα θελγει
Ων εθελει τους δ' αυτε και υπνωοντας εγειρει
Την μετα χερσιν εχων πετετο κραιπνα Αργειφοντηβ.
Homerus.

HAIL! son of May! the nations own
Thy matchless grace, and love to dwell
Upon thy speech, whose lightest tone
Breathes o'er the heart a 'witching spell;
While wit, and wiles, and jesting bind
In rosy wreaths the captive mind;
And oratory's powers enchain
In links of gold the captive brain.

Winged messenger of heaven! when Jove
Has called thee, his behests to bear,
Self-poised, thou stoopest from above
Down through the yielding air;
And with a speed that mocks the wind,
Thou leav'st Olympus far behind,
Till earth receive fate's changeless nod,
Or hell the mandate of the God.

For all the joys from chords of fire,
For all the soothing notes of song,
Inventor of the golden lyre,
What praises to thy name belong;
While gods recumbent feel the spell,
Shed by the music of thy shell,
Thy magic art of heavenly birth,
Soothes e'en the humblest sons of earth.

And softer than the gentle dews,
Which twilight's pure and rosy hours,
From cups of nectared balm diffuse
Upon the day-worn nodding flowers,
Thy music steeped in Lethe's tide,
The senses of the "hundred-eyed;"
And thy outflashing ataghan
Confirmed the sleep thy notes began.

Fleet bearer of the golden wand,
That rovest the empyrean fields of light,
And wingest thy nether way beyond
Earth's confines to the realms of light;
Thy hand doth seal the weary eye
In wakeless sleep of those who die,
And leadeth to Elysium's rest the soul,
Beyond the dread abodes where Stygian waters roll.

ENDYMION.

No. 4.

DIANA VENATRIX.

Terret, lustrat, agit; Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, suprema, feras; saptro, fulgore, sagitta.
Dempterius.

Ον δ' Αρτεμις ειχε κατ' ουρεος ιοχεαιρα,
Η κατα Τηυγετον περιμηκετον η Ερυμανθον
Τερπομενη καπροισι και ωκυποδεσι ελαφοισι.
Odyssey.

WHEN Delos down the Egean rolled,
A wanderer wild and free,
And its bright streams and sands of gold
With radiance lit the sea;
At Jove's command,
The rolling land,
Chain'd by the god's decree,
All firmly stood
Upon the flood;
And Cynthus' palms their branches spread
Above Latona's fainting head;
And the admiring wild
Upon the infant god and goddess sweetly smiled.

Diana, 'mid rich sylvan bowers,
Grottoes and murmuring streams,
And vales, thy life's young opening hours
Passed by as fairy dreams;
Enchanted still
With vale and hill,
Thy errant fancy seems
With solemn wood
And silver flood,
With bow, and darts, and vest of fawn,
Girded thy virgin bosom on;
Thou roamest the wild, while dyed
Thy buskins are within thy captives' purple tide.

When autumn calls with jocund cries,
From thicket, grove, and plain,
Till every echoing hill replies,
Thou and thy virgin train
Pursue the fawn,
On level lawn,
Life's purple fount to drain;
Or chase the stag
O'er mountain crag;
Or press with eager shaft and spear
The grisly wolf into his lair,
And weary with the toils
Of day, return oppressed beneath the weight of spoils.

ENDYMION.

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PAGES FROM

THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. III.

A CHAPTER ON ARISTOCRACY.

"To noblest uses this determined wealth,
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you hunt for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy, and all sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition is attained
By sense alone, and dignity of mind."

Armstrong.

The tendency of man to rise above his fellow man, as talents, learning, or moral superiority shall elevate him, or the certainty of the depression of the ignorant, the indolent, and the depraved, below the ordinary standard of mind and morals, is not less natural or general than for the sparks to fly upwards, or the lees to fall to the bottom of the cask.

The spirit of aristocracy seems to be a part of nature, and to pervade her whole dominion. The various substances of earth, whether of mineral, aerial, or liquid combination, all seek their own allotted and appropriate gradations in the scale of matter, and stay not until their own proportions fix their proper resting place.

It is not to be wondered then, in the sympathy existing between mind and matter, and the close assimilation in the laws which govern both, that there should be found a like spirit existing in the mental, as that which seems so generally to pervade the physical world. Indeed, the principle seems predicated upon the authority of Deity, and to have been implanted upon earth with man's first introduction into Eden. It pervaded heaven before Belial fell, and formed the pretext which his persuasion used, to win to his rebellion the host of fallen spirits that shared with him his condemnation and his exile. It assigned the grades in the imperial host which followed in Messiah's train, when he went forth to meet the assailing enemies of his father's throne; and it taught Uriel to bow in the presence of exalted Gabriel, and bought obedience from the guardian spirits that hung with watchful care around the walls of Eden, when the superior intelligence from above displayed its golden radiance in the midst of the gray night of Paradise.

Aristocracy in society then, has its foundation in various causes, and is coeval with the existence of man. It forms the nucleus on which all civil government is enfolded, and whether it be predicated upon the influence of the parent over the wide spreading and diffusing family, or in the success of the mighty leader or chieftain whom chance or fortune has made conspicuous, in either case, in a line of succession, it soon resolves itself into the natural desire among men for supremacy, and their equally natural submission to superiority.

It existed in the earliest histories of Palestine, Greece, Italy, Gaul, Britain, and amongst the savage inhabitants of America, and in most governments, from whatever cause established, has held its sway in hereditary successions from distant ages down to the present day.

In a republican government, the civil aristocracy is, in theory dispensed with; whilst, in practice, it is carefully and jealously watched and restricted. Despite, however, of all the boasted equality of man, and all the ultraism of democracy, the intuitive humiliation of the governed will break forth, and the disposition of the ruler to hold the dignity of his elevation on the one hand, and the sycophancy of the worshippers at the throne of power on the other hand, will display themselves—despite of all the pride of self constitution and self government.

It is to the social combinations of men in their domestic relations that I am about to direct the attention of my readers—and hastily glance over the anomalies and errors of the private walks of life.

When rebellion, as it was termed, first broke out in our country, we were the colonists of one of the proudest aristocracies of the world, well inured to the customs, spirit, and restrictions, which long established favoritism and hereditary succession had entailed upon us. And notwithstanding the sudden abolition of titles and dignities, with the overthrow of enobled inheritances, there still remained with us the odor of nominal distinction, and the appetite for homage to that superiority which had its foundation solely in the succession of estate. Time, in his unrelenting course, has swept away much of this spirit which hung about about us like the dust of the cast off habiliments of servility. Enough still remains, however, even at this day, to inflate some self-conceived scions of a no-

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ble stock with the plenitude of its sufficiency, and in complacent and churlish quietude, to gather to oblivion spirits and energies which active enterprise, exercised in the boundless field our country presents, might have reared a fame for, which would have hung the whole gallery of noble ancestors in its shade. Such spirits know not that

"Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers; the mere word 's a slave,
Debauched on ever tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed."

The ebullitions of this spirit are yet discernible also, in the humility and sycophancy which is displayed when some titular dignitary, straying from the *regime* of St. James or St. Cloud, and seeking a relaxation from the harness of the court, condescends to ruralize amongst us, in the waste of society he finds thrown open to him, in such congeniality with the heedlessness and laxity of his own disposition. And this it is that often exposes us, in our credulity, to the imposition and plunder of arrant knaves, who take advantage of our imbecility and inconsistency to make us the prey of their designs, whilst we become the uncompassioned victims of our own folly and madness.

Time and growing intelligence are the only remedies for these debasing evils, and we cannot but rejoice in hope, when we behold the change which is gradually working around us. Those who look for distinctions from the long-drawn inheritances of their fathers, begin now to feel that their places in society are occupied by others, whose own qualifications have been received as a safer guarantee than the long spun and time frittered mantle of a once honored name; and while they find, in the abolition of primogeniture, the destruction of the family equipage and estate, they behold, in the enterprise and industry of some *new made* man beside them, the eclipse that drives them into an obscurity that not even their own vanity, feeding on itself, can give a show of radiance.

The aristocracy of wealth, in this country, must be ephemeral. The varying sources of enterprise, and the boundless fields of speculation, must leave open, equally to the humblest and most ignorant, the roads to success and wealth. Our laws of descent, founded on improved principles of legislation and humanity, must prevent the amalgamation and condensation of estates in one long line of lumbering succession; and our general institutions and the great spirit of the people must check the dangerous extension of individual resources. The elements of this species of aristocracy are a safe reliance for its own destruction, and in themselves soon work its suicidal end, by the bursting of its own inflation—or the insecurity of its own ignorance,

The aristocracy of name and station seldom survives its possessor for any considerable time, and the youth who enters into society with the expectation to ride upon the fame his ancestors had reared for themselves, will soon find himself in company with the scion of the aristocrat of wealth, the lord of the taproom only, or the unnoticed associate of those, whom

"A fellow feeling has made wondrous kind."

It is in the middle classes of society, however, that we find the most destructive havoc of this spirit, upon the prosperity and endurance of social and domestic comfort. And here, how despicable seems that servile adulation to every odor that claims to emanate from a wealthy or a titled source. Those on whom fortune has bestowed a propitious glance, inflamed with the prospect of advancing station, grasp at every shadow of distinction, though it be but in a name, and like the heathen at his unnatural and impious sacrifice, are ready to yield up the tenderest gifts of heaven, as a propitiation to the Juggernaut of *pride*. How often do we behold her whom nature had fitted to constitute the foster spirit of genius, in a connubial association, by this pride alone, engrafted upon the rotten limb of a once conspicuous trunk, to sicken and wither into the prop which parental folly has rendered parental munificence requisite to supply. How common, too, has it been in our country, to observe the inducements for the assumption of this character, so strong as to lead the most contemptible to practise upon our credulity, and by playing the count and the noble for a little while amongst us, at the expense of the tradesman, to wheedle from us our hard earnings at least, if they are modest enough to stop short of those gifts of heaven that are dearer to us than any accounted price. When will the examples of deception, and the testimony of dearly-purchased experience, teach us the folly and madness of such propensities? For those who suffer, except it be at the expense of the hopes and happiness of some innocent victim of their blindness, we have no pity—but rather feel a glow of satisfaction, when we see them writhing under the stings which their own guilty ambition, or precipitate stupidity has inflicted upon them.

Akin to this spirit, may be enumerated a more selfish and domestic disposition, which is to be disclosed by penetrating the tinselled veil which many in the middle classes of society throw around them, and looking beyond the studied and affected display which is prepared for occasions, at the expense of the enjoyment and happiness of the intervals. How undeniable is the sorrowful truth, that many families around us, feeding upon the vanity of occasional display, restrict themselves in all the ordinary and plainest comforts—nay, even in the very necessaries of a respectable subsistance—who, to hoard up their means for periodical efforts in society, absolutely deny themselves at home, for long precedent periods, the common requisite provisions of life. Alas, could they but learn that the laughing eye which seems to them the assurance of delight, is but the smile of derision at their vanities—could they but know that through all the satisfaction which their dear-bought bounty seems to afford, there is a sensibility in every honest breast that tells the guest at what a sacrifice his hospitality is purchased, they would rather seek to find their le-

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vel in society, from their own domestic virtues, and the purity of their intrinsic worth, than any painful distinction, which such stained conspicuity may temporarily invest them with.

There is, in truth, but one sure and safe dependance for distinction or character in the world. There is but one aristocracy that is permanent, and which, in a country like ours, may be relied on as secure—that is the aristocracy of MIND.

All the gilded display of hospitality and munificence—all the pomp and pride of circumstance—all the wealth the world can bestow, can avail nothing in comparison or companionship with that onward march to high ennobled preferment, either in society or government, which receives its impulse and sustains its course, by the powers of intellect and engrossing wisdom. Splendid estates may fall and crumble under misfortune's blow, or speculations' misadventure—

> "One sad losel may soil a name for aye,
> However mighty in the olden time,"

from which we have derived the inheritance of a favored station in the ranks of society—but secured in the investment of the mind's distinction, the votary of science and the child of genius stand alike imperious in their innate majesty, and midst the ruin and ashes of all earthly grandeur, shine on in the undarkened lustre of that halo which their own greatness has irradiated.

The youth who embarks in society with his expectations based upon the calculations he may safely repose on such foundations, cannot but find his perseverance rewarded by honors crowding thick and fast upon him, as the swelling importance of the mind rolls back the mists which obscurity of station or paucity of means may have temporarily thrown around him.

It is sickening, I know, in the eyes of intellect and genius to behold the flat and stale mockery of social greatness which is inflated by the sycophantic breath of sordid adulation—it is painful to pass through the ordeal of neglect and outward contumely which the levity and littlemindedness of the world reflects upon the unobtrusive retiracy of the embryo worshipper at Minerva's shrine, while the conceited and flippant upstart of the world's base aristocracy, is revelling in its embrace. Yet "the mind is its own place and in itself can make" society of the holiest character, where none intrude. The map of nature is open before the student. He is not alone in the stillness of midnight, when not a waking pulse may beat but his own—the stars are full of rich society for him—the gentle murmuring rivulet and the roaring cataract, nature's mighty minstrelsy, are his music—spirits of unearthly grandeur, the creatures of his own bright fancy, or the manes of luminaries of ages past, are his companions, and whether he flits on imaginative wing from world to world, peopling the countless spheres of creation with beings of his own constitution, or treads the rosy paths of science with the philosophers and sages of departed days; *illumined* by their bright examples through the gradations and improvements of time, he still feels, that though shut from the gay and festive hall—though deserted and uncourted in the throngs of busy men, he is not alone, but stands aloof, the mighty and enduring scion of nature's noble aristocracy.

SONNETS.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

APRIL.

FAIR, fickle month, now peevish as a child
That frets in middle of the pleasures' bowers;
Now winsome as a bride betrimmed with flowers,
Laughing like wit when exquisitely wild,—
How like art thou to grief by hope beguiled,
When thou look'st smiling through short, gusty showers.
How like to joy, that laughs, yet ere an hour's
Quick flight, weeps in the arms where most he smiled!—
Yet welcome, April! for thy blessed womb
Gave greatest SHAKSPEARE birth,—he who, like thee,
With mingling tears and smiles, strewed modestly
Creation's fields with flowers of deathless bloom:—
Proud be young May of her sweet floral crown;
Be prouder thou, fair Month, of his supreme renown!

SPRING.

COME with me, lady, to the springing woods,
Whose age, like thine, is young and beautiful;
For there are flowers of rainbow-hues to pull;
Violets that breathe thy breath; delicious buds
Red as thy lips, sweet as thy slumber's sighs;
Streamlets that run as silvery as thy speech;
Pleasures that with no pain our hands may reach;
And leaves, and birds, and songs, and sunny skies.
The bee, who roves, yet is industrious,
Calls us away to the green woods again.
As Robin's horn drew forth his merry men
To sports and beechen spears—to twanging bows,
And breathless chase of bounding doe and deer,—
Then hie for hill and dale!—the season laughs not here.

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THE YOUNG INEBRIATE.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BY DAVID HOFFMAN, ESQ., BALTIMORE.

THE moon shone into my windows with a flood of silvery light—all nature was hushed into profound silence—no air disturbed even the pensile foliage, that from many trees, and shrubs, and flowers, in rich luxuriance, environed the house, situate in one of nature's most beautiful vallies, in the "Old Dominion"—a land, as well known, of traditional hospitality, of generous feelings, exalted talents, and of bad habits. The little wooden clock of mine host had struck twelve before I retired to rest, but not to sleep. The monotonous ticking of my watch, suspended near my pillow, alone reminded me that any thing with motion existed in nature; all was in deep repose, save my own busy thoughts, and these were fast subsiding into those gentle half-slumbers that must soon have ended in sleep, exhausted as I then was with my arduous day's journey. But a tremendous shriek from the adjoining room, struck a momentary horror through my inmost heart. This was instantly followed by a most unnatural laugh—then by horrid imprecations—then by cries of "murder," "fire," "landlord, I am dying, sinking into hell!"—"Oh, I am lost, water, water, I am burning up!" I naturally supposed that the landlord would have been instantly there—but he came not; and, as there was no intermission to the shocking cries of the unhappy being, I soon appeared at his chamber door, but was much astonished to find it locked on the outside with a padlock! The paroxysms, growing still more intense and long, continued, and finding no hope of sleep that night, already far advanced, it seemed but reasonable I should have an associate in my anxious vigils; and at length, I resolved to seek companionship with my *maitre d'hotel*, who had left on my mind a very favorable impression, during the half-hour spent with him before retiring to my chamber. The moon kindly aided me through a few narrow passages to his door, which promptly yielded to my tap.

"Sir, can you solve this mystery for me?—you seem to have a maniac in your house—a strange alliance, this, of hospital and hotel—have you no means of silencing him, so that I may yet obtain a little sleep? Who, and what is he?"

"I hoped, for your sake, as well as his," replied the landlord, "he would have been silent *this* night, but poor youth, he cannot last many nights more—this is the longest and severest fit I have yet known him to have; it has lasted, with but few intermissions, these four days and as many nights—he is a young gentleman of our neighborhood, of education, wealth, and high family—has not been from college more than two years—his excellent and wretched parents can do nothing with him; he is now under my care; and all this comes, sir, from drink! His disease is called *mania a potu*. As he slept so little for some nights and days, I thought him so much exhausted before you came, that he would have sunk to sleep, and not have disturbed you; so I judged it better to say nothing to you about him."

The noises still continued—moanings that sickened the heart, shrieks that chilled the blood, laughter of no mortal sounds, oaths that demons alone could fashion, all followed in quick succession, wearying the ears, and exhausting the feelings.

"There is no relief for him," said mine host, "I dread to give him what he most craves—liquor; it is but fuel to the fires that rage within him; water he asks for, but will none of it—and medicines can only be forced upon him, which now seems to be cruel, as the doctor says he cannot live, and that all his remedies have failed."

"Poor human nature, or rather poor *beastly* nature," said I, angrily, following my remark, a moment after, with a deep sigh, and more than half-ashamed, too, that I should feel anger, and use such a word towards a fellow-being in a state of hopelessness. "Poor, unhappy youth," added I, "would that I could bring thee one moment of relief; may God, who alone knoweth the cause of thy great infirmity, find for thee a door of escape! but, if that must not be, have mercy on thee beyond the grave!"

"Oh, dear sir," rejoined the landlord, "I have known many persons far more wicked than he; for I may truly say, he is very amiable, and charitable, and sensible, when sober—nearly all his faults proceed from intoxication. He was to have been married before this time, to a lovely young woman hard-by; and could Mary Summers see him, even now, she would break her heart with weeping; for she yet tenderly loves him. He still wears a locket of her hair, suspended by a black ribbon round his neck, which he would not part with, even for liquor; and yet it seems he would coin his body and soul, too, for a dram, but not that locket!"

Some hours passed in these sympathetic colloquies on his melancholy condition; but wearied nature made them more and more sluggish and forced, until, after having wrung all the changes on the miseries of the wretched inebriate, the vices and horrors of drunkenness, the mental agonies of his amiable parents, sisters, and brothers, and the deep seated and inexhaustible love of Mary Summers, we were mutually silent. But the groans, and hysterical laughs, and dreadful imprecations from the *pandemonium*

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chamber, no way diminished; fortunately for us, they had lost much of their force on our worn out feelings, and I fell asleep on my chair in the very act of forcing out a brief reply to an equally laconic question of my good-natured companion.

I slept soundly—maybe a couple of hours—when, from the hum of domestic arrangements, the glare of broad daylight, the occasional tramping over the uncarpeted floor of the faithful house-dog, and the easily recognised sounds from the adjustment of the breakfast furniture, on a table set out at a short distance from me—I awoke. At that instant, the landlord gently descended the steps into the room, and whispered to me, "Friend, it is all over with the youth; he has departed to his long home!"

"Oh, it cannot be," I involuntarily exclaimed—the big tear springing into my eyes, "is he then relieved for ever from his agony; or, oh God! is death but the beginning of a never-ending life,—and, if so, is it but a prolongation, with superadded horrors of this life? As the tree falls, so it lies; but yet to spring up an eternal tree of the same nature, bearing none but its peculiar fruits; there, then, can be no tilling, no melioration, no change for the better; dreadful, overwhelming thought! But, landlord, we must now indulge no farther in such matters."

We hastened to the sad chamber; and never did eye rest upon a sight more heart-rending, more loathing. We beheld a youth of fine proportions, and once of manly beauty, now an emaciated corpse, a miserable wreck of what he had been, stretched upon the floor, with an empty bottle in one hand, and a fragment of a chair in the other, both held, apparently, with the same muscular force with which they had been seized, perhaps but a few moments before the vital spark had fled. His fine hazel eyes were protruded from their livid sockets—his thin blue lips and distorted features showed how his vexed spirit had struggled with the grim monarch—his glossy brown hair hung in short ringlets, and were beautifully contrasted with the fair complexion of his exposed neck and shoulders, over which also hung the hair locket of Mary Summers! In hastily casting my eye over the room, I found that every thing within his reach had been broken; and his bruised and lacerated body also showed that the unhappy youth had waged war against a thousand imaginary enemies, among which were his own tender limbs. We promptly removed him to another chamber, and bestowed on his remains every attention that might, as far as possible, remove from the eye of affection, soon to visit him, the tokens of his miserable end. It was a sad scene, in a few hours after, to see his aged parents kissing his forehead and lips; his lovely sisters, with deep affection and involuntary horror blended, embracing his lifeless corpse. Some of the sad tale of the preceding night, had been related to them by the host, and I was urgently invited by the afflicted parents to their house, and that I should extend my kindness still farther, by witnessing the interment. The heart, in such a case, needs not the ties of blood, nor yet of acquaintance, to feel for the dead, or warmly to sympathize with the living; and, in a short time after, I found myself domesticated in the comfortable mansion of a Virginian gentleman of the old school. Here, all that met my eye, at once told me that it had long been the home of an intelligent and worthy family; one of an extended hospitality, but whose progenitors had probably seen brighter and more prosperous days than had shone on its present owners for some time past, at least.

I retired to my chamber, and slept soundly for some hours, till the dinner-bell sounded, and a pretty little colored boy softly tapped at my door, summoned me forth.

I entered the dining-room much refreshed, but with little appetite; a death-like silence reigned there, interrupted only by those occasional subdued but heart-felt kindnesses which sprung from the newly kindled affection towards me, blended with that habitual and noble politeness which characterizes manners in the "Mother State."

As we approached the table, covered with the savory products of the surrounding manor, the old gentleman placed his hands in mine: "I fear, my friend, we must dine to-day without the ladies; but George and James will accompany us, and we shall do better, I hope, in a few days." Then pausing for a moment, he added, "my wife and daughters were nearly prevailed on to join us; but, poor Mary Summers has just arrived, and their wounded hearts are now all bleeding afresh."

"It is better so," I gently replied, "their tender souls need the solace of weeping, and I am happy they can weep."

"Dear Mary does not weep," rejoined the afflicted father: "we have been in some measure prepared for the sad event—not so with Mary Summers, to whom we never ventured to communicate all that took place with our afflicted son."

We dined in sadness; the day and night passed off, and the hour of four in the afternoon, of the following day, was appointed for the interment.

At breakfast, all were present, except the eldest daughter and Mary Summers. So much had been said to me by the landlord, as also by the younger sons, whom I have named, in praise of Mary, that I felt, for a moment greatly disappointed at her absence; but how soon were all my feelings the other way, when selfishness gave room, on a moment's reflection, to far better sentiments. "Sweet sufferer!" said I mentally, "I value thee greatly more for thy absence, for, surely, retirement and silence better harmonize with thy affliction, than the ruddy light of day and the unavoidable courtesies of life." But, rousing myself from this reverie, I inquired, "How is Miss Summers;—how did she pass the night?"

Julia, a tall, blue-eyed girl of seventeen, as beautiful as a fresh May morning, garnished with dewy flowers, and redolent with their sweets, replied to my question: "I fear, sir, she did not sleep at all; she neither weeps nor speaks, but only moans continually. I think her heart will break!"

At this moment, Eliza, the eldest daughter, rushed into the room, and exclaimed—"Miss Summers is very ill—I fear past hope!"

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All were in her chamber in an instant, and I found myself also there, a witness of the melancholy scene. Dear Mary Summers was then expiring, and my first acquaintance with her was made in performing the sad office of closing her eyes for ever.

"Oh! thou great and unsearchable Being," said I inwardly, "how unfathomable are thy ways! She was young, and beautiful, and, as all say, full of angelic virtues,—and yet this fair and lovely creature dies a martyr to love, for a man who abandoned himself, his God, his loving parents, his affectionate and beautiful sisters, the luxuries of his home, the respect of his friends, and, finally, even his betrothed—all, all, for a nauseous, sickening, poisonous draught! But, what can conquer woman's chaste love?—it is as fathomless as the deep, deep sea, as high as heaven, as expansive and pervading as the atmosphere." And there was poor Mary's lifeless body, a faithful witness of the truth of this rush of thought, that for a moment occupied me in this chamber of death and of agonizing grief!

Charles' funeral was, of course, postponed for a couple of days more, to prepare for the joint obsequies of the youthful lovers.

During this interval, I occasionally sought relief in the library, which occupied a very retired part of the venerable building, the windows of which were shaded by honeysuckle and eglantine profusely blended, and which, as I reposed with my book in a deep arm chair, saluted me with their delicious fragrance, and excluded the garish day, now become almost offensive to me.

I had not been long in the library, before my eye rested on a musty volume, entitled "Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh," which I eagerly seized, with the full assurance of finding therein much good sense—and, strange coincidence! the first page my eye lit on, painted in living colors the vice of DRUNKENNESS. The passages I allude to, so harmonized with my feelings then, and ever, that I copied them into my diary; and here they now are for the benefit of all who avail themselves of the privilege of looking into such portions of my note-book as I have chosen to reveal; and especially for any one who hesitates whether he will become a man or a beast—whether he will enjoy life's blessings with wife, children, and friends, or its poisons, through absence of them all; for any one, in fine, who may hesitate whether he will murder himself and his betrothed, or live in health respected by the world, and wed the object of his first love. But, why should I moralize when we have the eloquent wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh?

"Take especial care," says he, "that you delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honor or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, bringeth a man's stomach to an artificial burning, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice, than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut."

"Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age, for then shall thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such an one was their father. Anacharsis saith—*the first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;* but in *youth* there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And, therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to *help nature*, the sooner will *she forsake thee*, and thou trust *altogether to art*."

The day at length arrived for the interment of Charles and of Mary. The hair-locket rested on his bosom; and the beautiful Mary Summers was placed in her tomb, with every momento that Charles had given her of his affection. It was on a lovely November afternoon, in the year 18—, that a long procession of weeping relations of both the families, with their numerous friends and acquaintances from a populous neighborhood, together with an equally long train of faithful slaves, who loved their young master and mistress, might have been seen slowly walking towards the family grave yard!

It was situate in a deep and shaded dell, about a quarter of a mile from the mansion. The rude but substantial fence that encompassed it, was entirely covered with vines and creepers of various sorts, and in each corner of the square was planted an evergreen, that seemed to have been there very many years. Though this sacred spot was the receptacle of many graves, it contained but few tombstones, which were to be seen, here and there, raising their white tops above the luxuriant grass and wild flowers, distinguishing the more prominent members of an ancient family, and of its numerous alliances, who, in the course of nearly two centuries had been there deposited.

As we entered the ample gate, the sublime and well-known words, "*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die;*"—were uttered in heavenly tones by a very aged pastor, whose snowy locks seemed to admonish us that temperance and serenity of mind are good securities for ripe old age—and that intemperance in man, and excessive feeling in woman, had brought the deceased to an untimous

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grave. A short, but tender and appropriate discourse was delivered by the venerable old man, which bathed all eyes in tears, and among the rest, those of Jack Hodgson, a middle-aged man, clothed in rags, and who, I observed, had approached unusually close to the graves, and held before his eyes the miserable fragments of what had once been a hat, removing them occasionally, and looking into the graves, evidently with no idle curiosity, but with a most intense interest! I afterwards learned that Hodgson was notorious in the neighborhood for rare scholarship, wit, obscenity, oaths, and drunkenness; and had, occasionally claimed fellowship with Charles on the score of some distant relationship; but mainly, of late, from the community of their tastes and pursuits. Charles' terrible death had made much impression in the neighborhood, and had so softened the heart even of Jack Hodgson, that he presented himself sober that afternoon, and with a decency so unusual for him, gazed on the scene that closed for ever from his sight a manifest victim to a habit that had brought Hodgson to his then degraded state.

As Hodgson, in profound thought, retired from the grave, and was slowly following at the heel of the main procession, and near the head of the colored people, a very aged negro, whose short and crisped hair had become almost snowy white, approached Jack, whose long, gray hair was hanging profusely over his shoulders.

"Ah, massa Jack!" said the venerable negro, "you be almost a boy along-side o' me; but your hair be jist as white as mine! Wad's the reason, massa Jack, o' that? Shall poor nigger, tell you, massa?—nigger drink water all his libe, work hard ebbery day, go to bed arly, get up arly; but massa Jack Hodgson drink noding but poison water—nebber work at all any day—frolic all de blessed night—and, I tell you, massa Jack, you be no long for dis world. I tell you, you die in a few monds!" With this, the old man, dropping Hodgson's hand, was soon out of sight.

A few years have passed since the events I have thus noted. A neat tomb now jointly records the loves, and the nearly synchronous deaths of Charles and of Mary. Poor Jack Hodgson, who only lived the year out, lies buried in an obscure corner of the same grave yard, but with no slab to record his name, and with scarcely a mound to distinguish the spot desecrated by his ashes, from the virgin soil that surrounds it. Old Dembo, however, still lives to point it out, and from present appearances, will continue so to do for a long time to come. Since his warning voice to Hodgson was so accurately verified by his speedy death, Dembo regards himself as no little of a prophet; and it is fortunate, also, for some of the youths of the surrounding country, that they esteem him somewhat in the same light; for, when religion, morals, and education have been found to yield to the fascinations of the Circean bowl, the superstitious threatnings from the lips of the hoary-headed negro, have proved of more avail.

MIRABILIA EXEMPLA.

BY A METROPOLITAN.

No. III.

Immigration of Spanish Bells—Difference of Tintinnabulary Duties on the Guadalquiver and the Christiana Creek—Some Account of the Life and Death of John Reeve, the popular Comedian—Curious Case of newly-discovered Fratricide by a Child.

One of the Spanish Bells, at New York, has been purchased for the Rail Road Depot at Wilmington. Its inscription is dated 1448—near half a century before the discovery of America by Columbus. It was taken from a Convent, in a beautiful valley of Andalusia. It weighs something over 160 pounds.—*Daily Newspaper.*

"Ave Maria audi nos," went up to heaven from cloister and aisle at the sound of that bell; and "All in—steam's up—go ahead," will issue from the tobacco stained jaws of some rail road agent, at a signal from the same noisy clanger. Ah! little did the caster and founder of that bell, Anno Domini 1448, as he sweated over the furnace, and cast his molten labors into form, dream that, Anno Domini 1838, in an unknown world, would his production start off a whizzing locomotive, and set in motion a parcel of peripatetic, errant, lot-hunting, meal-gorging, Americans. I think that I can almost fancy father Time, bending over his scythe, and peering, with his keen eye, into the foundry, while thus muttered the old destroyer, "It is my order that you be taken from this house and carried to the place of execution, there to be hung by the neck until your maker, and all of him unto the fifth generation subsequent, be dead, buried, and forgotten, and that then you be transported, to swing, in terrorem, to all dilatory way-

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faters, in a world to be discovered fifty years from this date."

What changes have passed since first this bell tolled out its ringing sounds "from a convent in a beautiful valley of Andalusia." In this new land, no footfall of white man had yet broken the silence of the wilderness—the thousand rivers of this great continent flashed along in the sunlight of heaven, in solitary grandeur—the water-falls sent up their majestic sounds, and the ear of the red man alone drank in the melody—the deer raced over the hills, and drank, unscared, from limpid streams—the morning star smiled in beauty over these shores and its twin sister of the eve, "flamed in the forehead of the sky," with no Christian eye to hail their rising and their setting. What changes, too, have passed over that "beautiful valley." No doubt this self same bell called the peasant to matins, and bade him to vespers, as its clear sounds stole up through the cool recesses of the valley, and startled the bird couched in its leafy bed; the bolero ceased and the guitar stopped, from the hearts of all who heard, the aspiration of thankfulness went up. Those were the days of Ferdinand and Isabella; when the Moor kept watch and ward in Granada, and Spanish chivalry was not a thing extinct, when the Alhambra gloried in its perfect beauty, and Spain owned him "who gave a new world to Castile and Arragon." This bell of ours, reader, was in a *convent*. "*Oily* men of God," as a poetaster dubs heaven's ministers, congregated together, and sang anthems and eat muffins! What a pity that clapper can only discourse one sound! What a contributor it would make to the Gentleman's Magazine, could it tell of all the freaks and fantasies that friars and nuns have perpetrated and planned beneath its roost! could it only tell of the occasions on which it bestirred itself and made a noise, of the weddings and funerals,—of the fate of those who

> "Shared each other's gladness,
> And wept each other's tears;"

Ah, well! its tintinabulatory glories are now hushed: and yet what a religion that Catholic religion is, that can so invest its meanest instruments with poetry and thought. Science, poetry, and arts have mingled their homage—the afflicted and rejoicing have bent at its shrine—and, if its name has shielded the persecutor, in its spirit the persecuted have suffered with a stubborn will. It is something to belong to a church which began when Paganism ended, which bore the ark of Christianity over the dark ages, and shielded it with its power amid the conflicts of nations, which is found still extant in all parts of the globe, and, planting its roots in the depth of fifteen centuries, still calls to the shelter of its branches the denizens of the four quarters of the world.

I could not help thinking, as I read the article which I have headed my piece with, that the past state and present condition of this bell, is very much what a politician would call in his treaty, "pax ante *bellum*." In Spain, the bell was for purposes holy and occasional. In America, its use is for purposes profane and constant. In Spain, it rang monks or nuns to devotion and silence. In America, it rings the laity to noise and confusion. In Spain, it swung in a convent. In America, it swings in a depot. In Spain, it set nothing a going. In America, it sets a locomotive in motion. In Spain, it was heard with solemnity. In America, it will be heard with a curse from a dilatory passenger. It was born in Andalusia. It will die in Wilmington. It was cotemporary with Columbus, the founder of America—it has outlived Fulton, who founded steam.

John Reeve is dead; he had been dead to the stage, and to the public for some months; yet the single line in the newspaper obituary merely announcing his decease, as though he were an ordinary person, of no interest to the world, will give a moment's pause to thousands whom he in his day delighted with his drollery. Had he been in the zenith—as he might have been, but for the besetting vice that destroyed his powess of amusing, and prematurely closed his career—his death would have made a sensation; as it is, so far from "eclipsing the gaiety of nations," it will scarcely throw a shade over the merriment of the town.

Reeve was a clever mimic, and possessed a vein of broad, rich humor, which needed not the license he too often gave it, to excite uncontrollable laughter. These two qualities were sufficient, with ordinary capacity and attention, to raise him to a distinction as a comedian; and had he studied the art of personation, instead of relying, as he was apt to do, even in his best days, on his power of creating merriment alone, he would have been one of the finest and most original actors in his line. But fondness for sensual indulgence—which his spontaneous fun enabled him to give way to with impunity, for a long time before the decline of his talent was felt by the audience—at length induced habits of indolence and drunkenness that completely deprived him of the ability, if he had the will, to study. Latterly the forbearance of the public was too frequently taxed by the disgraceful state in which he appeared on the stage; and at last, even his animal mirth became extinct, and the wreck of the once humorous mimic was only visible—a spectacle as painful to those who beheld it, as it was degrading to the man. The actor lived awhile on his reputation for comicality; and people laughed at the grotesque figure before them, and the recollection of his past sallies; but at last even this source failed, and disease so completely prostrated his nature that he could not appear; and John Reeve was heard no more of. His constitution was broken up in what should have been his prime; and his age, thirty-nine, bears a melancholy testimony to the profligate waste of life through his habits of intemperance.

The above notice of the life and death of Mr. Reeve, is copied from the London Spectator; it is a lamentable statement, and adds another damning item

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to the long catalogue of the victims of rum. Reeve's career commenced under the most favorable auspices. I had the account from his own lips during his recent visit to America. He was suddenly placed upon the throne of metropolitan popularity, at the age of twenty, and without the usual servitude of a provincial progress. Wealth rained upon him; he commanded his own terms, and directed the nature of the parts written for him by the obedient dramatists of the day. But "rum" had undermined his heart; he was excluded from the continuance of a first-rate engagement at the Covent Garden Theatre, in consequence of his inattention to the duties of his profession during the first year of his term; he was unable to hold his place at the Haymarket in the sterling comedies frequent upon its boards; and the manager refused to renew his engagement. He was driven back to the minor stage, and remained at the Adelphi, where his excessive latitude of manner and fits of ebriety were encouraged by the underbred audience, and Reeve was confirmed in his habits of intemperance. Davidge, proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, where Reeve was engaged in the summer season, was one night called forward by the audience, who were indignant at the helpless state of the performer. The manager, with a spirit that deserves success, refused to allow the slightest portion of blame to be thrown upon his shoulders. "Mr. Reeve receives £30 per week for his services—I pay him, but cannot keep him sober. If you like him drunk, and encourage him when he is drunk, you must put up with his excess—but if you think he is too drunk, he shall not appear here again." The audience did think so, and Reeve never did play there again. All these disgraceful occurrences could not drive the demon from his foul possession; the popularity of the comedian waned—he came to this country; and made his first appearance before an American audience while under the influence of liquor; and when responding to their call, insulted them with a gross and vulgar expression. This conduct had a serious effect upon his success; his rich excess of humor was appreciated, but he was never popular, and he returned to Europe early in the succeeding season, with his vicious propensities more strongly confirmed. A few short months only did he retain sufficient bodily firmness requisite for the business of the stage; he was compelled to retire—and, at last, sunk beneath the potency of the "crafty, insidious devil," Rum. These facts are partly from his own narration, and partly from the comments of the London press—one editor terms him "the greatest comedian and the biggest drunkard of the age." Reeve possessed every requisite power for the formation of the greatest comedian, but he never studied his profession, therefore, except in characters of actual mimicry, he was always John Reeve. His humor was luxuriously free—his dancing astonishingly light and graceful, and his burlesque bravura singing of unequalled richness and extent. In private life, the besetting vice annihilated every amiable quality, and rendered him morose, selfish and quarrelsome, save in the hours of his excess. The London papers state that he was the only eminent actor of recent date who disgraced his profession by habits of intemperance.

A wonderful discovery of secret blood shedding, which ever speaks "with most miraculous organ," has lately taken place in Ireland. Three brothers lived together in the county of Carlow: one of them, the eldest, was the possessor of considerable wealth, and frequently declared that his nephews and nieces should never be the better for his money, as he was resolved to leave it to some illegitimate children residing in a neighboring town. This man was suddenly missed: his brothers gave out that he had gone to America, and the report was currently believed. Several months passed on—a child, not yet four years old, the son of one of the remaining brothers, became alarmed when left in the dark, refused to go to bed alone, and at last, so much had his horror of night increased, cried whenever the declining sun pointed out the usual hour for the children's retiring. No attention was paid to his fears, till a neighbor, kindly inquiring into the reason of his timidity, ascertained that whenever he was alone in the dark, he saw his dead uncle with a great wound in his throat—and heard him struggle and moan just as he did on the night *when his* (the boy's) *father cut him with a knife.* The police authorities were quietly informed of the child's remark; he was sent for, and privately questioned, when he stated that one night, some time past, he was lying awake in his little bed, when he saw his father and his uncle thrusting a big knife into the throat of his uncle Larry, who moaned and cried a short time, and then laid quite still. That his father and his uncle seemed very much frightened, and, tying uncle Larry up in the bed-quilt, they carried him out of the house, and did not come back again all night; that when he got up in the morning early, he saw his father burying the bed-quilt in a big hole in the garden. He had said nothing about his uncle Larry to any one, although he had heard many persons inquire after him, and had been present when his father had assigned a voyage to America as the reason for the absence of his brother. Many months elapsed; and the child still kept his secret, although he had not been urged to secrecy by the murderers, who were ignorant of his knowledge of their crime; but when alone in the dark and silent chamber, the scene of blood, his imagination pictured the repetition of the murder, and the horror of the nightly visitation became too much for the child's endurance—but with that fatal blindness which so often affects the guilty, neither his father nor his uncle noticed the frequency of his complaints. The fratricides were arrested—the garden searched—and in the spot pointed out by the boy, the bed-quilt, heavily stained with blood, was discovered, but the body of the victim has not been found. A niece of the murdered man is also implicated in the crime. The child has been removed to Dublin, and will constitute the principal evidence against his wretched father at the ensuing assizes.

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Washington, D. C.

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PENN.

(Continued from Page 191.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The warrior curb'd his steed's swift flight,
To scan the view before him bright.
He saw the fields in their calm light dying;
He heard the wind through the thin waves sighing.
His spirit breathed the air of peace;
Within his breast his wild thoughts cease.
He gave to memory one long sigh;
Then on, the thundering chargers fly.

Scott.

When I awoke on the following morning, the yellow sun-beams, shed through the folinge that surrounded the casements, were casting a latticed light upon the floor of the chamber, and the vigorous but delicate young air of June was floating over my breast with a gentle rapture of joy, and gladdening my senses with the inodorous perfume of its virgin freshness. The room was empty, and except the occasional chafing of the branches of the shrubbery in the garden, when the soft wooings of the wanton breeze waxed stronger than might beseem their gentleness, no sound whatever disturbed the stillness of the day. I lay for a while in a waking reverie of pleasant feelings, tasting the sweetness of returning health, and breathing intense contentment joined with placid hope. As the cool wind played about my limbs, and its mild inspiration thrilled more and more through my frame, strength and energy seemed to return upon me as if the tide of life swelled with the flowings of the fountains of the air I arose, and dressing myself, walked towards the casement, to look out at the beauty of the bright-robed summer. The unfathomed morning, spreading through the air, had dappled the shadeless blue with its faint featherings of hazy light; and the long and definite shadows lay upon the ground as if they had been carved for ages in unchanging ebony. There was a Sabbath feeling in the time, and almost I could persuade myself that I was standing in some quiet rectory in religious England. Fancy acting upon this suggestion, carried me back to my dear native country, and to scenes which had passed away with long-past times. I seemed to stand, as in a dream, on the porch of my father's house, with my parents and my sister beside me.

I drew a sofa towards the window, and reclining upon it, indulged the memorizing dreams that pressed upon my heart. Upon the view before me was stamped the intensity of peace; and as, with a spirit yet too tender to cope the interests and hopes of the active world, I sympathized keenly with the holiness of the scene, my soul yearned for that *domestic* affection to whose white hand the golden key of life's fullest and most satisfactory joy is given. It seemed to me as if I had left my father's house but yesterday, as if I was again a child, privileged to ask for boundless love, and beneath all the wearisome restraints of appearance and opinion. I seemed to have returned to that state of infantile inexperience in which the *world* appeared to be a visible sphere external to my knowledge. With what earnestness I longed to renew that happy state around me, as I had restored its feelings within me! What would I not have given to exchange the flickering and unsteady brilliance of those attachments which accident might hereafter promise for the tried certainties of *natural* affection, for that solicitude which we know must wait upon consanguinity for its own satisfaction,—for love without passion, interest without excitement,—devotion that does not look for gratitude. Not with thought, nor with study, nor with hope, but with suffering, does wisdom dwell. Long years of sad experience must pass over us, ere we learn that nature is wiser than our heart, and that Deity is a kinder monitor than hope. We must be mocked by the deluding revelry of pleasure, and cheated by the false fires of unstable fondness, before we can perceive that the only perfect love on earth is that which glows in those eyes that have kept watch above our cradle. Alas! that the knowledge should come when the blessing has departed!

I presently heard a light footstep in the garden which came nearer and nearer till the casement opened, and a girl of wondrous beauty came into the room. It was one of the sweetest and fairest faces I have ever seen—her eyes were as blue as the deep anemone, and their orbs seemed to laugh with natural joy; her whole countenance was radiant with the delicate gladness of untempted purity—you might have lain and sighed towards it through endless time. She was dressed very plainly; a loose morning bonnet was on her head, and a bunch of the choicest flowers in her hand. She started slightly when she first saw me, and then her cheek beamed with pleasure. As she fixed her bright glance upon me, and its magic rained upon my heart, it disturbed my bosom with a mild delight.

"You are surprised, perhaps," said I, "that your poor patient has crawled forth to sun himself in the soft air?"

"I am very glad he has been able," she replied in a voice like broken music, and a large dimple appeared upon her cheek.

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"And you have been my nurse through all this time; how shall I thank you for all your goodness?" and I took her soft hand and pressed it to my lips.

Her composure seemed to be fluttered with embarrassment, and she held out the flowers to me, as if to purchase with that ransom the release of her hand. I took them in my other hand and still retained my prisoner.

"Did you gather these for me?"

She smiled and nodded.

"Sweetest, kindest of persons! how shall I display my gratitude? May I repay your troubles with my love?"

She blushed, but with more of pain than of sympathy. I saw at once that I was doing violence to her feelings.

"If it may not be so," said I, letting go her hand, for I perceived that to press the matter farther would probably distress her, and disturb the pleasure of our future intercourse,—"if it may not be so, I will not be so ungrateful as to offend your gentleness with what is not agreeable. Forgive my words and forget them. Have I your promise of pardon."

"Certainly," she replied with a graceful bow, and the returning brightness of her smile thanked me for the relief which my words had given her.

"Let me bring you a chair," said I, raising myself up, "for I want you to tell me a great many things."

"I will get one," said she; and running for one to the other side of the room, she placed it near the sofa, and taking off her bonnet, sat down beside me.

"By-the-by," said I, "has not another person beside yourself sometimes come to my bed-side while I have been ill? I remember another face distinctly; it was a young man, I think, and a very handsome one."

She blushed again; but this time it was with the embarrassment of emotion; and looking down, she began to pinch her bonnet.

"Perhaps it was your brother," I continued.

"No, I presume it was a person that sometimes comes here,—an acquaintance of our family; I remember he came occasionally to see you."

"To see me!—what did he come to see me for?"

"Because, sir, he was by when we found you, and he wanted to see how you came on."

"Pray tell me all about the matter; how did I come to be in this cottage, and how long have I been here?"

"It is about a month since I was walking along the edge of the forest, and he was walking there—"

"Who?"

"Henry—eh! Mr. Brockden."

"He is that acquaintance of your family that you spoke of?"

"Yes; I believe my father knows him."

"Hem! you happened to be walking there, and he happened to be walking there, but you were of course not walking there together."

"When we came to the road," she contined rapidly, "you were lying on your face senseless, and your horse, that had fallen, was standing at a little distance from you. Mister Henry carried you in here, and you have been delirious ever since, until yesterday."

"And why did not Henry take me to his own house, instead of yours?"

"He has no house; he lodges at one of our neighbors. He is a poor boy, and his parents are dead."

"Poor fellow! And has he a good character in the neighborhood?"

"O! sir, the highest," said she with earnestness; "he is very good, and very learned.—I can't tell you how learned; and he is very agreeable and nice;" she paused a moment, and then added, "I think you will like Mr. Brockden."

"Does he come here often?"

"He comes sometimes in the day, when my father has gone out to work. My father does not like him to come here, because he says he is so very poor. But he is very diffident, and never says any thing about himself."

"And do you like him to come here."

"If my father liked him to come, I should not mind it."

At that moment I heard some one approaching the house, and presently the adjoining casement opened, and a rosy, bright-eyed lad stepped into the apartment. He had a face of infinite intelligence, lighted up with a fine expression of the most genial good nature. He was dressed in very clean but extremely coarse cloth; and his open collar of white, but thick cotton, displayed a neck of the manliest strength and beauty.

"Is this Henry?" said I to my companion.

She nodded affirmatively.

"Well, Henry, my boy," giving him my hand, "I am very glad to see you. I have been listening to your praises for some time."

"From her?" he asked with a faltering tone, and they both blushed and looked down upon the ground with great embarrassment.

"Ah!" I replied, "I must not tell from whom. But take a chair; I want to talk to you."

"Take that one," said the girl; "I have something to do in the next room;" and she walked away.

"Ah! sir," said Henry, stooping down to the bouquet which I held in my hand, and inhaling their odor heartily, "Ah! sir, what delicious flowers you have there! there is nothing that I love so much. But I cannot endure a flower that has no smell. The perfume of a flower seems to me its soul.

"With friends like these about him, and with the silence of these lofty hills to make music to his heart, why should one look for happiness beyond their peaceful tops?

"I know not what greater pleasure there can be on earth than to drench the spirit in the pure ecstasy of nature's love; or to dwell beneath her influence, companioned by lofty thoughts and earnest hopes. I know not how it may be with others, but the exercise of mind affords to me the most intense delight. The observation of the varying shows of the landscape,—the forms of the passing clouds,—the shapes of the budding trees,—give me exquisite pleasure. It seems to me as if sight were a bodily sense that was tortured with joy as these objects fall upon it. To me, to think, to look, to breathe, is happiness."

"And you would never wish to stray beyond these circling heights?" said I.

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"Never. With my books, and my dreams, and my oughts, and with some one to love me, I should be happy as life is long."

"Henry," said I, "we are all fond of building some ature of ideal happiness; if you were to frame a ture for yourself, what would it be?"

"I have heard as I was coming here, that the mas- r of our little school was dead, and that the next pointment of the mastership was to be sold in a w days. And I was saying to myself that if I had oney enough to buy that appointment for my life, I ould want nothing more; for I should then have an undant subsistence, and should be permitted to ap- oach those persons to whose regard I have now no aim. The purchase is, of course, utterly beyond y hopes; but I mention it as my dream of possible licity."

We talked together for some time longer, and I on found that Henry was as much in love with Ma- leine, for (such was the name of my fair nurse,) as was manifest that she was with him; and that no- ing was required but the removal of the barrier of is poverty, to make two hearts as happy as they were irtuous.

When the father of Madeleine came into my room day or two after, I mentioned to him the regard hich Henry apparently had for his daughter, and sked him if any other objection to him could be sug- ested, besides that of his want of means. I found at he had a high opinion of the lad, and had dis- couraged his visits only on account of his extreme overty. I remarked to him that I had heard that e mastership of the hamlet school was to be sold at morning, and that I was intending to purchase it yself, and asked him if he would attend the sale which, as usual in Austria, was to be by auction) and ive in my name. He promised to do so, and left me r the purpose.

Presently Henry and Madeleine came into the partment. "Madeleine," said I, "are any of the ottages in this neighborhood vacant, and for sale? r I have a great mind to purchase one, and spend ome time here."

"There are several very nice ones near here, hich might be bought very cheaply," she replied

"Would you think me taxing your kindness too uch if I were to beg you to take your hat this morn- ng, and select a pleasant cottage for me? I want you o consult your own taste exactly, and look for that lone which you would like for yourself. Henry will o with you, I am sure, and he will take the money o pay for it, and will bring back the title papers."

The father returned after a little while with the certificate of the purchase of the patronage of the chool, which he had bought for a sum that, expressed in pounds sterling, amounted to the merest trifle. Madeleine and Henry also came in about noon from their mission. The cottage which they had bought, they described in glowing terms as possessing all the qualities which the active imagination could bring to- gether as desirable in a place of residence. The rooms, the garden, the trees, the situation, and the furniture of the apartments, were all in the same rare style of excellence. The only wonder was how such a paragon of a cottage could be bought at all.

That night I was strolling with my young compa- nions in the garden, as the clear white moonlight was poured through the air, and was steeping the dark folinge around in mystic splendor. The air was soft and still, and all nature seemed to be fixed in intense composure. We had reached the remote end of the garden, and paused under a little grove to drink in the pleasantness of the beauteous scene.

"Madeleine," said I, "I have given up my idea of occupying the cottage which you bought for me to- day, and have resolved to transfer it to the new schoolmaster, who is to be installed to-morrow."

"Ah! who is he?"

"A very worthy person, indeed; one of whom your father has so a high an esteem, that he says that he is willing that he should—"

Dim as was the light, I could see that the cheeks of both of them grew pale. Neither, however, spoke.

"He is any person," I continued, "whom you may choose to appoint. Will you say who it shall be?"

She was silent.

"Will you make no choice?" said I.

She still kept silence, and her bending head was suffused with blushes.

"Shall I dispose of the appointment for you?"

"Yes!"

"I will do it upon one condition,—that your hand shall attend the gift." I took her hand, and laying the two papers upon it, placed them both within Hen- ry's hand. Then turning towards the house, I left the lovers alone in the gladness of their perfect joy.

CHAPTER IX.

Emerging thence in hope and quiet joy,—
Joy for what had been, hope for what might be—
They take their cheerful way in converse grave
That cheers th' aspect of travel.

Milton.

During the period of my convalescence, the peace- fulness and solitude of the little valley of which acci- dent had made me a tenant, were inexpressibly sooth- ing and restorative. My mind and energies had been overtasked in the tremendous struggle which I had been compelled to hold with the difficulties and dan- gers which the hate of Harford had thrown about my path. The intense anxiety which had agonized my spirit during the hours that had elapsed between my first encounter with that mysterious enemy in the hall of the ancient castle of the duke of Rozenberg, and my final escape from Vienna, had stretched the chords of mental effort beyond their healthful tension, and reason for a space had given way beneath the exertion. For some time after the recovery of my consciousness, I found my intellect sluggish and inac- tive,—fatigued by any difficult exercise, and when not excited by immediate occupation, wandering into dreamy reverie, which absorbed attention, without imposing the toil of thought. In this state, I often

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dreamed that I would never wander from the quiet nook in which I was now sheltered, but that casting away even the memory of action, I would stay and rest intensely there for ever. I had wholly withdrawn myself from the rushing storm of earnest life, and suspended within myself for a while the whole machinery of worldly hopes, and now to rouse myself and put on the harness of active interests and purposes, and strain again in the race my unstrung nerves, seemed as great an effort as it would be for the weary and exhausted soldier to rise from his prostrate relaxation, and gird on his stiff and heavy armor, to stretch the enfeebled sinew and summon up the sluggish blood, and spring upon the field in the nimble vigor of a long-trained champion.

But with returning health came manlier counsels. When the tone of my mind and feelings was so far recovered that I could revert with a robust judgment to the scenes which I had passed through, and my pulse began to beat in new sympathy with the efforts by which I had delivered myself, then began to wake within my bosom a wilder and sterner spirit than might be satisfied with the musings of the forests or the dreams of the valleys. The mind that has once *fleshed* itself in action, (if I may employ the phrase,) is spoiled for ever for the natural taste of gentle thoughts and quiet views; its fancy thenceforth is drunk as with wine, and the fever of its longings can only be mitigated by visions of the tempest and the storm—

The conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness.

It was not long, therefore, before I had made up my mind to bid farewell to the little couple, whose

Gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long,

I had been the fortunate instrument of farthering and accomplishing, and set out again for some more stirring quarter of the world, where

Courage might find something to perform,
And fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
At danger's bidding, might confront the seas,
Tossed by the maddened spirits of the storm.

But to what spot should I bend my steps? Private enterprise in the west is impossible; and of the tedious uniformity of European courts I was as tired, as I was disgusted with their laborious heartlessness and systematic duplicity. I will seek, said I, the wild and ardent east—the land of passion and adventure—there alone is man truly free, and there alone does his soul display its full and perfect strength; there is being always earnest, and feeling always intense, and come what may, at least

We 'scape the weariness of life.

A gentle breeze was enlivening the soft, clear air, as I waved my final adieu to the young school-master and his fair companion, and cantered along the road that ascended gradually from the valley to the more elevated ground which on all sides encompassed it. As I paused upon the last eminence that commanded their position, and looking back, saw them standing in the same spot where I had left them, and still gazing after me, I paused a moment to take the last view of a scene in which I had passed probably the only days of peace which it was my destiny to enjoy on earth. Save that "natural feeling without which we rarely look on any thing consciously for the last time," there was but little regret within my bosom at the prospect of changing that quietude for more stirring scenes; and when I pictured to myself how different their future life would be from mine, I poured forth one earnest

Wish—that came—but kindled soon into a prayer,

that they might find in solitude the happiness I scarcely sought in strife. I resumed my course with the words of the poet upon my lips, "magis admirer quam invideo," and a firm persuasion that peril is the paradise of firm-hearted man:—"Le travail et son succes font le plaisir.* The slumber of inaction is the nightmare of energy.

As it was my intention to reach the east as soon as possible, I bent my steps towards Trieste, the nearest seaport. It was on the second day of my journey that I fell in with a person whom I had frequently met in former years in England, and in various parts of Europe. Count Mardini was an Italian by birth, a man of ancient family, and the possessor of an extensive fortune. He had been left very early an orphan, and being master of his own actions, had gone to reside in America while a boy, and there he had spent his youth. He afterwards lived several years in England, and had subsequently visited almost every country in the world. He more fully realized to my conceptions the notion of a "citizen of the world," than any person I have ever met with. He had no prejudices and no partialities; he seemed to sympathize equally and heartily with all nations and classes. He appeared to be a member of all religions at once, and an admirer of all existing forms of government at the same time: that is, he knew that abstract truth was a chimera, and that theories of liberty were a fallacy, and that there is no other real propriety or justice than that which arises upon right relation; and throwing himself into the situation and feelings of different nations, he saw that the creed and the polity of each were those that were best suited to their condition, their wants, and their circumstances. There was scarcely any subject that concerned moral or social truth, on which count Mardini had not thought deeply, and upon all his views were equally original and striking. The singular independence of his opinions might be attributed to his always living alone, and to his having so fully observed the varieties and contradictions of human judgments and prepossessions.

* Marquis de Mirabeau.

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to be alike indifferent to all of them. I shall speak his character more fully hereafter, for at a later riod I had a great deal to do with him. He was essed, whenever I had met him, in a thick frock at, thrown open at the neck, and a fur riding-cap his head. His countenance was pale and thought-l, his forehead quite bald, though he was not more an forty, and a long tuft of hair grew upon his lip. is manner was calm, and his tones unimpassioned, ough decided. He abstained from all demonstra-on of feeling, and though courteous and considerate his attentions to others, was very quiet and appa-ntly uncordial. He was riding this time in the me direction with myself, and was pacing leisurely ong the road when I overtook him. He met me ithout any surprise or expression, but the moment saw me, he turned his horse to the side of mine, id entered at once into conversation.

"I have just been amusing the solitude of my ride," id the count, "by reading some of the letters of r. Johnson, a man in whose ignorances there was ore swisdom, and in whose prejudices there was ore truth, than in the learned candor of the most beral philosophers of the age. Nothing, by-the-by, ves me so strong an impression of the robust vigor his mind, as his hearty love of critics, and his sys-matic contempt and dislike of the country. His ndness for the narrow and unsuggestive walls of olt Court, was a preference which was characteristic f a man who loved to have no thoughts within his emory that were not of his mind; whose inly-work-g intellect preferred notions to ideas; to the hawk-ke temper of whose reason, conceptions were more ermane than sentiments. The less the mind is fitted ith images of external nature, the higher and fuller ents its own creative energy. I think it is Cumber-nd who has said that he wrote with most facility hen he had no other prospect before his eyes than dead blank wall. To one who has observed how uch influence the habitual presence of a vision or ictured scene has upon the strength and activity of he mind, it might not seem fanciful to suggest that ne of the reasons why the Americans have done no-hing great in literature, may be the vast extent of heir country, whereby one wide idea occupies the ental view,—one great dream absorbs the mental nterest. Certainly, to that cause, and to the conse-uent distraction and transportation of the thoughts nd fancies over a great and varied scene, assisted, oubtless, by the great facility of communicating with ifferent parts, and the constant circulation of news-apers, may be reasonably attributed the unusual want f individuality of character which, as a nation, marks hat people; for that intensity of soul which quickens the intellect into a salient fire, can only be cherished by summoning all the thoughts and interests within the spirit, and making that which is external, subject to itself; surrounding points draw silently off that electric fire which else might be nursed into a con-suming spirit. And the same causes which give force to character, give vigor to intellect, for intellect is es-sentially distinctive and self-evolved; cleverness may be caught from the imparting of the things around us, but genius is the raying forth of inward light. The Englishman is confined to a narrow walk of material images, local impressions, and political interest; and I think that this tameness of the physical gives earnest-ness and power to the mind. Johnson bred up in a prairie had been far other than Johnson jammed up in an alley."

"For the cultivation and exercise of the logical faculties," said I, "and for all those studies that con-cern the 'quic quid agunt homines,' that exclusion of the images furnished by the world of sense—'the in-finite magnificence of heaven,' 'the sleepless ocean,' and 'the vernal field'—which the city ensures, is doubtless favorable. Wit, too, is a thing essentially civic. The queer pickings of Charles Lamb from the motley hall of humor could never have been prompted but by the air of the Temple. But that elevation of the mental and moral being, around whose purity plays the light of philosophy, or the yet serener brightness of poetry, can better be attained by in-haling those fresh and high-floating thoughts, which, like air, encase the shapes and sights of nature. The majesty of nature is the curtain of deity; and the light of deity is grace and truth. As poetry, which is the highest truth, makes its haunts in the sky-coped forest and the secret mountain top, so I imagine do the lesser spirits of wisdom, in the proportion of the purity of their essense, require to be manna-fed on nature's stillness. Of the men whose footsteps daily wear the stones of London, there are few who would not gasp and stare at a stanza of Wordsworth, or even a couplet of Pope."

"And yet those persons may really be the superior men," said the count. "The truths which the poets bring into their minds are incorporated in the others' nature, and are thus too deeply inspirited in him to be objective to his mind; they lie so close within him that he does not see them. I think that the world errs in the high rank which it assigns to literary men. I look on genius as being imperfect and truncated comprehension, that penetrates like a point by reason of its narrowness, and of which the light is brilliant because the ray is broken. Poetry is but partial and narrow sympathy, which is interested in a particular because it sees not the whole. He that has never experienced a sentiment is the perfect poet; even as the only pointless thing in nature, the circle is the only complete one. He is the universal and encyclopedic sympathist, for he holds all things before his intelli-gence with an equal advancement. The centre of revolution must have the rapidest motion in the system, and that is rest; the roar of the coursing spheres must be the loudest in the universe, and that is silence. To be, is higher than to describe; to do, is proof of more wisdom than to analyze the doing; to have, is rarer than to explain the having. Homer, who created by instinct, would have been puzzled to comprehend the rules which Aristotle discovered in him; yet was he the deeper critic and the profounder philosopher. In the judgment of smaller minds, an angel who saw by intuition, would be dwarfed by a logician who proved by syllogism. Newton, who, at a glance, perceived the truth of Euclid's theorems, and could not well

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demonstrate them, would have passed for a dunce in a class-room. The world is struck by whatever is brilliant in execution and elaborate in process; not perceiving that visible light can exist only in darkness, and that enginery is always the resort of weakness. If we consider the matter closely, we shall find that to be wise, imports a loftier order of intellect than to say wise things; that to act truly, denotes a superior order of mind to that which perceives truths. It is bookmen who settle the rank of bookmen; hence, the supremacy given them. But in fact, not only is bookish theory a feebler thing than practical prudence, but the wisdom of the world's books is less in quantity than that of the world of action. There is more wisdom acted than comprehended; more comprehended than uttered; more uttered than written. Practice is always in advance of system; the thinking man is the unconscious plagiarist of the acting man. You will always find that the expedient of the artisan has anticipated the principle of the philosopher; and if you bring down any true poem to a peasant, you will find that the truths which it contains are familiar to his consciousness, if new to his understanding. That philosophers and poets daily proclaim fresh truths in political and moral science, and that the world does not act more wisely for all the proclamations, proves that those truths were previously known to the action of the world. Governments are framed wise by ploughmen, and proved wise by philosophers; mobs make revolutions, and historians admire them. Might not the oft-recurring fact that

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought—

have suggested that there is a higher way of knowing truths than by the analysis of the intellect, and a stronger way of proving them than by the machinery of the syllogism. I consider that the scales of fame and of true merit are inverse; and that the genius which we crown with applause, is but a disordered and distorted form of that silent wisdom which we despise as dullness. Poetry is the natural mind run wild; it is by a restraint of the reason that we are not all poets. But not only do I hold that the hind's mute way of taking unconscious cognizance of the metaphysical verities is a higher one than the professor's, but the order of new truths, which conduct exemplifies, lies above that of the notions which speculation deals with. To act with discretion, requires the union of so many more and more difficultly acquired qualities than are required to think brilliantly, that I regard a successful clerk or beadle as more respectable in an intellectual point of view than many who probe the depths of metaphysics, or attain to the heights of poetry. Of course there are moralists who can 'act *and* comprehend.'"

"If, as your remark would teach," said I, "men are to be considered truly intellectual, in proportion as they furnish no *mental* display of intellect, we should probably be right in preferring the thought-checking labors of urban life. The principle which your observation embodies, has, I confess, sometimes occurred to me, though I have never ventured to assert it quite so distinctly as you have done."

"If we compare the two modes of life which we were speaking of, by their effects on masses," resumed count Mardini, "we shall find that the intellectual and moral force of cities is far greater than that of the most populous country. To the honor of the former be it said, that they have always been the asylums of liberty. In the darkest ages of feudal tyranny, cities kept alive the spirit of freedom. In every contest with despotism, they have been the first to rebel and the last to submit."

"Let us not mistake," said I, "for the spirit of liberty, the restlessness of vice or the discontent of misery. For true and valuable freedom—for freedom of spirit and of mind—for elevation of purpose and erectness of heart—for that independence which annihilates superiority by never deigning to question it—I confess that I should look to the vallies and the plains of rustic life. A king ceases to be a superior in the country, as a candle is extinguished in the sun-light; and as compared with infinitude, all finites are equal, so does the boundless regality of nature withdraw from ranks the sting of difference. The soul is born free, and if there is nothing to enslave it, will remain so; and what is there of slavish in the far-roaming wind, the piercing sun, the stream that never can be staid!—what is there to suggest a thraldom in the calm sensates of the lofty oaks, or the mute hilarity of laughing roses?

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina REGUM
Nascuntur *flores*, et eris mihi magnus Apollo."

"That sort of moral freedom which you indicate," said the count, "is the only freedom that is worth possessing, and it is independent on the form of polity under which it is cherished, for it is the inalienable quality of the unshackled mind and the unsullied heart.

Of all the ills that mortal souls endure,
How small the part that kings can cause or cure.

But men in this world will fight for names and forms, neglecting the substance. With the efforts that are now going on to republicanise the governments of Europe, I have no sympathy; for I know that they are as foolish as I think they are vain. The honest are free everywhere; the cowardly nowhere. I have seen in democracies a vileness of subserviency that a galley-slave might have pitied; and I have found in the ranks of toryism an independence and a self-respect that Brutus never knew."

"Except in reports of journalists and the speeches of demagogues, I do not think that the 'spirit of the age' in Europe tends at all to republicanism. The monarchies of Europe seem more likely to resolve themselves into organized military despotisms than to be dissolved into democracies," said I.

"And that mode of government, as now exemplified

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in Austria and Prussia," said the count, "seems to me, the best that can possibly be contrived, for it is a government of law. If Napoleon had had talent enough to combine properly the elements that lay around him in abundance, he could have established a government of this nature that would have been perfect; he might have created an administration that would have combined perfect despotism with perfect freedom."

"You are the first person that I ever met with, count, who has ventured to suggest that Napoleon had not talents for every thing."

"Of all the persons of whom I have ever read or heard," said the count, "there is no one for whose abilities as a ruler and a man of power, I entertain a more profound and settled contempt than for those of Napoleon Buonaparte. He was a great soldier, and nothing more. At no period of his varied life was he the master of the circumstances around him—the criterion of greatness—but always their absolute slave. He controlled not the revolution; it began without him, and its elements had been organized without him; it went forward, and he went with it. Vast energies were in dislocated combination, and were to work out their jarring course; they did it with him on their back; they did it as soon, and no sooner, as certainly, and not more regularly than if he had not been there. France, under Napoleon, was like a steam-car thrown from its track, and dashing madly through the sand to the nearest precipice: as it goes on in awful force, for a while, a man stands upon it, and vaunts his own power which directs it; it would have gone as well if a child had sat upon the box. The government of Napoleon contained within itself always the elements of inevitable ruin. Every mistake in policy which he could make, he made; while there stood beside him a pale priest, who warned him from every one of them. The true history of the empire is this, that Buonaparte's military fame had raised him to such a height that he was fourteen years in falling to the ground. A merchant may live for years in a state of bankruptcy, and still appear to be solvent. Napoleon's extravagant foreign enterprises were the desperate movements of a dancer on a slack-rope, conscious that the moment of pause is the moment of fall: he could not have kept his place, in peace. His triumph was but for the half-hour necessary for his enemies to recover from their surprise. What a contrast between him and Cromwell; who bent, conquered, and crushed circumstances, as if they had been osiers; and lived not, like Napoleon, only till the unavoidable explosion should take place, but lived secure in the confidence that his genius had broken down all danger and established his safety. Napoleon held his power at the sufferance of Talleyrand and Fouché, and a dozen more: they made use of him, not he of them; and when it suited their interest, they dismissed him. Cromwell stood on his own single, all-sufficient strength. Compare Napoleon with Mirabeau, who, instead of floating like a straw upon the whirlwind, waved the tempest into fury with one hand, and stretching forth the other, said, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' In estimating the greatness of any one, you must judge either by the effects which he wrought, or by his own inherent personal might; by both tests Napoleon is found wanting. Cromwell transformed for everlasting, the condition of the English people, and the principles of English society; kings came in after him, but the mark of his five fingers is on the government to this day, and will never vanish. Ximenes revolutionized Spain, once and forever; and the modern *guerilla* glories of the Peninsula attest his genius. These countries passed through the grip of these men like clay through the hands of the potter; the empire passed over France like a bright cloud over the earth. Where are the results of Napoleon's life? where, the political evidence of his existence? The France of Louis Philippe is the France of Louis Quatorze. Read the histories of the times of the First and Second James in England, or of Henry and Charles in Spain; and in both instances you will say, 'There has been some mighty spirit at work in this interval.' Read the annals of the last five years in France, as a history of a century back, and you will detect no moral anachronism. Napoleon left a few roads and statues; what are these? Proofs only of wealth; any rich men might have built them. He operated on things; they on men; he wrote his name upon the ground; they stamped their likeness on the nation. If, again, you look at the individual, Napoleon had absolutely no personality. He was a name. No man can be great, who has not great passions; *he* had *none*. Richelieu left on France the furrows of every passion that ever lightened through his breast. The country shook as he breathed. Sketch his stupendous policy in the form of a portrait, and you have a colossal image of the man. You feel inclined to call France, under his administration, Richelieu; and to call him France. What all these men did, they did alone; all their great contemporaries opposed them. But take away from the empire some five or six names, and you have nothing left but the pomp and the glitter. Some one asked Mackintosh what de Staël meant when she said that Napoleon was not a man, but a system;' 'Mass! I don't know,' said sir James. But she meant wisdom: she meant that there was in France a confederate system of power, organized by powerful men, at the head of which stood Napoleon, and that, by a political synecdoche, the world has called this system 'Napoleon.' Certainly, great things were done under the empire; but Bounaparte no more did them, than Shakspeare's wig wrote Othello. The splendor of his military achievements has struck the world blind to his miserable statesmanship; the grandeur of his pacific monuments, which only showed greatness of aspiration and great command of physical means, has been deemed evidence of greatness of intellect, as the swelling robe conceals the mean form behind it. But the very qualities which his victories evinced, unfitted him for statesmanship. He fought his battles on general principles, and by the aid of grand and comprehensive combinations; whereas politics is essentially a science of detail—a system of particulars—a rule of exceptions. When the history of France under Napoleon is truly written by an independent thinker, it will

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exhibit a great national triumph and a contemptible personal failure."

"The utter failure of both French revolutions," said I, "is a mournful discouragement to the hopes of the philanthropist; yet with these prospects before me, I am still not without hope that great results may yet be accomplished in the political improvement of men. The great impediment in the way of successful change from tyranny to freedom is, that the agitation which necessarily attends the process constantly rouses that ambition which might otherwise have slumbered, and sharpens those qualities of power which might else have been ineffective. But for the sounds of war, Napoleon might have lived and died at Ajaccio, and his spirit might have slept as calmly and as darkly as now reposes its possessor in his wave-swept grave. Still, as in all cases of failure, the causes of failure are evident and were evitable, there yet remains hope that, in some future voyage, the harbor rocks may be avoided, and the smooth river gained. The wreck of one vessel on a sand bar, so far from proving that another will share the same fate, affords a strong presumption that its successor will avoid it; for the danger is made known. Taught by repeated failure, man may at length devise, or guided by accident, may discover, perfect institutions, and these will make perfect men, and the dream of the sanguine may yet wake to fulfilment."

"The perfectibility of things human," said count Mardini, "is a true doctrine, but with a circumstance not always observed. The perfection of all things beneath the heaven will be their destruction; for destructiveness, or the disposition to impracticability, becomes in every thing mundane, after a certain point of improvement, an element developing itself with geometric acceleration, while the melioration goes on in arithmetical increase. The good in an institution, a machine, or a character, may now far exceed the opposing tendency to dissolution or unfeasibility, but the augmentive ratio of the latter so far exceeds that of the former, that by the time that one has reached perfection, the other will equal it and nullify the whole. Vague as this assertion may seem to you, it may be proved in physical matters by experiment, and in moral, by figures. The atheist notion of the ultimate universal perfection of humanity, and the Christian dogma of the final dissolution of terrestriality, so far from contradicting one another, are consistent and identical. At this moment, the institutions of the liberalized sections of Europe are on the point of becoming perfect and impossible. It has happened from the beginning until now—it will happen from now until the end—that men and nations advance nobly into the illuminated temple of Reform, as if led by an angel's hand, and when their hand is just upon the altar, *then*, as if a demon's eye glared on them, they are paralyzed in an instant, or start back into the darkness and barbarity of threshold times. So invariably has this happened, that it cannot be the occasional effect of falling off, but the essential consequence of going on; in fact, the pit lies at the foot of the altar.

Jove strikes the Titans down
Not when they set about their mountain-piling,
But when another rock would crown their work.

But the splendid thinker who wrote those lines—by far the most splendid of our time—errs in imagining *that* to be the accident of defeat, which, in truth, is the essential consequence of success. Good morning! This, I believe, is the road to Constantinople:" and, turning his horse to the left, the count struck into another road, and I saw no more of him.

A week's ride brought me to Trieste. The faint summer sun was declining through the dreamy mists of the west, when the long, blue line of ocean burst upon my sight. My heart was glad within me when I beheld that glorious image of the infinite and eternal.

[To be continued.]

THE WARRIOR'S BLOOD.

BY THOMAS DALE.

THERE is a crimson hue
Of purer, lovelier die,
Than beams in blushing clouds that strew,
Soft evening's varied sky—
'Tis in the life-blood of the free—
Poured freely forth for liberty.

There is a drop more dear,
More sacred and sublime,
Than virgin pity's tender tear
O'er others' curse or crime;—
It is the life-blood of the free,
When nobly shed for liberty!

There is a voice more sweet
Than music's softest lyre;
Which gives a prouder pulse to beat,
And wakes a wilder fire:
It is the death-sigh of the free,
Who fights and falls for liberty!

And there's a deeper sound
Than earth asunder riven,
A voice that rises from the ground,
And *will* be heard in heaven:
It is the death-shout of the free,
Who dares and dies for liberty!

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THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACTS OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

'Tis a calm summer's evening, and very lovely is the view; the sun is setting behind the distant hills, and gilding with its red and glowing light the little river which glides like a silver serpent through the plain, forming various fairy islets in its meandering course; and pleasant it is to watch the humble boat with its red sails glowing in the sun set, as it proceeds slowly by the luxuriant woods towards the city of ———, which is seen in the distance, far as the eye can reach.

On such an evening, in 18—, two figures were seen slowly ascending the hill. They were apparently little alive to the scenery which we have been attempting to portray, for the eyes of both were bent upon the ground. The one, a young man, was tall and athletic in figure, with eyes flashing with animation, and in his open countenance the reckless gayety of youth was blended with an expression of hardihood and manly daring beyond his years. His companion was a girl of unusual freshness and beauty. Her hair was light, and of a glossy hue, and was parted off her lofty and pale forehead, that was smoother than the sea before the wind was born. Her eyes were of as deep and holy a blue as ever painted the heavens, and were filled with that earnest expression of tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. She was just on that threshold of time by which the girl steps into womanhood; and in her virgin eyes might be read the troubled spirit of her years, when the young heart, trembling with hope and fear, looks back with joy, and yet regret, and forward with distrust mingled with delight. Beauty breathed in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. The smiles that came and went, calling into life a thousand dimples that played about her rosy mouth and rounded cheek, had now vanished, and the usual laughing slyness and coquetry of her love-lighting eye had changed to an expression of deep tenderness, as with an anxious gaze she followed the downcast looks of her companion.

The lovers were overtaken by the fall of night—not a cloud broke its deep serene; the face of nature was calm and peaceful as the grave. The sweet promises of spring had been realized in the splendid garniture of the earth; and the small pale blossoms that spring up among the meadow grass had given place to the fragrance and glowing hues of summer; it was the very season of love—of the richness and maturity of its passion; when the still air is heavy with incense, and the flowers seem sunk in a luxurious slumber, and the stream passes with a deeper and more musical murmur, and the sky wears a darker blue, and the stars look down like the eyes of gentle spirits upon the array of magnificence and beauty.

"There stood two beings in the pride of youth;
The maid was on the eve of womanhood."

They have sworn eternal constancy. The springing night-breeze, and the leaves and the waters, and the blue arch of heaven, are the mute witnesses of their plighted troth. There is something, oh how beautiful! in the unreservedness, the unsuspecting trust, with which a woman's heart gives up all its hopes, its affection, its chances of happiness, into the keeping of another. There may be something in the human heart to compensate for the loss of its first fresh feelings; the love given in after years may be the one purified by the ordeal of many changes; or, perchance, the heart does not lean on kindred hearts for happiness or sorrow, when time has drawn it, as it were, out of itself, in the pursuit of honor, or fame, or knowledge. Together, the lovers had looked upon the beautiful sky, the flowery earth, and the dreamy play of waters; and they had kindled visions of romance, and drawn their plan for years of happiness, the lively, thrilling happiness of youth, unshaded and unsubdued. And they were now to part; and to their eyes the pale light of the moon looked sad as it silvered the deep green of the wood, and seemed to be passing through a misty veil; and so they parted.

Consumption, that dire foe to all that is lovely, had sent both the parents of Geraldine to an early grave, and she was left upon an unloving world. For several years, Claude de Wilton had filled up every void in her heart. He had walked with her—had rode with her—nay more, had sworn to love her. When he spoke of the depth of his affection, he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and tearful eye with which his words were received. She leaned upon his arm as they strayed through the beautiful woods, and gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye, when he talked of his passion, till her heart beat painfully at the sound of his footsteps, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand.

She looked into his eyes, and her secret found a voice; and there were a thousand modes of expression which told again and again, a tale which was dear to her heart. Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier, than first love.—Where is there a tone that is so irresistible as that breathed by the being whom we adore? It falls like the rich dew of heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In af-

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fection we can repose all our sorrows, all our cares; her sympathy will lighten their weight, and her voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. The height of pleasure may be shared, and the depths of woe made easier. Geraldine enjoyed to its full this delirious happiness; life rolled on, one unbroken stream of brightness; the beautiful charm that binds us to existence had not as yet been broken; the bolt had not yet been hurled.

But Claude was gone. Then came the anxiety, the life-enduring sorrows of absence, stealing the light from the eye, and the buoyancy from the step; the secret pang—the trembling sigh—and thoughts that leave the cheek pale.

Days—weeks—and even months rolled over that sacred trysting spot, and the sound of merry voices fell upon the ear, and bright steps were on the flowers of the river's brink, and fond words were heard—but our lovers were not there. Claude had gone forth to mingle in the false pageantries of the world. Geraldine stood alone in that once brilliant scene; but the chain was not broken—not one link was severed that bound her heart in its deep affection. True it was, Claude had not written to her for some time—and the flowers, and the sky, and the river, that she had looked upon with him, witnessed many an hour of gloom and loneliness. Amid the pursuits and occupations of life she continually reverted to the past, and gathered from the treasures, hoarded up in memory, a look, a tone, a movement, a sad or merry glance, all hallowed by love's devotion, all softened, yet distinct and perfect, and giving to the reveries of imagination the vividness and coloring of reality. Again and again the post office was visited with hope of the long-expected letters; in vain; this, at times, startled her. But had he not said he loved her; and tried by all means to evince his affection? had she not listened to his passionate avowals, with devout entrancement, when his fond tongue had uttered so much to make life exalted, and existence all poetry, all romance? She had poured him forth all the rich treasures of her young heart's love. Language was insufficient to describe her thoughts; they burned in her soul's depths with a deep and mysterious fire, to which words would be poor and worthless. Love is the only real emanation of the Deity that burns within us, and may not perish as grosser substances; the words of earth befit not the thrills of heaven. Geraldine was an enthusiast, nay more, she was all passion; enthusiasm is madness—it is earthly; passion is the refinement of the heart—it is heavenly. She clung to Claude, and she clung as one who had all her earthly hopes, and all her expectations of futurity, associated with him she loved. Claude had believed he loved her; he was happy in her presence, admired her beauty, and felt flattered that she preferred him above others who had sought, as a rich guerdon, her favor. But he was absent; she was not now with him, darting the bright sunshine of her eyes upon his countenance, as if a spirit resided within those orbs, throwing forth brightness and holiness; or, listening to the rich harmony of her voice, as she gave rein to her sportive imagination, and the solitude became peopled with a myriad of brightnesses playing in the light air, and herself the especial divinity of them all, the glorious sun and centre, from and around which, and for which all those gay appearances were created, and their creator, Love. Claude's letters became colder, and less frequent; but his excuses were always received; she would not think he had deceived her. Geraldine loved. Sometimes, as she sat watching the sun sink behind the hills, and gray twilight sway its empire, and darkness rendered the objects indistinct, (the time of their meetings,) she would sigh, and then smile when it had passed, and exclaim internally, "Am I not happy in possession of Claude's love!" But the cloud that had so long hung over her happiness was about to burst, and she to awaken to a sense of her condition. Bad news will fly swiftly, and she heard, that he whom she had enshrined in her heart's inmost core as above temptation, was forsworn—that he was paying desperate attention to a lady of great wealth in the splendid city whose range for him had so many charms. It had come to her in such a form that she could not doubt—the truth was too palpable—her brain seemed bursting—her temples throbbed with madness—her lips were parched—her heart, which alone maintained its first feelings undiseased, unbroken, was still full of grief.

What a God is memory; to keep in life—to endow with unslumbering vitality beyond that of our own nature with its unconscious company—the things that seem only born for enjoyment—that have no tongues to make themselves felt—and no claim upon it, only as they have ministered, ignorant of their own value, to the taste and necessities of a superior; recollection is like a page on which time has written the history of the affections and the hopes: there traces may not be obliterated. There was the tree under which, in happier hours, she had sat—the lawn, over which, in sweet company, she had oft times gambolled—treasures of the past, that were all her own when nothing of strife was in her fortunes. The wood, the spot, and the skies were there, and the wind, and the murmuring voices from the air that went up to heaven—were all the same—nothing had changed; all was of old, but one;—the victim suffers—but he recks not of her grief. The bond that linked her in affection had been rudely snapped, but the heart of the maiden still clung to its idol—the pedestal on which it was reared could not fall; the elements still existed, though the communion was utterly, ay, hopelessly, destroyed! Love is imperishable; the mortal may not become immortal—the finite become infinite—nor what is born of the soul know death. Affection is pure, deep and lasting: time may not overshadow it—distance enfeeble it—nor the storms of life obstruct; it breaks through clouds and tempests, and glows and burns till death.

It was a summer's twilight, when the stars kindling suddenly, steal to their places in the evening sky. Cool through the lattice comes the wind—the fragrance of a thousand flowers, and the murmur of innumerable leaves, rise up in fragrance on every side; and overhead a sky, where not a vapor floats, as soft, as blue, and as radiant, as the eye of childhood. The

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close of the day—the shadows of evening—the calm of twilight—inspire a feeling of tranquillity; there is something, oh! how beautiful is this soothing hour. It fills the soul with purest thoughts, holy aspirations, and ardent longings. Geraldine sat alone. Her deep blue eyes were full of soul and fire, and her lip moved and glistened, and again was tranquil and almost heavy, as if slumberously enjoying its own velvet richness. There she sat, with an open letter in her hand, like a storm-beaten flower stricken to the earth, but still smiling, even as the flower gives forth perfume, and ready to share a fate which it dreads, but has not power to arrest. The picture was painfully sweet. The letter ran thus:

"My dear Geraldine—Circumstances over which I have no control, have caused me to break my faith with you! I write for the purpose of releasing you from an engagement formed in childhood, and which perchance may have become irksome. You are still young and beautiful, and in society will doubtless find many willing to be unto you all that I have been. Love, Geraldine, is a prettier theme for a verse-maker than to stand the shocks of fortune. I do more readily release you from your vows, knowing, from my own feelings, that absence can effect that in the heart which at one time would have seemed impossible; being firmly impressed with the conviction that you have too much delicacy and womanish pride to cling to a promise when the feeling that dictated it no longer continues. I enclose your letters, and several mementoes given me in by-gone days; now they are valueless. I conclude, by offering you my best wishes for health, happiness, and future prosperity.

Yours, with very great friendliness,

CLAUDE DE WILTON."

The lips, that but a moment before were compressed with beautiful but stern disdaining, slowly parted, as the epistle was torn deliberately into small shreds, and thrown to the winds. Her voice trembled, her words came faint and lingeringly, as if each dreaded to be the last. "Farewell!—farewell, my dream of happiness. Thou wert the light of my existence! and—thou art false. Merciful heaven! The woods, the hills, and the river, were but as attributes of thy dignity; without thee, they would have been but rocks, and water, and plants of the earth; thou wert the soul that animated all these things; in them I saw only thee, and in their voice I heard only thine; thou wert the spirit by which all my actions were guided. The skies are golden, and the hills beautiful, the glorious hues of sunset, and the shades of evening, and the sweet coolness of the twilight air, and the vesper song of birds, and the whisper of the river, mocking the ear that strives to catch them, and the shady seat, and the rich hanging boughs are all the same, but thou art false. Oh! God! oh! God!" What a depth of beauty!—what a tale of love and trust in those sweet eyes, as she gazed on the blue sky above her! And those bright curls, shading that face, so delicately formed, with its spiritual beauty—and that figure, so slight, so very fragile, that admiration is sublimed by pity—and then the brilliant lighting up of her whole countenance at that exciting interest—an illumination almost dazzling, yet softened by all of woman's gentle delicacy!

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Was it that the despoiler of her race—that had left her an orphan even in childhood, had descended to her by right of inheritance,—was busy with her frame; or had the fearful knowledge that had burst so suddenly upon her, flinging so deep a shadow upon her path, undermined the firmness of her constitution; none could tell; but from that day forth she had undergone a blighting change. The plague-spot appeared, and told of the enemy within, from whose deadly tooth there is no escape, when once it wounds. Consumption, however it may mock its victim with hope, must end in despair; its touch is the sting of death. But all who saw, acknowledged that, exquisite as she had been before, the sad, sweet Geraldine Heathwood was more exquisite still. She felt that she had been deceived; an asp had sprung up amid the flowers in her paradise, and she could never tread as gladly and as fearlessly as before: she was changed for ever! In a lesser evil there might have been consolation; but in the present there was none—her lover was forsworn. Oh! the magic of the wizard love! Where were now the images, the high-places, and glory. She was now a thinking, intellectual woman, and the playful graces of earlier years had subsided. The frolic laugh had softened into the rich smile, and the voice, losing its high and gleesome tone, as if bent down by a load of sweetness, thrilled the hearer's soul. Shrinking like the wild violet from the gaze of the very sun.

The days of the fair girl were numbered; the angel of death had demanded her in sacrifice, and was but waiting to claim his prey. Her eye had in it that glorious effulgence, which is so peculiarly the attribute of her fatal malady. Death was busy with her frame; life still lingered, but immortality seemed to have put on some of the hues of that eternal morning, whose bloom and whose freshness speak not only for its lasting existence, but for its holy purity. Her face was pale as the pillow upon which she lay; and so transparent, that the smallest vein might be traced. She was looking upon things that in a few short hours would vanish for ever.

It was a lovely night; the air was balmy, and the wind silent; the quiet, intense summer with its bird and flower, that minister by song and sweet to man's happiness. But it might not save the victim; the mandate had been issued, the grave was yawning. There was a strange expression—an aspect not of earth; such a light as might stream from an altar, a halo from heaven, around the brow of its most approved apostle. "Father," she murmured, "hear, oh, hear my dying prayer—forgive him—oh! forgive him; look down upon him in mercy; spare him from farther transgression—he knew not what he did. And, oh God! if it must be so—my salvation will I barter for his—I will pray for him at thy throne. He must not perish." The last words were scarcely audible; the face was ghastly—the eye was glazing fast, but

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it rays fell upon the wasted cheek, and the whole countenance wore an awful, spell-like expression. There was a struggling breath—a deep-drawn sigh—the articulation of those lips, late so musical, was inaudible, but they still moved; the attenuated hands were still clasped, and raised heavenward—and thus she passed away.

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With no sweeping denunciation against the law of love or the perversity of the human heart—without any libel—without raising man to the elevation of greater or lesser spirits—or without degrading the whole species to the whole level of this one, I will proceed.

But a full month had gone by since the death of Geraldine; De Wilton was again a suitor. He was again in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion. The lady, in the present instance, was as unlike the former in feature as in disposition. Roll back, thou tide of time. Image of Ianthe, rise before my mind's eye, arrayed in all the majesty of womanhood! Spirit of beauty, lend me your power to portray that dark-eyed maid faithfully.

There was a haughty grace, a rich and breathing beauty in her very movement. Her features were exquisitely moulded, and dark diamond-like eyes lightened their bloom with the beams of light and chastened intellect. The white forehead was bold and broad; the brow was contracted sternly, and the mouth was disdainful; there shone the development of the decision of thought and feeling—it was beautifully written upon her lip. The rich hair lay gathered there in brilliant curls, deep as the hue of a ripened chestnut. But there was a something in that haughty air and strange withering eye, that told a tale of buried feeling, fearful when excited. There was that in the contour of the face and the course of the lips, that marked the thirsting of the inly spirit for revenge; and the dark eye revealed, as through a glass, the restless search for hidden knowledge; and there were traces of another nature—the revealed beauty of those strong affections that are inseparable with woman's destiny.

Ianthe had a lover. The young Beauchamp had from childhood been her affianced. She was fond of him, 'tis true, but she had a portion of coquetry inherent in her nature, and having met with De Wilton, his flatteries had aroused her vanity. He had spent an hour with her, and could find no terms sufficiently strong to express his admiration. Elated with the pride of conquest, she met her first love somewhat coldly.

"Ianthe," said he, "you have deceived me—you love me not, or you could not thus wantonly trifle with my feelings. Methinks your engagement with me should be all-sufficient to prevent your flirting with another. You must decide at once—choose between us—if my attentions have become troublesome, I shall at once withhold them."

"As you like, Mr. Beauchamp; since you have grown so strangely suspicious of late, wishing me to become a perfect recluse, I seriously and solemnly urge it as my unfeigned opinion, that 'twill be better for us both to part at once."

"Nay, Ianthe, you do me great injustice; I am much too proud of your beauty, to wish to exclude you from society; but can you blame me for allowing myself to be chagrined, when others, who have not such claims upon you as I have, receive so many smiles?"

"I am not," she replied, haughtily, "in the mood to be lectured to-night. I shall but compromise my dignity by listening to your conversation—it has already bordered upon rudeness."

A slight quivering of the lip, and the rapid flush on his face, betrayed, for a moment, the strong effort with which he had maintained his voice and language, but it was only for a moment; with the same unnatural composure, he spoke:

"Surely, Ianthe, you will not stake the destiny of your whole being, as well as mine own, upon the hasty purpose of such an hour. Sit down with me, here, dear one, in this pleasant window-seat—we will talk it all over coolly and dispassionately, and I know you will take back those wild words of yours. Ianthe is not certainly the proud, high-minded maiden I had deemed her, if the dignity and honor of her fair name is held thus lightly. How think you, a cold and impartial world will read it?—and for a stranger, too; has it come to this, and all for one who only dreams he loves you?"

A wrong chord had that lover touched. Ianthe lifted her brow, and the dew which had trembled on her drooping lashes, melted away in the sudden light that sparkled in the fountains beneath.

"I thank you—aye, I thank you, for those taunting words; now can I nerve my heart again." She moved towards the door.

He withdrew a ring from his finger, and said sadly, as he tendered it, "As you doubtless have bestowed elsewhere the affections you have taken from me, it were better that the token should go with them also; but, I pray you will still deign to wear the one, as the memorial of a heart that was irrevocably given, and cannot be withdrawn thus lightly. Farewell! if you live a little longer in this unloving world, there will come an hour, when you will mourn for the deep love you have this day flung from you." A movement, like the spiritless and leaden stir of instinct, led his steps outward, from the home of his long-treasured hopes.

Ianthe watched his receding figure, till it lost its distinctness, and became confused with the mass of shadows that lay on his path. She turned away; but her elastic spirit rose not up as it was wont after a momentary depression. Her soul went down into the deep hours of memory—the bright, laughing days of other years came back again—it was all over—the fearful task was done. The smiles that lightened on her in her childhood—the voice that had restrained the waywardness of her youth, was now unto her as perished things—the love that had never failed, had indeed been flung from her; and now were the sweet enjoyments of life unto her as sealed treasures. The joyous ramble among the hills—the bright gatherings around the dining hearth—it was a tale all told—a dream that had passed, and left nothing but its memory. She bowed her head and wept, long and bit-

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terly. But the love of a young heart is a thing of strange power—hidden and mysterious power—that none dream of till the hour of trial "It is," she murmured, "some fearful dream; parted! we who have lived together, as it were, all the years of our life, to be parted this moment, and for ever? shall I never hear his voice again, that has been the music of my whole life? But, the choice was mine own; may God be with him, and make his days on earth bright and joyful, as mine shall from henceforth be desolate and wretched."

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In an avenue of glowing tulips walked a young maiden in deep thought. Her face was pale, but there was fire, depth, and tenderness in her large, dark eye—a shade was upon her brow. She had parted in anger from the only being she really loved, and he had journeyed afar off A garden of rich flowers, whose thirsty chalices rose up to drink the earliest evening dew, shone around to glad her eye—but comfort was a stranger within her bosom.

A slight sound—a rustling among the shrubs, caught her ear, and the eloquent blood leaped into her cheeks.

"Is it you, my fair Ianthe?" and the speaker stood before her. "I have been delayed, sweet one; but a moment in your presence more than repays me. Rest assured, I dearly love you—if you are quite alone, I'll speak."

"Fear not," said she "there are none but mute witnesses."

"For many months, lady, I have known and loved you—your beauty has lent light to the world of my existence. Can you return my passion?"

"Pour it not upon me," she replied, "I merit it not—I wish it not—nurture it for another—but waste it not upon me."

"Speak not thus," said De Wilton, for he it was, "I will cherish it for the heart which is its citidel—is your throne."

She finished; and in a sad, low, solemn, musical tone, she answered him. "Mr. de Wilton," she said, "I have listened to you, and all that remains, is for me to answer you plainly and finally. I will be to you a friend, even until death—will rejoice in your well being, and take pride in your honor—all that I have been; this can I be—but—no more." Silence fell over both—a deep and breathless gloom. It was broken by De Wilton.

"I thank you, Miss Willoughby, for the honor of your friendship; you may, perchance, hear of me again—till then, farewell." In less time than it has taken to write this, he was lost to view.

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Days—weeks—months—nay, even years, had glided down the dark and deceitful current of Time into the deep and noiseless gulph of Oblivion. De Wilton had married, and was in prosperous circumstances. Beauchamp had returned again to Kentucky; all differences had been settled between him and Ianthe, and happiness seemed in store. Again there were the evening rambles—the presents of flowers—the fond, glowing, confiding outpourings of a manly spirit awake with the finest of all passions. The whispered tale nightly, with nought but the bright hosts of heaven above their heads, and the dull world asleep around.

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It was the evening twilight; in her chamber sat the fair Ianthe. Her flaming eyes glistened with unnatural lustre—her lip quivered—her nostrils distended—her hands clenched. "Villain! villain!" she exclaimed aloud, "has it then come to this? True, thou did'st say, when last we met, 'you may hear of me again.' De Wilton—that thou should'st have the power to injure me thus! Seduced by you, was I? Oh, God! that I should live to hear this! And so, forsooth, you waited until you might blight my fairest hopes—put a bar between me and my betrothed!"—Suddenly she raised herself, and said, with a look of ineffable scorn, "thou hast inflicted a wrong which can only be cancelled with thy life—and by the heaven above me, that shall be the forfeit! That flame of vengeance, which is a part of the spirit that burns within me, may not expire. Oh! that I could clutch thy dastard soul, and crush it, even thus—thus!" As she spoke, she pressed her hands until the blood oozed from beneath the nails.

"He shall die!" she continued; "but not yet. Oh, God! oh, God! how am I changed! There stands the fiend-phantom beckoning me on to destruction, and by my wrongs—and by my hatred—and by the invincible spirit of revenge, I will not fail to do his bidding. My heart shall not betray me by its fatal softness; there is poison in my veins, and madness in my brain, and misery on my brow. Can I forgive?—can I forget? Never! Ianthe forget her hatred—her revenge!—ha! ha! ha!"—and the chamber rang with her hysterical laughter.

"Almighty father!" she continued, casting her eyes to Heaven, "have I not cause? Let no compunctious visitings of remorse or irresolution stay me from my purpose! Has he not doomed me to shame—to eternal wretchedness? My hopes, my joys, my love, my visions of felicity! Blood—blood must atone for this! This snake, this reptile, has bruised me fearfully; he has planted thorns upon the couch on which I had hoped to have rested my head and heart together—traduced me in the eyes of the world—poisoned the air which I breathe, and killed the sweet flowers that had sprung up in my path, and broken the talisman, the magic circle in which all my hopes of peace resided. And yet I mar the sanctity of my hatred, profane the righteousness of my revenge, by this soliloquy."

Something of a softer feeling stole over her heart as she entered another apartment, and was greeted by her lover.

"I have waited long, my love; 'twas scarcely kind to detain me thus; but, Ianthe, dearest Ianthe, what has happened? Your looks stagger me." As he spoke, he took her hand, and attempted to press it to his lips.

"Unhand me, Mr. Beauchamp; what have I to do with the vanities of love? My heart is shut to every emotion save one; attempt not to disturb the master passion, and to enthrone a feebler in its place. Heaven's lightning would blast me, if I thought of aught save revenge!"

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"Speak—speak, my girl; my soul gasps to know who has injured thee. Oh! as you value your eternal salvation, keep me no longer in suspense!"

She recounted to him all—De Wilton's treachery, and the fearful reports he had circulated—with a cheek now flushing, now pale as monumental marble.

"Love cannot blind me now," she continued; "dear Frank, I can never wed you. Is not my reputation stained by the foul breath of slander? I am sunk in the eyes of the world—they would scorn your bride; nay, nay, it must not be; I will bring no reproach on thee. Were you, for my sake, to be treated with contumely, this heart would break with its load of agony. For myself, I have pride sufficient—perchance, too much; perchance, 'tis pride that actuates me now."

"Hear me, dear Ianthe; life without you would be valueless!"

"Pursue fame," she said, energetically, "forget that thou hast ever loved me, and thou may'st be happy."

"And do you deem," he replied, with frantic impatience, "that I can accomplish this?—that I can forget that I have ever loved you?—that I can forget you? I will love—I will worship—I will watch—serve—avenge your injuries—and die for you."

"You love me fondly as ever!" said she, at length.

"A thousand times more fervently, now that thou need'st my love. Put it to the test."

"I might ask too much. Consider well."

"Name it—if it be my life, I will willingly surrender it."

"Will you swear a solemn, binding oath, that if I wed you, you will do my bidding?"

"So help me God, I will! I swear, before thee, and in the face of heaven's majesty, that I will do more even than thou may'st require of me!"

* * * * * * *

Ianthe became the wife of Beauchamp, and never had she cause for regretting it. One only cloud passed over their felicity. Alas! alas! that misery and madness will intrude and breathe into the ears of pleasure the harsher but truer lessons of pain. What could cloud the future of the wedded pair? Both were in the flower of their age, and their personal appearance was such as must have claimed approbation even from an enemy. The form and features of each were remarkable for beauty, and yet were finely contrasted with each other. The pale face, blue eye, and herculean person of the one, was strongly opposed to the dark, fiery eye, and small figure of the other.

'Tis evening. Between the two a conversation of intense interest appeared to be passing.

"Dry those tears, my sweet wife; have I not sworn to peril body and soul for thy sake, and would'st thou now deter me from my purpose?"

"I seek not to deter you," she replied, "but regret that I may not deal the blow, and save your precious life. Had I not crossed your path, you need not have been nipped in spring-tide, as by an untimely blast; you might have been for long years, blessing and blessed."

"Earth for me, Ianthe, has no attractions; thou art the dear ark within which all my happiness abides."

A cloud came o'er his brow, as he grasped her hand, and said, in a suppressed tone, "Should I not return, mourn not, my love, but think of thine injuries." As he spake these words, he parted the locks on her fair forehead, gazed on her fondly, and imprinted a lingering kiss upon her lips. Then springing out of the room, he waved his hand to the lovely mourner, and proceeded at a rapid pace from their dwelling.

Night still hung in loveliness and rich starlight over the city; silence was there, and deep sleep: for it was long after midnight. The latest loiterer had disappeared from the streets; even the voice of debauch was stilled in its own haunts, for the rich and the poor had gone to their repose. A slow and trailing footstep echoed through the still street. Beauchamp, for he it was, soon reached the residence of De Wilton, and knocked long and loudly. De Wilton leaped from his bed, and came down in his night-clothes.

"Who," he demanded, as he opened the door, "breaks thus upon my rest?"

He retreated several paces, as though he had seen a spectre; his face assumed the ghastly hue of death, while every limb quivered with astonishment and fear, as the light fell full upon the figure of Beauchamp.

"What is your business, sir? I know you not."

The face of Beauchamp became swollen with fury.

"Liar! My business is death!"

"I am ignorant, sir, of ever having injured you—at your hands I deserve not such treatment."

"You have not injured me?" he continued, while a fiend-like smile played about his lips; "you have done me no wrong?—thou liest!—forget you Ianthe? You have dishonored, by report, my wife—branded her with infamy—and yet—you know me not!"

"I am innocent of the crimes with which you charge me, but if you wait a proper time, I'll give you the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Say'st thou so!" he exclaimed; "go, then, and prepare the way for me—take the reward of thy merits!"

As he spoke, he lodged the contents of a pistol in Wilton's breast; there was but one sound more—his groan—as, with the ball in his heart, he rolled in dying convulsions at the feet of his murderer.

"Lie there, thou foul slave, and rot; thou hast died for thy crime, and I am comforted. I have been the minister of divine justice, which, existing before all law, strikes the criminal in his most trusting hour, and proudly vindicates Heaven, without the tardy formalities of man. Ianthe—dear Ianthe—thou art avenged."

Beauchamp was arrested for the murder of De Wilton; tried, found guilty, and sentence of death passed upon him. It was the eve of his execution; prayers and entreaties had prevailed, and Ianthe was permitted to stay with her husband. The jailer in pity, transgressed his orders, and left them alone.

"Ianthe! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow; my heart aches to see your tears." At these words Ianthe arose, and embracing her husband, said something in his ear. Beauchamp bit his lip, which quivered with emotion, and his eyes glistened with tears of joy that could not be repressed. "Oh! God! and is it so? These fetters, and this dungeon, and

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their careful watch to keep from me each implement of death, may not achieve their triumph; steal a poison; any thing but the ignominious rope."

"Think'st thou, my husband, I had no proud scorn of a malefactor's death, to furnish such a triumph for our enemies; I have conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzles the heated imagination by the fortitude which it demands, must not yield to the solicitations of love, nor the weak and unfortunate cravings of fainting nature, which, in the hour of death, might ravenously hunger for life. I can count now the hours between me and the grave, and thank heaven for the despatch. Yesterday the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it: the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun; but to-day the terror is gone, we die together." She could restrain her tears no longer. She wept bitterly, bitterly—she wept, for her heart else would have burst. Beauchamp did not appear shocked, but suffered the passionate flood of weeping to have vent; and then, with a caress, he drew her to his side. There was a moment's silence, and then they talked—ay, of death—the death of both; and it was a relief to do so; the weight was removed that had long pressed on the heart of each—the weight of uncommunicated thought. The veil was now removed—they saw the yawning abyss; they spoke of their hopes—not in this world—in the next. She, who but a moment before was all tears, towered in the strength of her assertion; her very nature seemed to have received a sudden exaltation; her voice was rich, solemn, and powerful; and her eye penetrated with an agonizing keenness. "Come, come, dearest," said Ianthe, in an encouraging and playful tone, as she fondly placed one hand upon his knee, one arm encircling his neck, the other removing the hair from his burning forehead, which she affectionately kissed. "If you knew, my own dear, dear husband, how welcome death would be if given at your hands; think, think, my loved, loved husband, that you will end my sufferings." She turned upon him an eye almost too brilliant to be gazed on, shaded by its raven lashes—her eminently handsome, proud, fierce, and disdainful countenance, and strove to penetrate his inmost thoughts.

"Would you," said he, and his fine eyes suffused with tears as he spoke, "desire that the cup of grief, already full, be unnecessarily overcharged? Nay, nay, Ianthe, this may not be." She entreated—her prayers overcome him not. His face wore the hue of death as she spoke, but he struggled violently with his feelings, and assuming an apparently calm and tranquil air, he exclaimed, as she leaned forward in breathless expectation to hear, "Swear by all my hopes of mercy, you die not by my hands."

She looked at him mournfully; "I am answered," she said, "I am satisfied with my fate; 'tis nothing but a stormy cloud—I shall soon sleep eternal rest. You have calculated falsely; by no other feeling—here, here is my triumph!" As she spoke she drew out of her bosom a poniard, and kissing it, said, "receive my thanks—thou art the victor. And now, thou base-born earth, yield a resting-place for her who has too long endured life's fetters." As she spoke these words, the blade glittered in the air, and was instantly sheathed in her bosom. Her face was startlingly pale, her icy lips betraying no more sign of human blood beneath than if they had been chiselled from the white marble; but in her eye there turned a light so deep and intense as to make them at once beautiful and terrible to look upon. She raised her head, and fell bathed with blood at the feet of her husband.

Trembling with emotion, he succeeded in drawing the dagger from her bosom; she turned towards him—her face illuminated with a radiant smile. Even as she gazed, the weapon, reeking with her best blood, was struck with a short quick stroke in his breast. He tottered towards her, and raised her in his arms, and clung round her as though affection could wrestle with death; kissed her cheeks, and sobbed upon that bosom where so oft he had nestled in love. "Beauchamp," she said faintly, "where art thou; come near me, love, that my eyes may see thee, ere they grow dark for ever." She looked, without shrinking, at the ghastly wound in his side, in which the dagger still remained, and from which his life blood was flowing, and mixing with her own, in one purple stream; and extending her hand slowly, drew his and put it around her waist. "If thou know'st how sweet it is to die by the side of him we love; nearer—nearer—I am thine, sweet, thine—my first—last—and only love."

The dying man raised himself slowly up; "there, there, be not afraid to lean on me, Ianthe, this heart that beats beneath thine own will not break until you are at rest; it is a sure, tender stay." She had drawn down her face close to his—"My eyes grow dim—the room whirls—the damps of the tomb are settling on my brow; I hear the rushing of the wings of the angel of death; closer, love—closer." "Ianthe," he murmured, "do you hear me? It is I! I! your husband; my lips are pressed to yours—my arms cling fondly round your neck."

With a last effort she opened her fast-failing eyes—a smile passed across her face. "I am thine, in—in death." Slowly the body sank—and as the last words trembled upon her lips, her soul escaped; she stirred no more; but the smile remained fixed as before, and the glazed eye turned upon him whom she loved but too well. He pressed his lips to the cold clay, whispered "I come, beloved," and the lamp of life expired.

"For they loved in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided."

When the jailor entered the cell, he found the unhappy pair lying almost locked in each others arms. A mound of green earth marked their resting place. Years have rolled away; but Ianthe's dazzling beauty, her noble sentiments, her touching history, cannot—may not be forgotten. They left no kindred; but their history has been told in many a place, from the far south, even to the frozen north; there is scarcely a hearth that has not re-echoed

"THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY."

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers, not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

APRIL.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1780	Charleston, S. C. beseiged by the English under Sir Henry Clinton.
—	1812	Bonaparte revoked the portion of the Berlin Decree which affected the Commerce of the U. S.
—	1813	U. S. Revenue Schooner, Gallatin, blown up in the harbor of Charleston, S. C.
—	1832	Commencement of the War between the United States and the Winnebagoes and other Indian tribes.
2	1512	Juan Ponce De Leon landed upon the shores of Florida, in latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes.
—	1681	Date of William Penn's First Proclamation to the people of Pennsylvania.
—	1683	A new Charter granted to Pennsylvania by William Penn.
—	1749	Born, in Lancaster County, Pa. David Ramsay, an eminent physician and popular historian.
—	1781	U. S. Frigate, Alliance, Captain Barry, captured British Frigate Mars, and Sloop Minerva.
—	1792	The Federal Constitution adopted by Kentucky.
—	——	The Mint of the United States established at Philadelphia.
—	1832	Treaty between Creek Indians and the United States ratified by U. S. Senate, whereby the Creeks resigned all their lands east of the Mississippi.
3	1783	Treaty of Amity and Commerce between Sweden and United States negotiated by Benjamin Franklin.
—	1813	Several American Privateers and Letters of Marque captured in the Chesapeake by some English Schooners and Barges.
—	1835	Riot at Toledo, on the ground in dispute between the States of Ohio and Michigan.
—	1837	The heaviest fall of Snow at St. Louis, Missouri, ever known.
4	1609	Henreich Hudson sailed from Amsterdam on his third voyage, wherein he explored New York Bay and the North River.
—	1748	Born, at Philadelphia, William White, episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania.
—	1777	Marquis Lafayette embarked from France for the purpose of offering his assistance to U. S.
—	1831	Died, at Worcester, Mass. aged 82, Isaiah Thomas, LL. D.
—	1836	Died, at Boston, aged 62, Thomas Minns, Editor of New England Palladium for thirty-six years.
5	1748	The British made an unsuccessful attempt upon St. Jago de Cuba.
—	1779	Nantucket Island plundered by the Refugees and British.
—	1832	Ratification, at Washington, of Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation between U. S. of America and U. P. of Mexico.
6	1776	British Ship, Glasgow, 20 guns, Captain T. Howe, engaged the American Fleet of five vessels, mounting 82 guns, commanded by Commodore Hopkins, for three hours, and escaped. The Tender to the British Ship was captured.
—	1789	The First meeting of the First Congress under the Federal Constitution, took place at New York.
—	1811	The French Privateer, Revance de Cerf, burnt at Norfolk, Virginia.
—	1813	Lewiston, Delaware, bombarded by the British Frigate, Belvidera, for nearly twenty hours; but little injury ensued.
—	1815	The Americans confined in the prison at Dartmoor, England, were fired upon by the guard; several killed and wounded. The Prince Regent publicly censured the soldiery, and offered annuities to the families of the sufferers, which offer was declined.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
6	1830	Joseph White, aged 81, a wealthy merchant, of Salem, Mass. assassinated in his bed.
7	1778	Lord Chatham, while advocating the interests of America in the House of Lords, fainted, and was conveyed to his house, where he shortly afterwards died.
—	1814	Twenty Vessels burnt by the British at Pettipang Point on the Connecticut river.
—	1817	Dangerous Negro Riot at St. Inigoes, St. Mary's County, Maryland.
—	1835	Died, at Philadelphia, of apoplexy, aged 73, James Brown, M. C. and Minister to France.
8	1731	Born, at Lebanon, Conn. William Williams, one of the Signers of the Dec. of Independence.
—	1782	U. S. Ship, Hyder Ally, 16 guns, captured the British Ship, General Monk, 29 guns.
—	1837	Great Fire at New Orleans, 107 Houses burnt.
9	1585	Sir Richard Grenville, with seven ships, sailed from England as Governor of Sir W. Raleigh's new Colony of Virginia.
—	1625	Charles I. by Proclamation, confirmed to Virginia the exclusive supply of the British Market with Tobacco.
—	1816	Died, at Georgetown, D. C. aged 47, Richard Stafford, M. C. from North Carolina.
—	1831	The Brig, Billow, lost upon Ragged Island, N. S. and 137 persons, all on board, perished.
—	1832	The Steam Boat, Brandywine, burnt near Memphis, Tennessee. Upwards of 110 lives lost.
10	1602	Martin Pring, the discoverer of the Rivers and Harbors of Maine, sailed, with two ships, from England, on his first Voyage to America.
—	1606	James I. of England, granted a Patent for the possession of the two Carolinas, assigning all the land between Halifax and Cape Fear, to Sir Thomas Gates and his associates.
—	1634	An arbitrary Special Commission appointed in England for the Government of the New England Colonies.
—	1806	Died, near New York, aged 78, Horatio Gates, a celebrated American General. He was born in England.
—	1812	Louisiana formed into a State, and admitted into the Federation.
—	1816	Bank of United States chartered by Congress, with a capital of 35,000,000 of dollars.
—	1829	Lafayette Theatre, New York, destroyed by Fire.
—	1835	Died, at St. Augustine, Florida, aged 43, Captain Jacob Schmuck, a native of Pennsylvania, and a distinguished Officer in the late War with England.
—	1836	Ellen Jewett, a prostitute, murdered in a house of ill fame, at New York.
—	1837	Died, at Gretna Green, N. C. Willis Alston, member of Congress during 18 years.
11	1789	First Mayor, (S. Powell) of Phila. elected by the Aldermen under the new Act of Incorporation.
—	1804	Died, in Tatnel County, Georgia, James Thomas, in his hundred and thirty-fourth year.
—	1812	Four British Barges captured in Hampton Roads.
—	1833	Violent Tornado at Springfield, Ohio.
12	1777	Born, in Hanover County, Virginia, Henry Clay.
—	1782	Joshua Huddy, Captain of a Blockhouse under Toms' River, N. J. hanged without a trial, for defending his station against the Refugees under Captain Lippincott.
—	1834	Died, at Pentonville, near London, England, N. G. Dufief, author of "Nature Displayed," and the French Pronouncing Dictionary. He was, for a long time, a resident of Philadelphia.
—	1836	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 77, William Rawle, an eminent Lawyer.
—	1837	Died, at Lowell, Mass. aged 46, Kirk Booth, celebrated Traveller, Engineer, and Manufacturer.
—	——	Died, at Freedom, Beaver County, Pa. aged 67, General Abner Lacock, M. C.
13	1743	Born, at Shadwell, in Albemarle County, Va. Thomas Jefferson, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and third President of the U. S.
—	1777	General Lincoln and 500 men, when surrounded by 2000 British troops, at Bound Brook, near Brunswick, N. J. forced his way through the enemy's columns, and escaped, with the loss of 60 men killed and missing.
—	1788	Rioting in New York, on account of the indecent exhumation of various dead bodies, for anatomical purposes. Several lives lost.
—	1830	Navigation of the Black Sea opened to American vessels.
—	1832	Died, at Kaskaskia, Illinois, Shadrach Bond, the first Governor of that State.
14	1641	New Hampshire, dreading the perils of anarchy, joined with Massachusetts; the first step to the foundation of the United Colonies of New England.
—	1780	A Party of American Cavalry surprised by the English at Monk's Corner, and 25 men slain or captured.
—	1789	General Washington, while on his Farm, at Mount Vernon, received the news of his election to the Presidency of the United States.
—	1801	Died, at Hartford, Conn. aged 51, Dr. Samuel Hopkins, physician and littérateur.
—	1814	The Embargo Act of December, 1813, repealed by the Congress of U. S.
—	1833	Great Fire at Cumberland, Maryland. Seventy-one dwellings burnt. Loss, 270,000 dollars.
15	1635	Awful Storm throughout New England.
—	1702	The proprietaries of East and West Jersey surrendered to Queen Anne; it has since been but one government, under the title of New Jersey.
—	1754	The first Theatre in Philadelphia opened for Dramatic Amusements, at the corner of first the Alley above Pine street
—	1777	The British Pickets at Bonum Toury, N. J. driven in by a party of Pennsylvania and Jersey Militia, and several prisoners taken.
—	1781	Fort Watson, on Wright's Bluff, S. C. invested by Generals Marion and Lee.
—	1791	Died, in London, England, Dr. Alexander Gordon, a Scotch botanist and physician. He lived many years at Charleston, S. C. and devoted his days to the exemplification of the animal and vegetable tribes of North America.
16	1813	A British Squadron anchored in the Patapsco river, within sight of Baltimore.
—	1831	Died, at Baltimore, Rollin C. Mallary, member of Congress from Vermont.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
17	1610	Henreich Hudson sailed on his last voyage. He was sent adrift in a small boat, by a mutinous crew, and never again heard of.
—	1741	Born, in Somerset Co., Md., Samuel Chase, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1756	Born at Westminster, London, George Frederick Cooke, a celebrated Actor. He died in New York, 1812.
—	1763	The first Newspaper published in Georgia (the Georgia Gazette) by James Johnson, Savannah.
—	1790	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 84, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated Philosopher and Statesman, and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1825	Convention between Russia and the United States of America, negociated at St. Petersburg.
—	1830	Died at Philadelphia, aged 32, Dr. John D Godman, an eminent lecturer and writer. Born at Annapolis, Md.
—	1837	Mexican Brig of War captured by the U. S. Sloop of War, Natchez, as a retaliation for the capture of six American vessels, illegally taken by the Mexicans.
—	——	Died, at Washington, D. C. aged 80, Joseph Anderson, Revolutionary Officer, M. C. and First Comptroller of the Treasury.
—	——	Died, near Woolville, Mass. aged 36, Henry Vose, of the Small-Pox, a distinguished littérateur.
18	1689	The Bostonians confined their arbitrary Governor (Andros) and Council, and declared for the Prince of Orange.
—	——	Commencement of the Insurrection in New England against the power of Charles II.
—	1781	The British evacuated Camden, S. C. after burning their baggage and stores, and public buildings; they left the wounded prisoners, and their own wounded behind them.
—	1823	Died, at Boston, Mass. aged 72, George Cabot, Statesman. Born at Salem, Mass.
—	1835	The Indemnity Bill passed the French Chamber by a Vote of 289 against 137.
19	1721	Born, at Newtown, near Boston, Roger Sherman, one of the Signers of the Dec. of Independence.
—	1775	Battles of Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts.
—	1781	The Independence of the U. S. of America acknowledged by Holland.
—	1783	The Proclamation of the total cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and Great Britain, read in the American camp, by the order of General Washington—this day completing the eighth year of the War.
—	1813	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 68, Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1831	General Jackson, President of the United States, dissolves his Cabinet at Washington.
—	——	The Boiler of the Steamboat Tricolor burst at Wheeling. Eight persons killed.
20	1534	James Carter, Discoverer of the St. Lawrence and the Canadas, sailed from St. Maloes, on his Voyage of Discovery.
—	1662	The younger Winthrop (John) obtained from King Charles II. a favorable patent for Connecticut.
—	1775	Died, on board Ship, but in sight of his native land, Josiah Quincy, Jr. aged 31, a celebrated Revolutionary Statesman.
—	——	General Putnam arrived in Concord, having ridden one hundred miles on one horse, in 18 hours, to join the American army.
—	1812	Died, at Washington, D. C. George Clinton, Vice President of the U. S. and first Governor of New York, after the Revolution.
—	1820	Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, destroyed by Fire.
—	1827	Sir John Copley, a Bostonian born, created Lord Lyndhurst, and appointed Lord Chancellor of England.
—	1835	Died, at Webster, Mass. aged 67, Samuel Slater, the first Manufacturer in Cotton in the U. S.
21	1649	The early Colonists of Maryland placed an act on their Statute Book for the Encouragement of Religious Freedom.
—	1814	U. S. Sloop of War, Frolic, captured by British Frigate, Orpheus and Schooner Shelburne.
—	1830	The Boiler of the Steam Boat, Chief Justice Marshall, burst at Newburg, N. Y. and 15 persons killed.
—	1836	Died, in Lincoln County, N. C. Hutchins G. Burton, late Governor of N. C. and M. C. from 1819 to 1824.
—	——	Battle of San Jacinto, in Texas. Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, captured by Texan troops, under General Houston.
22	1564	Admiral Coligny's second Colony of Huguenots, under Laudonniere, departed from France to the shores of Florida.
—	1793	Proclamation of American Neutrality between France and England, by order of President Washington, on account of the French Revolution.
—	1811	Died, at Lancaster, Pa. Judge John Joseph Henry, a Revolutionary Officer.
—	1822	The Albion Packet Ship, from New York, wrecked off the Old Head of Kinsale, on the Irish Coast. All the crew and many of the passengers lost: among the latter was General Lefebre Desnouettes.
—	1836	Splendid Aurora Borealis in different parts of the United States.
22	1837	Died at Milledgeville, Ga. aged 71, General David Brady Mitchell, late Governor of Georgia.
23	1775	The Custom House at New York closed by the interference of Captain Sears, and Vessels prevented sailing to Boston, Quebec, Newfoundland, and Georgia. Philadelphia pursued the same course.
—	1781	Fort Watson, S. C. captured by Generals Marion and Lee, with 114 prisoners.
—	1836	Died, at Thetford, Vt. aged 84, Asa Burton, D. D. an eminent divine.
24	1704	The first Newspaper published in Massachusetts (The Boston News Letter) by John Campbell. It was also the first Anglo-American Newspaper, and was the only one published in the American Colonies for upwards of fifteen years.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
24	1764	Born, at Cork, Ireland, Thomas Addis Emmett, the celebrated Patriot. He died at New York, in 1827.
—	1812	American Privateer, Surprise, 10 guns, captured the English Brig, Kutousoff, 12 guns.
—	1835	Great Foot Race on Union Course, Long Island, N. Y. Henry Stannard, of Conn., one of ten competitors, ran ten miles, twelve seconds within an hour.
25	1775	The people of Baltimore, upon hearing the news of the Battles of Lexington and Concord, seized upon 1500 stand of arms in the Magazines.
—	1777	Lafayette arrived in America, and landed at Charleston, S. C.
—	——	Two thousand British troops landed at Fairfield, in Connecticut, and marched to Danbury, which they plundered and burnt on the succeeding day.
—	1781	Battle at Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, N. C. The Americans, under General Greene, were defeated by the British, under Lord Rawdon.
—	——	Petersburg, Virginia, captured by the British.
—	1814	The Sentence of Death pronounced on General Hull, by the Verdict of the Court Martial, remitted by the President.
—	——	Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane issued a Proclamation declaring the whole of the American Coast in a state of blockade.
—	1818	General Jackson took forcible possession of the Spanish Post at St. Marks, Florida, to hold it during the Seminole War.
—	1835	Died, at Raleigh, N. C. aged 40, Jonathan P. Cushing, President of Hampden Sydney College, Vermont.
26	1587	The unfortunate "Roanoke" Colony, including the first female emigrants to America, sailed from England.
—	1607	Captain Newport's Squadron, containing the first Colony of Emigrants that remained in Virginia, including the celebrated Captain Smith, entered the Chesapeake Bay.
—	1761	Petersburg, Virginia, nearly destroyed by fire.
—	1813	The commencement of the celebrated Siege of Fort Meigs, on the mouth of the Maumee, Ohio; it was this day invested by the British and Indians
27	1584	Two Vessels, belonging to Sir W. Raleigh, sailed from England for the purpose of colonizing America—they landed at North Carolina.
—	1775	About 2500 fire-arms delivered to the British General, Gage, by the Bostonians.
—	——	The Inhabitants of the Atlantic Cities and Sea Ports, recommended by Congress to remove their effects from the dangers and chances of War.
—	1777	The British severely harassed by the Americans in their retreat from Danbury, Conn. General Wooster and Dr. Attwater mortally wounded.
—	1781	The British, under General Arnold, land at Osborn, on the James River, Va. and destroy several Merchant Ships, Brigantines, and a large number of smaller vessels, with many valuable cargoes of flour, tobacco, &c.
—	1813	York, Upper Canada, taken by the Americans, led by General Pike, who was killed by the explosion of the Magazine.
—	1817	Died, at Saco, Maine, aged 44, Major General Cyrus King—brother to Rufus King.
—	1830	The act for the removal of the Indian Tribes west of the Mississippi, passed the Senate of the U. S. by a vote of 27 to 20.
—	1836	Died, in Logan County, Ohio, aged 82, General Simon Kenton, a companion of Col. Boone in the early exploration of the Western Wilderness.
—	——	The Indians defeated near Fort Brooke, in Florida, by U. S. troops.
—	1837	Great Fire at Detroit, Michigan. Seventy buildings destroyed.
28	1758	Born, in Westmoreland County, Va. James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States.
—	1760	The British defeated on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, by the French and Indians with the loss of 1000 killed, and the whole of their artillery.
—	1789	Died, at Pittsburg, Pa. Thomas Hutchins, a Revolutionary Officer, and Geographer General of Pennsylvania.
—	1813	Spesutie Island, near the head of the Chesapeake, occupied by 600 British troops.
—	——	American Privateer, York Town, captured English Brig, Avery.
29	1745	Born, in Connecticut, Oliver Ellsworth, Statesman and Judge,
—	1813	The Storehouses at Frenchtown, Chesapeake Bay, burnt by the English, under Admiral Cockburn.
—	——	U. S. Frigate, Essex, Captain D. Porter, captured the British Ships Montezuma, Policy, and Georgiana.
—	1814	The British Sloop of War, L'Epervier, captured by U. S. Sloop of War, Peacock, Captain Warrington; 128,000 dollars were on board L'Epervier. This vessel was sent, in 1815, with the Americans released from the Algerine prisons, but never was heard of.
—	1827	Died, at Long Island, aged 72, Rufus King, Statesman.
30	1637	Charles I. issued a Proclamation forbidding the emigration of Puritans to the shores of America.
—	1781	The British, under General Arnold, destroyed at Manchester and Warwick, Va. all the stores, flour and tobacco magazines, rope walks, tan houses, mills, and ships on the stocks and in the river.
31	1789	George Washington inaugurated the first President of the U. S. of America.
—	1803	Louisiana ceded by France to the U. S. for the sum of 60,000,000 of francs—one-third of which was to be repaid as indemnity to the citizens of the United States, for spoliations prior to 1800.
	1812	Died, at Andover, Mass. Samuel Abbott, philanthropist.
—	1833	Great Fire at New York. Seventy houses burnt.

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OH! MERRILY GLIDES MY BONNIE BARQUE.

COMPOSED BY SIDNEY PEARSON,

Expressly for the Gentleman's Magazine.

Allegretto Giocoso.

mf

For.

Oh! merrily glides my bonnie barque,

p

Over the dane - ing tide, And swiftly she flies from her foaming track, As she

f

prow spurns the waters a - side, aside, As her prow spurns the waters a - side.

p

For.

Yet play - - fully she kis - ses, she kisses the spray, my barque, As she

tr

Pin.

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ad lib.

dips to the fresh' - - ning wind, As she dips to the fresh' - - ning wind. Oh!

Colla voce.

pp

merrily glides my bon - nie barque, Over the dancing tide, And swiftly she flies from her

Cres.

foaming track, As her prow spurns the waters a - - side, aside, As her prow spurns the waters a-

f *p*

side.

For.

II.

Oh! what pleasure I have with thee,
O'er the gladsome water to roam!
My spirit expands with a joyous glee,
And exults o'er its ocean home.
But the feelings and thoughts that converse keep,
With my soul, can never be told;
Then speed we home, my gallant barque!
Speed home o'er the raging main!
There are anxious ears that to storms still hark,
And eyes that now weep in vain.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES: OR, SCENES IN A METROPOLIS. By JOSEPH C. NEAL. *One Volume, with Illustrations, by* D. C. JOHNSON. Carey and Hart.

It is with feelings of much satisfaction that we present to our readers a notice of the most ORIGINAL work of the day. It is a pocket cyclopedia of honest, sensible fun, extracted, with Cervantic skill, from the most unpromising subjects; indeed, Mr. Neal exhibits a large portion of the talent of the author of don Quixote in developing the adventures of a *vagabond night*. Were we to say *all* that we opine respecting the merits of the volume before us, we should be suspected of dealing largely in wholesale puffery; but we intend to make our readers of the same favorable opinion before we arrive at the end of our remarks. In the first place, we congratulate Mr. Neal upon the perfect originality of his design and execution; he has introduced us to some dozen of new acquaintances of rare mark and worth; fellows who speak epigrams in prose, and know it not—who snarl satire of the keenest edge, and mutter aphorisms of philosophy and apothegms of morality in the choicest Doric used by our modern Athenians. The humors and erratic wanderings of the son of Gargantua and his band of eccentrics, were not depicted in more quaint phraseology—free from the remotest taint of vulgarity, but rich in fanciful and ludicrous conceits. If Mr. Neal picked up the idea of this exquisite drollery in the quiet quadrangles of our quaker city, then "wisdom crieth out in our streets, and none regardeth her," except the fortunate concocter of this most marvellous book.

"Charcoal Sketches," we believe, is the first specimen of Mr. Neal's literary talents in book shape; he has long been celebrated as a contributor to some of our principal periodicals, and has won golden opinions in the exercise of his editorial duties; we are therefore glad to receive his "Sketches" in their present agreeable form, and cordially recommend them to the immediate perusal of our readers. Selections from the "Scenes in a Metropolis" have already appeared in print; and the avidity with which they were copied into every paper in every state, evidences the appreciation of the public, and foretells the popularity of the book before us. We perceive that the published portion has undergone material revision, fresh "Scenes" have been added, and large accessions made to the characteristic developments.

We are at a loss where to mark our quotations—whether to give entire the history of one of the heroes, or to set down a parcel of varieties at random. Here is a passage of infinite whim:—

It was past the noon of night, and the greater part of those who had beds to go to, had retired to rest. Light after light had ceased to flash from the windows, and every house was in darkness, save where a faintly burning candle in the attic told that Sambo or Dinah had just finished labor, and was about enjoying the sweets of repose, or where a fitful flashing through the fan light of an entry door hinted at the fact that young Hopeful was still abroad at his revels. It seemed that the whole city and liberties were in bed, and the active imagination of the solitary stroller through the streets could not avoid painting the scene. He figured to himself the two hundred thousand human creatures who dwell within those precincts, lying prone upon their couches—couches varied as their fortunes, and in attitudes more varied than either—some, who are careless of making a figure in the world, with their knees drawn up to their chins; the haughty and ostentatious stretched out to their full extent; the ambitious, the sleeping would-be Cæsars, spread abroad like the eagle on a sign, or a chicken split for the gridiron, each hand and each foot reaching toward a different point of the compass; the timid rolled up into little balls, with their noses just peeping from under the clothes; and the valiant with clenched fists and bosoms bare—for character manifests itself by outward signs, both in our sleeping and in our waking moments; and if the imagination of the speculative watcher has ears as well as eyes, the varied music which proceeds from these two hundred thousand somnolent bodies will vibrate upon his tympanum—the dulcet flute-like snoring which melodiously exhales from the Phidian nose of the sleeping beauty; the querulous whining of the nervous papa; the warlike startling snort of mature manhood, ringing like a trumpet call, and rattling the window glass with vigorous fury; the whistling, squeaking, and grunting of the eccentric; and, in fine, all the diversified sounds with which our race choose to accompany their sacrifices to Morpheus.

"Undeveloped Genius" is well depicted.

"How is it," said he—"how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over, for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholics all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy,

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to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebeians and worse than Russian scurfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathization and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in its trousers."

Listen to a loafer's soliloquy, while rubbing the head of a "whole-souled fellow" who had been *spilled* from a sleigh.

"It's man's natur', I believe, and we can't help it no how. As fur me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat; pigs don't have to speckilate and bust—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they a'n't got no wote. And then they hav'n't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig, belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig a settin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Dout, thoughtfully, and pulling Tippleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge-joint—"it's true that pigs has their troubles like humans—constables catches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never see a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries. I'm thinkin' Mr. Tipps is defunct; he sleeps as sound as if it was time to get up to breakfast."

The following contains some severe hits at various theatrical matters.

"There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description, (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short in statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lowerer the hactor, and in the other case, *wissey wersey*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs. There's brilliancy about crooked legs; the monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders, and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectators see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school. But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the bagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across, with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the mark of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature, and sleeping with the windows open, have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

The difference between courtship and matrimony was never more forcibly explained:—

"What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a-courting. Now, courting's fun enough—I hav'n't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as nugey or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you."

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus: I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus."

"'Nan?" queried Montezuma—"what's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun?—why a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense for other

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people? And then, as for doing what you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovey,' like it was in courting times, it's a riglar row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoes; children and table-cloths bad off for soap—always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended. If it wasn't that I'm partickelarly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittels to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles is overpowering when I come to add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours a'n't my own—my money a'n't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that I must bust up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you."

Johnson, of Boston, has contributed some capital and humorous illustrations to Mr. Neal's pages; and the volume is well printed on good paper and neatly bound.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY LOCKHART. *Volume Fifth.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

This excellent Biography draws to a close. This last volume is of a more interesting nature than even its much praised predecessors; the amiability of Scott's character is beautifully developed in his behaviour under the heavy afflictions he was doomed to suffer in the very zenith of his fame. The nature of his private diary, which is copiously quoted in this volume, exhibits his kindly feelings to all around him, and the potency of his scribbling *cacoethes*, which compelled him, when suffering under excessive irritation, grief, and poverty, to nightly pen a page or two of matter which he never anticipated would have met publicity. In some places, he declares his inability to complete the daily task he had assigned himself in the progress of his novel, and seeks relaxation not in a walk or a ride, but in writing a couple of hundred lines in his diary.

Lockhart has met with blame from certain critics who fancy that causticity exhibits wit, and censure evinces independence; they have bespattered him for the publication of some of the letters which mention matters and opinions that do not show Scott in that state of angelic superiority which these little minds imagine their favorite ought to retain. Lockhart's veneration for the character of his father-in-law is beyond dispute; and in his excellent work, he exhibits the man in all his various aspects, satisfied that Scott can afford to bear "many a million" of the dreaded blemishes, and yet not receive a visible taint. Lockhart's conduct is honest—the reverse would have been injurious. He undertook to write Scott's "Life," not to frame his Apotheosis.

THE FELLOW COMMONER; OR, REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

This book is a perfect magazine of marvels: hair raising wonders crowd every chapter—and if we could believe that but a tythe part of the escapes were true, we might boldly announce the resuscitation of the age of miracles. The mind of the author must be prolifically stored with every possible variety of exciting situations, surprising feats, astonishing adventures, and wonderful interpositions of luck. The hero commits more sins than would furnish every criminal court in Christianity with causes for prosecution; and achieves more "remarkable escapes" than would immortalize a regiment of brigands, or furnish material for a theatre full of melo-drame manufacturers. He prospers in his predestination, and gives a sum of money, the part-proceeds of his guilty career, "to build three churches in the neighborhood of London." He cants religion throughout his sinful life, and is rewarded with the hand of his love, and an autumnal life of wealth and ease. Despite its defective moral and succession of impossibilities, we have no doubt but that "The Fellow Commoner" will be popular—his "Escapes" are narrated in a lively and entertaining strain, and the generality of novel swallowers will like the originality of the adventures and the excitement connected with his lawless course. We must again protest against the enormity of exhibiting an *ad captandum* title when it has no reference to the nature of the work. A fellow commoner is a term of collegiate distinction, and is here applied, we know not why, to a street pickpocket—there is neither wit nor fitness in the application. The "predestinated rogue" is a supralapsarian in religious matters, one "foredoomed to acts of roguery and sin." The incessant use of inapplicable and stale quotations, is another grievous error wherein the author of the Fellow Commoner chooses to indulge. This habit is becoming general with the junior scribes of the day; they ought to be aware that experienced readers, and the class is wonderfully extensive, consider the above practice as a certain proof of inanity in the author, and an insult to the common sense of the public.

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THE BIVOUAC; OR, STORIES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. By the Author of Wild Sports of the West, Stories of Waterloo, &c. Carey and Hart.

Mr. Maxwell, who, we believe, is the author of the above works, is a writer of extraordinary power, and possesses the grateful quality of winning the undivided attention of his readers. His serious pages are of sufficient interest, and his humorous scenes are joyous, witty, and characteristic. He describes with graphic skill, and his actors possess an individuality of appearance which renders them distinct and conspicuous amid the spirit stirring scenes that he delights to portray. A more agreeable book than "The Bivouac" we have not perused for many a day; its details of the Peninsular war are full of excitement, and the "Stories" of the various military heroes are capital specimens of the experiences of "men of the world." Two of the chapters now embodied in the Bivouac appeared several months ago in the pages of our magazine—"The History of the Guerilla War," and the "New Medicine."

We append a short extract, describing the appearance of a young Irish hero in the Dublin watch-house; he had been arrested, with his friends, on a charge of riot and drunkenness, and had sent for his tailor "to go bail."

I reached the place, and thinking it prudent to reconnoitre before I made my *entrée*, I peeped slily over the hatch. There was Hector, with sundry other malefactors, in "durance vile." By a stranger my cousin might have been readily mistaken for the commander of the garrison, he appeared so perfectly at home, and exercised such absolute authority. The constable of the night and Roderick's heir presumptive were seated in close conclave in a corner, and from their position being contiguous to the door, I could overhear the whole colloquy. Dogberry was remonstrating.

"Arrah, Hecthur astore. Arrah, now it's too bad—the third night this week. Have ye no conscience, man, in tattering that unfortunate tailor out of bed. Upon my sowl, he has a cough that would scar ye. He's a wakely divil; and as his wife said the last night, if ye'll drag him out of his warm bed, ye'll have his life to answer for."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the prisoner. "He charges for all in the account. I never knock him up for bail but he lays it thick upon the next order. Send for him, Brady; get in as much porter and whiskey as will make all drunk, and we'll sit down comfortably at the fire."

"Make way for Mr. O'Dogherty," roared divers of the body-guard. "Get up, you in the corner there. Arrah! get out of the way; the gentleman's a regular customer, and we don't see you above twice in the twelvemonth." The seat of honor was directly vacated by the minor delinquent, and my excellent kinsman ceremoniously inducted thereunto.

The following stirring description must prove acceptable to our readers. It is a capital account of

THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

Twilight came, the sun set gloriously, and many a hundred eyes looked their last upon him that evening. Soon after eight the regiments were under arms, and the roll of each called over in an under voice. A death like silence prevailed—the division (the light) formed behind the quarry in front of Santa Maria, and after a pause of half an hour, the forlorn hope passed quietly along, supported by a storming party, consisting of three hundred volunteers. I was attached to the former. We moved silently—not a man coughed or whispered—and in three minutes afterwards the division followed.

At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten—a rocket rose from the town, and some dozen blue-lights and fire balls were flung from the parapets, and threw a lurid glare on the ground in front of the ramparts. Gradually the light died away—a deeper gloom succeeded—"Forward!" was only whispered—the most perfect silence reigned around, and except the softened foot-fall of the storming parties as they struck the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense—a horrible stillness—darkness—a compression of the breathing—the dull and ill-defined outline of the town—the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points—the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn hope in ruin, or make it the beacon-light to victory—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when wild success should crown our daring, or hope and life should end together.

On we went; one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it The light division moved forward rapidly, closing up in columns at quarter distance. We reached the ditch—the ladders were lowered—on rushed the forlorn hope—on went the storming party. The division was now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled—a mine was fired—an explosion—an infernal hissing from lighted fusees succeeded—and, like the raising of a curtain on the stage in the hellish glare, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, the English storming parties descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour was noontide.

A tremendous fire from the guns of the place, which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion; but undauntedly the storming party cheered, and bravely the French answered it. A murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the withering fire of musketry from the parapets—light artillery brought immediately to bear upon the breach—and the grape from every gun upon the works that could play upon the assailants or supporting columns, the British mounted. Hundreds were thrown back—and hundreds promptly succeeded them. Almost unharmed themselves, the French dealt death around; and secure within defences that even in daylight and to a force unopposed, would prove almost insurmountable, they ridiculed the mad attempt; and while they viewed from the parapets a thousand victims in the ditch, they called in derision to the broken columns, and invited them to come on.

I, though unwounded, was hurled from the breach, and fell into the lunette, where for a few minutes, I had some difficulty to escape suffocation. The guns of the bastions swept the place where I was lying, and the constant plash of grape upon the surface of the water was a sound any thing but agreeable. The cheers

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had ceased—the huzzas of the enemy at our repulse had died away—and from the ramparts they amused themselves with picking off any one they pleased. Fire-balls occasionally lighted up the ditch, and showed a mass of wretched men lying in the mud and water, mobbed together, unable to offend, and, poor wretches! at the mercy of the enemy, for retreat was impracticable. As the French continued hurling cart-wheels, planks, and portions of the masonry of the parapet, which our own battering guns had destroyed, it was pitiable to see the feeble efforts of the wounded, as they vainly strove to crawl from beneath the rampart, and avoid the murderous missiles that were momently showered down. Now and again, the gurgling noise of some one drowning close beside was heard in the interval of the firing; while the groaning of those from whom life was ebbing—the cursing of others in their agonies—joined to the demon laugh which was frequent from the breach above, gave the passing scene an infernal coloring that no time shall ever obliterate from the memory of him who witnessed it.

Although at dusk, when the English batteries ceased their fire, the breaches were sufficiently shattered to be practicable, during the three hours that intervened before the assault commenced, Philippon had exhausted his matchless ingenuity in rendering the entrance of a storming party by the ruined bastions utterly impossible. Harrows and planks, studded with spikes and bound firmly by iron chains, were suspended in front of the battered parapet like a curtain—a deep retrenchment cut off the breach from the interior, even had an enemy surmounted it—and a line of *chevaux de frise*, bristling with sword blades, protected the top. With these insurmountable obstacles before them, and death rained upon them from every side, even in handfulls the light and fourth divisions continued their desperate attempts; and many of the bravest, after struggling to the summit of the bastion, were shot down in their vain attempts to tear defences away, which no living man could clamber over.

While the sanguinary struggle was proceeding in the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria, the castle was escaladed on the right, and the bastion of San Vincente afterwards, by the fifth division on the opposite quarter of the town. After a fierce contest of an hour, the third division mounted by their ladders, and driving all before them at the bayonet's point, fairly carried the place by storm, and remained in possession of the castle. Nothing could surpass the daring gallantry of the escalade; and the heap of dead men, and broken ladders strewn next morning before the lofty walls, showed how vigorously the enemy had resisted it.

It is astonishing, even in the spring-tide of success, how the most trivial circumstances will damp the courage of the bravest, and check the most desperate in their career. The storming party of the fifth had escaladed a wall of thirty feet with wretched ladders—forced an uninjured palisade—descended a deep counter-scarp—and crossed the lunette behind it—and this was effected under a converging fire from the bastions, and a well sustained fusilade, while but a few of the assailants could force their way together, and form on the rampart when they got up. But the leading sections persevered until the brigade was completely lodged within the parapet; and now united, they were sweeping forward with the bayonet—the French were broken and dispersed—when, at this moment of brilliant success, a port-fire, which a retreating gunner had thrown upon the rampart was discovered. A vague alarm seized the leading files—they fancied some mischief was intended—and imagined the success, which their own desperate gallantry had achieved, was but a *ruse* of the enemy to lure them to destruction. "It is a mine—and they are springing it!" shouted a soldier. Instantly the leaders of the storming party turned. It was impossible for their officers to undeceive them. The French perceived the panic—rallied and pursued—and friends and foes came rushing back tumultuously upon a supporting regiment, (the 38th,) that was fortunately formed in reserve upon the ramparts. This momentary success of the besieged was dearly purchased—a volley was thrown closely in—a bayonet rush succeeded—and the French were scattered before the fresh assailants, never to form again. The fifth division poured in. Every thing gave way that opposed it. The cheering was heard above the fire—the bugles sounded an advance—the enemy became distracted and disheartened—and again the light and fourth divisions, or, alas! their skeletons, assisted by Hay's brigade, advanced to the breaches. Scarcely any opposition was made. They entered—and Badajoz was our own!

We have been favored by Mr. ORRIN ROGERS, of Philadelphia, with a copy of his edition of "THE PICKWICK PAPERS," with Illustrations copied from the London prints accompanying the veritable Boz edition. Of the pictures it must be "our hint to speak;" we have said so many says about the work that we dare not again venture to record our opinion. The Illustrations are numerous, nearly sixty in number, and generally well designed; it is a difficult thing to give any thing like a fitting pictorial accompaniment to Mr. Dickens' graphic sketches—to catch the intensity of his fun, and at the same time the chasteness of his indomitable whim. In many instances, the designer of these plates has remarkably well succeeded: the *figure of the* senior Weller is a masterpiece, and the scene of Pickwick in the Pound cannot be surpassed in comic effect. The Opening of the Boarding School Door is a capital hit, and the curious scene of Pickwick's Mistake in the double-bedded Room is humorously illustrated by two very excellent plates.

THE ART OF DINING; AND THE ART OF ATTAINING HIGH HEALTH, WITH A FEW HINTS ON SUPPERS. By THOMAS WALKER, ESQ. Carey and Hart.

A pleasant and well-written little book, containing the essence of "THE ORIGINAL," a collection of essays of singular worth and repute, written by a London magistrate, and published by him in periodical numbers. It is to be lamented that the celebrated Kitchener, who was the son of a magistrate, departed from this scene of mundane enjoyment before he had an opportunity of perusing the peptic peelings of Walker's experience; the quiet moral tone of the precepts laid down by the magistrate, would have afforded a *new theme* for the physician to expatiate on. But Mr. Walker, as soon as he had finished his "directions as to attaining High Health," followed Kitchener to that place "not where he eats, but where he is eaten," from which all his experience in "Living" could not prevent his doom.

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THE WORKS OF LADY BLESSINGTON, complete in *Two Volumes.*

Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, seem determined to give the reading public a standard library of popular authors in extra large octavo size. Lady Blessington is the fourth writer of the present day whose works have been published by the above firm in editions of a couple of good sized volumes of excellent appearance and completion. "The Two Friends," a novel of untiring interest—"The Repealers," a national work of deserved popularity—"The Confessions of the Elderly Lady and the Elderly Gentleman," we have elsewhere noticed with favorable intent—"The Conversations with Lord Byron," the most characteristic and interesting of all the Byronian pendants—"The Victims of Society," with its awful disclosures and severe denouncings—the shorter tales of "The Honey Moon," "Galerie, or the Deserted Village,"—the "Flowers of Loveliness," and the whole of the contents of the poetical "Gems of Beauty" for the years 1837 and 1838—all these works are included in the two volumes announced by the Philadelphia publishers, and are to be obtained for about half the price asked in England for *one* of her ladyship's productions.

WOOD LEIGHTON; OR, A YEAR IN THE COUNTRY. By MARY HOWITT. *Three Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

In the early days of the European Quarterly Reviews, the excellent work, above titled, would undoubtedly have felt the deep damnation of the critic's ban. The senseless cry of "cockney carols," and the supposed ridicule attached to the "Lake School," were indiscriminately applied to the effusions of the poetasters of the day; many a bardling was stifled in his birth, and the present melancholy hiatus in the department of poesy may be attributed to the undue severity of the snarlers who formerly presided over the pages of the Reviews. Even warm-hearted Christopher North ran a muck at the rural fledglings of Apollo, and ridiculed the chirpings of the metropolitan rhymesters, who scrambled forth from their smoky dens, on a fine spring morning, and sang the praises of nature's God in the browny-green fields, vicinal to the hugeous town; yet the old boy, in the centre of the dingy streets of "auld reekie," perpetrated whole sheets of poetic prose in praise of "Streams," and gave us the experiences of "Christopher in his Shooting Jacket," a series of the finest gems that ever graced the cabinet of Ebony.

It has too long been the fashion for the witling Aristarchs of the day to descry the pastoral and sun-shiny-side of-the-way writers of the age—the misanthropy of Byron and *nébulosité* of Shelley have clouded the wells of the Heliconian fount; the weeds of humanity have attained a meretricious rankness, and stain the bright waters with their unwholesome juice. Let us then cordially welcome the exertions of the sylvan laborers who are endeavoring to restore the taste of the fountain to the bright simplicity of by-gone days. Miss Mitford gave up her "Village" to our use, and a knowledge of its virtue imbued us with unmixed delight. Elliott, the corn-law rhymer, has sown the good seed, and Miller, the basket maker, strings his withes in harmonious blending. The quakers are displaying the potency of their literary aid, and Bernard and Lucy Barton, and Richard and Mary Howitt, in mellifluous prose and verses, honey-sweet, "babble o' green fields," and

> In contemplation of created things,
> By steps ascend to God.

The Howitts are our especial favorites. But few of their productions are as yet very general in America, but we trust the time is not far distant when an edition of their works will be deemed saleable, and therefore be executed by our booksellers. "Wood Leighton" is full of Mary Howitt's peculiar beauties of description; woodland scenery and country life were never more accurately or more delightfully painted. The sylvan wonders of old England are charmingly described, and events of powerful interest and characters of strange but natural formation, give life to the beauty of the scenes. Junius, the celebrated political writer, figures in one of the tales under the name of Marcus. The mystery attendant on this personage is very agreeably but not satisfactorily explained.

We cannot give a better specimen of Mary Howitt's powers of description, than the following account of the eccentric beggars and respectable vagrants, who are said to haunt the neighborhood of a provincial city in England.

One day, when Mr. Pope was at the Vicarage, we were talking of beggars; we were remarking that even in so retired a place as Wood Leighton, where old usage seemed of such universal acceptance, the race of picturesque, nay, *respectable* beggars, if one may be allowed a phrase which in these days of vagrant-laws appears somewhat incongruous, seemed extinct. There were no longer, even here, any remains of that privileged race of mendicants, common in the beginning even of the present century, who, having a fixed residence in some town or village, under a roofless hovel, or tumble down shed perhaps, which nobody else thought worth owning, wandered up and down the country in all seasons, welcome and authorized visiters, carrying news from one retired district to another, and claiming, year after year, the same cast-off article of wearing apparel from the same family, which was never refused, and by which means they always retained the same uniform characteristic appearance. They had an ancient family-look about them; and, when death at length put an end to their wandering, they were missed from their accustomed haunts in many ways, and

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were long talked of and remembered with regret. Such objects as these are excellent adjuncts to a landscape, beautiful in their picturesqueness as an ancient and shattered oak or an ivy-clothed ruin.

We had known Tam Hogg, the pilgrim wire-worker, who wheeled in an immense barrow, at a snail's pace, his portable forge, his manufactured goods, and his raw material, from town to town, throughout the length and breadth of merry England. We had stood beside him as children, marvelling much at the wise old man, grave and sarcastic, who read much, talked little, kept a tame hedgehog in his barrow, never slept in a house, and who, chained to his moveable workshop, then closed, stood reading his Bible during the whole Sabbath; and, lastly, who made verses, and curious witty acrostics and anagrams on people's names, and epitaphs on the dead, some of which, in his own handwriting, we still possess.

We had known Betsy Bolsover, the travelling pedlaress, who came once a year to the home of our childhood, a welcome guest, in her long blue cloak and man's hat; a big bony woman, of near six feet high. She carried a flat basket divided into compartments, containing thread tied in hanks, white and whitey-brown; combs and buttons; bodkins and bodkin cases, turned both in bone and wood: she sold ferreting for shoe-strings, and smart-colored worsted garters; pins and Whitechapel needles, warranted with gold eyes and not to cut the thread; Whitechapel sharps, which, as she averred, would sew of themselves: then, too, she had bobbin flat and round, and tapes fine and coarse, all good linen-thread tapes. But of all Betty's wares, none equalled, in my childish fancy, the beauty of those tin tea caddies, some vermilion, on which golden shells laid among bronze seaweed, were figured; some yellow, round about which went a march of peacocks shining in red and purple and green; and some black, on which were set forth united hearts, united hands, Cupids with torches and Cupids without, a very valentine of a tea-caddy, bordered round with intertwined wedding-rings, and on the front this legend in golden letters,

When two in hymen's bonds agree
To live a life of amity,
Let me be chose their tea to keep,
My lock is good, my price is cheap.

Besides these, had she not boxes of horn, and boxes of tin; boxes japanned, and adorned with cross pipes on the top for tobacco, and others of an approved fashion for snuff! and had she not shoeing-horns, and, wooden spoons, and cabbage-nets, and skewers, and bottle-brushes, and bone-spoons; and spoons tied up half a dozen together in brown paper, with a pattern-spoon on the outside, which she never displayed without rubbing on the inside of her cloak to make it look like silver? Had she not little tin cans at the low price of twopence—such things are sold now-a-days for a penny—painted and unpainted, and adorned with red and green and black flowers, or lettered, "A present for my dear boy," or "For a good girl," or "A present for Sarah," or simply with the name "Hannah," "James"? Had she not all these, and many things beside; knives, and scissors, and nut-crackers—round wooden nut-crackers that worked with a screw, and which, in my childish imagination, bore some relationship to the wine-presses of which we read in Scripture! and had she not apple-scoops made out of mutton shank-bones, fearful things which always looked yellow and charnel-house-like? What a treasury of a thousand things was that basket! How in the world she could stow them all away into it, was more than I could comprehend: she was a walking Store, according to the American word.

But big Betty was welcomed for something beside the multifarious contents of her basket. Hard-featured, weather-beaten woman as she was, what could equal the kindliness of her eye, the bland, winning tones of her voice! Then, too, there was something mysterious about her: she wore a broad silver hoop-ring as a charm against the ague; carried double, triple, and even quadruple nuts in her pocket; and tested the goodness of all the silver money she took by scoring it on a large cabalistical-looking black stone. She had silver pennies, and always many of those heavy, ungainly coin, copper two-penny-pieces, about her; and her money she carried in a skin purse. Oh, she was an awful woman, though she spoke sweetly and looked kindly! Then what could be more thrillingly delicious than the narrative she was always ready to tell of an adventure which befel her once upon a time. How she had been belated one November night, and took shelter from the storm which came on, in a deserted, way-side house, thinking to take up her quarters there, since none better were at hand; and how, a little past midnight, her first sleep was broken by thieves coming in; and how, unconscious of her presence, they had talked over their intended next night's attack on the squire's house; how they had talked of fearful things, and she scarce dared to breathe lest they should find her and murder her; how they had at last all gone to sleep in the place, and she, at day-break, on tip-toe, had stolen out unperceived, and made the best of her way to the squire's; how the squire had set his house in order to receive the robbers; how they had come at midnight and cut away a casement to effect their entrance, and then stealing on, with a dark lantern, along dismal, dark passages to the butler's pantry, had secured the plate which was laid out for them, and then proceeded to the housekeeper's room, where the squire and seven servants, and Betty Bolsover herself, armed with weapons offensive and defensive, stood ready to receive them; and then how the thieves, finding themselves fairly taken, fell upon their knees and prayed for mercy, but were conveyed the next morning to the county jail: how she had appeared on the trial as evidence; had been complimented by the lord judge; and had heard sentence pronounced on the thieves—transportation for life to Botany Bay; and, lastly, how the squire had settled forty shillings by the year on her for life.

What a tale of breathless interest and wonder was this to be told to a child! Never shall I forget Betty Bolsover! I love all wandering pedlars, with their flat baskets, for her sake!

There was Tony Collett, the wandering cork cutter; a fine figure of a man was he, tall and straight, setting down his feet as if he had been web-footed, without a joint below the knee. Tony spoke in nasal tones, and used a Somersetshire dialect; still he was a well-grown figure of a man; his costume too of an ample, antique cut, such as William Penn, or any of the old Quaker worthies, might have put on, beaver and all.

Then there was old Henry Hiller, or Healer, as he chose to call himself, as being indicative of his profession.

"Henry was a son of Galen," continued Mr. Pope, "a peripatetic philosopher, who read no works inferior to Aristotle, Pedacius Dioscorides, Paulus Ægineta, Serapion the younger, Albucasis or Averrhoes the Arabian. He was what is vulgarly called a quack doctor, but to my knowledge performed more cures with his vervain ointment, and clary or clear-eye, his elecampane and assarabacca, than half a college of M. D's. A great nostrum with him for the stanching of blood was pounded nettles; and a pretty instance of its virtue I saw in

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the case of old Simeon Davis, who cut his tongue and was bleeding to death: Henry came by and saw him; when what does the old fellow but cut up some nettles, pound them between two stones, clap on a poultice and the blood stanched presently!"

"But," said I, "none of these people belong to the class we set out by speaking of—the genuine beggars, who carried nothing to sell, professed no art or calling, but gave the passing news of the country, or a hearty benediction, in return for the alms they received."

"Of this class was Peter Clare," said Elizabeth Somers, "a well known mendicant, who claimed kindred with all the best families in the country as a plea for asking their charity! He was a wonderfully fine old man; nor would his face and head have belied his claim, however high he might have aspired to kinship. There was not a genealogy in the county but he had it by heart, and pretended to be allied to all families alike."

"There was doctor Green," said Charles Harwood, "that mad beggar; who, till within the last few years, used to make his periodical incursion on the town—a little, thin, electrical sort of being that sent off everybody at a tangent; he cleared the streets like a troop of cavalry; people used to look at him from their windows or behind doors; I remember, very well, my own terror at his small, fiery red eyes. And even now, there's poor Tommy Garland, a sylvan, savage creature; a Caliban; who appears in the town every now and then, drawing a troop of women and children about him—the very reverse of doctor Green."

"We have an Alsatia too in the town, the seventh heaven of beggars; a lane eschewed by the townspeople, but which I perambulate occasionally for my own divertisement. In it you shall see, on one time, all the ills that flesh is heir to; as many maimed and miserable as peopled the mountain of misery itself; then, again, you shall see the lame walking, the blind seeing, and hear the dumb singing aloud. I have a most vivid notion of what would be the effect of a visit from one of these healing saints in the days of miracles, from witnessing this renovation of human bodies.

"It is inhabited by a sort of circulating population; all the rag-gatherers, the match-makers, the mop and besom makers, the chair and umbrella menders, the fashioners of iron skewers, the wandering tinkers, musicians, and ballad singers of the next five counties. There you may see some rare specimens of the animal creation: grotesque and squalid old crones, banditti-like men, boys the very images of Flibbertigibbet or of rib-nosed monkeys, brown, shaggy imps, the personification of mischief and grimace: dogs, too, of every possible kind and degree of ugliness, felonious-looking quadrupeds that seem made to be hanged; others, one-eyed, snarling, and with turned up noses; some, lank and gaunt, like skelcton dogs, who sit on their haunches shivering even in summer; and some, overgrown and apoplectic, waddling, with short fat tails and shorter legs: and their asses too! sometimes stabled in the lower rooms of uninhabited houses, sometimes tied to the door-post, at others to a stake on the opposite side of the lane, for the houses are but on one side; strange, nondescript animals, many of them with cropped ears and tails to personate horses."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Somers, raising himself in his large leather-covered reading-chair, "one of the last of the old-fashioned and more respectable class of mendicants was Daniel Neale, the Irish beggar, who died near a hundred years old, and who lived, when at home, with his mother, a very ancient woman, in the Pinder's Lane. Why he and his mother had fixed their residence there, for they were Irish and Roman Catholics, nobody knew; and there was no reason why they should know, for why an old Irish beggar should not have a spice of mystery about him, and possess a secret of his own, as well as anybody else, I can see no reason. Old Daniel was exactly of my way of thinking; and so, if he had a secret, or a particular reason for fixing his abode, he kept them to himself. One thing was evident enough—he was very fond of the old woman. Whilst she lived, he maintained her by the fruits of his rambles; and, at her death, he performed the wake for her with great ceremony, and many a time, in the darkest and most tempestuous nights, to the amazement of the neighbors, would be heard howling and lamenting at her grave."

DIARY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH; interspersed with ORIGINAL LETTERS, from the late QUEEN CAROLINE, and from various other distinguished Persons. *Two Volumes.*

In the last numbers of Frazer's (English) Magazine, a series of articles entitled "The Yellow Plush Correspondence," has attracted general attention. The success of the many fashionable novels and the vulgar misrepresentations of the various scribblers who pretend to depict the peculiarities of the *elite*, are supposed to have excited a "littery man," a member of the yellow-plush breeches fraternity, to "putt penn to payper, not for the looker of gayn"—to use the author's own words—"but in the saycred caws of the exolted class which we have the honor to serve, which has been crooly misreparysented. Authors have profist to describe what they never see. Pepple in Russle Square, and that vulgar naybrood, bankers, slissitors, merchints' wives, and indeed snobs in general, are in their ideer of *our* manners and customs, misguided, delooded, HUMBUGGED —for I can find no more ellygant expression—by the accounts which they receive of us from them authors."

We are inclined to believe that this "littery gentleman" or one of his kind, is the perpetrator of the "Diary" announced above. A more impudent or ignorant imposture has seldom been attempted—it is either the work of some domestic, who has supplied from the pruriency of her or his imagination the deficient matter in the scandal of the anticchamber, or it is the production of some cast-off courtezan, who, emulating the example the notorious Harriette Wilson, but without her tact or talent, has repeated the conversations of the supper table, and given the public a second-hand and garbled edition of the sentiments of the creatures of her "times," upon matters which all decent people have agreed to refrain from using as topics of discourse.

Several of the London papers have given, as a popular surmise, the authorship of these precious volumes to Lady Charlotte Bury; a more outrageous insult could scarcely have been designed. Her friends have publicly disavowed her connexion with the "Diary" aforesaid; an act of supererogation, for no reader dared imagine that the accomplished lady *could* frame the bestial nonsense contained in the pages of this work.

The most revolting portions of the latter part of the Georgian era are canvassed with a freedom which is

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now uncalled for; the improprieties of queen Charlotte have been established beyond a doubt; the mad profligacy of the Regent, which continued till age sobered its violence, and the drunken and lascivious prince changed into an obese and sensual king, is scarcely an excuse. We know that he liked not the reflection of his own habits in the public infamy of his wife; and George the Fourth, surrounded by titled prostitutes, prosecuted the mother of his child for an amour with an Italian courier. The horrible nature of the crimes imputed to the duke of Cumberland—the incestuous parentage of captain Garth—the reputed cause of the death of the young princess Augusta—the unexplained stain upon the character of the princess Elizabeth, and the shameful expenditure of the public money in the support of the crowds of royal bastards and their profligate mothers, have stamped that portion of the annals of the British crown with an indelible brand of infamy and sin—more than sufficient to account for the madness of the warm-hearted George the Third, without recurring to hereditary disease. We care not for the welfare of any work professing to rake up the particulars of any of these events—events unfit for public discussion, and blotches upon the page of history; but when a grossness of execution is blended with a foulness of material, it becomes the critic's duty to denounce the dangerous attempt.

The authorship of these volumes will most likely remain a secret. They are undoubtedly the product of a female, although the masculine person is used by the writer. The editor of the papers and letters contained in the "Diary," has appended a variety of notes, containing as large a portion of Sir-Oracle wisdom as we remember to have met with; his dictatorial inanity and egotism are amusing.

WALSINGHAM; OR, THE GAMESTER. BY CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R. N. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Captain Chamier has written several novels, of marine propriety, with much success and some considerable skill. He had better go to sea again, for he is abroad on land, and his craft thumps and bumps about as wofully as a stranded barque on a lee shore. There is nothing very new in his details of the gambler's life; and the characters of the novel are neither original nor well drawn, excepting the sailor valet, and there is nothing very tigerish in his deportment. The scenes of "*les trois jours*" are good as far as they go, but the captain has not sufficient vivacity in his style to give effect to the description either of a Parisian *salon* or a revolutionary *émeute*. There is no doubt but that the disgraceful exposure of Lord de Roos, an English peer, who, about a year since, was convicted of foul play in his gambling transactions, furnished the idea of "getting up" a novel upon the subject of gaming—but it is a worn-out subject, and the execution bears evident marks of haste and incompletion. There is some novelty in the following arrangement of communication between gamblers, confederates, and we present it to our readers with its explanation, hoping that it may put them upon their guard, in their dealings with unknown men. The calculations and references apply to the game of Ecarté—a piece of information which the author has unaccountably forgotten to furnish his readers with.

	Animal.	Vegetable.	Mineral.	Man.	Woman.	Child.
Animal.	King.	Queen.	Knave.	Ace.	Ten.	Nine.
Vegetable.	King and one trump.	King and two trumps.	King and three trumps.	King and four trumps.	Eight of trumps.	Seven of trumps.
Mineral.	Queen and one trump.	Queen and two trumps.	Queen and three trumps.	Queen and four trumps.	No trump whatever.	No court card whatever.
Man.	Knave and one trump.	Knave and two trumps.	Knave and three trumps.	Knave and four trumps.	King and queen of trumps.	King and knave of trumps.
Woman.	King and ace of trumps.	Queen and knave of trumps.	Queen and ace of trumps.	Knave and ace of trumps.	Ace and one trump.	Ace and two trumps.
Child.	Ace and three trumps.	Ace and four trumps.	Propose.	Don't give cards.	Don't propose.	Play trumps.

"I think—Ah, Rosendal, you are come to the moment! Here is my new plan; it must succeed. Now listen, and remember, the first-named thing or being denotes the horizontal line in which the answer is to be found; the second, the perpendicular lines. Thus, supposing you want to inform me 'not to give cards,' you, after betting a five-franc piece against me, would of course look over my opponent's cards and then turn to a person who is known strictly *honorable*—never mind the term, my worthy German; honor and dishonor are merely words, and all we require is honor amongst *ourselves*, we need not use the general monosyllable. You would in low accents, just sufficient to reach my ears whilst I am pondering what to do, and my adversary is 'proposing,' relate that 'a beautiful child was nearly killed by a man, who drove his cab over it, or against it.' Here you see, my worthy German, that the child marks the lower line, and that the man marks the fourth perpendicular space; and there you find, 'Do not give cards.' By your silence I should infer that I was to give cards.—Stop; I know what you are going to say, Rosendal, just as well as if you uttered it;—you were going to remark, that the eternal talking would not do amongst people of our avocation; it is only fools we must find, or innocent old gabies, who play in public rooms—there you may chatter. Now, I propose to try this plan upon my bosom friend Douglass: he has just got a brother-in-law over, who is one of those strict, honorable, upright men, who like conversation, and who are so blind as to the dishonesty of the world, that they do not believe in pickpockets, and think a new coat cannot conceal a doubtful person. We must learn the table by heart, and practise it to-morrow at Madame la Rose's: she has always one or two old fools who

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weary out life in playing for francs. But mind, the paper must be destroyed: like free-masons, we must not commit any thing to writing. I dare say we have both learned more unprofitable lessons, and harder to be remembered, at school.—Now, let us practise. 'That is a beautiful *emerald*, count: I wonder you do not give it to your *wife*!'"

"No trump whatever," answered the count.

"All right, my dear count: you see how easy it is to turn words into gold. Again: 'My *horse* has thrown my *groom*.'"

"The ace."

"Good, my worthy pupil, good!—never did man instruct a more willing scholar. You know the principle; the effort of memory is nothing."

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD; INCLUDING AN EMBASSY TO MUSCAT AND SIAM, IN 1835, 1836, AND 1837. By W S W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D. &c. &c., AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC." Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

This national work deserves a more extended notice than we can afford to spare—notwithstanding we have increased the number of pages devoted to the Reviews, in accordance with the expressed wishes of many of our friends. Dr. Ruschenberger's "Voyage round the World," contains an extensive variety of information respecting the customs and manners of some of the portions of the globe, with which the general reader is imperfectly acquainted. His narrations are given with an agreeable distinctness, interspersed with much pleasant vivacity of remark; he has avoided the general error of travellers, who assume their own conclusions from foreign evidences imperfectly witnessed or partially understood; he has not indulged in the vulgar use of technicalities, for the purpose of exhibiting a superficial knowledge in matters uninteresting to his readers. Good sense and candor are his guiding stars—the Castor and Pollux of his navigation; he is proficient in plain sailing, although his log satisfies us that he never neglected making an observation; and we may confidently assert that he has completed his "Voyage" with credit to himself and honor to his country.

Our readers are doubtless aware of the success of the negociations of the embassy; we shall avoid noticing the matters of business, and select a few of the "graphic bits" interspersed through the work.

About four P. M. we were boarded by an Arab pilot in a crazy canoe, paddled by a negro slave, entirely naked, except a string about the waist. The Arab was rather more decently attired, wearing, in addition to the waistband, a large turban. He climbed the ship's side very agilely, and touching his breast with a finger, exclaimed, "Me Pilot," and delivered from a corner of his turban a paper box, which, though labelled "Lucifer Matches," contained several testimonials from English and American ship masters, stating that "Hassan Ben Sied was a safe pilot both in and out of the port." Without pausing to replace his turban, he stalked aft, and squatted upon the tafferel, in the attitude of a frog, where he remained chewing tobacco, and by gestures directing the course of the ship.

Wandering near the beach, to the northward of Metony, we found numbers of human bones, and even entire skeletons, exposed upon the surface of the ground. We were told, they belonged to persons who "did not pray" when alive. On the eastern side of the island, there is a spot where the dead bodies of slaves are carried and cast upon the sea shore, to become the prey of beasts and carrion birds.

At the end of the pavement, opposite to that at which we entered, was a sort of hut, covered with branches and thatch, beneath which sat a Bramhun devotee. Excepting a very small allowance of langotee, he was entirely naked. His hair, beard and face were matted and smeared with mud, and his body and limbs covered with dust. He appeared to be sixty years of age, and looked more the demon than the saint. His left arm was shrivelled and bent at the elbow, and on the outspread palm, which was turned upwards, rested an earthen pot, in which was growing a small plant. Around it were placed sticks; a wooden spoon to receive alms was secured across it, and a string of brass bells ornamented the bottom. The whole was attached to the hand by a cotton bandage. The devotee was sprightly. He has a pair of cunning dark eyes, and his face is free from that sullenness of expression, which, in general, distinguishes religious enthusiasts. He reports that he has held the flower pot, in the position above described, for twenty-five years; nor has he in that time, cut either his hair, his beard, or his nails. By the practice of such austerities he hopes to attain absorption into nature, the perfection of Hindoo beatitude, while he secures in this world the respect and homage of all who approach his temple. The finger nails were very long and twisted like rams' horns. I attempted to measure that of the thumb, but he would not allow me to touch it, but permitted a Bramhun to do so for me. It was ten inches and three quarters in length. I bestowed a piece of silver in the alms' spoon, for which he returned thanks, or perhaps invoked Shiva's blessing.

To attain a state of perfect apathy of the feelings and of the passions is the great aim of the Hindoo devotee. A gentleman told me, that one of these wretches, who was entirely naked in the street, was pointed out to him by a native triumphantly, as the most pious man in India; because, forsooth, he was so destitute of shame, that covering for his body was rejected; the earth was his bed, the sky his canopy, and the food he consumed was bestowed in charity—"But," inquired my informer, "suppose the charitable were to refuse to feed him, what would he then do?"

"That is supposing an impossibility, for no man would so far risk offending the gods as to refuse his mite to a Bramhun so truly pious."

A few yards farther on, was another devotee, smeared with mud, but of not more than thirty years of age. He was standing near a fire, resting one foot on a stone, and blowing a great conch-shell trumpet. His swelled cheeks, and red, starting eyes; his posture, the fire and the crowd standing near, dappled with the light of the flame, for it was now past sunset, and they were lighting up the temples; the almost deafening roar around us, added to a horrible stench, rendered the whole scene more like what one would imagine pandemonium to be, than a temple of worship. Every moment seemed to increase the crowd and the noise, and we quitted the orgies in feelings of deep disgust.

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But it has not been in her leading men alone, that Mexico has been unfortunate. Her custom-house officers are notoriously open to bribes. The duties are so exorbitant on foreign merchandise that no commerce paying them can thrive; and the officers of the customs, aware of this, very patriotically make such arrangements with supercargoes arriving in their ports as will secure a profit to the merchant, and something for the republic, as they emphatically style it, and no less for themselves. The naval and military officers are said to be no less discerning of their own interests at least. I have been assured that commanding officers of marine establishments are wont to sell the public stores in their charge to private vessels, and consider the proceeds as the perquisites of office. Officers of the army commanding posts have done no less. An English gentleman, who has been long in the country, engaged in mining, told me that, on one occasion, he purchased some powder for blasting, and, in a few minutes afterwards, met the commander of the place, with whom he was on intimate terms.

"Amigo," exclaimed the soldier, "sois mui ingrato en no dar a mi la preferencia."—"Friend, in not giving me the preference, you have been ungrateful."

"The preference in what?"

"In the powder."

"I did not know you had powder for sale."

"But I have though, in the arsenal, when a friend wants to buy; I would have sold to you at half price."

A governor of a place on this coast actually offered to sell, to the master of an American merchant ship, the brass guns of the fortress under his command.

A Second Edition of "YANKEE NOTIONS," noticed in our last, has been found necessary, and the publisher has liberally responded to the patronage of the public, by presenting them with several etchings, designed and engraved by Johnston, of Boston, illustrating some of the principal descriptions.

A pamphlet purporting to be a Brief Essay or Informal Lecture on Electro-Magnetism has been compiled by C. Griglietta, and may be obtained at the various booksellers. A large quantity of information is contained in its pages, and if we are to believe the proselytes of the new discovery, steam is to be superseded, and magnetism become the moving principle of the world. The following extract will be read with interest:—

It is an every day remark, that many machines work well on a small scale, that will not do so on a large one. If this be true of a mere machine, it is never true of the power that propels the machine. A machine and the power that moves it, should always be kept separate in the mind. Water will work on any desirable scale; so will steam; so will animals; and so, too, will magnets. A power will always work on any scale on which it can be procured. And unless we are limited in the number of magnets to be manufactured, we cannot be limited in the power that may be obtained from them.

Durability and simplicity of construction, always so desirable, and often absolutely necessary in machinery, is possessed by these machines in a degree far beyond that of the steam engine. The magnets, which are ninety per cent. of its cost, are not subject to any friction, and are, it may be almost said, indestructible, while the remaining ten per cent. of its cost may be kept in repair for a less sum than would suffice to supply a steam engine with oil. The wear and tear of line shafts is unnecessary; each lathe or spindle in a factory can be supplied with the exact amount of power it requires, independently of any other. Each workman when he has a job of work to do, can commence it *on the instant;* when he has finished it, he suspends his battery, and the machine is at rest, (always ready, however, *at the instant,* to commence again) and when not employed costing nothing. Such is not the case with the steam engine; many of them are now rusting and going to decay, because they have not constant employment, and to raise steam for short jobs would be too expensive.

Its safety is a paramount consideration. The benefit society derives from the steam engine, is daily marred by the most heart rending and appalling accidents and destruction of human life and happiness. It may be said, that this is in part owing to the culpability and negligence of those intrusted with its management, yet it is certain, that much is inseparable from the employment of this terrible power. How immense is the contrast in favor of electro-magnetism! Instead of depending on the sobriety and attention of a class of men generally intemperate, and almost always rendered so by the fatiguing and incessant labor which those employed upon steam engines are compelled to undergo, you behold in magnetism a type of that Heavenly Majesty which rules the Universe. How sublime a theme for contemplation! man, by the aid of science, compelling an omnipotent and invisible power to his service, and harnessing to his car (harmless and obedient) the power of Deity itself! Communicating to every thing connected with it a spirit of tranquillity and safety—performing all the work assigned it, in silent harmony—and to the delight and astonishment of every one that beholds it for the first time.

It is impossible by the utmost vigilance to prevent accidents by steam. It is not possible, by the greatest carelessness, to cause an accident by magnetism or the means that produce it.

There cannot be a doubt that the demand for fuel to supply our innumerable steam engines has caused much misery among our population, by the enormous price to which it has enhanced that indispensable necessary of life, and there is even danger, that the supply cannot be long continued adequate to the demand, notwithstanding our immense supplies. Whilst, independently of the every day discovered stores our country (so rich in every metallic production,) affords, the mines of Germany, of which zinc is a refuse, and where our staples are eagerly sought after, proffer us an exhaustless abundance, and at a cost too trivial to deserve serious notice.

The countrymen of Franklin will not refuse the meed of praise due to the man who has followed in the path of his philosophic daring, but cheerfully award to Davenport the pre-eminence due to genius, and witness with pride another among American worthies, enrolling his name in the pages of history, as a public benefactor—for his application and improvements in this wonderful and recently discovered *Power!*

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. MAY, 1838. No. 5.

JEHAN JAUREGUY.

1582.

An Incident touching the Death of the Prince of Orange during the Duke of Parma's Government of the Low Countries.

BY JOSEPH PRICE, NEW YORK.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

"I AM ruined and undone, father Temermans," exclaimed Gaspard Anastre, the Flemish merchant, as he burst into the room where the Jacobin monk Temermans was seated. "I tell you I am ruined beyond resource and redemption, and nothing now remains for me but to throw myself head foremost into the Scheldt."

"You! drown yourself!" repeated Antoine Antonine Temermans, with very commendable tranquillity, as he took hold of the tongs, arranged his fire, and then deliberately poured out a brimming bumper of Rheine wine. Then gazing at the sparkling and foaming liquid as he held it at the elevation of his lips, between his mouth and the flame of the fire, before he drank it, he said:—"My son, it is impious to despair, or to doubt of the aid of Providence! May his holy will be done! and let us take the good and the evil he sends us with the same submission! *Amen!*" added he, with a deep drawn sigh, as he emptied the elaborately engraved crystal goblet.

"The foul fiend take you, you and your maxims," rejoined Anastre, as he struck his fist on the table with so much force, that the narrow necked bottle shook, and was nearly upset. Without allowing his phlegm to be discomposed, the Jacobin, to guard against the effects of accident, poured the remainder of the wine into his glass, and secured it from danger by placing it on the mantel-piece.

Gaspard continued: "Resignation to the will of heaven is easy enough for you, slothful by nature and a beggar by profession. To drink without being thirsty, to eat out of all measure, to cross yourself, and to sell to others absolutions which would be denied you, if you asked for them on your own account—such is your life! You came sneaking to me this morning to beg a morsel of bread and meat, and a bottle of wine; and you will obtain them again this evening at some other person's expense. But shall I, who was once the richest and proudest merchant of Antwerp, but now the most miserable—can I demean my heart and soul by accommodating myself to such a grovelling philosophy? When my creditors come to demand the money I owe them, they would be mightily pleased to hear me say to some—*the Lord's will be done!* and to others *Amen!* An excellent coin to liquidate debts with, truly!"

"But," replied the monk, who was altogether passive and unmoved by the sneers and vehemence of the merchant, "perhaps your position is not so desperate as you imagine. I know very well, that at the storming of Antwerp, some six years ago, you furnished half a million of florins as your share of the forced contribution imposed by the besiegers and the garrison, who, after fighting one another like madmen, made up their quarrel, to rob the citizens in concert. But since that time you have repaired your dilapidated fortune, and it is notorious that three vessels, of which you are sole owner, have only just left the river, with enormously rich and profitable cargoes."

"Yes," said the merchant, with a gloomy look and smothered voice, "every thing I possessed was on board those ships; it was my last cast—the bold stroke of fortune that was to enrich me anew, or prostrate me for ever."

"Well," asked the friar, "have you received any bad news respecting them? has it been stormy on the French coast? I have not heard of any shipwrecks lately."

"I have no cause to complain of the sea or the winds," answered Anastre, "but of the demon, who, in human shape, has breathed revolt and ruin over this devoted country."

"What difficulty has arisen between you and William of Orange?" inquired the Jacobin.

"Are you ignorant of the means to which this accursed heretic, (whom, may God confound eternally,

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and then I will heartily join in your *May his holy will be done!*) has had recourse, in order to meet the expenses of the war, which cost ten millions of florins each year! Has he not had the cunning, by offering the sovereignty of Brabant to the duke of Anjou, to obtain from Henry the Third and Catherine, permission to establish an office at Calais for the sale of passports to those who navigate these seas, which passports are respected by the sea beggars!"

"I understand," said Temermans, "you wished to evade paying the duty of ten per cent. imposed on the Spaniards and their partisans, and so your three vessels have been seized by the pirates."

"So this letter informs me," said Gaspard Anastre, drawing from the pocket of his doublet a paper he had received the preceding evening, all crumpled and soiled as if it had laid unregarded and forgotten in his pocket for a year past. He read it over for the hundredth time, and tears dropped upon the letter, while father Antonine warmed his feet at the fire, flung himself back in the ample leathern chair, which reached above his head, and stroked his gray and greasy beard with his left hand, while he sipped the remnant of the wine he had poured out.

Anastre rose. A flame gleamed in his eyes through his tears, and forgetting for an instant his misfortune in the rage excited against the person who had caused it, he whispered, as he struck the monk's shoulders:

"Think ye, it would be a crime in the sight of God to slay William of Orange?"

The monk turned round to him, and gazing steadily and scrutinizingly in the inflamed visage of the merchant, said:

"Is it your wish, then, to gain the ninety thousand golden crowns, offered by the king of Spain to whomsoever shall deliver up to him this man dead or alive? That would be something handsome with which to reconstruct your fortune. Ninety thousand golden crowns! It strikes me, however, that it would be much better to appropriate them to pay the troops, who have long subsisted by plunder, as you, my son, unfortunately, have reason to know."

The merchant was about replying to this observation of prior Temermans, when his conversation was interrupted by a great noise in the street.

"What's the matter now," asked the monk, without moving from his place.

Gaspard, who stood near the window, raised the curtain, and observed:

"It is the mob shouting and clapping hands at the proclamation of the burgomaster Schoonhoven, announcing a public festival for to-morrow, when the city of Antwerp will receive its new master, the duke of Alençon and Anjou. This is a great triumph for William of Orange; like the haughty Englishman of old, he takes away and makes presents of crowns. But there was much laughing and singing at Paris, also, on the eve of the feast of St. Bartholomew."

The monk made no reply. Gaspard resumed his seat at the chimney corner, and apparently surrendering his first thought, exclaimed:

"You spoke but now of ninety thousand crowns of gold—ah! half or a quarter of that sum would suffice to re-establish my affairs. I had less than that—much less, six years ago, after the siege of Antwerp, and a few days ago I was on the point of recovering all my losses. But confidence exists no longer; and every one draws his purse-strings tight. Who shall I find to lend me a schelling, when nobody knows what a day may bring forth? There is but one man in Flanders who possesses the secret of rising stronger from a defeat, and to erect a pedestal from his own ruins. Who would not have believed in the time of the council of state, after the death of Requesens, that the influence of the duke d'Arschott, the devoted adherent of Philip the Second, would not have annihilated that of William of Orange? But no—although he was absent, proscribed, and fugitive, yet he sowed division in the council, and turned the edge of the sword, which should have stricken him, against his enemies. Afterwards, when don John of Austria came, he played him against the archduke Mathias, whom he inveigled in time with his fine promises, until the death of don John. The capture of Maestricht totally disconcerted his plan of campaign, the victory of Gemblours dispersed his troops—yet here he is, back again in Antwerp from whence he was chased. He has been defeated in every battle, yet he disposes of the territories of the conqueror; and though he is a heretic, with a price upon his own head, he puts a crown upon that of the brother of Charles the Ninth, and the son of Catherine of the Medicis! What a portentous alliance! it is an horrible enigma, which would make one doubt the wisdom by which the world is governed! There must be necromancy, and it cannot be brought about but by a secret compact with the evil one! Do you think such bargains can possibly exist?"

"Doubtlessly," replied the monk; "and allow me to add that I look upon your query as somewhat unseasonable and impertinent, considering the profession of the person to whom is addressed. I must necessarily believe in the devil, to believe in God. What merit would there be in faith, if the evil spirit did not tempt us to infidelity. Paradise is proved by hell."

"Then, my honest friend Temermans, according to your reasoning, every good Catholic ought to look upon it as a conscientious act to kill any person who has bartered his soul with the foul fiend?"

"Yet, I should not like to advise any one to do it."

"Why?"

"Because there are other ways besides martyrdom to obtain eternal life."

"That is to say, you would be restrained by fear, and not from any scruples arising from the act itself?"

"And allowing it to be so, I am not the only person who entertains the same thought."

"Yes; there are many men who kindle and cherish in their hearts every feeling of hatred and vengeance; many men whose blood boils at the recollection of injuries received, and whose hand involuntarily steals to their poniard, next to their skin, when such thoughts come over them; but these desires of vengeance are fruitless, these longings of hatred are impotent, while fear holds back the hand which anger impels to strike."

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"And are you of such?" coldly inquired the monk.

"But," continued Anastre, drawing his chair close to the spacious one in which the monk was taking his ease, "if a man of courage should be found who would risk his life to strike the blow; and if to such a man the means of effecting his object securely were pointed out, together with the day, the hour, and the place where his victim should await his knife—if I whispered to such a man, William of Orange must not live beyond to-morrow—he will come to the palace unattended, and in the dark corridor which leads to his cabinet, you can slay him—horses shall be prepared for you, beyond the city walls, and in five hours you can be safe in the camp of the duke of Parma, where you shall have counted out to you your share of the reward offered to the avengers of the king and of religion—do you think that the man to whom I should hold such language would consent to listen to it, and that the arm which executes would place itself at the discretion of the head that guides?"

"All your measures, then, are taken," observed the monk. "You are confident that you can ensure what you have uttered?"

"As confident as the man, who has poured poison into his enemy's cup without being noticed, is that his enemy must perish when he remove that cup from his lips."

"Very good," said Antonine; "you must now find an accomplice."

"I have reason to think I know my man"

"Like yourself, I am only good at giving advice; I pretend to nothing else."

"We are both of us cowards, I know," said Anastre.

At this moment there was a violent knocking at the door. The merchant and the monk both turned pale with apprehension, lest their conversation might have been overheard by this unseasonable and importunate visiter. They made no reply; the knocking was redoubled, and a voice that neither of them recognised, exclaimed,

"Open, master Gaspard, I know you are there, and I must be admitted."

"Who, and what are you?" asked the merchant.

"Jehan Jaureguy," was the reply.

"Do you know him?" asked the monk in an under tone."

"Not at all."

"Will you open at once, and have done trifling. I am come about business. If you do not make up your mind, I will settle the matter for you;" and so saying, the applicant for admission shook the door so vehemently that it would soon have yielded to his violence had not the merchant thrown it open.

Jehan Jaureguy made his appearance. He seemed a youth of about eighteen or twenty, of lofty and well proportioned stature, the natural advantages of which were set off by his Biscayan costume. Every thing about him announced an air of energy, resolution, and vigor; and the first words he uttered, proved that he was not the man to give the lie to the indications of qualities promised by his appearance.

"Egad! master Gaspard," he began, without taking off his hat, "you are a remarkably pleasant joker to let people cool their heels at your door without deigning the civility of a response to them. Be assured, if I had not come to ask a favor of you, I should think it incumbent upon me to notice such impertinence." Then, perceiving the friar, who was devoutly absorbed in counting the beads of his rosary with downcast eyes, he added, "But I beg your pardon; I did not notice this holy father, with whom you was, doubtlessly, in close and pious conference. Excuse, therefore, my hasty and inconsiderate impulse." Then turning to the monk, he said: "I have always respected the robe you wear; and there is not in all Spain, or at the court of our holy father, the pope, a better or sincerer Catholic than Jehan Jaureguy."

"May heaven preserve you in such pious and wholesome resolution, young man," said the monk as he ceased muttering his prayers and crossing himself. "You will receive your reward for it, either in this world or the next."

Jehan bowed slightly; then turning to the merchant, "You shall know what brings me here. I am in want of money—you are rich—I know it—and you must lend me some."

"Alas! you apply to a man who would dig the ground with his nails if he had any hope of turning up gold. You want money to pay for some youthful folly, to satisfy the vanity of your mistress by some costly jewel——"

"A truce with morality, master Gaspard, if you please; I have not chosen you for my confessor. If I have any follies to reproach myself with, and if I am swayed by every passion, it is no business of yours."

"But it interests me," interrupted the monk, with an imploring tone, "and I cannot witness a rushing headlong to damnation without stretching forth my hand, and trying to stop it in its course."

Without making any reply, Jehan again addressed himself to Gaspard:

"I know that usurers always begin to talk of their poverty and the difficulty of procuring money, before they unloose their purse strings. But let us speak frankly with one another, and use no circumlocution. I want a thousand florins—I must have them—do you understand me? I will supply you with all the guarantee you can devise. My father is rich, and I will pay all my debts at his death."

"If you were to bind yourself to return me double this sum to-morrow, I could not lend it to you. I have nothing, absolutely nothing I am utterly ruined."

"False!" exclaimed Jaureguy. "It is a lie."

"'Tis nothing but the truth, my son," said the monk, "and when you came in, I was endeavoring to console master Gaspard on the sudden turn in his fortunes."

"In that case, then, may every curse light upon me. Curses on the mother who bore me to frighten the world by a fearful deed! As true as I scratch this table with the point of my dagger, so surely will I assassinate some person to plunder him afterwards. I will have gold or blood, or both."

The monk and the merchant exchanged a rapid glance with each other, and both read the same thought and expression there.

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"My son," resumed the monk, "you are blinded by your passions."

"My father," replied Jaureguy, "God has endowed us with different qualities, according to our respective positions in the world. To you he has given patience and resignation; to me impetuous passions and an overwhelming will to gratify them. A score of times I have made up my mind to reform, and have vowed that I would repent; and as often debauchery and gambling have resumed their empire over me. If God is just, why has he made me with such strength of body that no excess and indulgence can weaken or exhaust? why did he form me with this broad and deep chest, where my breath plays like a whirlwind, and this brow on which fatigue, either mental or bodily, has never left a trace? why does an incessant fever inflame my blood, without drying it up? why has he made me in love with every beautiful woman I see? why breathed into my soul the maddening fury of the gambling table? Ah! women, wine, and dice! women in orgies when the head reels and the feet totter in a double intoxication. Give me gold to buy their caresses! gold in handfuls to fling before the eyes of the gamblers, to cover their bets, to feel again my heart bounding within my bosom with fear and hope, to place my life or death again upon the hazard of the die! Show me where there is gold, and however tenaciously avaricious may be the hand that keeps it from me, this poniard shall unloosen its grasp."

During these vehement words, the monk had drawn an ivory crucifix from beneath his robe. He held the sacred emblem before the eyes of the young man.

"My son," said he, "kiss with reverential love this image of our Redeemer. Master Gaspard, leave me alone with this sinner. I must hear his confession, and endeavor to restore tranquillity to his troubles. There are no faults too grievous to obtain pardon from heaven; and, perhaps, by showing him what heaven expects from him, I may bring him within the paths of safety, and give a useful and holy direction to his wild and untutored zeal."

Gaspard Anastre perfectly understood the monk's meaning, and withdrew without hesitation, leaving Jaureguy and father Temermans in close conference.

THE ASSASSIN.

On the eighteenth of March, the anniversary of the birth of Francois—Hercules de Valois, duke of Alençon and Anjou, all business was at a stand still in the city of Antwerp. It seemed like a town just delivered from the enemy and from famine, after a lengthened siege. The port resounded with the cries of the sailors who were decking their vessels with flags; banners floated from every window; the bells of the churches (opened to the Catholics after eight months prohibition) rang a succession of merry peals, blending their shrill but tuneful melody with the deep and confused murmur of the populace that moved through the streets, and crowded every access to the citadel. At one end of the public square, an extensive wooden amphitheatre was erecting, rising in the form of steps each above the other, and over these the workmen were still occupied in spreading rich carpets and tapestry. As it always turns out, when the people changes its master, every body augured auspiciously of the reign about commencing; all converted their anticipations into realities; and endowed the new sovereign with every virtue and amiable quality. There was a universal concert of praise and congratulation. Catholics and reformers alike, cursed the Spanish tyranny, and looked upon the alliance with France as the guarantee of the peace and liberty of Flanders, to obtain which, so many heroic efforts had been exhausted. Some persons who pretended to better information, and to be familiar with the secrets of court, affirmed that the treaty of marriage between Elizabeth of England and the duke of Anjou would be resumed and concluded forthwith. And this news met with no disputers or cavillers; what they wished they readily believed; and they already saw the shattered remnant of the armies of Philip flying in confusion and hopeless ruin before the proud array of united France and England.

At last, the time appointed for the ceremony had arrived. Deep and respectful silence succeeded to the hurry and bustle, when the new duke made his appearance, accompanied by the nobles of the state of Brabant. He seated himself on a gilded throne in the centre of the amphitheatre. On his right, standing and uncovered, was the illustrious William the Silent, prince of Orange. His bald and anxious brow, the pale, thin, and severe visage of the man who no reverse could crush, and who had taken as a motto—*Tranquil amid the storm*—formed a striking contrast with the smiling, insouciant, and confident faces of the nobility and gentry, by whom he was surrounded. Alone, amid all the actors and spectators of this gorgeous scene, his thoughts dwelt upon the future, and without distrusting the ultimate success of the cause, in the midst of triumph, he combined the means of rendering it durable, and sought for props to the throne, which he fancied must totter beneath the moral dwarf he now offered to the eager glances of the multitude. Behind him, stood a youth of sixteen, remarkable by the loftiness and haughtiness of his mien, and the audacity of his looks; this youth was Maurice, son of William and Ann, daughter of the duke of Saxony, the worthy heir of a hero, and destined gloriously to consummate what his father had commenced. When the duke of Anjou had taken his seat, the chancellor of Brabant, Dirk of Liesveldt, administered to him the oath upon the Holy Gospels to adhere to the conditions on which he was received as their sovereign. The oath was read twice, first in French and then in Flemish; and its purport was to preserve inviolably the privileges of the country, and maintain religion in its actual state, leaving to every body a full and entire liberty of conscience. To the same effect a second oath was pronounced in favor of the barons, the nobles, and the cities, in which he promised not to govern in an arbitrary manner; but according to law and equity. The burgomaster then presented him with a solid and massy silver key as a pledge of obedience, and amid

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the enthusiastic cheering of the vast assemblage, the heralds proclaimed him duke of Brabant.

The excitement was universal, and it was raised to the utmost by an unforeseen circumstance, by which the conclusion of the ceremonial was marked. This act, worthy of the most illustrious days of ancient Sparta, and which is recorded in some of the old chronicles of the time, could only have occurred among a people deeply agitated by war and its incidents, and whom the love of liberty had already prepared to such deep devotion and much disinterested abandonment of every thing when in competition with it.

As the duke, after his inauguration, descended the steps, and his gorgeous train was about to move onward, a woman of a rather advanced age, and leaning on the arm of a young man, made her way through the throng, which was pressing eagerly towards the chair of state. Some of the soldiers, at first, wished to prevent her access to the duke, but the courteous and ultimate scion of the gallant house of Valois, thinking that the woman came to prefer a petition to him, gave orders that no obstacle should be opposed to her approach.

"My lord," said she, "I do not come to ask a favor, but to confer a gift."

"And what is it, my good dame?" asked the royal Valois, with an incredulous and rather ironical air.

"Do not sneer, my lord. The present I speak of, I would have gladly offered to William of Orange, had he thought proper to keep for himself the power he has this day transferred to you—and *he* would have known its value in accepting it."

"And so shall I, doubtlessly, when I know its nature."

"This, my lord, is my son," said the matron, placing her hand on the shoulder of the youth who stood by her side. "I bring you a soldier. My name is Jacqueline Haranger; my husband was slain in the cause of liberty under Henri de Brederode; myself and my four children received his last sigh, and he made me swear to bring up my children in a hatred of tyranny and Spain. The eldest of my children, who was old enough to understand his father's words, pronounced the oath he exacted over his lifeless body. He perished on the same day the hero, Louis of Nassau, died. The second of my children succeeded his brother, and, like him, is dead. It is now fifteen days since I told the youth standing here: 'Your turn is now come, my son, to avenge your father and your brethren;' and this is the cause that brought us hither from Delft to come into your presence, my lord. Furnish this boy with arms, and place him in the first rank. The God of battles, who has deprived me of two supports of my old age, will, doubtlessly, preserve my third son. If he falls, I will again replace him with my last hope, and then I will take my leave of a world where I have nothing but tears to bestow. My child," she added, as she kissed her son's forehead, "should you never again behold your mother, remember her last words. Spare not your blood for the cause you are sworn to defend—it is that of justice and liberty. As long as one Spanish foot shall tread upon the soil of your birth, your sword must not know its scabbard. Adieu, my lord, I return to Delft."

She made her reverence with dignity, and withdrew with a proud step, leaving the court and the multitude impressed with admiration; shouts burst from every quarter, and the dark features of William, who had never hitherto allowed his emotions to be read in his impassible visage, was deeply moved. Never until this hour had he implicitly believed in the success of his enterprise; and the subjugation of an entire province would have afforded him less real gratification and confidence than the sublime devotion of this humble and obscure woman. He recognised the sources of his true strength, and how deeply the germ he had planted had taken root in all hearts.

The heralds announced the departure of the princely and brilliant company by a flourish of trumpets. The duke of Anjou and his nobles passed through the crowd, in the midst of the waving multitude that thronged around their path. William walked on foot, with his hands crossed behind him, according to his manner. At a moment and spot when the pressure of the crowd was greater than elsewhere, he felt a piece of paper slipped into his right hand; he turned round quickly, but could not discern any body in particular, who had touched him. All who surrounded him appeared to be quite unconscious of what had happened. Only in the centre of the groupe, on his right, he remarked a Jacobin monk whose face was not known to him, and who seemed to gaze upon him with singular earnestness. He then looked at the paper, which he held rumpled up in his hand, and which bore only these words—"Leave the crowd, and be careful of Philip."

William raised his eyes involuntarily to the side where he had seen the monk, but the latter had disappeared. He walked on through the crowd, meditating on the mysterious warning he had just received. Death on the field of battle had no terrors for him; he had habituated himself to look upon such a result as a glorious and suitable termination of his destinies; but he could not familiarize himself to a secret attack and a concerted slaughter; and as he heard the shouts of enthusiastic love and worship thickening around him, and saw the myriads of arms raised to do him honor and execute his bidding, the more convinced he became that a vile and odious assassination was the only method left to the gloomy tyrant who, unable to vanquish him in the open field, had set a price upon his head. He made a sign to his son Maurice that he wished to speak to him; the youth approached his sire, and without explaining his motives, the prince whispered in his ear: "Maurice, hurry to each city gate, and order the warders to close them, and allow nobody to pass through them. Then come, and rejoin me at the palace." Grave Maurice obeyed his father; and a few minutes afterwards, William, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and wrapped in a cloak, which his son had flung over his shoulders as he left him, took advantage of an instant when the attention of the crowd was directed to some other object, and hurrying down a dark and narrow street, he regained the palace.

The day was declining, and the part of the city he

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passed through was silent and deserted. From time to time, a solitary female, or aged man, seated on the stoops of their doors, met his view; and, certainly, they had no idea that the hero whose genius had concerted and nearly accomplished the deliverance of Flanders, could have been recognised in the man who hurried by them like a fugitive, or a servant eager to reach the commands of his master.

Fatigued by his lengthened and wearied course, William paused for an instant before he entered the palace. The sound of voices, which was borne upon the breeze by intervals, was the only interruption to the utter calm and quiet of the scene.

"This is not the first time," murmured the prince, "that, I have fled before you, king Philip, but for all that, I have gained more ground than you have been able to wrest from me. The arms we make use of are not equal. Although I was once proscribed, yet I now lead the armies of a people that must soon take its rank among the nations; while you, a diademed monk, from the depth of your confessional, have no other resource than to sharpen in darkness the blade of an assassin. You offer to purchase my blood for its weight in gold, while mothers offer me that of their children. God has pronounced between us, king Philip; and will afford me time to finish my work. The sky is clear," added he, looking at the last beams of the sun which was being eclipsed in the west; "this glorious day will finish as it began. If I cling to life, it is not on my own account—I have felt nothing but its hardships and stern trials—but for this hapless people, that is in so much need of a guide. But whence comes this warning? Have I not given way to an imaginary danger? They might have planned a scheme to draw me hither, and surprise me alone and defenceless."

He looked around him; it was already dark; a distant footstep struck his ear; and, for the first time in his life, he was conscious of alarm. He put his hand upon his sword, and hastened to the palace.

"Let us on," said he; "when the lion has scented the bait of his hunters, no one can blame him for running to shelter."

He had scarcely ascended the first few steps of the staircase, when a young man crossed the court with hurried strides. When the latter entered the gallery which Anastre had mentioned to the Jacobin the preceding evening, the prince was on the point of leaving it at the other extremity. It was at this spot that he was seized by a man, and struck with a dagger.

"Wretch!" exclaimed William, as he firmly grasped the right arm of the assassin, who attempted in vain to drag away his weapon, which had got entangled in the prince's mantle; at this moment a flash lit up the darkness; and the prince of Orange fell to the ground, his jaw fractured by a pistol shot which Jaureguy had discharged with his left hand. He tried to escape before the alarm was given; but Maurice (for it was him, whose footsteps were heard by his father,) barred his passage with his sword, and, striking at hazard, laid him at his feet, pierced with several wounds. At his groans, and the report of the pistol, the servants hastened with torches. Notwithstanding the severity of his wound, and the great effusion, William preserved his composure, and had sufficient strength to order that the assassin should be spared, and that it should be ascertained whether he had any accomplices. The order, at first, seemed unnecessary; as Jaureguy, to all appearance, was lifeless when his body was lifted from the ground.

THE PARDON.

In a few minutes the news of the assassination of the prince of Orange was spread through Antwerp. In the midst of the joys and hopes of the day, it was like a violent clap of thunder in a serene and cloudless sky. The name of the murderer was yet unknown, but already twenty different accounts of the murder were in circulation among the crowd. They approached one another, and exchanged questions and answers with suspicion and alarm; and ever and anon, some new detail, some shocking episode of the deed caught up with avidity, added to the horror inspired by the crime, and to the restlessness and agitation of the groupes collected at the corner of the streets and in the squares. But was the crime an isolated act! Into whose heart would it be necessary to scrutinize, to reveal the thought which armed the assassin's blow! While the passions of the multitude floated in uncertainty, impelled by vengeance and restrained by doubt, like the waves of ocean lashed by contrary and opposing winds, a name was vaguely and fortuitously hazarded, and suspicion was attached to it instantaneously like the spark to a train of gunpowder. It was speedily murmured about, that the duke of Anjou, the new sovereign of Brabant, had thus rid himself of a subject who had bestowed a crown upon him; and that the assassination was but the prelude to a general massacre. The eternal hatred of Philip of Spain towards the son of Catharine de Medicis and the brother of Charles the Ninth, was lost sight of; their fears rung the tocsin of a new Saint Bartholomew; and the sedition, with a thousand voices and confused hurryings to and fro, burst out irrepressibly when they learned that all the gates of the city were strongly guarded by troops. Chains were hung across the streets, which were unpaved and converted into impromptu fortresses. Men and women, old age and childhood, prepared for the combat; any thing that came to hand was converted into a weapon of war or death. Already the palace to which the duke of Anjou had fled, was blockaded; and the wave of popular fury howled against its walls. But the storm was appeased with as much facility as it had excited. It was known that the prince of Orange was still living, and that the gates were closed by his order. Grave Maurice, apprised of the danger by which the duke was menaced, sent his emissaries among the people to urge them to be tranquil, and to inform them that the assassin had been recognised for a Spaniard by his dress. At these news the general effervescence subsided into grief and resignation, and the threatening elements of revolt were dispersed like the beads of a broken rosary.

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During this time the merchant Anastre awaited the return of his two accomplices. His cowardice would not let him remain within the limits of the city while the treacherous act was being perpetrated; so, under the pretext of insuring their means of flight, he hastened to a small house he owned within half a mile of Antwerp; there it was he had fixed his rendezvous with the monk and Jaureguy; three horses were there kept ready saddled to bear them with all speed to the prince of Parma's camp. The night was already advanced, and finding that they did not arrive, and attributing their absence to some result disastrous to their project—fearing, moreover, that should they have failed in their attempt and been arrested in consequence, that they would endeavor to buy their pardon or diminish the weight of their punishment, by implicating another in their conspiracy, (for villains always argue on the depravity of their confederates,) he fled away alone, and abandoning his original plan of taking refuge in the camp of Alexander Farnese, he made the best of his way to Calais, there to await in safety the *denouement* of the affair.

In a remote room of the palace, where the noise from without could not penetrate, the famous surgeon, Nicholas Ralde, was leaning over the bloody bed on which the prince of Orange was laid. On the other side of the couch, motionless and silent, and holding the hand of his illustrious but unfortunate parent, stood Maurice, awaiting the decree which the surgeon, who was removing the first dressing, was about to pronounce. Ralde preserved his composure; and his fixed, steady, and eager gaze seemed as if it would gather the secret of life or death in the paleness and pain imprinted on the features of the sufferer, every movement of whose countenance brought fear or hope to the mind of the experienced leech. At length, in slow, but confident tones, he said:

"He will live."

William of Orange made a scarcely perceptible motion, half opened his heavy eyelids, and faintly murmured:

"Heaven then has had pity on Flanders and on me."

He made another effort to speak, but Ralde enjoined that he should observe the most rigid silence; and then left him to render assistance to the other wounded person.

There was as much noise, tumult, and disorder in the room he entered, as there was mournful silence and calm and grave sorrow around the bed he had just left. A score of soldiers and servants of the prince who had laid hands on Jaureguy, were talking together, and with brains heated with liquor and the warmth of the room, were grouped round an immense stove, discussing politics according to their guise, while in the darkest corner, upon a wretched pallet, a young man, shockingly mutilated, struggled in convulsions of agony, while a monk of the order of Jacobins, kneeling by his side, repeated the prayers of his chaplet in low tones, apparently occupied in invoking God's compassion upon the dying sinner, but in reality praying for safety on his own account.

When the surgeon entered, the noise ceased; they remembered that a dying man was there, whose situation required attentions, which, notwithstanding his crime, they were not justified in refusing him. Magnificent vocation, noble and admirable mission which shrinks from no devotion, and distributes its succors impartially to patients of every character and condition! The physician of the body, and the physician of the soul were both there, close to the same bed to heal and to save. It would have been a striking sight, could the mask of virtue and humanity, which covered crime and hid the most hardened insensibility, have been removed from one of these men—for he was no other than friar Temermans. The physician's object was to delay the passage of a victim to the tomb, in order that the executioner might send him thither, and he only endeavored to lengthen his life that punishment might be added to death.

While Ralde examined into Jaureguy's condition, dressed his wounds, and caused him to drink a strengthening cordial, the monk took the opportunity of the bustle of the apartment, and endeavored to withdraw. In fact, it was much against his will that he was present at all. As it was agreed upon between him and Jaureguy, after having slipped the paper into the prince's hand, and seen him quit the crowd, Temermans fully persuaded of the complete success of the plan, waited for the assassin, that they might escape together by the gate of the city which was nearest to the palace. The monk was lurking about the precincts, as the wounded Jaureguy was carried by the soldiers into the lower room. The crowd had pushed him farther into the palace than he intended, and having once passed the gate, it was closed upon him; and the soldiers having noticed him, he was compelled by them to take his place by the assassin's bed side, and prepare him for his last moment. Temermans followed them in great discomposure, lest his refusal should excite suspicions, and lest Jehan, on recovering his senses, should identify him, and denounce him as an accomplice. But he recovered a little hope and courage when he was convinced that the wretch would not be able to recognise him. When Jaureguy was brought to the ground by the two blows, one of them, dealt by chance in the darkness, had taken effect in the upper part of his face, and deprived him of sight, and his life seemed to flow away with the current of blood that inundated his face. No one among the standers-by knew the monk by name; so he fell on his knees, ready in the bottom of his heart to enter into any bargain with the devil to deliver him safe and sound from his present difficulty, and hoping that he should be free to depart when the surgeon came. But as he was withdrawing, Jehan shrieked out:

"A priest, for pity's sake; let me have a priest, before I die!"

Ralde motioned for the monk to remain where he was, and then addressed himself to his patient.

"You shall not die! my art will enable me to save you."

"Death can forgive," groaned out the wretch; "but the executioner waits for me."

"I can prevent his coming near to you."

"How can I be saved?" eagerly asked Jehan.

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"You shall live, if, to prove the sincerity of your penitence, you will name your accomplice. Speak, then; your pardon is purchasable at this price."

"But, who are you that promise it?"

"Of what consequence is that, if I have the power to do so?"

"Who will answer for your words?"

"This holy priest," said the surgeon, "whom but now you called for, and who is waiting to receive your confession."

Jaureguy held forth his hands, and grasped the monk's gown.

"And you, holy man, can you also promise me that God will forgive a homicide? My crime is the crime of another; I was only mad, and another made me criminal. He impelled me from debauchery to murder! I was suffering under the thirst for gold, and he breathed into me a thirst for blood. Oh! may the curse of God fall upon him who spoke to me in the name of God, for he wore your holy habit, and it was as the minister of Him who will pardon by your mouth, that he adjured me to strike."

Although his life depended on his composure, Temermans felt his courage giving way; his knees could sustain him no longer; a cold sweat trickled over his face; and he was conscious that he could not listen to this strange confession without betraying his part in it. He had a short interval of hope, for Jaureguy exhausted by his effort, had fallen back speechless and motionless.

"If death would only now come," said he to himself, "and seize his victim!" The blood rushed back to his pale and trembling cheeks at this thought. But the stern and inflexible surgeon was at hand, leaning over the assassin, and skilful to renew the slender thread of his existence, which each heart-heave seemed to snap asunder. When Jehan, by these cares was recalled to life, Ralde supported him in his arms, and said to him:

"You are dying of a smitten conscience more than from your wounds. First, let that have ease and tranquillity, and then think of what I have promised you." Then turning to the monk, he added, "My brother, examine this young man."

The monk collected all his courage, and seeing his own security exposed to this severe proof, he spoke in slow and measured tones, which he endeavored to disguise as well as his terror would allow him.

"Swear to me on this symbol, by this holy crucifix, that true and unfeigned repentance is in your heart."

At the first sound of his voice, Jehan started.

"What is the matter?" asked Ralde.

"I thought, at first, that I had heard that voice before."

The monk grew deadly pale, but the very agony of his fear removed all hesitation, and ignorant whether life or death would be the consequence, he hurried on headlong, like a man who throws himself into the air to escape from a burning house.

"Swear, then," said he, extending the crucifix to him.

Jaureguy held it to his lips, and kissed it fervently and repeatedly.

"You alone struck the blow, but did you only conceive the idea of the dreadful deed?"

"I have already told you," gasped Jaureguy, "that I was but frantic, and that another made me guilty."

"Who are your accomplices?"

"One is a merchant of this city; they call him Gaspard Anastre."

"And the other?" asked Ralde, as if he had divined that the lips of the monk would have refused their office in putting this question.

"The other is the friar Antoine Antonine Temermans."

There was a minute's silence, after which Jaureguy related his visit to the merchant, his conference with the friar, and how the latter had unsettled his reason by dazzling him with the prospect of the gold they would share together—and how he had, moreover, promised him absolution, if he would make himself acceptable to God by slaying such an heretic as William of Orange, who was already excommunicated by the Pope, and condemned by the Inquisition.

Maintaining to the end the character he had assumed in this shocking and sacrilegious comedy, Temermans invoked the wrath and vengeance of heaven and earth on the heads of Jaureguy's accomplices, while he promised him an entire remission of his guilt in consequence of his repentance and disclosures. Every thing now seemed terminated, and having finished his concluding prayer, he was about taking his leave, when the surgeon, who had noticed his unaccountable and ill-suppressed agitation, stopped him, and said:

"I have a few other questions to propose to this young man, and your presence is necessary. Jehan Jaureguy," added he, raising his voice, "are the features and person of the monk you speak of, imprinted on your memory?"

"Yes," replied the wretch. Then, surrounded by the standers-by, Ralde fixed his eyes on Temermans, and gave a description of his person, minute to the very color of his eyes. Having answered affirmatively to every question, Jaureguy exclaimed:

"Although my eyes are sightless, yet it seems to me as if I saw him still before me. How did you know him?"

"Because the priest who received your confession is the one who instigated you to the crime you this day committed."

The monk fell on his knees, and held out his hands to the surgeon. The latter ordered the soldiers to raise him up, and added:

"Guard him well; the council will see to him, and, doubtlessly, order him to be put to death on the rack."

"And for me," screamed Jaureguy, "to whom you promised pardon both here and hereafter, if I spoke?"

No answer was given. He heard all the spectators of the scene quit the room in succession, and he remained alone all night, bound to his bed by pain, and ignorant of what he had to fear or hope. It was a long and agonizing night.

In the morning two men assisted him to rise, and guiding his steps, made him walk between them.

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"Where are you leading me?" inquired Jaureguy; "they have sworn to me I should be pardoned!"—But his two companions urged him onward without making any reply. Along the entire path he passed, he heard the ringing of arms to his right and left, as if soldiers were formed in a double hedge along the line of his progress; and beyond these, a thousand confused voices seemed to buzz and murmur incessantly. At last, he stopped. They made him ascend a few steps of a wooden staircase; and as soon as he had placed his two feet on a plank, which bent and trembled beneath his weight, a cord was passed round his body, and he was tied by his waist and neck to a beam; slip knots were then passed round his wrists and above his insteps, and an unknown voice, the first human voice he had heard since the preceding evening, gave a signal. The cracking of whips was heard, and the neighing of horses followed each blow; Jaureguy uttered a terrific shriek, and then all was silent.

The assassin was torn asunder by four wild horses; Gaspard Anastre had previously paid the forfeit of his life upon the same scaffold; and the Jacobin friar was found dead in the cell of the prison wherein he had been confined.

THE LAST LOOK.

El ultimo suspiro del Moro.—*Leila, by Bulwer.*

O'ER beautiful Granada's stately domes,
On each high minaret and lordly tower,
The morning sun shone gorgeously. The air,
Full burthened with the breath of opening flowers,
And the blithe music of the song of birds,
On grateful hearts its genial influence poured.
There rolled the Xenil, glittering in its course,
And there the song-fam'd Darro poured along,
Meandering sweetly thro' the vine-clad plains,
And murmuring forth hoarse music as it went.
The sturdy battlement and lofty tower,
The massive guard-walls of Granada's pride,
Gloomed forth in all the stern magnificence
Of sullen strength and power;—as if those walls
Had voices, and would pour upon the breeze
The last monition to the moslem train,
That stood afar and gazed upon the scene
From grim Naveda's summit;—as if to say
To him, the proud and fallen sun of earth,
The beautiful, the weak, the high-soul'd king,
Thy vacillating mind has done the deed:—
Our native strength defies the power of fate,
And earth and all her myrmidons had spent
In vain their deadliest influence on *us*,
Had *thy* weak mind have dared the haughty foe!
But there Boabdil stood. A stricken band
Of faithful servitors beheld the scene,
And for the last time, turned their tearful eyes
On fair Granada. But with lingering gaze,
Silent and sad the fallen monarch stood,
And the deep passion of a burning soul
Might still be traced within that upturn'd eye.
No word escaped the lip; but the full chest
Would still unfold the tale of secret thought,
As by-gone recollections thronged his soul,
And dear and cherish'd memories awoke
In sad array upon him. His no more
Were now those rich and gorgeous palaces,
The work of ages and the pride of kings.
The light pavilion to the summer breeze
Upreared in state and majesty, and stirred
In gentle undulations. The sweet breath
From beauteous gardens borne, where art and nature wooed
To do the most luxuriant behest
The mind of man might image. Fountains clear,
And perfum'd with the light and delicate sweets,
The richest that the gorgeous east might boast,
Sparkled near by. Bright birds and beauteous flowe
Sent forth their songs and odors: not a wish
That heart of man had ever dreamed, but there
In bright Alhambra's stately halls, was found
Some sweet to lull it. But the joyous charm
Was now dissevered: fate had sped the shaft,
Whose venom touched and broke with magic spell
The day-spring of existence; and the king
Now looked his last on all his fallen hopes
And youth's bright glory.
Not the loss of home
Alone unnerved the soul of weak Boabdil.
Hope, fame, and g ory all were dead to him,
The last of proud Granada's moslem kings—
His country fallen, and the stigma set
On that fair brow where erst the glittering gem,
The jewelled diadem had proudly shone:—
'Twas shame that placed her cruel signet there!
Pride, weakness, courage, all their influence shed
On that kind heart in that last scene of wo,
When, turning slowly from the sickening scene,
The deep sigh sped, and the big tear-drop fell:—
The last knell sounded o'er expiring hope,
And beautiful Granada then was wed
With Spain and Christendom!—the fated Moor
No more to tread those fairy palaces,
Those Andalusian plains. ALF.

Columbia, Pa.

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MY FIRST COUSIN AND MY FIRST KISS.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"Away with those fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;
Give me the wild gleam of the soul-breathing glance,
And the rapture which dwells in the first kiss of love."
Byron.

THE author of the above well-known lines is undoubtedly a high authority in matters connected with the court of Cupid, yet I have the hardihood to fancy that the whole of the above stanza is but sweet sounding nonsense. What does the poet mean by a wild gleam of a glance? and we know from experience that the much vaunted "first kiss of love," is seldom more than a sneaking, cowardly attempt, bunglingly executed by the masculine, and if not positively opposed, for decency's sake, by the feminine, the "rapture" is at least chilled by the icy temper of the lady's lips. Allowing every proper latitude, and supposing that she resigns her basial treasures with the honest confidence of a reciprocating love, still no female can be so disgustingly bold as to return the warm pressure of her lover's lips at the first attack—if she does, she ought never to have a second kiss; and if she does not, where can the pleasure be? "The rapture of the first kiss of love" sounds well, and looks pretty on paper; but in sober earnestness, it can be but prospectively nice; and, like the first plunge into the cold stream, is but to be endured in consideration of the delight afterwards to be attained by frequent practice.

Kissing had a heavenly origin—it commenced in Paradise. Adam, newly-awakened from that sweet sleep wherein he lost his rib, opened his eyes and lost his heart. He immediately invented the ecstatic custom, and practised his discovered joy in the first morn of the first Eve—feasting heartily upon rosebuds and ambrosia before he asked her to breakfast; or perhaps he agreed with Sir Philip Sydney, who prettily terms a kiss "the breakfast of love." Milton says—

Our first father
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and prest her matron lip
With kisses pure.

Kissing is an attribute peculiar to humanity alone. Man has been termed a cachinnatory animal, but apes grin and mow, and hyenas laugh. A modern *savant* has termed man "a biped with a breeches pocket;" the Australian kangaroo claims the same definition. Kissing, then, is the divinity of our nature—for we know of nothing that is able to participate in this, our exclusive privilege. Doves bill and coo; but their beak peckings and bill pokings cannot be termed kissing; I should as soon talk of a cow kissing her calf when she licks the mock-turtle portion of the incipient veal.

Every rhyme-grinder and moon-struck maker of verbose jingle, rapturises over the luxury of the kiss. Some of the inanities utter such nonsense, that they deserve never to strike this key-note of the music of love. Leigh Hunt, in his Amyntas, has given us one of the prettiest pieces of lip-service; and it well deserves acquaintance. Phillis, a shepherdess, has been stung by a bee; Sylvia, her friend, sucks the poison from her cheek—whereupon, the love-sick swain observes—

I, who till then had never had a wish
Beyond the sunny sweetness of her eyes,
Or her dear dulcet words, more dulcet far
Than the soft murmur of a humming stream
Crooking its way among the pebble stones,
Or summer airs that babble in the leaves,
Felt a new wish move in me to apply
This mouth of mine to hers; and so, becoming
Crafty and plotting, (an unusual art
With me, but it was love's intelligence)
I did bethink me of a gentle stratagem
To work out my new wit. I made pretence
As if a bee had bit *my* under lip;
And fell to lamentations of such sort,
That the sweet medicine, which I dared not ask
With word of mouth, I asked for with my lips.
The simple Sylvia, then,
Compassioning my pain,
Offer'd to give her help
To that pretended wound.
And, oh! the real and the mortal wound,
Which pierced into my being,
When her lips came on mine!
Never did bee from flower
Suck sugar so divine,
As was the honey that I gathered then,
From those twin-roses fresh.
But while into my bosom's core, the sweetness,
Mixed with a secret poison, did go down,
It pierced me so with pleasure, that still feigning
The pain of the bee's weapon, I contrived
That more than once the enchantment was repeated.

This was pretty pastime in the golden age, but ladies, now-a-days, sting us to the heart, suck our souls from our bodies, and seldom think of mending the mishap with a kiss.

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There are eight sorts of kisses mentioned in the Scriptures:—Laban kissed Jacob with the kiss of affection, Genesis, chap. xxix., 13.—Naomi kissed her daughter-in-law with the kiss of valediction, Ruth, chap. i., v. 9.—David kissed Jonathan with the kiss of salutation, see Samuel I., chap. xx., v., 41.—David greeted his son Absalom with a kiss of reconciliation, Samuel II., chap. xiv., v. 33.—The kiss of subjection is enforced in the second Psalm, v. 12.—The kiss of wantonness is mentioned in the seventh chapter of Proverbs, v. 13.—Judas exhibited the kiss of treachery, Matthew, chap. xxvi., v. 49—and Mary Magdalene kissed the Saviour's feet with the kiss of humility, in the seventh chapter of Luke, v. 38.

But who can enumerate the endless varieties of the kiss? of the many delectable variations of basial enjoyment? Kisses are the droppings of the honey from the hive of love—the minglings of the heart's whisperings—ambrosial breathings of conjunctive spirits, communing through the portals of the soul. The father lifts his bright-eyed baby from the mother's lap, and as the hope of his future days entwines the arms of innocent affection about his neck, he kisses its chubby cheek, and with tender care replaces the tender budling in its mother's arms. The brother greets his sister with a cold and constrained kiss, while a youth who has been watching the door for half the day, would give his birthright for the privilege that is slighted by fraternal love. The gray-haired man exalts his hands above the curled head of his grandchild, and while imploring the blessing of the Most High upon the darling of his heart, kisses its forehead, and smiles through his tears of love. The burning kiss of deep affection that is stolen by the accepted lover from the chosen of his soul, exceeds not the intensity of the mother's kiss bestowed upon her son—the image of her departed husband—the lord of her virgin heart—the monarch of her widowed love.

Kissing the vermeil lips of a young and lovely cousin is a dangerous matter for a young man, and when most to be desired, is most to be avoided. Kissing a sister, or a sister-in-law, or a young step-mother, or a juvenile aunt, is an affair of holy love; but when, emboldened by the license of relationship, a pretty bit of cousinage pops up a plump pair of coral streaks, and half coyishly presents you with a nectareous smack—with a wicked twinkle in her eye, as if rejoicing in the liberty allowed—it is odd if you do not feel a tingling in your blood; and if the recesses of your sortal region are not already occupied by the image of some fair creature, the chances are that your cousin steals away your heart. Ask any one of the numerous pairs of cousins who have connubialised, and you will find, if they have the honesty to confess, that the silent eloquence of the lady's lips carried conviction to the husband's soul, and taught him how to talk of love. I was thus cozened—of which, more anon.

I trust that no spinster reader—no lady who has attained the uncertainty of a certain age, and pines for a corner of Hymen's saffron-colored robe, will imagine that kissing always produces affection terminating in matrimony. It succeeds amongst cousins, because it is not designed; but it is a dangerous attempt between comparative strangers, seldom ending in honest love, for it destroys the reverence with which man delights to envrap the wondrous sex. The "agion philema," or kiss of peace, given indiscriminately by the early Christians at the *agapæ*, or love feasts, after lasting for three or four centuries, was wisely discontinued for fear of the consequences. St. Epiphanius tells us that when a Christian husband presented a newly elected convert to his wife, the strength of the new-comer's faith was estimated by the warmth of his basial salute.

Let it not be imagined that I am expatiating indecorously; Montaigne, the moralist, observes that "we boldly speak of killing, wounding, and betraying, but we whisper our remarks upon the subject of kissing, of which we should speak without the least reserve." A kiss is the outward sign and inward visible grace of hearty love, and peace, and heavenly joy. I do not refer to the puerility of a bashful damsel's snatchy buss which comes against your lips like the visitation of an erratic June bug in its evening flight—nor the slobbery mouthings of the hoyden who is ready to kiss every body, (I never countenance an omni-buss,) —nor the niminy-piminy nothingnesses of the prude—nor the noisy smack of the country wench—nor the cold touch of the heartless coquette, who suffers you to press her lips, while her mind is flirting with another. Herrick, the author of the words of "Cherry Ripe," the prettiest and most popular compliment ever paid to ladies' lips, says in one of his sweet stanzas, in another poem,

> Pout your joined lips—then *speak* your kiss.

In that one line is contained the basial secret. But few persons know how to kiss; they rob the love token of its fair proportion—bite it in half, as it were—and, instead of "a *long*, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," regale upon a cold and unimpassioned smack. Drayton, a poet of worth, justly ridicules these snatchy kisses—the results of shame-faced affection, or of careless and languid love. He says—

> These poor half-kisses kill me quite;
> Was ever man thus served?
> Amidst an ocean of delight,
> For pleasure to be starved.

The careless customary kiss which some husbands bestow upon their wives, and young and pretty wives, too, is a positive libel upon Hymen's prerogatives. Let infants, who know no better, slobber their delights, and rub together their immobile lips—let aged crones, with parchment cheeks, and withered lips, and toothless jaws, and eyes "dropping thick amber and plum-tree gum," defile the heavenly luxury of kissing by mechanical collision of their labialities—but let not a man, "whose blood is warm within," who reverences the master-piece of nature's fairy-hand, insult the creature he is bound to love, to cherish, and protect, by coldly pressing her ripe and pouting lips. Many a warm heart has engendered thoughts, which,

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rising to the empyrean, "make the angels weep"—many a family has been rendered irremediably miserable—many a black sin has been added to the foul catalogue of human frailty, by the cold formality of a husband's kiss. "Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned," says the poet; and innumerable instances are on record of the sad effects of jealous rage and the potency of female revenge.

Giovanni Battista Guarini, who was born three hundred years ago, expatiates largely upon kissing, in his Pastor Fido, a dramatic pastoral of some six thousand lines; the plot is founded upon a kiss given to a rustic beauty, by a swain disguised as a nymph. His description of the scene is pretty, but too lengthy for transcription. The chorus indulges in some curious reflections upon kissing, the translation of a part of which is here presented to my readers:—

'Tis true, the kiss which to the vermeil cheek
All delicate is given, we own is sweet;
But those who rightly judge, as ye can judge,
Blest lovers! who have prov'd it, must declare
That's but a lifeless kiss, where the dear maid
Doth not herself with joy return the kiss.
But when the lips of an enamor'd pair
Most cordially encounter—and the smack
(Just when with sweet revenge the God of Love
Wounds either mouth) so charmingly resounds!
These are true kisses; where, with honest will,
As much is rendered back as was received.
Let the nice curious mouth refin'dly kiss
The forehead, neck, or hand; 'twill ever find
No part of the sweet maid, who tastes the kiss,
Can like the mouth its grateful sense express.
For here, doth either soul, with eager joy,
Rushing, the kiss repay—and, with new fire,
Gives to the precious kissing rubies, life.

Alain Chartier, who was esteemed to be the father of French eloquence, and flourished in the fifteenth century, had a royal compliment paid him by Margaret, wife to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. She was crossing a gallery in the Louvre, attended by her maids of honor, when she espied Chartier asleep in the recess of a bay window. The princess stooped over the sleeper, who was remarkably ugly, and kissed him. The ladies expressed their astonishment, but Margaret silenced them by saying, "I do not kiss the man, but the lips which have uttered such beautiful things." Alack, for the gallantry of modern days! Tommy Moore, who says the prettiest things on love matters, is not ugly, but he is nearly sixty, and considerably grizzled, yet I doubt, if he was to fall asleep in one of the anti-chambers at Buckingham Palace, if Queen Victoria would kiss the lips which have "uttered such beautiful things." This elegant remark of Margaret was almost as complimentary as the celebrated observation of the dustman or coal-heaver, who was passing along one of the streets in London, when he saw the beautiful duchess of Devonshire step into her carriage. Struck with the brilliancy of her eyes, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Lord love them eyes, marm, do let me light my pipe at them."

Kissing is, and ever has been, omnipresent and omnifarious. Vortigern resigned his kingdom for a kiss, and Mark Antony gave up the world. Shakspeare, with his usual skill, has made the proud patrician of Corioli exclaim, at the sight of his wife—

Oh, for a kiss!
Long as my exile—sweet as my revenge!

Byron and Lamb drank gin and water while engaged in composition; Ben Johnson drew his inspiration from the wine cask; but Massinger, with a truer taste, makes one of his *dram. pers.* wish to taste the nectar of his lover's lip, adding—

Let me drink often from this living spring,
To nourish my invention.

Our respectable great grandmothers and very great grandmothers must have indulged in the practice of kissing with a generality that quite outshames the modesty of modern manners. Polydore Virgil says, "The women of England not only salute their relations with a kiss, *but all persons promiscuously*; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty." The philosophic Erasmus melts into love and playful thoughts when he mentions kisses; in one of his letters from England, he says—"Here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humored, and whom you would prefer even to your favorite muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss; and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you, they give you a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss. In short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life."

Kissing hands is an old custom, and is mentioned by Lucian as an offering of respect to the Gods from the poor, who kissed their own hands upon entering the temples. Venus and Psyche were adored in that way alone. Basl received the same token of veneration. Homer mentions Priam kissing the hand of Achilles, when beseeching for the dead, body of his son Hector. Job and Solomon refer to the custom. The Roman emperors gave their hands to be kissed by their favorite courtiers, but the minority party, or opposition, were obliged to be content to touch the hem of the royal robe with the right hand, which they afterwards carried to the mouth. Cortez found this custom established in Mexico, where the conquered Incas saluted him by touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards lifted to their lips. In England, the nobles of the land, upon presentation at court, kiss the hand of the sovereign; most of the European potentates are thus saluted; but the king of Prussia never allows his royal fist to be thus dese-

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crated—indeed, strange notions of kissing pervade all Germany; if a young girl is kissed against her will, it constitutes an assault of the most aggravated kind, and the offender may be severely punished; it matters not how gently the affair be managed—if the lady declares her non-consent, the kiser is adjudged guilty. In Berlin, the kisses connected with the ceremonies of the various religious sects, were put down by royal authority.

The Arabs kiss the eyes of their brood mares, but never salute the lips of their wives. Catholics kiss the tip of the Pope's toe—a custom introduced by the debasing tyranny of the Roman emperors. Kissing the foot used to be an old feudal tenure in Europe. Rollo, the celebrated Danish giant, was required, upon becoming a vassal of the French throne, to kiss the foot of his monarch; but Rollo was a radical, and refused to submit to such a degradation. He was therefore allowed to perform the ceremony by deputy; and the grim-visaged warrior who was selected for the office, performed it with such an ill grace, that instead of stooping his head to the royal foot, he raised the foot so high, that the most sacred monarch fell to the ground, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of the court—for even majesty, when roley-poleyish, is food for fun. The cardinals of the holy church have the prerogative of kissing the lips of the queens of Spain, but are not allowed to salute the feminine French majesties in the same manner—although these Gallic dignitaries allow enormous latitude, and suffer every whiskered-faced and moustached monkey-looking nobleman to salute her cherry pouters upon the honor of a first introduction. In Montaigne's time, the matter was something worse, for he declares that the high born beauties had to offer their lips to the three valets in the nobleman's *suite*, however repulsive their appearance.

Among the many singular quiddities in the "Basia" of Johannes Everardus, *alias* Nicolaïus, *alias* Secundus, there is one exquisite little bit that I cannot pass by without quoting. It is the original of a very fine conceit—the origin of the red rose. Venus has conveyed the young Ascanius to the Paphian bower, "with shadowing roses crowned." The youth is sleeping, and the goddess wishes to kiss his cherry lip.

But fearing, lest such fond excess of joy
Might break the slumber of the beauteous boy;
On every rose-bud that around him blow'd,
A thousand nectar'd kisses she bestow'd;
And straight each opening bud, *which late was white,*
Blush'd a warm crimson to th' astonish'd sight.

I have promised "more anon" about my cousin and my first kiss of love. Here it is. At the age of seventeen, I was invited to spend one of my college vacations at the country residence of my maternal aunt, a comely, good natured, motherly widow, possessing some half dozen sons and daughters, with whom I had found but little acquaintance since the days of our extreme juvenility. I knew that my aunt lived in a delightful country, abounding with game, and on the banks of a river "full of fish;" so, packing up my double-barreled fowling piece, a bag of shot, a canister of powder, my fishing poles and my tackle, I started off, with with my favorite spaniel, Dido, in expectation of glorious sport. But when the bright eyes of my cousin Maria smiled a welcome, I thought no more of fish or fowl. She was a graceful, lively, joyous creature, with an occasional dash of the romp in her manner, but her natural politeness and good sense prevented her hoyden tricks from being provoking. She was about eighteen. I shall not describe her. Let my male readers imagine her resemblance to the objects of their loves—let my fair perusers fancy a similitude between my Maria and their own opinions of their looking glass reflections, and I shall be satisfied. Of course, we all think Maria a beautiful creation. My attentions soon became particular, and in a few days we were seldom asunder. The perfection of my shooting and fishing appointments excited the admiration of her brothers—fixtures were made for days' sport which I never attended; trout, pickerel, and ptarmigan graced the larder—the produce of my cousins' industry, while Maria and I strolled through the meadows by the river side, or floated down the stream in a small and crazy batteau belonging to the boys. Some deer were reported in the neighborhood, and although it was something too soon in the season, a party was made for their destruction. Maria agreed to ride with me to the place of rendezvous. We set forth, a gallant cavalcade, in all the exuberance of youthful spirits; but Maria tired ere we reached the deer walk, and, spite of the remonstrances of my cousins and the sneers of my friends, I resigned all chance of participating in the glorious sport, and remained by the side of my fair enslaver. And yet, we never spoke of love; nay, she laughed at the earnestness of my devotion, and ridiculed my habits of home-staying and neglect of my accustomed sport. I soon found that I was over head and ears in love with my pretty cousin, and resolved to tell her so, yet never could muster up courage to disclose what I imagined to be my secret, but what the little gypsey knew to be the case sooner than I did myself. I used to sit and gaze at her, wondering at the delicious blueness of her eyes, the marble polish of her brow, and the tempting plumpness of her cherry lips—lips, which I would have given one of my fingers to have kissed. Indeed, the accomplishment of this kiss became, at last, the sole object of my day thoughts and my reveries by night. Maria's lips were formed for kissing; they were not thin slips of flesh, scarcely serving to cover the pale gums, nor the thick, sausage-shaped rolls that disfigure some of our fair feminines. Johannes Secundus himself could not have imagined a finer pair of labial beauties for the purpose of apostrophising. The thoughts of this kiss hung round the neck of my heart, as Launcelot says; and, one night, in the fervor of my devotion, I perpetrated the following

RECEIPT TO MAKE A KISS.

From rose-buds yet unblown, whose vernal morn
Perfumes the gale, unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple take—and steal from May
The pearls that gem the lawn when springs the day,

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Crop the young violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of its velvet head;
With love's own odors charged, and steeped in joy,
The honey'd labors of the hive employ.
But search with care the aromatic work,
Lest danger in the sweet temptation lurk,
And mar the luscious toil—for should'st thou leave
One sting behind, 'twould all thy hopes deceive.
Into the fragrant mass let Zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;
The chirp of beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmurs of the turtle there.
Her smiles and graces Venus must infuse,
And thrice embalm the whole with Paphian dews.
If the blest mixture daintily you'd sip,
'Tis found perfected on Maria's lip.

With much satisfaction, I perused my amatory production, and resolved to give it to my goddess during the day, as a sort of *avant courier* to the declaration which I had that day resolved to make. But visiters arrived; the household was in confusion; Maria was engaged in domestic duties; and worse than all, I lost the copy of my verses, and, despite my minute search, was unable to regain my treasure. I went down to dinner with a poor appetite and a worse temper. One of the new comers, a Londoner, a friend of my male cousins, and familiarly termed Guss Busby, contrived to seat himself next to my Maria, and paid her incessant attention. The lively girl listened to his nonsensical chat and diabolical small talk, with more civility than I thought she had a right to bestow, and I retired sulkily from the table. In the evening, we were seated round the blazing fire, for the autumn had far advanced; it was evident that Guss Busby was the depository of what my boyish cousins deemed an excellent joke, and Maria and I were the objects of divers mysterious insendoes. My aunt demanded an explanation—the rascally Guss drew the manuscript of my poem from his pocket, and with a quaint voice and ridiculous emphasis, read aloud my precious production. A burst of clamorous laughter greeted its termination; the visiter tittered, the boys roared, Guss grinned, my aunt chuckled, Maria blushed, and I growled.

"'If the blest mixture daintily you'd sip,
'Tis found perfected on Maria's lip,'"

repeated Gussy. "You see, Miss Maria, what your cousin asserts—for your brothers affirm this to be his writing. I approve his taste, and wish to judge if he has described the luxury aright;" and the confident puppy rose from his seat, and approached my Maria with the evident intention of ravishing a kiss. I had been sitting on thorns during the reading of my lines, and seriously contemplated the opposite advantages of pulling Mr. Gussy's nose, or spanking him with the fire shovel; but when I understood the nature of the outrage he was about to commit, I jumped up, and with one well-planted hit on the mouth with which he was about to desecrate Maria's lips, knocked him over my aunt's work table. A roar of confusion ensued; the ladies shrieked—my aunt threatened to go into fits—Dido barked—Gussy swore—and the boys huzzaed. Maria went out of the room; I was about to follow her, when Gussy stopped me, and declared that we must fight it out. A friend remonstrated; and it was settled that we should have a pop at one another in the early morning—my male cousins promising to get up and see the fun.

I left the room; the garden door was open; I descended the steps, and followed the path to the river's bank. The moon was shining with a brilliancy but little inferior to the light of day, and the ripples of the stream glittered in the silvery brightness. My cousin Maria was standing by the boat-post, gazing on the passing tide. I thought she was crying from the pensiveness of her attitude, but when I approached her with a tender air and a deprecatory speech, she burst into a merry laugh, and complimented me on my gymnastic excellence.

I endeavored to turn the conversation, and wished to place things *en train* for my purposed declaration. I uttered various nonsensical common-places about the beauteous moon, and balmy air, and gliding stream, and genial influences, and ecstatic sympathies, but without effect. Maria had no sentiment, as it is termed, in her composition.

"It is a beautiful night for a glide down the river. If you are not afraid of catching cold, untie the rope of the batteau, and paddle me about."

We were soon afloat. The charmer sat at the stern of the little boat, with her gossamer scarf waving in the night breeze, as we gently moved down the stream. The little islands, covered with the brightest green, rose and vanished in the mysterious haze of the moonlight; and the dark woods that lined the shores echoed our jocund laugh. Maria was in raptures; and requesting me to cease the play of the paddles, she commenced one of my favorite songs. Oh, the enchanting melody of that soft, sweet voice! how well do I remember its effect upon my love-smitten soul, as, gazing upon her angel face, by the vivid light of the moon, I grew drunk with beauty and with hope. The song ceased—Maria spoke to me—I could not answer.

"You are grieved at the events of the night, I believe. It is certainly disagreeable to have one's poetry laughed at. But I did not laugh; I snatched the copy from the hands of that odious Busby, and have it about me. Look," said the dear girl, drawing my verses from the bosom of her dress, "here they are, and I mean to get them by heart."

How I longed to kiss the beauteous lips that uttered such sweet words!

"You served that rude Busby right, and I thank you, cousin. How dare he presume to imagine that I would allow him to kiss me? With a cousin, you know, it is a different affair—*there is no harm in kissing one's cousin.*"

True! true! but, like a fool—an addle-brained ass—I had been dying to kiss those ripe and pouting prettinesses, yet never once remembered the heavenly privilege of a cousin's claim! I had paid all the deep and soft attentions of a devoted swain, but had

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neglected to use the rights of a relation. I jumped up, resolved to snatch an earnest of my blissful prerogative; I folded the dear laughing girl in my arms, my lips pressed hers, and I indulged in my first kiss, "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

The frail batteau, unfit arena for a romping match, readily yielded to our united weights, when out of equilateral balance, and plumped us both into the river. A scramble—a scream—and a splash—and the cold water gurgled in my throat, and I lost the light of the moon, and a stifling sensation choked my utterance, and the still, calm river roared like wildest thunder in my ears. In a minute, the longest that a man can live, I rose to the surface of the water. I could not swim, but the topsy-turvy boat was within my reach; I endeavored to grasp the rounded sides, but was unable to obtain a purchase for my fingers; and the light craft floated more rapidly down the stream, with the impetus of my hasty but ineffectual clutch. Again was I submerged in the depths of the river—again I rose. I splashed and struggled in the silvery ripples of the moonlight stream—when suddenly, as I was floating and floundering in the midst of the current, my knees struck against a sunken rock. In an instant I was on its summit, and I found myself standing up to my middle in the centre of the river.

"But where is your dear cousin, your pretty Maria, all this time?" methinks I hear my readers cry. "You did not leave her in her distress!"

Yes, but I did. I have told you that I could not swim; and if ever you get immersed in a deep, cold river, you will find that the first law of nature is imperative. I loved Maria beyond myself; I would have died to have preserved her, and had she been drowned, would incontinently have committed suicide—but where was the use of my endeavoring to preserve her when I was unable to preserve myself? It is all very well for the web-footed amphibious sons of the sea to jump into the water after "a man overboard," but "I have a natural alacrity in sinking," and were I to attempt such a Quixotic achievement, should but increase the confusion by requiring somebody else to jump after me. But we are leaving Maria in the water all this time.

I had scarcely raised my head above the level of the stream, when a sickening anticipation of Maria's fate struck me to the heart. I gazed anxiously over the face of the water, but saw her not—I called aloud, but received no answer. Innumerable little islands studded the bosom of the Maumee, and the gentle current broke in beauteous ripples against their verdant edges, and whirled along in little eddies and bubbling runs, that glistened in the moonlight. Again I shouted aloud the name of my Maria; the wooded shores gave back the sound—naught else but the trickling music of the stream broke the silence of the night.

"Oh, God! shall I never see her again?" I exclaimed aloud. "I am her destroyer!—her murderer! Oh, that fatal kiss—it was fraught with death to her—to me—for I can never survive her loss. Maria—love—cousin—wife—where are you now? I could barter life for the power of diving into the deeps of this deceitful stream, and rescuing my love from the pangs of death. Why, why can I not swim?"

"Because you were too lazy to learn," exclaimed a sweet-toned voice from some place behind me. I turned rapidly round—a clear and merry laugh directed my gaze. Upon the bank of a small island, not twenty yards from my rock, but *under* the light of the moon, and therefore difficult to discern, I observed a white dress, and knew that Maria had reached a place of safety. The buoyancy of her attire had enabled her to float the few yards between the place of our accident and the nearest land.

When my anxiety had in some measure subsided, I felt that it was impossible to refrain from joining with Maria in laughing at the excessive ludicrousness of our situations. She was prisoner on an islet not twenty feet long by six wide; and I was confined, waist deep, to the surface of a slippery rock, with deep water all around and between us, and no possible means of joining company or attaining either shore. The boat had glided from our sight; the midnight hour was rapidly approaching, and help was not within sound of our loudest hail.

The joke of the affair carried us through the first half hour, when I began to find my situation irksome in the extreme. I was unable to sit down or walk about; the slightest motion teemed with death; the cramp tied up the integuments of my legs in large knots, and a shivering fit stopped my conversation with Maria. To add to my distress, I knew that the charming girl was exposed to the same inconveniences; for although she had a few feet of ground whereon she could and did walk, still she was enveloped in wet clothes, and exposed to the night damps and the river fogs, which now covered the surface of the stream like a thick white blanket, and shrouded my pretty cousin from my view.

I shouted aloud. It was useless; but the human mind never thoroughly despairs. My cousin laughed, I swore, and was prettily and effectively rebuked.—The fog came on thicker. The bark of a dog sounded dully on our ears—perhaps my faithful Dido had guided our searching friends to the rescue. I shouted again; Maria was also seized with the infection of hope, and shrieked with an intenseness that would have paralyzed a playhouse pit. The echo barely sounded through the density of the mist—we listened for an answering hail—but the silence was unbroken; even the dog refrained from his bark.

The wind sighed louder, and blew the thick fog into long streaks and lines of vapor, which, suddenly acted on by counter currents of air, broke into fantastic and uncouth shapes that hung over the rippling tide, or lodged against the banks of the islets, and the high branches of the trees upon the river shores. Hour after hour passed away in misery unutterable. I expected every minute to tumble in the deep water beside me, and end my weariness in death. Maria bore up bravely; but the idea of her mother's anxiety increased her wretchedness, and I fancied that amidst the forced chuckles of her well-meant gayety, I could discover the sobs she appeared so anxious to conceal.

The moon sunk below the horizon; the wind had

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cleared the fog from the river, but the dark intensity of the night seemed more appaling than the illuminated thickness of the mist. Despair began to crawl over my spirits; I knew that the river was seldom navigated; that there was no house within two or three miles of us, and, in fact, if we passed the night in this tormenting situation, that the daylight promised no chance of relief, except our friends, following the course of the river's banks, discovered us in our separate St. Helenas. But then, how were they to rescue us? there was no other batteau than our own on the stream for many miles; and it was impossible to say where that unstable craft had floated.

"Listen!" said Maria, in a low, earnest tone, "I hear the sound of paddles." I strained my sense of hearing to the utmost, but after several minutes attention, was compelled to warn Maria of the fallacy of her supposition. "The cold has made you deaf, dear cousin," she replied; "I hear it distinctly. Hark! there are voices too. We shall be relieved from this dreadful place." I listened, but heard not the sounds that cheered Maria, and warned her again of the mistake. "There, there—we shall lose them—they will pass by the farther shore. Shout, cousin—I will scream." And the piercing shriek rose on the night air, and seemed to rive my brain.

"They have stopped the use of their paddles, and are gliding past; they must have heard me. Shout, shout, cousin; hallo loudly, or we are lost."

I obeyed the injunction, and roared piteously for help. My shouts were replied to; the sound of the paddles and the rapid inquiries from several persons assured us of the certainty of redemption. A party of hunters were returning from the uplands with their dogs and guns; and, with the game proceeds of their sport, were crammed into a small batteau. Questions and answers were rapidly given; they laughed heartily at our mishap; but, with praiseworthy haste, proceeded to release the lady from her unpleasant place of imprisonment. Two of the party jumped on to the little island from the well-freighted boat, and requested her to be seated within, while their friends paddled her to the shore. But my dear Maria refused to enter till I had been removed from my perch upon the flooded rock. In two minutes, I was by her side; and in ten more, we were safely landed on our own bank of the Maumee, but several miles distant from the house of my aunt.

The hunters bade us farewell, and, placing a flask of old whiskey in my grasp, hurried back to the little island for the purpose of redeeming their comrades, who had been compelled to remain there while we occupied their places in the boat. A few yards progress along the river's edge convinced us of the difficulty of proceeding on our way; but a drink or two from the hunters' flask invigorated our frames; and, after a painful and tedious march of a couple of hours, we reached the house of my distracted aunt just as the day began to dawn.

It is not worth while now to describe the agony of the family during the long, long night; nor the coddlings, and nursings, and gruelings, and physicings that we were compelled to undergo, to prevent the probable effects of our duckings and dabblings. Many weeks passed before I was able to use my legs, but my dear Maria sat by my bedside, and read to me, and chatted with me, and kissed me, and trembled as she kissed—at the thoughts of the result of our first embrace.

It is not worth while to say that Guss Busby did not shoot me, although he talked about sending a challenge; but my aunt dextrously bestowed a hearty slap upon his sinister cheek, and desired him to think no more about such nonsense.

It is not worth while to say that I married my cousin—my own Maria; for, as my aunt said, it was not possible for me to do otherwise, after putting her in liquor, and keeping her out all night. Maria has now no partiality for boating parties; and I am content with a bit of fowl at home without getting a duck out of doors. She is now sitting opposite to me, darning the stockings of my eldest boy, who is about to return to school, and is reading by the window; a blue-eyed girl is helping mama; two curly-headed ruffians are teaching a lineal descendant of the original Dido to attain a two-legged perpendicular in the corner; and little Tommy is rocking baby's cradle.

And thus ends my chapter upon kissing.

THE LOT OF ALL.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. SCHLEGEL.

One glides through life in buoyant bark along,
One lets his gaudy-colored pennon fly;
One e'en the conquest of the moon will try,
One would but bound what fields to him belong.

One feeds on luxuries from thousands wrung,
One hungry, naked, and unhoused must lie:
Yet all were rocked in cradle equally
Of their great *mother*, weak as well as strong.

And scarcely condescend a passing glance
On those who *were*; and those who *are*, the while
Forget, they walk o'er hollow catacombs.

The earth is rolling like the wheel of chance,
Time too, immensurable, never still,
And momently death strangles hecatombs.

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PIRATE LAW.

BY WILDERR LANN, PHILADELPHIA.

THE morning wind had sunk to sleep on its ocean bed, and left a small, foretopsail schooner rocking on the long, smooth swells, away westward of the coast of Peru. She was a gay and gallant model of naval beauty. Light as the frightened sea-gull, she rose on the clear, deep wave, showing a long, low, shining-black hull of faultless mould. The tall, elegant, masts stood proudly up with that graceful rake peculiar to this class of vessels; the clean polished yards were swung with the nicest accuracy, tapering from the middle with the rounded symmetry of a lady's finger; the spotless canvas hung in airy folds amid the trim, taut rigging, like the floating dress of a fairy queen. The figure-head of a dark-haired Moorish girl, leaned in laughing loveliness from the sharp, rising bow, as if to kiss the glad waters beneath; with one hand she held the wild lily of the Pacific Isles, while the other playfully grasped a scarf, on which was written "The Flower of the Sea." A single flag dropped above the narrow stern; as it flapped aside with the rolling of the waves, it revealed the bright blazonry of the Spanish arms.

To one untaught in sea lore, the vessel might have passed for a peaceful carrier of trade, but a seaman would have remarked that she was built for surpassing swiftness, without regard to burthen. He would have told you that she was too pretty to be any thing else than a smuggler or pirate, such gentry always displaying a more classic taste than their less romantic brethren of the salt-water. His keen eye, too, would have detected the dark mouth of a cannon, known to the craft by the name of "Long Tom," lurking mysteriously under a heap of canvas and coiled rope, just aft the foremast. All doubts as to character were put to rest by the motley crew of whiskered desperadoes that covered the deck. Some slept half-naked in the hot sun, some were gambling and quarreling, and others, with a spice of poetic feeling not uncommon to the cloth were leaning over the side to watch the frolicsome porpoises splashing on the sunny sea. It seemed, from the confusion of tongues, that the mob of every nation had met together, and sent each an envoy to to this "Assembly of Free Agency." Among them especially were to be seen the dark, devil-eyed Mexican, and the brawny, scowling mulatto.

Such was the pirate. The wars of Spain and her American colonies had given a new and dangerous impulse to lawless adventure. The "profession" of piracy rose to a fatal rank, and, among the rest, "The Flower of the Sea" became known as the "Scourge of the Southern Wave." Her name carried terror far among the islands and the very ports of the Pacific. Swift and daring, she set capture at defiance, and laughed at pursuit. Many a boastful cruiser had felt her powers in the running fight, before she left him "hull down" astern. Many an honest mariner had espied at dusk a speck of a sail prowling on the red edge of the horizon, and ere the evening star had set, with a blaze and hurrah! the pirate was upon him!

Beneath an awning on the quarter-deck, reclined a fierce man, under the common height, but of powerful frame. Full white trowsers, girded smooth and close around the waist with a crimson belt, scarcely hid the outline of a leg too large to be called handsome. A pair of Morocco slippers completed his dress, leaving bare a broad shaggy chest, and muscular arms of Herculean size. Two large pistols and a long, glittering knife, which weapons he never laid aside, were stuck into his belt. His face, almost covered by whiskers and mustaches of enormous growth, was terrible as the storm of the desert. An eye that would scare a murderer's ghost back to his sheetless gibbet, glared intensely under a bushy mass of hair that overhung his brows. Such was Bernardo, the pirate chief. He commenced his career of villany in early youth, by murdering an aged and only relative in Jamaica, his native land; he fled, and became a freebooter. Growing more daring and desperate as blood thickened on his hands, he now acknowledged no superior in crime but his great master, the devil, and was often heard in his drunken revelry, to vow a hard fight for empire with that potentate on the sulphurous Styx!

Feared and hated by his gang, the tenure of his authority was the sabre's point; yet he maintained his sway by that consummate boldness and cunning, which men of his rank and calling never want. The glance of the chief darted restlessly from time to time among his tameless crew, and then, like the panther in ambush, travelled keenly around the horizon.

High amid the angry oaths of a knot of gamblers at the forecastle, arose the gruff voice of Antonio, a gigantic mulatto, of a most villanous aspect. Inferior to none but Bernardo in piratical accomplishments, he was acknowledged second in power, and no one dared to dispute his claim. Opposite him sat a wild-looking, long-haired youth, of slender but active form. His features were once singularly handsome, but a companionship of vice, and his own untamed passions, had lent him the reckless bearing of the outlaw. His losses were rapid and heavy: with an impatient curse he threw down his last stake; the cards were played; the mulatto won, and swept the gold into his pocket with a fiend's laugh.

"Antonio, you are a base cheat," muttered the youth, grinding his teeth with passion.

"I a cheat?" returned Antonio, rising wrathfully.

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"Look you, Arnold Kell, when a man calls me so,—a man, mind you,—this is my answer," touching the handle of his knife; "but when a cross boy, I correct him, as would his mother, thus," and with his open hand he sent the youth reeling backwards.

With a scream like the wild-cat in her rage, the young man flashed his knife in the sun and bounded at his huge antagonist. In an instant his uplifted arm was stilled, and his naked throat clutched in the vice-like grasp of Antonio. "Die like a puppy as you are, unworthy of bullet or steel," growled the ruthless negro, and he laughed hideously at the starting eyes and hanging tongue of the gasping Arnold. The crew rushed towards them, and Antonio, bent on the death of his victim, stept back. The strangling boy in his last throe, tripped his foe dexteriously as he retreated. Antonio loosed his hold and caught vainly at the shrouds; wildly, triumphantly did Arnold send home his knife in rapid succession, and ere the mulatto fell, his heart's blood was smoking on the deck. The maniac yell of the victor was followed by the curse, the death-rattle of the fallen!

"Hell and furies!" thundered Bernardo, throwing aside the crowd, "who dares my authority on this deck? who has done this deed?"

"I," said the youth, holding up his reeking blade, "I, Arnold Kell, sent the devil to his home."

"Then after him with this message from me," and Bernardo's pistol glittered at his head.

"He was right," muttered twenty voices, and as many knives started from their sheaths.

As the crippled snake in its angry pain, so did Bernardo turn on his rebellious gang. His eye flashed fierce as the lightning's blaze on eyes as fierce as his. Mad with rage, yet fully aware of the spirits over whom he held his wavering ascendancy, the wily chief searched for an instant the dark faces around.

"Is there a man," said he, with lofty vehemence, "who has joined this daring mutiny, that will say when your chief forgot his duty? When has the sweeping storm, burst over us that I guided not the helm? When has the lightning lit up the midnight surge, that I trembled at its glare? When has the fight dyed the sea with blood, that my sabre was not there? And who was at my side in all this? There he lies; the murdered Antonio. Who so fearlessly sprang aloft when the howling hurricane rent the fluttering canvas? Who so true to cripple the flying prize? Who was before him to leap on the streaming deck? Who, when the kneeling coward prayed for his trembling life, so quick to stop his tongue, as Antonio? 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

A murmur of approbation was heard. Bernardo eyed Arnold with hellish joy. "And who," continued he, "is his murderer? A stray cur that has swam off to us with a rope about his neck. A weak fool, who sleeps on his watch, and starts and mutters of his father and his home, whose woman's tongue preached pity to men like you, when your knives are cutting the way to victory. He has basely killed your brave companion, whose life was worth a hundred such cowards as he! What says our law?—'Life for life; blood for blood.'"

The stern words of the law were repeated by all in a tone that silenced mercy.

Arnold heard his doom with scorn. "Coward as I have been called," said he, haughtily, "I will not ask dogs for a life worth less than this dead jackall," spurning the huge corse of Antonio. "I ask for death, but let it be on the decks of the enemy."

"The law, the law!—Blood for blood!" interrupted Bernardo.

The ominous sentence was whispered again, like the hollow threat of the midnight wind.

A shudder thrilled the frame of the doomed; for an instant in that dread moment, his eye sought the bright, still sky—one bitter tear stole down and trembled on his lip; he thought of his far home, his childhood's song, his mother's smile—but again defiance mantled on his brow; dark and fearless he looked on the seekers of his blood.

"I must die; but ere I go, I'll hurl the lie back to the teeth of the damned one that spoke it," said he, bending a hateful glance at the chief. "It becomes him well to call me cur and coward, who came from the womb squeaking a curse on men; who grew and fattened on his kindred's blood."

"Fool! do you beard me here?" cried the furious Bernardo, flashing a pistol in the face of the youth. The excited crew closed between them, when Arnold drew his blood-stained knife, and sprang up the mainmast. "Whoever follows," shouted he, "shall leap with me from the mast head."

The fearful brawl was arrested by the hurried cry of "A sail, a sail, on the larboard bow." In an instant, all was bustle. Away to the west, a dark streak on the sea marked the coming wind. Just within its edge, a large brig was seen bearing due south, under full sail.

"She will escape us by this cursed calm," growled Bernardo. "What colors?"

"American," returned the lookout.

"A prize, but not for us."

The dead Antonio was hastily thrown overboard, with a shot fastened to his heels, and his blood carefully washed off the deck. It was no time to resume the quarrel, and Arnold remained sullen and unmolested. Bernardo strode the deck impatiently, watching the distant sail, like the shark when he sees his prey sporting in the shoal water. "Ha!" said he, stopping short, "perhaps they have Christian charity; up with a signal of distress! Down below, all, and be ready."

The orders were promptly obeyed. True to the appeal of humanity, the devoted brig wore round, and steered directly for the pirate. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The brig held her course for half an hour, when suddenly there was a confusion on board; she hauled off, and crowded sail! With a stamp of rage, the chief ordered his men on deck. The dreaded black flag was run up, and the long gun cleared away for the chase. Presently the approaching wind played and whirled capriciously on the billows; the first light puff awoke the sleeping sails, and the pirate schooner slipped noiselessly along. As the young breeze grew into a steady wind, the accursed black

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banner unwrapped its gloomy field, and streamed alee; the foam parted wide from the bow, and it was soon evident that she gained rapidly on the brig.

"Give them the hot iron!" shouted the chief. "But where is Antonio? where is your gunner now? shall his murderer escape?"

Curses, deep and angry, were heard, and many vengeful looks were fastened on the condemned youth, perched in the rigging. The politic Bernardo stept forward to try his skill; he sighted carefully along the piece as the schooner yawed, and gave the order to fire. The light craft trembled under the bellowing discharge, but the brig kept on unharmed. A broadside of oaths followed the gun's discharge. After a hot chase of an hour, the figure of a man was distinctly seen at the helm of the flying vessel; he stood fearless and alone. Again the long gun blazed away; as the smoke swept astern, the pirates shouted to see the foretopmast falling to the leeward. A few more rapid and well-aimed shots, and the ill-fated brig was crippled and unmanageable. The pirate hove to, within pistol shot. Two boats were lowered, and instantly filled with whooping, ferocious wretches. Into the foremost sprang Bernardo; he stood eagerly in the bow, with a pistol cocked in one hand, and a heavy sabre in the other. With a howl like hungry wolves, they pulled for the prize. A silence, dread as the famished lion before he wakes, reigned aboard her. A small crew stood around their captain on the quarter-deck; a single swivel, a few old muskets, and a sabre or two, with the usual sailor knife, were their only arms. A powerful emotion agitated their leader; he trembled, but it was not the coward's quail; his face was deadly pale, but fear blanched it not; his words quivered through bloodless lips, but they breathed not of terror or dismay. It was the energy of a dauntless soul mastering its physical tenement. He looked on his faithful crew with thoughts that pen cannot portray.

"My men," said he, in a low and anxious tone, "we may soon be at anchor in a foreign port, but before we set sail, if any man has aught to say of me, let him speak his mind. When my poor, wild son left his fond father to go I know not where, my vessel became my home; I have tried to do my duty as an honest skipper should—I love you all, would die for you."

"We love you; will die for you," burst from the affected tars.

"My gallant boys, I thank you; fight till the last planks hold together; remember your wives and sweethearts. I am good for a dozen of the villains!" One full, bold cheer was the answer.

"Take the foremost boat,—fire!" shouted the master of the brig, discharging his musket, which was followed by a sheet of flame from the swivel and small arms of the men.

The effect was terrible; a yell of agony arose; Bernardo tumbled heavily over the bow. The shattered boat filled and went down, leaving a dense mass of dead, wounded, and cursing pirates on the bloody wave. But before the brave crew could reload, the other boat was alongside the brig, and a third was putting off from the schooner. The pirates poured on deck; their wild cries and horrid blasphemies rent the air, but not less terrific was the pealing hurrah! of the impetuous captain, as he whirled his sabre over his head.

"Fight for your lives, your skipper, and your craft; we are one to ten, my brave boys, but I am good for a dozen."

For a moment the pirates hesitated. It was a thrilling pause. It is dreadful to war against hope, but the struggle is the more terrible. Another band leaped on board, and the fight closed like the meeting of whirlwinds. Then came the hot strife of life and death in its fiercest shape—the scream—the blaze—the clash—the grasp—the death hug—the jetting blood—the heavy fall—and the last groan. The sailors fought with the fierceness of revenge and the recklessness of despair. Many a foul pirate gasped his last curse on that dear-bought prize. But no courage could withstand the overwhelming numbers of the buccaneers. One by one, a deep plunge told that a son of the ocean was sinking in his ocean grave.

The pirates were masters of the brig;—the intrepid captain alone remained; yet still his sabre whirled its circle of death; still the stirring thunder of his voice cheered his men to victory. He looked around, and they were gone! A few scalding tears travelled with funeral pace over his gory cheek.

"All gone but me?—my poor boys," said he, sorrowfully, "you did your duty, and the great skipper that sails aloft won't forget you, when all hands are called on deck to report their watch." Faint and wounded, he cut his staggering way to the cabin.

"Take him alive, take him alive! he shall die by inches," shouted a husky voice, which the pirates recognised to be that of Bernardo. Pale, wet, and bleeding, he climbed on board; a ragged piece of scalp hung over his right eye and temple; his left arm fell splintered and powerless by his side. "Take him alive," again he cried, hoarse with passion, "for vengeance I must have."

After a sanguinary struggle, the heroic captain was taken and bound. The brig was plundered, and set on fire; the greedy element darted its wiry tongue up the rigging, and dressed the vessel in flame. The pirates, with their prisoner and booty, put off for their schooner, heedless of the imploring cries of their wounded comrades on the burning prize.

In a few minutes more, "The Flower of the Sea" fell obediently to the wind, settling full and gracefully to one side, and bore rapidly away.

The ill fated prisoner was dragged with curses before the chief, on the quarter-deck; their eyes met in one long look of hate.

"What is our loss?" inquired Bernardo, turning to his men.

"Twenty-seven missing," was the answer.

"What! has a handful of villains done all this? Fool! what do you expect?" roared Bernardo, looking fury at his erect and scornful captive.

"That which you know I fear not,—death!" was the reply.

At the sound of that voice, a quick, broken cry

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might have been heard from aloft, but for the noise of the vessel speeding on her way.

"Yes, boasting dog, death you shall have, but it shall be with hot iron in your hissing flesh, and burning brimstone in your cursed mouth."

"Cut-throat—coward!"

"Silence! my revenge is not to be cheated by words. Look at me; do you not owe me a long debt of vengeance?—Look at this damned scar?"

"I fired that ball; would it had struck your brain."

"Look at this blasted arm, than which a better never wrung a villain's neck."

"I pointed the swivel; would it had torn out your black heart."

With a gnash of rage, Bernardo thrust a pistol into the very eye of the unfortunate captain, and fired! At the instant, a long, shrill, unearthly scream of "Blood for blood!" pierced the air aloft. The affrighted pirates glanced wildly upwards, when the whirling, whizzing body of the forgotten Arnold fell on the upturned face of Bernardo, snapping his neck, and crushing him to the deck, a hideous corpse!

"My father! oh, my father," shrieked the expiring Arnold, writhing and crawling to the murdered captain. But his brave soul had gone; he knew not the infamy of his son. With a piteous moan, the poor youth clasped the stiffened corse, and breathed his dying agony on his parent's bosom. The pirates stood appalled. The bodies of the father and son were dropped overboard together; as they went slowly down, the face of the father, yet bold and proud, gleamed for an instant under the bright wave and sunk for ever;—the dead Bernardo followed;—another commanded in his stead, and "The Flower of the Sea" sailed on.

TO AN INFIRM OLD LADY,

HIGHLY PAINTED AND FANTASTICALLY DRESSED.

The little sand that in thy glass remains
Already trembles on the awful verge;
The nimble wing of time those counted grains
Soon down the ne'er remounted steep must urge.
Think—think how few the fleeting moments be
That lightly hold thee from eternity.

Those hollow cheeks remind us of the grave,
To which thy joints, though feeble, swiftly go.
The use is past for which thy Maker gave
Those failing eyes: scarce canst thou hide the snow
That tells thy life's last winter: the next spring
That breaks on thee, another world must bring.

And doth that winking eye strive in its close,
To show some glimm'ring of a long-quench'd fire?
Upon that wither'd briar the young rose
Still canst thou wish to hang? O fond desire!
Thy mortal part now crumbles into clay.
Hast thou no thought for that which mocks decay?

Better a kerchief plain those brows might wear,
Than wanton wreaths, or jewels' costly blaze;
Or from another scalp the braided hair,
That, bathed with odor, scarce thy pain repays.
Thy nostril of the scent can taste no part;
And others are not cheated by such art.

Those fingers yet might hold a sober book,
That show so sadly hoop'd in gems and gold:
Those knees, that now their hinges only crook,
Curt'sies to interchange with fellow mould,
Would more befit thy fast approaching end,
In service to thy Maker taught to bend.

Thy gay attire is but the work of worms;
And what is all thy life's amount when weigh'd?
Ask, and thy true accusing conscience terms
Thy life, the wearing what a worm hath made:
A worm thyself, that to the grave will go
In jealous contest with some neighboring show.

O desperate madness! By the grave to stand—
The ready grave—that yawns to take thee in;
That ancient frame hung round by Folly's hand,
With many a proof of thoughts that ill *begin*,
But oh! how badly *end* the brief career
Of creatures passing to a world so near.

O for a sound that senseless ear to wake,
A clarion's voice to rouse that torpid soul;
For wholesome were the fear might bid thee quake.
And the dread future to thy view unroll.
Then might'st thou see how wretched is the thing
That thus to gauds in life's last gasp will cling.

That foolish mimicry of giddy youth,
So ill according with thy tale of years,
Might move our laughter: but the dreadful truth
Of thy condition, rather asks our tears—
Bids from our lips the smile of scorn depart,
And throws a secret horror o'er the heart.

Those tottering feet upon the pitfall stand,
Whose sinking surface gives thee to thy fate.
'Tis thine the present moment to command,
The next for better thoughts may be too late.
Ere yet too late, bethink thee that "the tree
Lies as it falls" through all Eternity.

Aria.

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SCISSIBLES,

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books makest me to gone.—*Chaucer.*

A SINGULAR little volume was published in Edinburgh, in the year 1822, entitled "*Memoir of the Life and Trial of James Mackcoull or Moffat.*" This Mackcoull was a notorious bank robber, pickpocket, and swindler, who died in the county jail at Edinburgh, shortly after receiving a reprieve from the sentence of death, to which the honest vengeance of the laws had doomed him. The "strange influence" which procured him a commutation of punishment is not explained, but the cool influence and consummate villany of the man renders the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy a remarkable proceeding.

Amongst the whole race of thieves, ancient and modern, from Cacus down to the pickpocket of yesterday, we do not remember a more cunning, daring, desperate, profligate, abandoned, surprising rogue than the subject of the above-mentioned Memoir. His life, from his very cradle, was one continued scene of iniquity and crime; and, indeed, in the wretched situation in which fortune had placed him, we can scarcely wonder that it should have been so. His mother, a woman of infamous character, educated her children to the profession of robbery, and the natural consequence was, that one of them suffered death, and another died in prison under conviction for a capital crime. His first depredation was robbing a poor man who sold *cats-meat*, by throwing snuff into his eyes, and then running away with his bag of pence: encouraged by his success, he joined a band of juvenile depredators, and became a great adept at *clicking* and *switching*, or in other words, stealing hats from gentlemen's heads, and shawls from ladies' shoulders. He soon acquired the reputation of a skilful artist amongst the *family men*—as the thieves of London are called—and the following anecdote will give some idea of his abilities:—

During the time of the Brentford, Middlesex, election, two of the gang proposed going there, as a place where, to use their own phrase, many *good things* might be done, and asked Mackcoull to accompany them. He said, he did not much like the idea, as there would be many green hands on the ground, by whom they might be observed and exposed; but as he longed to have a touch at the *pot-wabblers*,* he would go with them.

On reaching the hustings, they saw nothing to suit their views; while, as our hero predicted, they perceived a number of low thieves from London, mixed with the rabble. They, therefore, adjourned to the inn, dined in a private room, and having asked some of the electors to partake of a glass of wine, were, in return, invited to join in their libations. After the bottle had gone freely round for some hours, a band of music arrived, and the electors had a bull or stag dance. In this our hero's two associates gladly joined, and stripped a number of the electors of their watches and money. Although their depredations were numerous, yet the value was comparatively trifling to what they expected; and having lost sight of Mackcoull, and supposing he had deserted them, they left Brentford, and reached the old rendezvous in safety. Here they complained loudly of the conduct of our hero, and asserted, that if he was not taken, he had either *fought shy*, or concealed his plunder; which, according to the rules of their society, was *highly dishonorable.*

But Mackcoull had neither been taken, nor acted contrary to rule. Like a well-trained falcon, he despised the many trifling objects he saw before him, and reserved his attack for a bird worthy of his capture. He perceived a baker with his pocket-book literally crammed with money, and, being determined to carry off the prize, he watched an opportunity of doing the thing in a masterly style. The baker was a kind of leading man in the business, and being continually surrounded by some of the electors, could not be got at for a considerable time. But our hero having, by dint of inquiry, or in the course of conversation, learned that the baker was knowing in astronomy, or at least was extremly fond of being thought *star-wise*, he resolved to turn his knowledge of the heavenly bodies to good account. The moment, therefore, he saw him disengaged, he stepped up, and complimenting him on his superior knowledge in that pleasing science, asked his opinion, very gravely, of that strange alternating star, or luminous body, which the people had been gazing at all the evening, and whether he had ever observed any thing like it before? The baker, with astonishment, replied, that he knew nothing of the matter; and asked our hero in what part of the heavens it had appeared. He said he could not well answer the question, but if he (the baker) would condescend to step out, he would show him the spot where he and the other folks had seen it: that they stood close by the gable of an adjoining house, and, looking up in a line with the chimney, they saw the star *now and then*, and, as it were, shifting from one place to another: that it was very large, and seemed to have a tail; and the people were observing, they supposed, that he (the baker) would be busy with his glass somewhere, contemplating this phenomenon. "I would not lose the sight for a fifty," said the baker, and immediately accompanied our hero. By the time, however, that the learned baker was *placed in a position* to look for the star, his pocket-book was gone; and the moment this was effected, Mackcoull sug-

* Or *pot-walloppers*, a nickname bestowed upon the electors in certain districts in England, who, previous to the passage of the Reform Bill, were allowed to vote if they could prove having boiled a pot in the borough to which they professed to belong.

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gested the propriety, as the star was not then visible, of sending for his glass, so as they might have a better view of this heavenly wonder; but as the baker would allow no one to meddle with his instruments, he went to fetch it himself;—while, finding a chaise at a little distance, waiting a return hire to London, our hero jumped in, and proffering the driver a crown to himself to drive hard, as he was *on express business*, set off like lightning; and being set down, as he desired, at Charing Cross, he walked deliberately to the *ken* in Drury Lane.

We must hasten over many entertaining particulars of Mackcoull's adventures, to arrive at the daring attempt which ultimately ended in his destruction. In conjunction with a man of the name of French, and the celebrated Houghton, alias Huffey White, who contrived for that special occasion to make his third escape from the convict hulks, he succeeded in robbing the Paisley Bank of £20,000, part of which he *bucketed*, or appropriated to his own use, in fraud of his fellow thieves. A portion of this stolen property at length came to the hands of the Paisley bankers, who detained it as their own, upon which Mackcoull had the singular audacity—a pitch of impudence surely never equalled by the most daring thief—actually to bring an action against the bank for the recovery of it. In the course of these Scotch law-proceedings, in which we find the extraordinary hard words, or *vocabula artis*, of *multiple-poinding, assoilzied, act of sederunt, &c.*, it was necessary for Mackcoull to make a "judicial declaration," which is a tissue of the most palpable falsehoods. He mentioned the names of numerous individuals, some at Montreal, others at Berne, while others of them had changed their residence, and gone he knew not whither. When pressed by more specific inquiries, he refused to make any farther answer, "as it might lead to rude inquiries, disagreeable to the feelings of those to whom they were addressed." The climax of this farce was his writing a letter to a Mr. James Martin, whom he alleged to be a necessary witness for him, to which he received an answer, supposed to have been written by his brother John Mackcoull; and certainly two more entertaining documents were never produced in court. At the trial, our hero's conduct was most sublimely impudent. To the astonishment of all, he pressed through the crowd, till he reached Mr. Cockburn, the counsel for the bank, and here he stood with great composure, looking round him with a grin peculiarly his own. In a short time after his trial, Mackcoull was indicted for the robbery, and convicted on the most satisfactory testimony.

This volume, which evidently was *got up* by some one connected with the police, and acquainted with the mode of life which thieves pursue, and the language which they use, is written with considerable ability, though not without some prejudices against the subject of it, which have led the writer to endeavor to prove that Mackcoull was the murderer of one Begbie, porter to a bank in Edinburgh. We may be allowed in this place to mention a curious volume published some years ago by that John Mackcoull whom we have mentioned above, which contains an account of the persecutions that he suffered from the police, and an exposure of the abuses of that ministerial department of the law. It is a very interesting book, but must be read *cum grano salis*. The writer of it, who has lived all his life under *surveillance*, on one occasion addressed the following remarkable epistle to the magistrates of the public office, Bow street.

"GENTLEMEN—I beg leave to inform you, that I am, with my wife, gone to the theatre, Covent Garden. I take this step in order to prevent any ill-founded, malicious construction. Trusting that I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect, your most obedient, very humble servant,

"JOHN MACKCOULL."

In the sixth, and last volume, of D'Israeli's "*Curiosities of Literature*," is an account of the ancient Luxury of Dress. We occasionally grumble at the dandies of the present day, but the doings of the exquisites of the times by-gone eclipse our utmost shame. The extract is worth preserving.

In my researches among manuscript letters of the times, I have had frequent occasion to discover how persons of considerable rank appear to have carried their acres on their backs, and with their rumous and fantastical luxuries sadly pinched their hospitality. It was this which so frequently cast them into the nets of the 'goldsmiths,' and other trading usurers. At the coronation of James the First, I find a simple Knight whose cloak cost him five hundred pounds; but this was not uncommon. At the marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First, 'Lady Wotton had a gown of which the embroidery cost fifty pounds a yard. The Lady Arabella made four gowns, one of which cost £1,500. The Lord Montacut (Montague) bestowed £1,500, in apparel for his two daughters. One lady, under the rank of Baroness, was furnished with jewels exceeding one hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her,' says the letter writer. 'All this extreme costs and riches make us all poor,' as he imagined! I have been amused in observing grave writers of state despatches, peculiar on any mischance or mortification to which persons are liable, whose happiness entirely depends on their dress. Sir Sidney Carleton, our minister at Venice, communicates, as an article worth transmitting, the great disappointment incurred by Sir Thomas Glover, 'who was just come hither, and had appeared one day like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold, but had all his expectations marred on a sudden by the news of Prince Henry's death.' A similar mischance from a different cause, was the lot of Lord Hay, who made great preparations for his embassy to France, which, however, were chiefly confined to his dress. He was to remain there twenty days; and the letter writer maliciously observes, that 'He goes with twenty special suits of apparel for so many days abode, besides his travelling robes; but news is very lately come that the French have lately altered their fashion, whereby he must needs be out of countenance, if he be not set out after the last edition!' To find himself out of fashion, with twenty suits for twenty days, was a mischance his Lordship had no right to count on! 'The glass of fashion' was unquestionably held up by two very eminent characters, Rawleigh and Buckingham; and the authentic facts recorded of their dress will sufficiently account for the frequent 'Proclamations' to control that servile herd of imitators—the

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smaller gentry. There is a remarkable picture of Sir Walter, which will at least serve to convey an idea of the gayety and splendor of his dress. It is a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button: his trunk, or breeches, with his stockings and riband garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white riband. Oldys, who saw this picture, has thus described the dress of Rawleigh. But I have some important additions; for I find that Rawleigh's shoes on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of six thousand six hundred pounds; and that he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, whose value was not so easily calculated. Rawleigh had no patrimonial inheritance; at this moment he had on his back a good portion of a Spanish galleon, and the profits of a monopoly of trade he was carrying on with the newly discovered Virginia. Probably he placed all his hopes in his dress! The Virgin Queen, when she issued proclamations against 'the excesses of apparel,' pardoned, by her looks, that promise of a mine which blazed in Rawleigh's; and, parsimonious as she was, forgot the three thousand changes of dresses which she herself left in the royal wardrobe.

Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cour*; for our Duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. This was, however, but for ordinary dances. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and spurs. In the masques and banquets with which Buckingham entertained the Court, he usually expended, for the evening, from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money; the sums of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.

Many of the popular superstitions of England are extremely amusing, and we are almost tempted to lament that we can no longer believe in the stories of the "Lubbar Fiend," or pleasant tales of "Friar Rush;" or at least that these ingenious inventions are grown obsolete and out of fashion. Robin Goodfellow, and other sociable demons, must have been very agreeable companions; but alas! they have vanished, and the only traces which are left of them are locked up in black letter, and doled out in scraps from the libraries of those fortunate persons who can afford to give £1,000 for a scarce volume. Of Friar Rush there is but one copy extant, and that is in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford. The learned Mr. Ritson doubted its existence for a long time, but such a treasure is in being, and the quaintness of the narrative may entertain those who are not smitten with the bibliomania, but who love to mingle with the domestic elves, haunting the kitchen chimney or the barn, or those smaller spirits, who tell us in their song,

By wells and rills in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise,
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.

The title of Friar Rush, a book in black letter, ornamented with wood-cuts, runs thus:—

The Historie of Frier Rush. How he came to a house of religion to seeke a service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made Cooke; being full of pleasant mirthe, and delight for young people. Imprinted at London by Edo—All-de, and are to be solde by Francis Grove dwelling on Snowhill, 1626.

It contains fourteen chapters, and the heads give a good analysis of the story.

1. A pleasant history how a devill named Rush, came to a religious house to seeke a service.

2. How a devill named Rush, came unto a gentlewoman's house, and how he brought her privily into his Master's Chamber.

3. How Frier Rush threw the Maister Cooke into a kettle of water seething upon the fire, wherein he died.

4. How Frier Rush made truncheons for the Friers to fight withal.

5. How Frier Rush grymed the waggon with tarre, and what cheere he made in the countrey.

6. How the Priour made Frier Rush sexton among the Friers, and how he charged him to give him knowledge how many Friers were absent from Mattins at midnight, and what they were.

7. How Rush went forthe a sporting, and was late forthe, and how in his way coming home he found a cowe, and which cowe he divided into two parts, the one halfe he tooke on his necke, and carried it with him, and the other halfe he left still, and how soon had made it ready for the Friers supper.

8. How a Farmer of the Prioury sought his cowe, and how he was desolated by the way homeward, and was feine to lye in a hollow tree, and of the vision that he had.

9. How the Farmer which laye in the tree, came unto the Priour on the morrowe after, and tolde him the wonders he had heard, and the words of Frier Rush, and that he was a very devill.

10. The lamentation that Rush made when he was departed out of the house of Religion.

11. How Rush came to a husbandman labouring in the field, and desired to be entertayned in his service.

12. How Rush came home to make cleane the stable, and how he found the Priest under the manger covered with straw.

13. How Rush came home and found the Priest in the Cheese Basket, and how he trayled him about the towne.

14. How Rush became servant to a gentleman, and how the Devill was conjured out of the gentlemans daughter.

The contents of the seventh chapter, which proved the cause of poor Rush's dismissal from the Monastery, are as follows:—

"It befell upon a time that Rush, when all his businesse was done in the kitchen, he woulde goe further in the country to sport him, and to passe the time with good company. As he walked on his way, his chaunce was to come into a village which was two or three mile from the place where he did dwell, and when he was enter'd into the village, he looked

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round about him in every corner to finde out som company to make merry withall, and at the last espied an ale house, and in he entered, and there he founde good fellowes playing at cardes, and drinking, and made cheere. Then Rush made obeysance to them, and sate downe among them, and dranke with the Players, and afterward he fell to play and was as merrie as any man in the company, and so long he played and passed the time, that cleane he had forgotten what he had to doe at home, and the day went fast away, and the night approached. Anon Rush looked up and perceived that it was almost night, remembered himself that there was nothing readie at hom for the Priours supper and Covent, and it was almost supper time. Wherefore he thought it was time to departe thence, so he payed for his drinke, and tooke his leave, and homeward he went, and on his way he founde a fat cowe grasing in the field, and sudaynely he divided her in two parts, and the one halfe he tooke on his necke and carried it home, and quickly he made it ready, some he put in the pot, and some upon the spit, and he made mervaillous good pottage, and roasted the meat very well, and made such good speed that every thing was readie at the hour accustomed to goe to supper; whereof the Priour and all the Friers had great mervaille that he had every thing readie so soone, for they knew it was late ere he came home, for some of the Friers had beene in the kitchen a little before, and saw neither cooke, nor fire, nor any thing prepared toward supper. Wherefore they gave to Rush, and said he was very quicke in his office."

The "Pfarrer Von Calenberg" is mentioned in an exceedingly scarce and curious tract, entitled "De Generibus Ebriosorum," and printed in a quarto form, at Nuremburg in 1516. Calenberg, or Calembourg, is a village in Lower Saxony. This fragment is the history of The Parson of Calembourg, of which the following is not the least curious specimen:—

"The Parson of Kalenborow had wyne in his seler which was marred; and because he would have no losse be it, he practised a wyle to be ridde of it, and caused it to be publyshed in many parysheas there about, that the Parson of Kalenborow at a daye assigned, wolde fle over the Rever of Tonowa from the stepyll of his owne churche, and this he proclaymed in his owne parysh also. And than he caused ii wynges of Pecockes fedders to be made, and also he caused his naughty wynes to be brought under the churche stepyll whereas he sholde stande for to fle over the rever. And he gave the clerke charge of his wyne, because he sholde sell it well and dere to the most profyte. And when the daye was come that the Parson sholde fle, many one come theder to se the mervayle from farre contrees, and then the Parson went upon the stepyll arayed like an angell ready for to fle, and there he flickerd often tymes with his wynges, but he stode styll. In the mean whyle that the people, stode so to beholde hym, the sonne shone hote, and they had great thurste, for the Preste did not flee, and he se that, and beckened to them, sayinge, ye good people my tyme is not yet to fle, but tary awhile and ye shall se what I shall do. And than the people went and dranke apace of this wyne what they they se there for to sell, and they dronke so longe that they coulde gete no more wyne for money, and cryed out for drynke, and made great preas. And within a little tyme after, the Clerke come to the Parson, and sayde, sir, your wyne is all solde and well payde for, though there had ben more. The Parson being vary gladde of this tydings, began to flicker with his wynges agayne, and called with a lowde voyce unto the people, saing, Harke! harke! harke! is there any among ye all that ever se a man have wynges or fle? There stepped one furthe, and sayde, Nay, sir, nay. The Parson ansered agayne, and sayd, Nor never shall be my fay. Therefore go your wayes home every whone, and say that ye have dranke up the Parson of Kalenborows evill wynes, and paid for it well, and truly more than ever it cost him. Than ware the vilaynes, or paysanns mervelously angry, and in their language cursed the Parson perillously, some a myscheve, and vengeaunce, and some sayd, God geve him an hundred drouse, for he hathe made amonge us many a fole and totynge asse. But the Parson cared not for all their curses; and this subtyle dede was spred all the countre about."

EVENING.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Eve looks beneath her starry sky,
  In queenlike beauty, down,
And not one darken'd cloud on high,
  Sends forth a single frown.

Earth holds her sleeping flowers up,
  Like babes on mother's knees,
And every bright and blushing cup
  Flings jewels on the breeze.

It is the still and hushed repose
  Of nature, in her dreams,
As if the sun had ne'er arose,
  To glad the eye with beams.

The silvery throated nightingale,
  From out his leafy bower,
Pours forth his soft and plaintive wail,
  To some long-cherish'd flower.

The laughing rills have check'd their glee,
  To murmur low and sweet,
Like the faint sounds of minstrelsy,
  Which echo's songs repeat.

The whispers of the summer wind,
  Steal softly thro' the wood,
As if they fear'd themselves to find,
  Amid such solitude

It is the calm of spirits, free
  From taint of earthly leaven,
Surely, the evening hours must be
  A Sabbath time in heaven.

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PENN.

(Continued from Page 254.)

CHAPTER X.

The bright sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his unceasing motion make
A noise like thunder—everlastingly.

Wordsworth.

HA! exclaimed I, as I sprang upon the broad beach of the Mediterranean, and my spirit drank the splendid spectacle of light and life that spread before me—what a relief it is to escape from the straining littleness and wearisome affectation of men, to the free, majestic and inspiring sea—to listen to his stern, exalted voice—to watch the untrammelled swell of these pure waters, till the pulse of our own heart beats in sympathetic nobleness—to behold it heave in untiring energy—changing momently in form, changing never in impression. What joy is it to be sure that *here* there is nothing counterfeit—nothing feigned—nothing artificial! Feeling, here, grapples with what will never falter; imagination here may spread its best plumed wings, but will never outstrip the real. There is here none of that fear which never leaves the handicraft of art—the fear of penetrating beneath the surface of beauty. Here, man feels his majesty by feeling his nothingness; for the majesty of man lies in his conceptions, and the conception of self-nothingness is the grandest we can have. That small and noxious passion, mist, which we call our soul, is driven without; and *our* TRUE soul—the soul of the universe, which we are—enters into us. The strong, thick wind comes to us full of exciting life; the petty tumult of our cares is shamed by the gigantic struggle of the elements, and subsides to peace. What can be more noble or more affecting than the picture of the old priest, who, wronged by the Grecian king—his calm age fired with passion—retires along the shore of the sounding sea and soothes his breast ere he invokes the god?

Thoughts like those
Are medicin'd best by nature.

I have never stood by the banks of the ocean thus superbly fringed with curling waves, and listened to that strange, questionable, echoed roar, without an emotion altogether supernatural. That moan—that wail of the waters—which comes to the ear, borne on the wind in the stillness of evening, sounds like the far-off complaint of another world, or the groan of our own world's innermost spirits. Like some of the unearthly music of Germany, when heard for the first time, it startles a feeling in the secret mind which has never before been wakened in this world, giving us assurance of another life, and the strongest proof that our soul is essentially immortal. Little as I am inclined by nature—and I am still less by principle—to indulge in hankerings after the unattainable—"angling for impossibilities"—still I have always sought to realize that sentiment, by which the soul infers that its birth-place and home is above, by finding within itself thoughts and emotions which are germane only to that realm, and which could not take root but in a soil celestial, nor flourish unless watered in the bud by the undescended dews of heaven. Go, stand in a lonely forest at midnight, when no sound awakes the echo, and look up on the moon gliding over the pillowed clouds—go, and standing upon the topmost stone of the Roman Coliseum, gaze upon the sun slowly sinking through the silent mists to his resting-place, the sea—or, mounting upon an African pyramid, explore the deep, blue sky, which hangs above you—and this feeling will come to you in all its fulness, and you will know its truth and will confess its power. Upon such scenes I have looked, and looking, wept at my own incompetency to grasp in its completeness this mysterious instinct, and to fathom it to its foundation. But I have calmed my agitation and descended to the business of life with the hoarded assurance of deep bliss in store for me hereafter, when, through a long futurity in another world, with an eye brightened, a heart quickened, and an understanding infinitely more comprehensive, I may attain unto that which in this sphere has baffled me, and repose throughout eternity in the fruition of glorious thoughts, which here I can but dimly apprehend, and splendid truths which here I only doubtfully discern.

The game of life shows pleasant,
When one carries in one's breast
The inalienable treasure.

I found in the port of Trieste, a vessel about to sail for the island of Cyprus. I took passage on board of it, and on the following morning, the silvery waves of the Adriatic were whitening in front us, as sailing round cape Parna, we emerged from the narrow bay into the broader gulf. The crew of the vessel consisted of that motley sort of company which is usually found in the ships of the Mediterranean,—Jews of

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Lombardy and Istria on their way to the Morea and the islands of the Archipelago—Candiotes returning home from the sale of olives at the Austrian markets; here was a young Turk who had been pursuing his medical studies in Italy, and there was a Dervish on his way to Khorassan. Each individual or party, according to their national distinctions, though strangers to one another, gradually withdrew from the rest, and retiring to some particular part of the vessel, maintained a haughty reserve as to the remainder of the passengers. The Jews were crouching in the dirt of the forward deck, or thrusting themselves stealthily into little knots of talkers with the offer of opium and tobacco, and other wares, for sale: the solemn Turk was pacing the stern with his long pipe in his mouth, and a shining dagger in his belt; and a small party of shivering Frenchmen, always gay and always contemptible, with their hands in their pockets, and their bodies shrunk with the cold, were laughing at a sickly dancing dog, as the miserable animal was jumping to the sound of a cracked violin.

On the fifth day of the voyage, we touched at the island of Meleda, off the coast of Dalmatia; and I trod with some interest, the ground which later and more learned investigations have proved to be the scene of the shipwreck of St. Paul. Thence we sailed along by the wild and picturesque Ionian Islands—Corfu and Theaki, the famed Corcyra and Ithaca of the Homeric poems. We anchored for a day in the bay of Candia, and I landed to trace the memorials still remaining of that protracted defence, which, whether we regard its moral importance or its physical efforts, is one of the most striking and honorable events in modern history.

The sun had declined into the western sea, and the mild moonlight was streaming far and wide through the clear, still air, when the isle of Cyprus was descried from the rigging. I was standing alone upon the forward deck, leaning over the bowsprit, and watching the finely-feathered waves that rose like an imperial banded plume around the majestic on-step of the ship. Thence, raising my eyes to where the moon, in her mild purity presiding, smiled light and love throughout the adoring air, I let float through my pensive mind, those feeling thoughts of which the holy scene seemed redolent. In a few moments I chanced, by accident, to cast my eyes towards the opposite side of the deck, and I saw a man closely wrapped in a long blue cloak, leaning against the bulwarks and looking keenly upon me. I watched him for a few moments, and seeing that he did not change his position, I turned my eyes again towards the sky, and surrendered my fancy to the dreams that were floating visibly throughout the magic palpable of air. The consciousness that a person was scrutinising my position, however, prevented that freedom and fulness of reverie which I sought, and seeing that the individual, after a few minutes, maintained the same attitude, I left my place and strolled back to the after-deck of the vessel, which was equally solitary and quiet with the quarter in which I had been. Planting myself against a pile of ropes, I resumed the idle musings which had been broken off by the observation to which I had been subjected, and I soon forgot the circumstance by which I had been interrupted. Turning round, presently, to change my position, I beheld the same man whom I had seen on the forward deck, leaning against the mainmast, and gazing upon me as before; and through the folds of his cloak, I caught the glance of a cold, keen eye, that glared in the moonlight like a gray ball of steel. A strange feeling crept through my veins, and disturbed the beating of my pulse, as I saw the man still standing like a shape of marble, and looking upon me in this mysterious manner. I rose and walked to the other side of the ship; he changed his position as much, and stood gazing upon me in the same way. A feeling that had from the first obscurely shaded my mind, now flashed into conviction; and my frame grew rigid with determined energy, as I roused my spirit to cope again in deadly contest with my fearful enemy. An intense vehemence of purpose thrilled through my nerves, and my frame grew almost insensible with silent rage, as I summoned my resolution to accomplish the ferocity of mortal hate.

So earnestly was I absorbed by the interest of these considerations, that I was insensible of a shock that flung me forward upon my face on the deck, and deprived me for a time of consciousness. When I recovered my recollection, and regained my feet, the cries and confusion throughout the ship, informed me that we had struck upon a rock. The vessel was an old and crazy one, and the violence of the blow had split the bow completely through, and the water poured in in torrents. At the first intelligent glance that I cast upon the bow, I saw that the vessel was rapidly sinking. Presently the ship gave a tremendous heave, and was thrown over upon her side. I found myself plunged into the ocean, and so entangled among the spars and cordage, that it was impossible to extricate myself. I made one earnest effort to free myself from the obstructions by which I was enfettered, and then resigned myself to the prospect of death. I found that I was gradually sinking with the ship, deeper and deeper into the water, and I heard the waves muttering a low, gurgling roar over my head. I had begun to feel stifled, and to lose the command of my mind, when I suddenly found myself seized by the collar of the coat by a strong hand, and drawn forward through the water from out of the toils in which I was enveloped. When completely escaped from the obstructions of the vessel, we rose to the surface, and the person who had thus rescued me, threw my arms over a large, floating plank, and lashed me to it with a rope. As the air restored to me strength enough to observe what was done, I opened my eyes and looked round to see to whom I was indebted for my safety, and I beheld the pale countenance of Harford.

"I have preserved your life," said he, "to feed my revenge more deeply." As he spoke, he plunged under the water, and I saw him no more.

I cast a feeble glance around upon the ocean, and nothing whatever was visible upon it. The ship had gone wholly down, and not a human being was to be seen upon the surface of the sea. Slowly my senses again went from me, and I lost all consciousness of my fate.

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When I awoke from this state of insensibility, I found myself lying on the shore, at the edge of the water. The broad orb of the sun was just above the horizon, and the sea was calmly glittering beneath his rays. I rose from the spot whereon I had been thrown, and walking up on the higher part of the beach, looked over the waste of waters. No object was to be seen throughout the whole expanse. I called to mind the circumstance, that, so far as my exhausted senses could bear true testimony, there was no one above the waves at the time when I saw the ship go down. And in the fervor of my hate, I prayed that my enemy might be hidden beneath that silent sea.

How that mysterious person had discovered my course, and made himself again my fellow, it baffled ingenuity to discover. But, in fact, I had long ceased to judge of his power or his movements by the ordinary laws of human conduct. I was not surprised at his superhuman skill, for I knew that despair was his counsellor, and anguish his inspiration. I was not surprised at the moral degradation to which he had descended; for I well knew how

Pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering stoop.

Even now, deeply as I should think myself humbled by such selfish aims, I was resolving that if this person again crossed my path, with his withering influence, I would renounce all the ends and purposes of life, and consecrate my being to revenge alone; and subduing my existence to that one object, I would concentrate all the powers of my soul to its attainment, and never pause till I had hunted my foe to the last den of misery and ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

A land of teeming vales and tranquil skies,
Where peace-encradled luxury calmly lies;
Where spreads no sight the senses not to charm,
And every sound that floats, with gentle love is warm.
But vain the calmness which the scene inspires,
If man within him bears dark passion's fires.
The natural soul were troubled e'en in Heaven;
And to the untamed heart no paradise is given.

Milman.

The gay, glad hills of Cyprus were around me: I was in the chosen home of beauty—the native land of love. Nature, there, is as luxuriant as the teeming wish—as fair as the fancy's holiest forms—as various as the robe of the many-vestured day. Every thing there is animated with swelling life; the very air seems to glow with conscious spirit, and the heart of man beats in sympathy with the ardor of the scene.

I inhabited an ancient palace on the brow of an eminence, which commanded the distant vallies and the neighboring sea. The grounds stretched far along the shore, and were marked by varied and enchanting beauty. In those silent vallies and that thoughtful shade, it was joy to find myself alone; and as I mused amid the dark foliage of the olive and myrtle groves, I tasted a pleasure that was rich and new.

It was late in the evening of a clear and brilliant day that I strolled down the lawn which lay in front of my house, and reached the still and shining beach. The air was as warm and fragrant as the breath of one we love. I sat down upon a tuft of shaded grass and turned my face towards the quarter where, stretched in calm magnificence, the sea lay expanding its bosom to the sky. Not a cloud interrupted the flood of light which rained through the air; not a breath of wind disturbed the lone, white slumbers of the deep

Fair is the morn upon the monarch sea! when the day's broad and burning eye, like the drawn scimetar of a warrior Arab, flings one swift flash over the waters, and ere the glancing light has rested from its bounding, springs above the horizon and goes thundering on its course: and the crisp waves wake with a sparkle, and tell one another the story of his coming.

Fair is the noon upon the lusty sea! The heart of the born king of day, on his unshared throne, thrills with intense dominion, and the all royal sea rolls its mightiest heave, and the general pulp of nature feels its fullest, deepest beat. In that fervid struggle between the conquering sun and the unconquered sea, which, to the leaping mandate of submission, distinctly flashes back defiance, flash for flash, there lies the mightiest interest of power, energy and action, that the universe can show—the manliest scene beyond the breast of man.

Fair falls the evening o'er the sombre sea! when nature pauses to consider that another breath of her life has been drawn; for the day and the night are the respirations of the universe. The face of the waters darkens with regret that their so glorious rival hath succumbed, and a melancholy smile plays upon the brow of the lagging surge.

Fair rests the night upon the placid sea! O fairer than all is the smile of the midnight! It is a Christian calmness—a domestic quiet! Every phase of nature is a manifestation of love, but through modes and sorts of infinite variety. The morning bounds with the wild ardor of the young man when he first meets his destined bride; the noon is rich with the undeficient gladness of the newly-married husband; the evening dreams, an emblem of parted lovers; but the lonely midnight watches with the affection of a pale mother over her sleeping child—still, though earnest—serene, but anxious—O! how anxious!—If the Christian scheme be a mortal fancy, it must have sprung to being amid a scene like this.

The sway of that gentle moon over the waters is an emblem of the heart of man. For as this mighty being, hiding in its bosom the dark elements of tempest, containing dangerous rocks and silent whirlpools, and alive with devouring monsters, lies nobly calm beneath the faint control of the light—so is the breast of man, though thick-crowded with dark, explosive demon-passions, kept in order by I know not what influence of custom and external habitude, and men, individually, composite fiends, live harmlessly on, and go through the intercourse of life as if they were not hell-born.

And the sway of that gentle moon over the waters is an emblem of the life of man! For as in the regu-

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lar and reposing heave of the waves, there is nothing that tells of the horror-shod storm that once rode over it, and that which was once furied by the death rage of destruction, and black with the scowl of ruin, now lies odorous with all that man sighs for as lovely, or dreams of as heavenly—so can man, also, at moments, draw himself out from the shadows of the past, and present to the view a Houri soul, untarnished with the vapors of memory, and calm from the spirit's foam and fret, impatient of its sins.

And the sway of that gentle moon over the waters is an emblem of the love of man! For thus doth the distant and undirected glance of beauty from her bower, cause the feelings for an instant to rush upward madly, and then to pause in intense composure—the intensity of passion—the composure of worship.

Wherefore so pale and "with so wan a face," looks forth the moon, emparadised in all delights? The moon, created queen of earth, but finding nothing mundane worthy of her love, aspiring, fixed her affections on the mighty king of life. But, mark the fate of too ambitious love! Though he warms her with his beams, and though she owes to him all the light of her life, yet in his presence she is not seen, nor can she make herself to be thought worthy of his love: only when he is gone, is her beauty conspicuous; then steps she mildly over the horizon to win a glance from him; but sternly goes he ever onward, for his destinies are high. When she is lovely, he sees her not; and though earth applauds, it is no pleasure to her, for her lover is not nigh. Therefore looks she so pale and sad.

Meditating fancies like these, I sat gazing on the silvery sea and splendor-sprinkled sky. I presently rose from the bank, and walked along the beach. Care and trouble, and old remembrances of pain, melted from the mind in the liquid sofiness of the season. When the universe seemed to breathe the silence of heaven, it was not for the thoughts of man to be troubled with the noise of earth. Before me, the ocean spread in living stillness; around, the rich foliage lay steeped in silentness and light: above, the night seemed scarfed in a flake-like drapery of moon-rays. Throughout the watery element of air, which teemed a moral element of love, the spirit floated with intense impression, and inhaled a deeper ecstasy at every mounting wave of the wing. In the deep religion of its secret hopes, the calm soul sighed itself to heaven; and mingling in the embrace of thrilling nature, glowed with a torturing rapture. The fancy reviving consciousness wherever it moved, rose through the endless regions of the air; the light of heaven became the life of man; and nothing was within, but that which was beyond.

Pleased with the beauty of the scene around me, and interested by the reflections which it furnished, I continued my walk along the shore until I had passed far beyond the limits of my acquaintance with the country, and had arrived in a quarter in which the features of the landscape were considerably different from those which I had left. The coast was irregular and indented by small bays, and heaps of rocks were piled up at various intervals in wild but picturesque confusion. Towards the interior, the ground ascended on all sides by a gentle elevation, the top of which was crowned by an old and massive castle. Its venerable and storm stained battlements, revealed with wonderful distinctness by the white moonlight, added greatly to the character of the scene, and formed a fine contrast with the blue sea beyond, which was visible through the occasional depressions and chasms in the little promontory which was thus surmounted.

I passed round a cape which was formed by a sudden change in the direction of the coast, and my eye caught the outline of a female figure standing beside a tall rock, and looking motionless toward the sky. My first impulse was to retire, and not to intrude upon a solitude which had been self-chosen; but I remembered that I was in a country in which the formalities of European intercourse are wholly dispensed with, and in which an exercise of the ordinary courtesy of civilized life is not in danger of being construed into an intolerable insult. Besides, my curiosity was prompted to discover whom a spirit of romance had impelled at so late an hour, (for it was long past midnight,) to muse alone beside the moonlit sea. My feelings, too, softened and quickened by the scene I had been viewing, made me inclined to approach an object within the influence of which those feelings might be gratified by exercise.

I accordingly went near to her, and saluting her respectfully, inquired the subject of her meditations.

"The spirit of the universe," said she, turning towards me a face of soft and winning beauty, and speaking in a tone whose exquisite refinement and intelligence penetrated the heart to the last chord of emotion, "is it an existence, or only a perception?—Can it feel, as well as be discerned? Can it act and re-act? Can it appreciate and respond? Can it love as well as be loved? Think you it has a being independent on our acknowledgment?" and she fixed upon me a dark eye that felt like a spirit looking into mind.

The form of the speaker was somewhat large and commanding, yet moulded to a liquid gracefulness of shape. The odor of beauty, in all its mysterious all-pervading might, was around her and upon her. As I stood before her, the gentle but irresistible magnetism of loveliness, which floated about her person, made my bosom swell with a deep excitement, which I could as little control as the broad waters around me could choose but obey their high and heavenly-smiling queen. Her countenance, though calm and sweetly feminine, seemed to be radiant with a blaze of sensibility, beneath the power of which my soul was rebuked and subdued; and as the wierd and wondrous melody of her words flowed through my heart, I was irrecoverably enslaved to the o'ermastering sovereignty of love. As if the unveiled brightness of a descended deity rayed its commanding light above me, I bowed in unconscious reverence. There are faces and there are minds, which we sometimes meet with in the world, with whose display of character we instinctively acknowledge such complete sympathy, that we feel as if our own spirit and intellect were detached from ourself and were become objective to our senses. We feel as if we were haunted

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from without, by our own incarnate consciousness; confounding impression with reality, we fancy that the person before us is fully aware of all our secret history, our weaknesses, our faults; and under that persuasion we yield to the paralysing power which is thus thrown over us, and the empire of moral superiority is established over our hearts.

"This line of light," said I, replying to her question, "which lies like an opal column leaning on the waves, think ye that the same brightness decks those waters which are not seen?"

"Does it not?"

"The ray, indeed, is there; but light is that ray's influence upon the eye. In like manner, the influence which pervades infinity is beautified into a spirit only when it is mirrored in the fairness of a mind like yours. But, lady, why would you ascend so high in search of that which may return your interest? If it be your wish to be loved, even to the craving spirit's utmost hope, it is a wish that need not wander far."

"It is only when the affections are flung back from the earth, cold and deadened upon the heart," she replied in a graver tone, "that they turn to heaven to be revived. It is only when all the weight of worldly interests have dropped from the spirit, that its instinct is to soar upward. The love which would fulfil my least demand—which would consecrate itself to me, and in my spirit should forget its being—which would be to me an everlasting presence and an inward joy which nothing could disturb—which should surround my life, as an influence of existence and a state of the soul—whither should I look on earth for that? selfishness is the synonyme of man."

"But surely if the instincts of selfishness were wise, selfishness itself would minister to love. For is there any joy like that of giving joy? Is there any bliss comparable to his, who, in the still and inaccessible privacy of understood intention, tasted the fragrant food of intelligent affection? Love is but the expanding of our nature—the deepening of our sense. We lose a feeble bud of being, to find the full-blown flower of life. We give a single soul, to gain a double self. Is not to love a richer joy than to be loved?"

"No doubt: but we cannot love freely and profoundly, unless we know that we are loved. Otherwise, we might delight the heart with the brightness which is in the ways of truth, the peace which is among the thoughts of heaven. But affection is like the eagle in its spirit, and never soars with all its power of wing, save when its flashing glance is fixed upon an orb as ardent as its own."

"Lady!" said I, "your words are words of truth. They remember me of the want by which the happiness of my young years was checked, and they explain the deadness which has fallen upon my later life. To presume that there now exists any one who could love as my soul would demand, I may not venture; but never till this moment did I imagine that there was any whom I could love as I would wish. The hope which might be kindled on the spot where I stand, were a balm to heal a thousand wounds, and a covert to hide me from unnumbered ills."

She fixed her eye upon me for a few moments in silence, and then replied, "Stranger! if you have a hand to dare as well as a heart to feel, there may be that in the future which was not thought of, yesterday. Wear that ring upon your finger, wherever you may be. Farewell! Do not follow me. And do not come to this spot again; but wait the result of time."

She laid a brilliant stone upon my hand, and turning quickly away, disappeared behind the high crest of rock that rose from the shore towards the inland. The rustling of her dress, and the sound of her footsteps were audible for a moment, and then all was silent. Light was my step, and buoyant was my spirit, as I turned my steps homeward along the glittering sand. A thousand springing hopes and unformed dreams of joy were struggling in my heart. My nerves were quickened with a former strength; my blood was beating with a wilder force. Within the sphere of consciousness there spread an inner realm of hope, which was gay with the morning sunlight of young dreams; and all was joyous power and brilliant life.

Soft are the downy threads of light that sleep along the western sky, ermining the day; bright is the dewy frost work of the morn that gems the eastern hills; but in all the treasury of nature's wealth, there is no form so bright or so soft as the shapes of glory that lie upon the lover's mind. Love sheds a spring-time round the wintered heart, and wakes the softness of the azure breeze, in minds care-frozen by the toils of life. The budding promise of a state whose beauty is still beginning, and the fullness of whose pleasure is ever in the future, gives to the wooing heart a boundless prodigality of bliss. Love is its own reward; in the contest for happiness, it mingles in the struggle, and itself adjudges the prize. Its promises, alone, are sure, for of all the passions of our nature, its objects only are within our own bosom. He who enters on the trials of ambition, makes himself the slave of others' caprice; he who seeks for wealth, cannot be sure that the taste will abide when the power is acquired: but he, in whose breast the living waters of pure love are started, is his own source of joy. Love's shadows are substances, and its dreams delights. As the light of the moon fell upon the ring which the lady had left upon my finger, I had an opportunity of examining its character. It consisted of large ruby surrounded by a circle of diamonds, and another of the bluest sapphire that I ever saw. Ignorant of what would be the purpose of the command which I had received, I resolved to obey it strictly, and to wear the token constantly. To the order which forbade my returning to the place where I might meet again the person who now absorbed my thoughts, and compelled me to abide her own good pleasure, I had only to submit with what grace I might, and hope that something propitious would occur.

Several days passed without my either seeing or hearing any thing which might inform me who was the lady I had thus encountered. Among the numerous families who were scattered over the adjacent country, there was constant social intercourse, and I mingled as widely as possible in the scenes of gayety that were continually occurring, in hope of meeting her; but

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without success. The beauty of the women who composed the society of that part of Cyprus where I was living, was remarkable; in truth, I have visited no part of the world where nature's fairness was a gift so widely shared. But among all the fine varieties of countenance that met my eye, there was no face like that which haunted my dreams, and stood ever before me in the solitude of my thoughts. The expression of that face had a charm to fasten itself in my memory from the first moment that it fell upon my sight, and the minutest peculiarity of the features was impressed upon my remembrance with ineffaceable distinctness.

A week had passed since my first meeting with this unknown lady, when I received an invitation to a masquerade at the palace of the governor of Cyprus, who usually left his winter residence in Nicosia, for a more inviting summer dwelling on the banks of the Mediterranean. I selected an ordinary disguise, and on the appointed evening drove to the house of the governor. The extensive and interminable ranges of rooms were already crowded, and, if I might judge by the numbers who still momently entered the rooms, the company was still below its intended extent. There is nothing, by the way, more surprising to the native of a young and industrious country, than the fulness in the old and decayed countries of Europe, of the classes of the highest rank in life. In the west, plebeianism is the rule, and nobility the exception; but in Italy and the ancient islands adjacent to it, and in those which lie farther along in the bosom of the Mediterranean, there has been no inducement in the business of life to withdraw the multiplying branches of the noble houses, whom successive dynasties were increasing, from the bigoted cherishment and maintenance of the claims of family; and the distinctions of title and the limbs and twigs of patrician dignity have so spread themselves among the society of their country, that you can scarcely offer an alms without insulting a prince, or walk through a market-place without treading on the toes of a count. The multitude, therefore, that the governor had assembled, gave me no suspicions as to their "selectness," for I knew that within hearing of a spirited pop of a champagne cork, there resided a perfect grove of men whose blood was fairly curdled with age.

The rich music floating along the vaulted ceilings of those princely halls, the dazzling lights, the waving scents of flowers, and the gay and varied dresses of the busy throng, all consented to excite the mind with an irresistible spirit of enjoyment. The motley group that flowed noisily through the apartments, presented personations of all the characters of the distant and the past which the most chequered imagination could have assembled together. "Jews, Turks, Heretics and Infidels—Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia"—all found a representative in this congress of counterfeiters. A turbaned follower of the crescent was making compliments to a bowing and delighted St. Ursula, and a chattering Martin Luther was cracking jokes with a fat St. Francis. A simpering nun was exhibiting the postures of a *figurante* in conversation with a whiskered Brahmin, and the uproarious gesticulations of some scrupulous Mussulmen, showed how effectually they had eschewed the solid portions of the Christian creed. A dozen Napoleons were grouped in one corner of the room, while as many Wellingtons were tossing their arms in the other. Mingled with these was a countless throng, who, like myself, had assumed a disguise without the personation of any character. I joined the reckless merriment, which concealment made both safe and amusing, and diverted myself with the humors of the thousand persons who might thus be coped closely without the imputation of intrusion.

Fatigued at length with the noise and tumult of the scene, I withdrew a little from the main stream of the revellers, into an adjoining room which looked out upon the gardens, and of which the cooler temperature was very refreshing after the heat and confusion of the apartments I had left. I was standing by a large open window, inhaling the freshness of the outer air, when a lady came from the company which I had deserted, into the room, and approached me.

"Sir stranger," said she, "were it asking more than your courtesy would find it agreeable to grant, to beg an exchange of the trinket you wear upon your finger against another as valuable. I am somewhat curious in rings, and the colors of the one you possess appear to me peculiar."

"Madam," said I, "the hand which it adorns or the person it belongs to, are wholly at your service, but the ring is so little my own, that I dare not part with it."

"You will lend it to me, at least, till I may have it copied?"

"It would be transgressing the command of one I honor more than life, even to remove it from my finger. If, to obey your request, would gratify one person, I fear it would offend another more, or rather I may say, I hope it would."

"And pray, who is this person, whose orders are so inviolable?"

"I would that it were in my power to inform you; but I am so unfortunate in my captivity as not to know what power has enthralled me. I am a slave without a mistress—a worshipper that does not know his goddess."

"Methinks it must be a feeble love that thus sustains itself upon the chameleon's food."

"The broad and sweeping flame of the forest burns not less potently, because its blindness madly seeks in vain the object which it would attack. Does the soft stream of the moon-rays gush less fully or less richly, because the moving earth it yearns to encompass with its glory, is thickly cloaked in clouds? The happier homage that would greet permitting kindness might be wiser than it is, but it could not be warmer."

When the lady who was now conversing with me, first came into the room, I had observed another female figure cautiously approach the door and conceal itself behind the loose hangings which flowed in ample breadth around all the entrances in the building; as she moved towards her hiding-place, I caught a distinct impression of the outline of her form, and there

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was that in its peculiar gracefulness and shape which made my heart beat quicker with an instinctive fear. The object of the remarks which were addressed to me, as well as of the concealment which the other sought, flashed upon me in a moment. As soon as the woman who had been speaking to me, turned aside, which she did after a few more observations, the other came from the spot where she had been hidden, and passed along the outer apartment towards a terrace which I knew extended along the side of the house, and by which there was a descent into the garden. I followed her noiselessly, at a distance which prevented myself being seen by her, and observed the course she took. She walked with a hurried step along the portico, and through a bowered walk in the grounds, to a summer-house which was shaded by a circle of shrubbery. She seated herself upon a bench which was fixed against the side of it, and flung off her disguise, and fixing her impassioned gaze upon the moon, which was visible through the trees, she heaved a long, deep sigh, and exclaimed, "He loves me then!" I need not say that it was she whom I had met by the seaside. In a moment I was at her feet, and taking her soft hand in mine, the long-concealed tale of passion was told in winged and burning words.

There is one beauty of the countenance and another of the figure. The former kindles the fancy to an overmastering blast of wild emotion; but it is only the magic of a rich and faultless form that melts down the gazer's very nature into the powerless prostration of perfect love. I sat upon the step of the little bower, in front of this wondrous pattern of imperial grace, and like an absorbing sea, the swollen waves of resistless subjection flowed over my heart. My whole moral being seemed to be dissolved beneath the power of her loveliness, and her image walked over the incense-breathing ruin, in the robes of solitary majesty. As the sun bids every object that it looks upon become an image of itself, and as the coral leaf of cloud that has long floated in clear distinctness, when it touches upon another island of the sky, is no longer to be distinguished in form or color, so did her spirit seem to have changed itself to mine, and in her sweetness was my only consciousness. My soul was hers, and it obeyed her impulses. I had no life beyond her being.

"Oh! why," said I, "did you punish me by so long withholding from me permission to renew the feeling pleasure of breathing the gladness of your presence? Half of my existence was wanting in your absence, and it is only at your feet that I renew the fullness of my sense of life."

"I did not know you loved me. At most, I only hoped it possible."

"How could you dream that I could choose but love you? how could you imagine that it was in my power to resist the might of your peculiar loveliness? I have thought of you; I have dreamed of you; there has not been a moment in which your beauty has not stood beside me. For that is love's inalienable boon; the mistress of our life, frown she at distance never so coldly, in our fancy smiles in unchanging tenderness, and fancy is the portal of the heart. Lady! he who now would win your kindness, is one who has felt much of the cheerlessness of a lonely life, and suffered more from the cruelty of selfish men; and to find a heart on which he may repose and fear no alarm—a companionship in which he may hide himself from care, and dread no treachery—is a prospect which spreads over his hopes like the soft and balmy wing of gentle sleep, over the time-fretted eye of the long-watching soldier. The breast that has been stung by the bitter thong of aching disappointment, and torn by the plough-shares of the wildest passions, feels an inexpressible consolation in the promise that the shattered threads of peace shall be knit up in the happiness which waits on thee. When I came to this land, which was once consecrated by the residence of Venus herself, I little dreamed that the blessing which once rained so freely over this clime, would descend so richly upon me. And fuller and deeper, far, than the deepest tale of antique passion will be strength of our devotion. For you, lady, like myself, draw your life from those intense and fiery champions of the north, with whose impetuous fervor the reasoning ostentation of antiquity may not be compared. To the Greek was given an eye; to the Roman, an arm;—an arm of power and an eye of inspiration: upon the blood of the Goth only, doth there float a SOUL!"

"And, for this joy, you are willing to brave what lies between the present and that state? There may be dangers to be met, and trials to be endured, that you wot not of."

"He who has baited peril and provoked calamity only to shun the listlessness of life, can think lightly of any terrors that are backed by so fair a prize."

"Place, then, that turquoise upon your finger," and she gave me a stone of extraordinary size and splendor, "and the die is cast, which ensures union or destruction. Prepare for an enemy whose keenest hatred will be concentered on your head."

So saying, she turned down one of the narrow avenues, and left me alone in the garden.

[To be continued.]

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POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

We have before us copies of two editions of the "Poems of Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and late Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge." The most ancient is a small quarto, bearing the date of 1638, and is the original edition of the author's works collected by his brother, Robert Randolph of Christ Church College, Oxford. This book contains the famous dramatic satire, "The Muses' Looking Glass," with the pastoral of "Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry," acted before the "King and Queene at Whitehall," with the whole of his miscellaneous poems. The other volume is a small duodecimo, dated 1668, and is announced as the fifth edition—a fact that says much for the posthumous fame of the poet. This book contains the whole of the quarto edition, with the addition of the comedy of "The Jealous Lovers, presented to their Gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the Students of Trinity College;" also, a collegiate satire, called "Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher;" a curious composition entitled "The Pedler, as it was presented at a Strange Shew," and various minor pieces.

Thomas Randolph, a writer but little known in the present days of impudent pretension and poetical impotence, is undoubtedly an author of considerable merit, and was so appreciated by his contemporaries. His satire is keen, and graced with a brilliant polish; there is an elegance in his diction that always pleases, and a happy combination of playful imagery and the soundest sense. His poetry is strongly marked with many of the peculiar characteristics of the age, yet, although his verses occasionally betray a warmth of amatory coloring, not recognizable in these strait-laced days, he has not indulged in the extreme *grossièreté* of the Rochester school. Another great and praiseworthy deviation from the license accorded to or claimed by the poets of the Restoration, is the total absence of individual personality or malign scurrility in his frequent and powerful satire; his brother, in a prefatory chapter remarks—

I could, to thy great glory, tell this age,
Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page
With guilty legends; but so cleare from all
That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,
That 'tis observ'd in every leafe of thine,
Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.

Owen Feltham, speaking of Randolph, says:—

Like the eyes quick wink,
Hee could write sooner than another think.

Several of his praisers declare him "Ionson's heire," and one of his friends, in a neat octave of admiration, observes, referring to the dispute for the Laureatship on the death of rare Ben Jonson—

Immortall Ben is dead; and as that ball
On Ida toss'd, so is his Crowne by all
The Infantry of wit. Vaine Priests! That chaire
Is only fit for his true Sonne and Heire,
Reache here the Lawrell: Randolph, 'tis thy praise;
Thy naked scull shall well become the Bayes.
See, Daphne courts thy Ghost; and, spite of fate,
Thy Poems shall bee Poet Laureate.

Thomas Randolph was born in the rustic village of Newnham, in the county of Northamptonshire England, in the year 1605. He received his education at the Westminster school, and in due time was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained the two degrees of distinction, and was appointed to a fellowship. Neither of the editions before us contain the smallest account of his life or doings in the literary world, beyond the poems and plays above enumerated; we have to depend upon the remarks made by his friends and contemporaries, and the trivial information preserved in the archives of his college. We know that at the early age of ten, he completed a poem upon "The Incarnation of our Saviour;" an extraordinary subject for a child to exemplify, and we regret that his brother did not deem it worth while to add this poem to the collection before us. Mention is somewhere made of a translation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, under the title of "Hey for Honestie, Down with Knaverie!" but we have never been able to meet with a copy.

Randolph, with the spirit of his own "Aristippus," delighted in sack and sweet society. His convivial qualities proved his ruin, and he departed life at the early age of thirty; he possessed an excellent genius, and, with his powers, must have attained a high rank amongst Apollo's sons, could he have avoided the suicidal "habit of carouse." Sir Christopher Hatton, who was famous for other qualities than his excellence in saltation, placed a white marble tomb over his grave, and Peter Hansted wrote an inscription in Latin verse. Like many other poets, he was better treated after death than during his life; his "Address to Importunate Duns," and the "Parley with an Empty Purse," show that he shared the poverty of the tribe.

His principal and best known work, "The Muses' Looking Glass," is a moral satire, of dramatic mark and original performance. It does not rejoice in a plot; as Roscius, who acts as Chorus, or Prologue, or Prompter, or Bill of Play, says in the Induction—

No plot at all, but a mere Olla Podrida.

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Representatives of the opposite Virtues and Vices talk together, and the extremes of both trench upon each other's realm. Many entertaining dialogues exhibit strange but well-drawn characters; and their self-descriptions are generally terse and true. The voluptuous epicure begins thus:

Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck;
Give me one, nature, long as is a cable,
Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate,
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses fast together; nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch at once
Enjoy their happiness.

A preceding scene between the braggadocio, the coward, and the flatterer, is equal to any thing upon the stage, but its length prevents its transplantation. The brutal usurer reproves his prodigal son's desires, thus:—

Go feed on widows, have each meal an orphan
Sew'd to your table, or a glibbery heir,
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such fatting, thriving diet.

The spendthrift replies:—

When you are dead, as die I hope you must,
I'll make a shift to spend out half at least,
Ere you are coffin'd; and the other half
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
And I will have your bones cut into dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it;
Or I will get a very handsome bowl
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.

The wonderful glass, made of water from the Muses' spring, and froze to crystal, is supposed to possess the power

By reflection here to show each man
All his deformities, both of soul and body,
And cure 'em both.

But when the glass is broken, for it is but of one day's age, Phœbus promises to transfuse its virtues into comedy, there to live for ever.

In a Pastoral Poem called "Courtship," we find an evidence of Garrick's plagiarism, that we have never seen instanced before. In Bickerstaff's opera of "Love in a Village," there are eight lines of a song, to an air by Arne; this song was written for Hawthorn, but is now omitted by the modern singers, who trade through life upon the small stock of six or eight ballads, and fancy themselves above the necessity of studying the antique gems of the old composers. The original actor of the part of Hawthorn, Mr. Beard, obtained great credit for his execution of this song; and Incledon's impressive manner is yet fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The song was always supposed to have been written by Garrick, and the critics have awarded him great praise for the sweetness of the idea and the compactness of its execution.

My Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclosed the sweets of *Spring*;
Her lovely bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful *Summer* was the type;
And if for *Autumn* you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye—her cheek.
But when my tempting tale I told,
I found her heart was *Winter* cold.

But Randolph's claims must be heard, and the Roscius will be compelled to resign the leaf from his laurel crown. Our author's lines run thus:—

Thou art my all: the Spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins:
And that it is a Summer's day,
Ripe cherries in thy lips display.
And when for Autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek.
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see Winter in thy heart.
Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four seasons of the year.

Randolph himself cannot escape from the charge of plagiarism. In the collegiate satire called "Aristippus," he makes the philosopher, while praising his favorite liquor, say, "It takes the name of sack from sacking of cities." He could not have forgotten Falstaff's "Here's that would sack a city." In Randolph's "Jealous Lovers," the sexton, who, by the way, is a satirical old rogue, paraphrases, in his descriptions of the various sculls, Hamlet's speeches in the grave yard. A few lines will suffice.

The sexton speaks of a dead lawyer's scull—"Now a man may clap you o' the coxcomb with his spade, and never stand to fear of an action of battery." Again—"This was a poetical noddle. Oh, the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles, that have come out of these chaps that yawn so. He cannot speak now, to give an answer, though his mouth be always open. Death is a blunt villain, he makes no distinction between Joan and my lady. *This* was the prime madam in Thebes, the general mistress, the only adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of stars in these two auger holes; or that this pit had been arched over with a handsome nose. It had been a mighty favor once to have kissed the lips that grin so. Oh, if that lady now could but behold this physnomy of hers in a looking-glass, what a monster would she imagine herself! Will all her perukes, tires, and dresses, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and doctor, make this idol up again?

Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaster fair,
But when the house is fallen, 'tis past repair."

We need not repeat Hamlet's well-known lines—the similarity must strike every one.

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In one of his poems, Randolph describes a viper crawling over his sleeping mistress, and indulges in the following strange but poetical conceits.

Then me he spied, and fearing to be seen,
Shrouds in her neck, thinking 't had lilies been.
But viewing her bright cheeks, he soon did cry,
"Under your roses shall I safer lye."
Hence did her forehead with full veins appear;
"Good Heaven!" quoth he, "what violets grow here
On this clear promontory?" Hence he slides
Up to her locks, and through her tresses glides;
Her yellow tresses—dazzled to behold
A glist'ring grove, an entire wood of gold!
Joy now fill'd all his breast—no timorous fear
Of danger could find room to harbor there.
Down slips he, and about each limb he curls
His wanton body into numerous curls;
And while his tail had thrown itself a chain
About her neck, his head bears up again;
With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
And there with kisses steeped in nectar meets.
Hence zephyr's breath he sucks, then doth he smell
Perfumes that all th' Arabian gums excel;
And spices that doth build the Phœnix pyre,
When she renews her youth in funeral fire.

"The Pedler" is an original and amusing monologue, and undoubtedly stands as the head and source of George Alexander Steven's Lecture on Heads, Foote's Tea Table, Mathews' at Home, *id genus omne.* The Pedlar is good humoredly satirical over his exhibition of wares, and describes himself thus:—

"A pedler is an *individuum vagum*, or the *primum mobile* of tradesmen; a walking burse, or moveable exchange; a Socratical citizen of the vast universe, or a peripatetical journeyman, that like another Atlas, carries his heavenly shop on's shoulders."

In the fifth edition is a poem "In Praise of Women in general," not to be found in the other collections. It begins nervously:—

He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand, murders her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women—that dares write
Libels on saints, or *with foul ink requite*
The milk they lent us.

The dramatic pieces are not likely to be dragged from the dust of the shelf, for the purpose of representation. There are many excellent touches of character and various well designed effects; but they all partake of the nature of the old "moralities," and, however pleased their Majesties at Whitehall, or the Fellows of Cambridge might have been with Master Thomas Randolph's Comedies, we are certain that a modern audience would not endure them, despite the polish of the diction and satirical nature of the language.

We conclude by quoting the following beautiful extract from an "Eclogue"—perhaps a portion of the poem composed in his school days and mentioned above.

It gentle swains befits of Love to sing,
How Love left heaven and heaven's immortal king,
His co-eternal Father, oh, admire,
Love is a son as ancient as the sire.
His mother was a virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb!
His cradle was a manger; shepherds, see!
True faith delights in poor simplicity.
He press'd no grapes nor prun'd the fruitful vine,
But could of water make a brisker wine.
Nor did he plough the earth, nor to his barn,
The harvest bring, nor thresh and grind the corn;
Without all these, Love could supply our need,
And with five loaves, five thousand hungers feed;
More wonders did he; for all which, suppose
How he was crown'd, with lily or with rose?
The winding ivy, or with glorious bay,
Or myrtle, with the which they Venus say
Girts her proud temples? Shepherds, none of them.
But wore, poor head, a thorny diadem!
The blind from him had eyes, but used that light,
Like basilisks to kill him with their sight,
Lastly, he was betrayed—oh, sing of this—
How Love could be betrayed?—'twas with a kiss!

B.

THE SONNETTEER.

A SONNET.

Ah me! how little sonnet-readers know,
And ah! still less methinks they seem to care,
What the distracted bard must undergo,
When down he sits to dress the dainty fare!
Perhaps some theme too grand for human ken,
Or else too mean, (and many such there be,)
Or neither grand nor mean, as this for me,
Inspires his fancy, and directs his pen.
Oft is he plagued according rhymes to choose,—
A line to shorten,—or a thought prolong,—
What trope to take,—what metaphor refuse,—
To lop or stretch, Procrustes-like, his song.
For ah! nor more, nor less dread fate assigns
To sonnetteers than just—just *fourteen lines!*

W. G. B.

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THE VEIL.

AN ADVENTURE ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

It was six o'clock, and I had just composed myself, and once more turned upon my side to doze away the remainder of the morning, when a sudden tinkling of the door-bell, accompanied by a heavy blow or two, partially aroused my dormant faculties, by recalling an indistinct recollection of having ordered a porter at that hour to convey my trunk and portmanteau down to the *bateau à vapeur* for New York. If there is any thing I particularly abhor, 'tis that of being forced to arouse from an anticipated nap, when you are just sufficiently awake to know how very comfortable you are. So I resolved, in my extreme selfishness, to let my friend in the glazed hat and wheelbarrow, enjoy a little longer the pleasant easterly wind, which was at that moment rattling the windows of my bed chamber. Now, this was not very amiable, but reader, be you gentle or simple, you cannot but acknowledge, that when similarly situated, you have acted in a similar way, preferring your own comfort to that of a thousand porters, quieting any little reproach of your conscience, by mentally observing that if he were not waiting for *you*, he would be waiting for somebody else. But just as I had come to this satisfactory conclusion, and had already given a nasal intimation of my departure for the land of dreams, another and still louder summons awoke me with a start, forced me to leave my comfortable canopied bedstead, and to experience the difference between its agreeable warmth and my matinal ablutions. Having performed the above operation, I groped my way to the front door, and after an hour's fumbling at its manifold bolts, succeeded in admitting the poor fellow, whom I found seated upon the steps, stamping his feet thereon (as I opined) to warm them.

"Is this the right place, sir?" said he, raising his hat.

"Yes, my friend;" and in another moment my baggage, being transferred from the entry to his barrow, was rattling down the street, followed by myself, who had taken every precaution against cold in the folds of a huge cloak, above which nothing was discoverable save the extremity of my nose.

The damp and almost empty streets, the cold gray light, the biting east wind, the occasional appearance of a steamboat-seeking-individual like myself, now and then a milk cart or baker's wagon, whose inmate, perhaps, lies asleep, his head pillowed upon the bread-basket, the reins of his docile drudge of a horse lying loose in his relaxed hand, and here and there a housemaid, industriously deluging the pavement for the benefit of all passing pedestrians, form the most interesting objects to be met with at this early hour.

Among the most pleasant things in the world, commend me to a walk in the city at six o'clock in the morning, with an insinuating Scotch mist, tending to damp your spirits as well as your person.

But the angry steam, rushing from the pipes, and roaring fiercely through the air, the dashing by of carriages, the rattling of barrow wheels, and the busy hum of a thousand tongues, announced our approach to the field of action. Having walked on deck, had my trunk and carpet-bag safely deposited among a hundred others of every variety of size, form, and pattern, and discharged Cato, I seated myself opposite the gangway, in order to obtain an excellent view of those who were to be my companions for the day.

Every body knows what a strange heterogeneous set of beings is to be met with on board a steamboat, and how each individual is wrapt up in his cloak and selfishness, invariably regarding his fellow-passengers with a cold eye of suspicion, as though he suspected every man of a design upon his purse. Here one may sit vis-à-vis with one's neighbors for an hour, and not the slightest approach to conversation or interchange of civilities takes place. They occasionally glance at you, as if with a feeling of distrust, and then button up their coats with a sort of "don't come near me" air, that is perfectly congealing.

Group after group filled the deck; while the gentlemen, after having placed their fair charges in that most exclusive of little ovens, called Ladies' Cabin, gathered round the Captain's Office, for the express purpose of paying him for the chance he gave them of being blown up as expeditiously as possible.

While I was endeavoring to account for this strange travelling mania, this desultory, unnatural, home-hating malady, this unquiet thirst after an unattainable something, to which the whole world is subject, my attention was suddenly aroused by hearing the word "Pa" pronounced by some one near me in a tone so confiding and sweet, so rich, full, and musical, as at once to arouse all my faculties, and cause me instantly to seek with my eyes for its fair possessor.

It surely could not have proceeded from the fat woman on my right, who was already doing justice to the contents of a capacious basket, fast emptying it of dough nuts; or from the thin one on my left, the formation of whose nasal organ precluded the egress of so musical a sound; or from either of the rosy, sturdy boys, lolling against the cabin door. Then to whom did it belong?

Determined to discover, if possible, I arose and paced the deck; now passing close to a bevy of pretty boarding-school girls, who, poor things, were returning under the surveillance of their spectacled pedagogue to Burlington, looking as if they sighed for the day of their final emancipation from back boards, ferulas, and bread and butter; and now, running my eyes over a dozen motley groups, some in frogged habits, straw hats, and green veils, with each her never-

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to-be-forgotten little basket, (that nice little depository for indispensable travelling conveniences,) others be-cloaked and befurred, yet looking chilly and uncomfortable. Here two sisters, as their dress led me to suppose, keeping their faces most determinately turned towards each other, having evidently reached that equivocal age which dreads a glaring light, and whose sympathetic remarks were made to the manifest amusement of a malicious trio behind them; and there a knot of long-headed old gentlemen, warmly discussing some deeply interesting political question. I turned away in despair. "Where, where," I mentally exclaimed "is the owner of that sweet voice!"

"Morning Courier and Saturday News, only six cents each, ladies and gentlemen, Morning Courier and Saturday News!" roared the pertinacious newspaper boys.

"Will you be kind enough to step off my cloak, sir?"

There, there it is again; "'twas Clifford's voice, if ever Clifford spoke."

I turned hastily round, and found that the lady for whom I had been seeking, was rather nearer to me than I had for a moment supposed, for at the very instant I was about to reseat myself, I had inadvertantly placed my foot upon her cloak.

With an indescribable thrill and a blush, (for I am a modest man,) I hastily raised my foot, bowed, stammered, made ten thousand apologies, with a hope of obtaining a view of the lady's face, which, alas! was denied me, for she wore one of those abominable impenetrable veils, through which it is impossible to distinguish a single feature.

She gracefully inclined her head, and was about to reply to my reiterated excuses, when an old gentleman, who had been standing for some time at the captain's office, approached us.

"That's settled," cried he, clasping his pocket-book, which he had just been lightening of its contents; then giving the lady his arm, "Adela, shall we walk the upper deck?" and as they left my side, he gave me one of those scrutinizing interrogative looks, which seem to say, "Who the devil may you be?"

And off they went, leaving me, if not quite satisfied, at least able to congratulate myself on having discovered the lady whose voice had so much interested me.

Sur ces entrefaites, our floating palace had got under way, and we were rapidly leaving the city of brotherly love. The loud clatter of tongues, the trundling of wheelbarrows, and the dragging of ropes had subsided, and were succeeded by the heavy plunging of the engine, giving to the boat that unpleasant shuddering motion, which, together with the ascending fumes of the coming breakfast, contributed to excite that sensation of nausea, so fatal to the anticipated enjoyment of the pleasure-seekers, many of whom but a moment before were laughing in all the exhuberance of health and high spirits, but now gave most unequivocal signs of its disagreeable effect, in the shape of elongated faces and lackadaisical attitudes.

But, determined not to lose sight of my lovely incognito, in spite of the cold, forbidding look of the old gentleman, to whom I presumed the gentle monosyllable of "pa" to have been addressed, I ascended to the upper deck, where I found them walking up and down in close conversation; her features still concealed by the thick folds of her veil, which, being held by one of the smallest hands in the world, resisted every effort of the wooing breeze to raise it.

In vain I sought to discover a glimpse of the white throat, or the end of a stray ringlet—the gloved hand and the little foot, in its pretty bead-worked moccasin, alone were visible. I thought, as she passed me, that I could discover an interesting langor in her gait, and that she seemed to lean heavily on the arm of her aged supporter. Nay, had I not been assured, in my own mind, of her youth and loveliness, or had I been describing any other than my fair *compagnon de voyage*, probably this inequality of step, which, in her appeared to confer additional grace, might have been designated as a hobble—as it was, it only served to increase the feeling of interest she had already created; and then, as my eyes followed them, it needed but one more flight of fancy, to imagine myself her friend—admirer—nay, accepted lover! To fancy those eyes gazing on mine with looks of confidence and love, to feel this arm supporting her uneven steps, and these ears drinking in the exquisite tones of that rich, musical voice.

And might not such happiness yet be mine! More unlikely things had taken place;—and then I set my inventive faculties to work in order to bring about an introduction, and quickly arranged how we would sit next to each other at breakfast, and how exceedingly attentive I would be to pa, and how the daughter, in common courtesy, would reply, and how this and a thousand little civilities would lead insensibly to conversation, and how the conversation would lead to acquaintance, and how she would remove the envious veil, and reveal a countenance of (so visionary and so exacting was my imagination) intellectual loveliness.

Every enthusiastic youth of twenty-two or three, who has devoted most of his time to novel reading, imagines a sylph in every female form he sees; and his glowing imagination endows her with every earthly perfection. He lives in a world of his own, peopled with beings who exist in books alone; and does not discover, until too late, into what a fool's paradise they have led him; like one who looks behind a mirror, expecting there to find the beauties reflected on its surface.

Now this was pretty nearly my own case; I had, to be sure, reached maturer years, and one would have supposed, had thrown by all those delusive dreams; but no, I found myself quite as ready as ever to be fascinated by the next fancied divinity I might meet; and though that very morning, I had left my home in the most uncomfortable misanthropic humor, and could have reasoned most philosophically against the possibility of happiness in this world, and cared not how soon I might leave it, yet I now wondered what could have induced me to think so erroneously. I now loved the world. It was no longer the huge ant-hill, to which my exalted contempt had

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compared it, swarming with vile, grovelling insects, but a paradise, filled with beings formed to love and cherish. No matter to what the change was attributable, it was most decided. My sombre musings had leapt into golden dreams. Every thing wore a different hue, and every body, whom but a few moments before I had felt disposed to criticise and condemn, was now looked upon with the most charitable feelings, and only regarded as forming part of the social system in which moved my newly-created goddess.

Ding-dong, ding dong, bang, bang, bang, rang out the bell, and roused me from the delightful reverie into which I had fallen. Good heavens! was it possible! The escaping steam was rushing with a deafening noise from the pipes, while all was bustle and confusion.

"Passengers going to Burlington, please to come to captain's office and pay their passage!" was shouted from the lower deck; and as we neared the little village of Burlington, with its pretty white houses glaring in the sun, every body rushed to the side of the boat, and crowded towards the gangway.

The lovely Adela and her father followed the example of the rest, and once more she stood by my side; nay, her veil actually touched my cheek. But how shall I describe my disappointment and vexation, when I learnt, by their conversation, that she too was about to join her friends at Burlington. Affecting to be absorbed in the bustle of preparation before me, I eagerly listened to catch every magic word as it fell from her lips.

"Here you leave me, then," faltered that voice of melody. "The girls, poor little things, will be so disappointed at not seeing their old favorite."

"I am sorry that my affairs oblige me to be in New York to-night," replied her companion, who evidently disliked my proximity. "But come, Adela, let us descend, or you will be left behind."

"Then, by Jove," cried I, "I'll follow you," determined, at all hazards, not to leave my fair enchantress so soon, my anxiety and curiosity increasing every moment.

Down they went to the lower deck, and down I followed, never losing sight of them for a moment. Tracing them as they made their way through the motley crowd, towards those who were superintending the removal of their baggage, in which I imitated their example, fully resolved to stop at Burlington, instead of going on to New York, as I had originally intended.

In an instant, we were surrounded by half a dozen dark lords of the barrow, who (as is always the case) rushed upon deck the moment the boat touched the wharf, drowning each other's voices in their vociferous efforts to be heard.

I accepted the services of the nearest who presented himself, and was but too happy to find that he was also destined to carry the trunk of *ma belle inconnue*.

Scarcely had our feet touched terra firma, or the Argus-eyed papa had time to bid adieu to his lovely charge and return to the boat, e'er the steamer once more darted from the wharf.

After giving the necessary direction to the porter as he rattled by, I hurried forward, for I found that my "ignis fatuus" moved marvellously quick *en dépit de sa boitement*. As I followed the graceful figure I was sure the cloak concealed, my imagination pictured her surrounded by her friends, receiving and returning their affectionate embraces, her beautiful features glowing with generous emotion, the delicate blush deepening on her cheek, and the light brightening in her eye. Oh, what would I have given to have caused the slightest throb of affection in that gentle heart.

Alas for human foresight; there are times when the head knows not where the legs carry it, and so it was with me, for just as I was indulging in this strain of elevated sentiment, I happened to find myself walking over a recently washed pavement, which, of course, (the weather being very cold,) was covered with a delicate sheet of ice; and before I was aware of my dubious situation, I lost my equilibrium, and measured my length thereon.

Cursing the whole sisterhood of cleanly housemaids, and gathering myself up as well as I could, the very effort nearly causing a second overthrow, I glanced hastily around me, and had the mortification to find that the fair stranger had witnessed my fall, and was evidently enjoying my discomfiture.

Finding that my cloak had not sustained any injury, and that "*mes bottes*" still retained the glitter of the inimitable Day and Martin, I strode on, resolved not to let my mortification interfere with my fixed determination of discovering the name and intended locale of the bewitching Adela.

Presently I saw the porter stop his barrow before one of the prettiest houses in Burlington, with white façade and green jealousies. Her petite figure tripped lightly up the steps, and rang the bell.

At the hazard of another graceful extension upon my mother earth, I almost ran towards the house to obtain the first and perhaps the last view of her who had been the cause of some of the most pleasurable emotions I ever had experienced in my life.

It was very evident, from her manner, that she had from the first perceived the unusual interest she had awakened in me, and now determined, with a kindness I shall never forget, properly to reward so much indefatigable perseverance.

Never did my heart beat with such violence, and never was my frame as agitated, as at that anxious, breath-holding moment. Slowly then she removed the impenetrable veil, (to the raising of which I had looked forward with as much trembling anxiety, as a school-boy for the drawing up of the green curtain at his first play,) and revealed—oh how, where shall I find words to express my dismay! my horror!—the face of a *sexagenarian!* withered, pale, haggard, seamed and wrinkled; while, discovering a set of teeth "like angels visits, few and far between," she howled into my ears, with a voice from whose tones every vestige of music had departed—"So, young gentleman, I perceive you have not yet learned to distinguish the difference between sixteen and sixty."

Phila. E. E.

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THE DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

BY JAMES HENRY CARLETON.

Oro. So, sir, you have kept your word with me.
Capt. D. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than to keep it with a heathen.
Oro. You are a Christian; be a Christian still.
If you have any God that teaches you
To break your word, I need not curse you more:
Let him cheat you, as you are false to me.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Hard fate, and whips, and chains, may overpower
The frailer flesh, and bow my body down:
But there's another, nobler part of me,
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Oroonoko, Act I. Scene II.

No booming sound of minute gun—
No sullen clang of bell—
Nor roll of muffled drum was heard
The awful hour to tell,
When he—the mighty Seminole—
Gave back to heaven, unstained,
A patriot's deathless soul.

No wail was heard—nor heavy sigh—
Nor smother'd sob of grief,
Gave token that one feeling friend
Stood by the dying chief
To comfort him, or offer there
One kindly word or look,
Or breathe for him a prayer.

Oh, no! a prisoner, and in chains,
Great Osceola died;
There was no brother, sister, wife,
Or mother by his side;
No gushing tears to him did tell
Affection's last adieu—
Love's silent, sad farewell.

He died. His soul, when made to feel
Oppression's iron rod,
Bereft of liberty on earth,
Sought freedom with its God.
They've bound him, but the fetter'd slave
Is not a living one—
His prison is—*the grave.*

No soldiery, with measured tread
And arms reversed, were there;
O'er his last bed no gun was fired—
No music filled the air
With funeral note—nor drooping, swung
A banner o'er his tomb—
Nor requiem was sung.

But gather'd by the chieftain's bier,
Was seen a shadowy crowd
Of spectral forms, and long, I ween,
Their dust had fill'd its shroud.
'Twas night—in mournful attitude.
With sad and sorrowing look,
Around the grave they stood.

And like the sigh of passing breeze,
When whispering through the pine,
Their mingling voices faintly sound,
As all in chorus join;
And as the cadence floats along
To echo's haunts, it bears
The notes of this wild song.

REST, WARRIOR, REST!

The night darkly gathers around thy bed, Osceola, and the place where the foemen have lain thee, is visited by the shades of thy fathers. Peace to thy spirit!

OUR SON,

Thou wert ripe for the grave.

Thou hast sown the seed of liberty in the hearts of thy countrymen. They will nourish it with their blood. They will reap its fruit, or come to the land of shades. Thy task is done!

CHIEFTAIN,

Thou wilt be remembered!

Though thy bones were left unburied—though they bleached on the fields of the foemen—though thy ashes were striven to the four winds of heaven—and the wings of the wind scattered them afar off, thou wilt be remembered!

WARRIOR,

Thy dust be sacred!

The foemen will not forget thee—for thou hast taught them thy name. Thou hast written it in blood. In their best blood thou hast traced thy motto—"*I yield but in death!*"

It will be remembered!

OSCEOLA,

Their children's children will tremble when they tell thy name to their offspring. It will be taught them in their cradles. Their mothers shall whisper it to them in terror.

It will be remembered!

PATRIOT,

Thy people's memory shall be thy monument. Immortality crowns thy name. Thy work is finished—thy errand's done. Thou hast won the wreath. Come away, our son!

Come to the spirit land!

The song was finished, and the tones
Had died upon the air—
The minstrel-spirits, too, had gone,
And all was silence there;
But Truth and Justice, echoing, breathe
The strain within our hearts—
"HE WON A FADELESS WREATH."

1838.

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THE SUFFERINGS OF TRUTH.

All profess to seek truth, and doubtless many desire to find her. We have yet, as it were, only seen her footsteps in the sand, but, charmed with that sight, we long to trace the nymph over the difficult mountain passes which she loves to thread, till we shall arrive at her secret abode amongst the rocky holds of nature.

But though truth has many ardent followers, she is such a sufferer on all hands, as often to have as much reason to complain of friends as of enemies. I therefore once drew out a list of the various sufferings which, as it appeared to me, fell to the share of truth, and a little reflection on this list convinced me that, in fitting hands, it might be made the ground of a very noble philosophical essay, tending to the exposition of many besetting errors, and full of advantage to the sincere inquirer.

The object of this essay would be, to do that for truth, generally, which all essays seek to do for their particular subjects. Every writer, in treating a litigated subject, makes it a part of his task to review the writing of his predecessors—to expose their defects and investigate all the probable sources of their errors. Profiting by their experience, and well read in their mistakes, he proceeds, perhaps, to lay down rules for his own and his reader's guidance, and so fortifies himself on all hands before he sets off on the same road. The method is, of course, admirable; but when we find it stopping short at entomology or conchology, nay, even at history or geography, we cannot but feel that a great principle is running to waste, and that we are losing the best exercise of its power. We want a code of laws of universal application—not a mere string of local and peculiar regulations. We want a map of our moral world, showing where the sands lie, and the rocks, and where the deep water—a manual for all navigators in the perilous seas of discussion. If I am curious in natural history or geology, I find myself placed in circumstances of unparalleled advantage since the great mind of Cuvier has gone before, ordering and methodising; and I know, from him, all that I have to expect of doubt and difficulty. If philology has attractions for me, I have to rejoice in the prospect that I can never fall into the errors of the old grammarians, after Tooke has traced and mapped the zig-zag line of their ludicrous aberrations. If I would travel to the shores of art and taste, there are those who forewarn me of the power of the Syrens, and, like the companions of Ulysses, I stop my ears in time. And so every subject of inquiry is appropriately prepared and illustrated, and if we get into wrong tracks, it is our own fault. But now all this prudence and wisdom is cut up and dispersed amongst a multitude of isolated objects, and no attempt has been made to generalize the laws of truth—to fuse and amalgamate—and from the union of all to draw those broad and universal principles which uphold the common nature of things. We have marked each stone and visible pillar in the temple of truth, and we may have discovered something of the principle of their construction, but the huge cross beams concealed under the mass they sustain, are apt to escape our recollection, and we go away with minds too full of the *minutiæ* of the edifice, and least impressed with what ought most to have occupied us. Numerous philosophical writers, indeed, have brought together the treasures of knowledge, and have applied themselves to the discovery of general laws for science or for art from a comparative survey thus taken, and numerous theologians, placing themselves in the same circumstances for observation, have endeavored to argue from facts to morals, and to bring religion in under the wing of natural history—a mode of introduction, it has always struck me, rather ceremonious than hearty. But these are not the best nor the ultimate uses of the laws of science. The highest use will be developed as soon as some deep-thinking universalist shall be able to grasp them all in one hand, and, carefully sifting them till every accident is thrown out of the measure, lay before us at once their common substance. Then, for the first time, we shall behold the practical moral issue of our accumulated fact knowledge. For what does it avail, to know the distinctive marks of each of the thirty-six genera of the testaceous order of worms? or to have found out something new about a stamen in the calyx of a male flower of the third genus of the eleventh order of the twenty-second class of plants? Plainly nothing, if not for some help, however remotely felt, which we derive from it in the pursuit of other and higher truths. It is the general foible of scientific men, and indeed of all whose inquiries are limited to particular objects, that they will not accept a subordinate credit, but demand—each for his own pursuit—independent value. It ought to be considered no disparagement to any study, that—taken by itself—it is devoid of effective beneficial power. Unless the universal mutual dependence of the matter of knowledge is to be recognised in principle, we must be content to remain collectors and virtuosos, and to forego all hopes of raising a lasting monument of our age. Taking scientific men, however, for what they are,—regarding them, that is to say, as honorable and indispensable commissioners of truth, as the agents and travellers for the philosopher, and admitting them, consequently, to an exemption from cares beyond their immediate province,—then we come at once to the fact, that there is an office and station above them, in which the duty is, to convert all facts into principles, to find the average in every number, to arrange and contrast evidence, to piece and match, to methodise and to apply. Then the machine is put into working condition, that otherwise is a mere piece of lumber.

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Some of the principal *Sufferings of Truth* may be set forth in this manner.

Amongst her enemies—
Truth oppugned;
Truth undermined;
Truth garbled;
Truth counterfeited;
Truth made offensive;
Truth made ridiculous;
Amongst her friends—
Truth misdressed;
Truth overworked;
Truth weakly vindicated;
Truth alloyed; and, as before,
Truth made offensive;
Truth made ridiculous.

Such would be among the heads of a discourse that I could wish were written. Each would be found capable of illustration the most instructive, and would suggest such rules of conduct for the mind in its inquiries, as would materially facilitate philosophical practice.

One principal feature of such an essay would be its historical examples. Every one of the above aspects of truth has its signal periods of history for our reference and consideration, and by taking an elevated and comprehensive view of surrounding circumstances, as regards an age or a country, we should probably be able not only to detect the true source of the particular moral grievance in question, but to lay down rules, thus suggested to us, for future guidance. Such are the steps, as I have remarked before, by which science, in all her single branches, makes her progress;—why should not the general science of *truth* be advanced by the same arts?

To give this subject effective treatment, it would be necessary to assume certain facts for truth, such as no one, however, would be found to refuse us. Before we could proceed to illustrate the manner in which certain passions have arrayed themselves against truth in particular cases, we must have it acknowledged that that was actually the truth which they were found to resist. This would prevent any successful agitation of the question, if we were obliged to take our station at once on ground occupied by living interests. But by throwing our inquiry far enough back in the first instance, we should escape this objection, and we should gain that foot of land coveted by Archimedes, and would not need to despair of moving the rest of our world. None would probably dispute with us, for example, whether the doctrines of Jesus Christ were wrongfully resisted by the old world. Take it then for a fact, that the Christian law was wrongfully resisted, and that its gentle promulgator was cruelly and infamously persecuted. Couple that fact with another, which also, perhaps, there is no one hardy enough to question, viz., that if Jesus Christ were at this day again to enter human shape, (as some hold for a certain and near event) he would again be denied—again be persecuted—nay, in spite of our horror of the ancient Jews, perhaps again be sacrificed to the fury of an incredulous age! Yes, at intervals of a thousand years or so, we find a nation recognises and worships its prophet; but what it has eyes for there, it can by no means see at an ordinary convenient distance. Why is this? What are the passions here arrayed against truth? How do they operate? How do they become conciliated? These are surely questions deserving the attention of a philosophical writer. That Galileo was in the right, though one, his enemies in the wrong, though a million, none will *now* gainsay. Here then is leverage again. In the person of Galileo, truth, it is allowed, was again a sufferer, again a martyr, but a martyr to other passions. These, then, we are desirous to see, not rhetorically flourished forth to us, with nothing discriminate or defined, from the round mouth of some historian sublimely general, but truly and well explained, because deeply studied, by one able to deal with the highest moral questions.

To descend to ordinary life, we observe in others, and all men of candid discernment observe in themselves, that there are certain truths—truths ultimately acknowledged for such, which the temper of each period of life, while it lasts, is always busy in resisting. Youth has its truths, which it will not see; manhood its truths; old age its truths. But the truths of youth are seen, perhaps, by manhood; the truths of manhood by old age, and so forth. Again, particular situations, particular states of life, particular hours and moments of our existence (I had almost said attitudes of our person*) have all of them their peculiar sight—their peculiar truths—their peculiar evasions of the truth. These, and their connection with such states of life, such moments, etc., have never as yet received the direct attention of the philosopher: but they demand it. It is not merely a high intellectual faculty which must be brought to such an investigation as this; a certain very unusual degree of moral weakness would be found equally necessary—a moral greatness capable of confessing, and of dwelling in the knowledge, that its own breast, how pure soever, is sown with all those seeds of evil which sprout to crimes, not excepting the most frightful and the so called *unnatural*. Our philosopher must be one, therefore, who knows himself with a wise and candid knowledge, and who humbly seeks in his own breast, with the certainty that it is there, the clue to every winding that error has, the root—the stem—the leaf of every moral weed the most noxious, who watches the ugly imps of evil within him so narrowly, that he knows their very times of coming, and their modes of entrance, and can teach others the science of prevention because he has acquired it. If we consider, what is assuredly the fact, that all men possess in themselves the perfect

* It is unquestionable that the horizontal position of the body has some peculiarities in it—some distinct tendencies of thought naturally waiting upon it. Suggestions are, moreover, made to the mind on many a mere movement or action of the person; and a connection between such movement and suggestion, as between antecedent and relative, *exists* to a certainty, though it may puzzle us to say exactly where or how. Also there are many facts of this trifling character (only trifling, however, to triflers,) which the fear of ridicule restrains men from mentioning or adducing; but consequently also from observing.

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garden of humanity, and want nothing but the art of its cultivation to find themselves possessed of every flower included in the system, it must seem the more astonishing, that any who make truth an object of pursuit, should so overlook their natural advantages as to turn their view outwards instead of inwards, and should seek abroad with pains and difficulty what they might with no trouble find at home—if they could but lay aside their fond exceptions. One man shall travel the world round, and see not so much as another that was never a mile from his birth-place And even in matters of science, it is certain that, whatever special wonders this or that land may have to offer to the traveller's notice, all countries possess in common, the generic features of Nature. It is the same in morals. The point of truth, however, lies as usual in the middle—between self and social observation, for morals; between national and foreign for politics; and between theory and practice, for all knowledge whatsoever.

It is one of the misfortunes of truth, or rather let me say it is one of the sins of language, that all treatises proposing truth for their aim, do and must proceed on the plan of making some word or phrase their pivot of motion. This word or phrase is their centre or focus, and if the treatise draws out from that centre the radii of its speculations with equal hand to all sides of a circle, then that is a perfect treatise—but a most imperfect draught of the truth. For the circle of the truth is to the circle of the treatise as the girth of the globe to the visible horizon; and therefore, even in proportion as the treatise is, in itself, more perfect, the more is it independent of, and isolated from, a connection with that outer globe of the truth—and consequently the more untrue to it. Thus what is made a merit in our individual efforts—their roundness, their completeness—is itself the very defect which leaves truth's actual and integral form still a thing unknown and undefined—a thing conceived only in the imaginations of the poets.

Words are a sort of paper currency, in which we deal for despatch of business, but we forget to limit their issue to the amount of our *assets;* and in the mean time truth is a bankrupt.

Here then, in a few words, lies our ultimate misfortune. First, as regards thought; we cannot master that point as to survey the entire field of the truth at one glance, but we can only see a small part at a time; *and this view is, for ever, the false one.* Secondly, as regards the medium of thought; we cannot handle thoughts in the gross, but only in that epitome which language furnishes; *and this medium is, for ever, the false one.* We can therefore never either—first—possess thoughts wholly just, nor—secondly—deliver justly the thoughts we have. A scheme of philosophy entirely just and consonant to truth is, for these reasons, a mere chimera.

But here comes the best office of philosophy; here comes the occasion for its highest action; for here is it the more necessary to withstand that passion of the mind which, proposing to itself individual distinction, or otherwise too selfish to rejoice in comparative good, refuses to bestir itself in that which has no perfection for its ultimate prospect. Perfection should be always our polar star of life, yet not in the sense of a contemplated acquisition, but only—agreeably to the strict figure—as an object of direction, which we are to follow not the less industriously nor the less gratefully because it will still—advance as we may—lie for ever to the north. It is the summit of philosophy, to know we follow what we never shall overtake, yet not less willingly to follow. Because this is improvement, though it is not consummation.

With respect to the affairs of Truth, generally, very much, I am persuaded, is still in our power, and that much neither abstract and over-speculative, nor uninteresting to the student in philosophy, but of immediate concern to all, and with a powerful bearing on practical life. But there is only one condition on which truth will be wooed. He that begins, must begin with a courage able to meet *any conclusions.* Otherwise the whole pursuit is a farce, and to talk of truth a sort of *Irish bull.*

I will conclude this paper by placing here emphatically my conviction, that an essay on truth, such as I have above sketched, must be founded on a deep basis of *philology*, and that he who would think of commencing the subject from any other quarter of it, would be unfit to handle it at all. E. W.

MUSIC.

THERE's music in the hush of winds,
And in their mighty roar;
There's music, too, when Autumn sings
The night of Summer o'er.

There's music in the pathless wood,
Most solemn, deep, and grand;
'Tis music in the solitude
Of Nature's fairy land.

There's music in the surging sea,
Lash'd by the furious storm;
And in the elemental glee
Of Earth in every form.

There's music in the strife of men
For honor's laurel crown;
For those who win the diadem,
The music of renown.

Vermont, August, 1837. B.

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MIRABILIA EXEMPLA.

BY A METROPOLITAN.

No. IV.

Play-Houses and Puritans—Chronological List of Theatres destroyed by Fire, Accident, &c.—Marsh of Mind—Murphy, the London Astronomer—A New and Cheap Philosophy—Cockney Kentuckians and Whitechapel Yankees—Barking Squirrels—Approved method of Duelling—Scotch Sobriety—Effect of Whiskey on Religion.

VARIOUS northern and eastern papers have noticed the preachings of several clergymen, of divers persuasions, on the subject of the recent conflagration of buildings devoted to theatrical purposes. These over-rigid sectarians denounce the accidental burnings of places of amusement as signal evidences of the wrath of the Almighty. True religion is not assisted by these ignorant denunciators, who, in attempting

To vindicate the ways of God to man,

assign such acts of paltry malevolence to the merciful Father of all mankind. It were an easy act to prove that ten times as many churches and places of divine worship have been destroyed in various conflagrations, notwithstanding the difference in the nature of the buildings, and the peculiar liability to accidents which theatres must be subject to, with their immense quantities of inflammable matter and the requisite and perpetual use of light and fires. Let us look at the subjoined list of all the play-house "destructions" on record, and we shall find how small a list can be furnished, from the earliest ages, and in every clime; and how small a proportion these accidents bear to the number of the theatres in existence. In the English and French capitals alone, nearly fifty places of dramatic amusement are open nightly; twice that number may be assigned to the provincial cities of each country; and the same proportion to the rest of Europe. Nearly one hundred theatres, large and small, exist in the multitudinous cities of the United States.

A. D. 26. The amphitheatre at Fidonia (Castel Guibelio) fell in, and 50,000 persons were supposed to be killed. This building was devoted to wild beast fights and gladiatorial combats.

A. D. 250. Pompey's theatre burnt.

1613, *June* 29. The Globe, the glory of Bankside, (London,) burnt by the wadding of "a peal of chambers" (ordnance) sticking in the thatched roof, during the representation of Shakspeare's Henry the Eighth. The house was down in an hour.

1621, *December* 9. The first regular dramatic theatre in the city of London, (the Fortune, in Golden Lane, belonging to Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich college,) was burnt on a Sunday. It was rebuilt "far fairer" in two years' time, and is yet in existence.

1623, *November* 5. The Blackfriar's (London) theatre, or stage room, then converted into a chapel, fell, during the sermon, on a Sunday, and eighty-one persons were killed.

1672, *January*. Drury Lane theatre, (London,) with nearly sixty houses, destroyed by fire.

1735, *January* 25. Sixty persons were assembled at a theatrical show, at Winster, in Derbyshire, England. The upper part of the rude building was blown off by an explosion of gunpowder, but no harm was done to either audience or players.

1764. The theatre in Beekman street, New York, pulled down by a mob, excited by revolutionary feelings against the English actors.

1769, *August*. A flash of lightning penetrated the theatre at Venice, during the representation. Six hundred people were in the house, but few were hurt, although the electric fluid extinguished the candles, melted watches, and split diamonds and other precious jewels.

1772, *May* 15. The Flemish theatre, at Amsterdam, destroyed by fire. Some accounts say that 30 people were killed—others reckon 150.

1778, *December* 17. The theatre at Saragossa burnt with other buildings. Four hundred persons lost their lives in this conflagration, but not in the theatre.

1786, *July* 31. A theatrical booth fell down at Montpelier, in France, and 500 persons killed.

1787. The theatre at Bury, Lancashire, England, fell down, and buried the audience under its ruins. Five persons were killed, and several hurt.

1789, *June* 18. The Manchester (England) theatre burnt.

1791, *December*. The floor of an apartment gave way during theatrical performance, at Clermont Ferrard, in France, and 36 persons were killed and 57 wounded.

1792, *January* 16. The Pantheon, in Oxford street, London, burnt. Loss 300,000 dollars.

1794, *February* 3. Fifteen persons trodden to death at the Little theatre, Haymarket, London, on the occasion of the king's visit.

1794, *February* 6. The theatre at Capo d'Istria, fell, and crushed the audience and the actors.

1794, *August* 17. Astley's amphitheatre, (London) and twenty other buildings destroyed by fire. Loss 150,000 dollars.

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1796, *August.* The theatre at Mentz (Mayence) burnt during performance, and 70 people killed.

1797, *May.* In a riot, at Smyrna, the Janissaries destroyed the theatre.

1798, *February* 2. The Federal street theatre, at Boston, Maine, destroyed by fire.

1799, *December* 17. Rickett's circus, Philadelphia, burnt during the performance of Don Juan. No one hurt.

1803, *September* 2. Astley's amphitheatre (London) again destroyed by fire, with forty adjacent houses.

1805, *August* 12. The circus, St. George's Fields, (London,) burnt.

1807, *October* 15. Eighteen persons trodden to death at Sadler's Wells theatre, (London,) by a false alarm of fire.

1808, *September* 20. Covent Garden theatre (London) burnt, and 20 persons killed—firemen, mob, &c.

1809, *February* 24. Drury Lane theatre burnt.

1811, *December* 16. The theatre at Richmond, Virginia, burnt during performance, and 70 persons killed.

1820, *January* 7. The Birmingham (England) theatre destroyed by fire.

1820, *March* 6. The theatre at Exeter (England) burnt.

1820, *April* 20. The Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, burnt.

1821, *July* 4. The Park theatre, New York, burnt.

1822. The theatre at Natchez, Mississippi, burnt.

1828, *February* 28. The New Brunswick theatre, Goodman's Fields, London, fell in, from the weight of the iron roof. Seven persons killed.

1828, *May* 28. The Bowery theatre, New York, destroyed by fire.

1836, *September* 22. The Bowery theatre, New York, again burnt.

1838, *January* 15. The Opera House at Paris burnt.

1838, *January.* The Front street theatre, Baltimore, burnt, with 50 horses belonging to Mr. Cooke.

1838, *February* 18. The Bowery theatre, New York, again destroyed by fire—supposed to be the act of an incendiary.

The march of mind is progressing in England, in what a drill sergeant would call "double quick time, forward." The next generation will have nothing left to discover; "the force of *science* can no farther go." Among the last accounts of wonderful inventions, new motive powers, improvements, and surprises, there is a notice of a new astronomer named Murphy, who is realizing a fortune by the sale of weekly prognostications of the weather. Several lucky hits in his first publications established his reputation, and his almanacs are so eagerly sought after, that the police commissioners have been compelled to appoint a strong constabulary force to keep in order the multitude of would-be-weather-wise customers who throng his doors. This man, Murphy, has thus established himself as the sovereign arbiter of all weddings, pic-nics, balloonings, boatings, marchings, and musterings. He controls the fate of every hackman, and determines the fortune of the suburban tavern keeper who lieth in wait for stray cockneys on fine afternoons. If he promises a glorious sun-shiny day for the ensuing Sabbath, vehicles are in demand, and extra steam required for the propulsion of Sunday outers in pursuit of pleasure. If a wet day is distinctly announced for the observance of a public ceremony, it casts a damp upon the proceedings, and the committee propose an adjournment. He deals not in the generalities of the venerable Moore, who cautiously observes that "Rain may be expected, more or less, about this time"—and stultifies the meteorological amateur by promising *seasonable* weather—a term which the farmer, the seaman, and the citizen, differ in defining. Murphy boldly declares the quality and quantity of the weather upon every day of the month, and insures the Londoner a clear bracing day for his Easter trip to Greenwich fair, and the certainty of a soaking on the Fairlop Friday. The weather has ever been a luxurious and general subject of introductory conversation; Murphy has enlarged the field of observation, and deserves a civic crown.

Another notable has issued advertisements headed with the imposing word "Philosophy;" and announces his intention of delivering a course of lectures somewhere near Oxford street, and, among sundry other high matters, offers to *prove* that "The Newtonian Philosophy is based upon erroneous principles; that all animal and vegetable life upon this earth has been four times destroyed, by four successive deluges, *caused by the deposition of four satellites;* and that the whole of the present human race will be destroyed by a similar catastrophe." This modest genius does not, in his advertisement, say *when* this tee-total demolition is to take place, nor does he promise to fix the time at the meeting of his friends. The admission money *to the whole course* of lectures, proposed by this astonishing philosopher, is—SIXPENCE.

It is laughable to observe the frequent attempts of the London scribblers to depict the dialectic peculiarities of our "down easters," and the flat-boat men of the Mississippi—a race now almost extinct. The cockneys generally jumble together the ends of our extensive country, as if it was as hourly practicable as the ends of Picadilly; believing, that if a 'prentice boy in Whitechapel is as *badauder* as his comrade in Oxford street, the cool and calculating Vermonter must use the same form of expression with the son of the sunny south—the Kentuck rip-roarer, and the painstaking pedlar of tin notions fulminate the same slang, in the opinion of John Bull; who, despite his passion for reading books made about his friends' domains, remains most wofully ignorant of the common-place differences in our social formation. A want of knowledge in the geographical arrangement of the United States is frequently observable in the English writers of the present day. The last-received number of the "Monthly Magazine," in an article on Kentucky, describes the beauties of *New England* scenery; a newspaper lately mentioned the *Territory* of Savannah, and the "Times," not long ago, reverted to the *State* of

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New Orleans. By the way, Sanderson, in his amusing "Sketches of Paris," gives several instances of the ignorance of the French respecting America.

To return to our starting post—the confusion made in the vernacularisms of America by the European writers. Some half-witted fellows, aware of the range of country between the head waters of the Kennebec and the *bayous* of Louisiana, endeavor to preserve a difference in the modes of speech apportioned to the representatives of the north and east in opposition to the south and west. But these erratic scribblers mix up the full-blooded Virginian with the half-steamboat half-earthquake snorter of the west, and consociate the polished Louisianian in his luxurious cities, with the rugged back woodsman in his log hut upon his half-cleared lot. Galt, who pretends to an intimate knowledge of the Eastern States, makes his characters speak a lingo never heard between the Hudson and the Bay of Fundy; Theodore Hook has caused a lady from Kentucky to utter some of the vilest blackguardism ever penned, and Captain Chamier in his novel of "The Arethusa," has written Jonathan Corncob, a Virginian planter, with all the characteristics of a Green Mountain boy. A few months ago, the following effusion appeared in one of the most popular of the London periodicals—it is worthy of note to observe how the Englishman depicts a Boston gentleman; erring, not intentionally, or from a bitterness of feeling, but from absolute ignorance; he mixes up some London cockneyisms with a little of our Western slang and a few Yankee phrases. The joke about the method of "duelling" we cannot reprobate, when we consider the general perpetuity given by the whole of the editorial corps to similar outrageous statements.

BARKING SQUIRRELS.

"Spry feeding, them pheasants; particklar spry, it can't be negated," said a Bostonian—a regular sample of the 'long shore sort—with whom I was lately dining in company; "but in regard of the gunnery, almighty slow fowl; never yet see a feather fit to approach within immortal degrees of 'em. For that matter you have no fowling in England; coma to Massachusetts for that, and you'll find it as like yourn as the eternal created universe is to a dream of a shadow of smoke. Pop, till the final finish of everlasting life, at all the game and wild fowl hatched since the plantation of Paradise, and how much would you know about barking squirrels?" This certainly was a poser; none of the party had ever heard of the race of fan-tail bow-wows, and but that the gentleman from the New World had amused the half hour before dinner by sketching the latest fashions in duelling that have been introduced into that interesting country, some of us would have asked probably for intelligence upon that head.

Touching the monomachy, the most recent improvement in that diversion as performed by pistol (rifles, at twelve paces, are considered "effunctifiedly slow") is, for the dramatis personæ to repair to the scene appointed for the spectacle, each arrayed in a suit of grave clothes of the best Scotch cambric, nightcaps to match, and provided with a napkin in case of any external hemorrhage. Thither their friends have already proceeded, carrying with them the respective coffins provided for the entertainment. These are placed upright, on their nether ends, facing each other, having a space of about fourteen inches between. As soon as the actors come on, they examine these perpendicular conveniences, and reading thereon their names, and the date of their departure from this life, of course have no difficulty in selecting. Entering each his appropriate box, and placing his "flute" to the left breast of his vis-a-vis, at a given signal they change the perpendicular for the horizontal with the greatest ease imaginable. These are called "Boston breezes," and certainly are characteristic of an awkward coast when it blows hard.

But to return to our other shooting. Seeing that his barking squirrels produced a silence, which nobody seemed disposed to break, the Bostonian pursued his subject. "Can't surmount the mystery that makes an Englisher swivel a bushel of grape into a jack snipe, and quash him up like a handful o' sausage stuffing. Turning poultry-butcher, is pretty d—n considerable unlike a gentleman, I speculate. Pasking off a wild turkey or a canvass-back with a single ball may pass muster, but the only sterling, genuine, genteel game is barking squirrels."

"But as we have no game of that sort in this country," I ventured to suggest; "as there are no barking squirrels in England, what is to become of a man who wishes to do the thing genteely?"

The face that the 'long-shore gentleman assumed, as he took breath after this interrogatory, would have astonished all Bartlemy fair. "Tip us the ha'pence out of that," came in recitative through his nose:—"Oh! Lord, hand over the change, and we'll cut before the sky falls. Natarnal life! but that flagetates! Let go my hair!—here's a chap as growed in a comet; wonder what it cost his father for his schooling."

"Sir," said I, with a most reverential air, for as to being out of temper with the blockhead, one would have thought as soon of being offended with a clown paid for making an ass of himself; "I trust you will pardon the ignorance which arises solely from my never having the good fortune to cross the Atlantic. You American gentlemen, (with due emphasis,) have so much the advantage of us poor Islanders; may I crave an explanation of this difficulty, which I confess myself quite unable to unravel?"

"Oh," said he of Boston, "if you draw it from that tap, I'm conformable to compassionate you; but what an omnipotent ignominy it is to a Christian land, to find a fellow-creature in such a state of awful obscubilation! Well, if you must be told it at your time of life, barking squirrels a'n't them animals making a nat'ral shindy, which you appear to imaginate from your inquiry, but it significates the way in which they are captivated in Ameriky by gentlemen-gunners. The scum shoots 'em pretty much as you would, but the genteel practice is to game for them with a rifle. As soon as one is twigged a setting on a branch, taking it easy, the gent levels at that part of the trunk directly behind the beast. The ball rips the bark violently

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from the tree, dashes it like a slip of a thunderbolt, right slick agin him, and down he drops, effuncted by the decortication, but no more the worse to the eye of the spectator than if he had died nat'rally of his-self, jist for the purpose of obleeging him. This is what we call 'barking squirrels,' and a'n't it a more genteel style of gunning than that which brings the game to bag half-digested, like the internals of a Scotch haggis?"

We daily hear a great deal said about "the sobriety of the Scotch;" in fact, the phrase has almost become proverbial, and the gin palaces of London and the rags and wretchedness of the Hibernian kernes, have been adduced in evidence of the excessive habits of potation indulged in England and Ireland; yet in a work devoted to statistical details for the last year, there is a curious statement, under the head "Excise," that places the matter in an opposite light. The information is taken from the parliamentary documents, which, of course, afford the best materials that can be had on such subjects. After giving an exact account of the number of gallons of proof spirits, distinguishing each sort, on which the duty was paid for home consumption in each of the three countries, with the rate of duty per gallon, amount of duty, and the total of gallons, as of duty so returned in the United Kingdom, for the year ending the 5th of January, 1837, as returned from the excise office, in London, in May last, upon this return, the editor very justly remarks that it is very probable "many persons, upon examining the foregoing tables, will be struck with the small quantity, comparatively, of spirits consumed in England. We know not," he continues, "whether the rum used in the navy and merchant vessels is supplied from the stock in hand, or from that on which duty has been paid; but if the latter, a considerable portion of the quantity set down to England must be deducted, but taking the figures as they stand, England consumes much less spirit, in proportion to its population, than either Scotland or Ireland. To make the subject more clear, let us look at the amount of population, and the quantity consumed in each country—viz:

	Population.	Gallons of Spirits.
England . . .	13,897,187	12,341,238
Ireland . . .	7,767,401	12,293,464
Scotland . . .	2,365,114	6,767,715

Thus it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population; in Scotland, twenty-three pints per head; and in Ireland, rather more than thirteen pints per head, per annum. Those who are accustomed to refer to the passion for ardent spirits as the fullest source of disorder and crime, will, no doubt, be startled to find that in Scotland, where the people are, at least, as industrious and moral as any other part of the empire, the consumption of spirit is carried to a point that is absolutely astonishing. It seems impossible to deny that intemperance is the primary cause of many crimes: every man's experience satisfies him of the fact. To what, then, are we to attribute the comparative absence of disorder and crime in Scotland? May it not be that the evil tendencies of drinking habits are in a great degree controlled and counteracted by the strong religious feeling which exists so generally in that country?" This is a very kind way of looking at the question. But it is certainly difficult to conceive how a strong sense of religion can exist under the influence of "inordinate cups," of which it has truly, though poetically, been said, that they are "unblessed," and "the ingredient a devil!" One might, from this circumstance, almost be led to suppose that the English and even Irish population were better fitted for the performance of religious duties, than those who drink three times as much ardent spirits as the first, and nearly twice as much as the second named people.

Washington City, 1839.

THE COQUETTE.

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILADELPHIA.

Young Love made a visit
To Julia's bower,
Intending from folly to lure her,
For the spring-tide of passion
O'er her soul shed its power,
And he hoped in his bonds to secure her.

He found her reclining
'Mid sunshine and flowers,
A creature all beauty and brightness,
Yet with butterfly-catching
She trifled her hours,
And betrayed her heart's langor and lightness.

He challenged her notice;
She wantoned the while
With the glittering insects around her;
From her beauties he brushed them,
Yet she with a *smile*
Met the *frown* which was meant to confound her.

Then away on his pinions
Love soared to the skies,
When Julia would feign be detaining,
"Ah! not mine are the lips,"
Love angrily cries,
"Which butterfly kisses are staining."

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PAGES FROM

THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. IV.

THE UNNATURAL PROSECUTION.

Turning her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Shakspeare.

Among the various occupations of man, there are none in which the practitioner is so much exposed to the extremes of human passion and human weakness, as in those which have been entitled *consensu publici*—the learned professions.

In periods of mental distress, when the anguished spirit wrestles with the demon of the world, and trembling under its load of conscious guilt—

That rings
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame—

and the prospect of endless beatific existence in accepted and consecrated faith, sinks beneath the weight of its own immortal nature—when the soul shudders at its suspended condition, and even hope seems paralyzed, and fiercest terror strikes the alarum of everlasting death—when the proud spirit plumes its wing in anticipation of the flight that is to land it in its last, eternal home—'tis then the timid and affrighted mortal calls to his side the minister of heaven's pledges, and in the society of the clergyman, seeks a consolation and relief by exposing the naked hideousness of his crime-covered heart.

In sickness, too, when the wan and withering hand of disease is laid upon the body, and sinking nature calls for another nerve to grapple with the tyrant in whose grasp she perishes; or when sudden accident has prostrated the natural energies of man, and the giant strength which, but a moment before, had possessed the frame, is fled—'tis then, whether in the stately chamber of the proud, or in the wretched hovel of the beggar—whether on the downy couch of pampered wealth, or on the rugged pallet of indigence, the physician is called upon to behold, in each alike, the proud and strong man writhing in the agony of pain—to hear from him his wailing plaints of suffering and of earthly wo, and to see around him, in various situations, without perhaps the means or prospect of relief, the havoc of disease and death, spending itself in the double affliction of the suffering he beholds in the prostrate victim before him, and the attendant misery and lamentation which bereaved friends and dependants pour over the relic of their living hope.

The lawyer, also, has his experience and exposure, though perhaps in a more limited sphere; and in the vexatious assiduity of litigious spirits and the groveling workings of revengeful minds, he often witnesses the wildest extremes of human passion and human weakness.

Some instances of this character, I find recorded in my diary, which, from their immediate relationship to the romance of real life, have afforded me matter of much ethical speculation, and among the number of which I have presented the following anomaly in the character of the female heart.

I had just returned from court; my brown bag was suspended from its appropriate hook in the book-case, and wearied and worn with the exercise of five consecutive hours in close attention and confinement at the bar, I had accommodated myself for a siesta with a composure as settled as if no inducement, however argumentative or insinuating its *retainer*, could draw me from it. I held in my hand a quire of foolscap closely written over, part of the labor of the morning, to which I was nodding a kind of familiarity between its monotonous recapitulations and my imperturbable somnolence, when a gentle knock at my office door aroused me.

The door was immediately opened by my student, who sat near it, in close and dry converse with some black-lettered spirit, and I was summoned to answer the demand of two well dressed females, who inquired for me, in a suppressed and faltering tone. Laboring in a state of much excitement, my strange visiters stood for a moment in the centre of the room, mute and motionless, and scarcely seeming to understand my repeated solicitations to be seated. At length, after they had witnessed the departure of my student from the office, and cast a hasty glance around to see if none others were present to behold or hear, the younger of the two mysterious beings before me took

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her companion by the hand, and led her, in apparent unconsciousness, to a seat close by the chair from which I had just risen. The young female having gone thus far, stood still and silent beside me, as if she had not the strength to act or move. I placed a chair for her on my right, and directing to her the most encouraging and sunsive converse I could command, at length succeeded in awakening her attention. She became seated, and raising the folds of a rich, black veil, which had obscured her features from me, turned upon me a face that might have formed a model for Praxitiles or a dilettanti. A tear rested in the corner of her soft, black eye, as if a pearl had been studded there to hang in glittering contrast with the rich silken lashes that surrounded it, and the subdued and passive expression of her countenance told, with mournful truth, the intensity of the heart's affliction within. Her companion, who sat by her, leaned her head upon her shoulder, and seeming to catch encouragement from the sympathizing look which I had fixed upon her, endeavored, in faint whispers, to inspire her with confidence to commence the revelation of their business with me. A few moments elapsed, and at intervals of soul-piercing sobs, she informed me that her mother, who sat beside her, had occasion to see me on professional business, of such a character, as, for the happiness of her family, demanded all the privacy which the nature of her situation would admit, and that to secure this, they had withheld from their most confidential friends, the slightest intimation of the distress in which they were involved. On this account, they appeared before me unattended, and sought such assistance as would secure to them the least possible occasion to appear in any other person's presence. An officer of the peace had called at their residence, and exhibited a warrant for the arrest of the mother, on a charge of *larceny*, but, perceiving the respectability of the parties with whom he was to act, and possessing more humanity than generally belongs to the minor ministers of the law, he encouraged the supposition that there might be some mistake, although his directions were very minute, and only required the promise of the party to be at the alderman's office, in —— street, with her counsel, at a specified time. To ask my attendance upon this occasion, was the object of their visit. Having understood thus much, I immediately endeavored to learn, by such interrogatories as presented themselves to me, from what source, and by what means this prosecution had been brought, still expecting to find that from the susceptibility of woman's fears, there was unnecessary alarm, and that probably it all would result in proof, to be a suit of revenge, as I have known instances, instituted by some unfavorably dismissed domestic, who sought to wound by exposure, and thus to gratify their malignity. The name of the prosecutor had not been noticed by either of them in the surprise with which they were so suddenly overwhelmed, and neither could summon the recollection of a cause which could exist in the breast of any human being, to involve them in afflictions they apprehended were so serious.

The time arrived when they were to appear at the office, and after assuring them of every consolation I could inspire, I took a seat with them in their carriage, and gave directions to the coachman to hold up at the dwelling of the magistrate—having, by this time, well assured myself that I was in company with members of one of the most respectable families in the northern part of the city, I determined, without hesitation, to avoid the necessity of exposure in the public office, as long as it was practicable.

Having seen my client seated in the parlor of the dwelling, I hastened to the office of the alderman, to ascertain the particulars of my mysterious case. On entering, I found him seated in his executive chair, calmly waiting the presence of any and all who should be "brought to be tried." I immediately announced to him my business, and requested to know the character of the prosecution against my client.

All that I could ascertain was, that the suit had been instituted by a female of respectable appearance, who demanded the most rigid precision in all the proceedings held by him, and evinced no ordinary determination of spirit in her undertaking. Confirmed now, that my suspicions of the origin of the case were correct, or that, in the other event, the investigation would develop a mistake in the identity of the defendant, I announced myself as ready to enter into a hearing of the case, and hastened to introduce my client, with every confidence I could inspire, aided by the sweet assurances of her fair attendant, into the public room of justice. The entrance from the dwelling of the alderman was in the rear of his desk or magisterial platform, and so as to obscure persons seated in the front of the office, from the observance of those entering thereby. At this door I introduced my client, and seated her in as much retiredness as possible, with her daughter at her side. A few moments elapsed while the necessary preparations for business, and unfolding of dockets, were made, and the *trial ex parte* commenced. The alderman, with becoming dignity, demanded the parties in the case of the commonwealth vs —— ———, charged with larceny, and in a magisterial voice inquired if the prosecutor was ready to proceed. From the opposite corner of the office, a delicate but firm voice responded "YES." As the answer reached the ear of my client, I perceived a heavy shudder convulsed her frame, and a deep-heaved sigh from the daughter, who had clasped her arms around the neck of her parent, and was hiding her face in her bosom, excited in me new and fearful forebodings of my cause.

"Come forward," demanded the magistrate, "and take the book."

A pale and delicately beautiful girl, one on whom care and sorrow seemed to have made an early depredation—like the first shoots of spring nipped by a lurking frost—stepped boldly to the stand, and received the holy book from his hand.

"You do swear," commenced the magistrate, but 'ere he could proceed farther, a wild and piercing shriek from the defendant—a death-like utterance of the name of "ELIZA," and a long drawn breath, were but the instantaneous precedents of a deep swoon into which she had fallen; while the daughter stood motionless and fixed in a wild and vacant gaze upon the

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prosecutrix, and striving, in indistinct articulation, to say "*Sister*."

With the assistance of those who stood near me, I hurried the apparently lifeless pair to the parlor from whence I had brought them, and leaving them to the ministrations of those who could afford more tender and appropriate relief, I hastened to the office, resolved to probe at once the mystery that accumulated around me.

As soon as I again appeared, the alderman informed me that the witness for the commonwealth, who stood alone, unmoved before him, prosecuted for the purpose of recovering some valuable papers, which she had stated upon oath were surreptitiously taken from her by the defendant, nearly a year since, and which were the sole assurances of a handsome patrimony belonging to her.

I requested to examine the witness personally, which was of course permitted. Recalling her to the stand, I asked her, with as much composure as my own agitation under the scene which had transpired would permit, *her name*.

"Eliza ———," she replied, in the same firm tone in which she had first spoken.

"How long," I continued, "have you known the defendant?"

"As long as I have a recollection of any one."

"Is she related to you?"

"Yes—she is my mother!"

"And you would bring your mother before the thronged tribunal of justice, as a criminal at the bar?"

"I want my papers and my property," was her cold and indifferent reply. I could proceed no farther with my interrogation, and, after a moment's consultation with the magistrate, we exercised our united energies, by the invocation of all the penalties of her ingrate purpose—by the strongest appeals to the virtue of filial love, and by all that was sacred in humanity, to induce her to desist from her unnatural course. But all was of no avail, and I, in the last extremity, asked permission to enter my name upon the docket, for the future appearance of the defendant, to enter into a recognizance to appear at the next sessions of the court, if necessary, to answer the charge alleged against her.

I now returned to my client, and found her so far recovered as to be able, under the guidance of the ministering angel that had attended her throughout, to enter her carriage, to which I handed her, after giving her the most positive assurance of following her in a very short period, to her residence.

As soon as I had made the necessary arrangements at my office, I hastened to fulfil my promise. The card that had been left with me, referred me to one of those beautiful private residences in ——— row, in ——— street. I rang the bell, and in an instant was welcomed in, by the fair one who had already excited my liveliest sympathy.

In the back parlor, reclining upon a rich lounge, I found the afflicted subject of my solicitude; she requested me to be seated by her, and to bear patiently with her, while she endeavored to impart to me the circumstances connected with the unnatural scene I had witnessed. Eliza had been a favorite daughter, and was educated in the tenderest and most sumptuous manner. She had ever been a dutiful and affectionate child from her infancy. In an unfortunate moment, however, she formed an acquaintance with a wretch in human shape, whose prepossessing exterior, suasive manner, and assiduous attention, soon won the poor girl's affections, and so completely coiled his serpentine blandishments around her, as to render her heedless of every tie that bound her in her fidelity. Under the most solemn assurances of marriage, he induced her to desert her home, her widowed parent, and the fatherless companion of her youth, and with the means of obtaining a large portion of her little patrimony—the savings of a father's industry, whose remains had long since been consigned to the narrow charnel house—to elope with him, and consign herself to a bed of infamy and shame.

The papers, to recover which the prosecution had been brought, instigated by the fiend who had already robbed her of that which was more valuable to her than all, had been rescued from his unrelenting grasp by the vigilance of the mother, and were the sole assurances of the lost girl's fortune.

To preserve this for a day of tribulation that must soon await her, had been the anxious object of the parent in retaining them, and no law, thought she, human or divine, could interfere with a purpose so benevolent and just.

I inquired whether the daughter was of age when these papers were taken, and received an affirmative reply.

It then became my painful duty to assure the mother that the papers must be delivered up, under the only alternative of legal guilt of the crime alleged.

She raised her finger, and pointing to a package that was standing in a casket upon the table near her, faintly whispered, "there they are—take them to her; the last link is broken, and now I have no hope!" I took the papers, and after some time spent in endeavoring to animate and console the afflicted family, and requesting that the daughter should send immediately for some of their most confidential friends, in whose sympathies they might find relief, I hastened to the alderman, to place in his charge, and at his direction, the subject of the LARCENY. The papers were received, and the prosecution dismissed.

A few months only elapsed, before I heard of the death of my client. She lingered like those who strive to smother grief, without apparent disease, and unable to survive the unnatural shock she had suffered, soon sunk, broken hearted, in the grave.

* * * * * * * *

About two years after the above events transpired, I was waiting in the Mayor's Court of the city, for the trial of a cause of some importance, in which I was engaged, when I was assigned by the Court, in the exercise of the authority which belongs to them, to defend a prisoner at the bar, who appeared utterly destitute and surlishly reckless of her fate. She was miserably attired, and in her lineaments of face, the long, deep furrows of protracted suffering and want were strongly marked. I conferred with my client in

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the dock, in which white and black, the most loathsome specimens of human depravity, were indiscriminately huddled together, and heard the brief and reluctant history of her arraignment. She desired to plead guilty. She had committed the offence of *larceny*, that by her conviction she might gain a solitary seclusion from the world. She had loathed the society of her fellow creatures until their contact was no longer endurable. She feared to die, and had not the nerve for a suicidal deed. She had been educated in affluence—she became the victim of seduction—had broken the heart of a widowed parent in her delusion—disgraced a fair family name—her seducer had squandered away long since a patrimony which she had inherited, had deserted her, and left her penniless upon a cold world, without a virtue on which to found a plea for charity—and now she sought, in the solitary cell of the penitentiary, the longest separation from the companionship of her fellow beings, the penalties of the violated law would inflict.

This prisoner was Eliza ———, the prosecutrix of her mother.

I MET THEE AT THE FESTIVAL.

In answer to the Stanzas by Miss C. H. Waterman, at page 207.

"I'll meet thee at the festival, I'll be amid the train,
Where mirth and laughter joyously, pursue their merry reign;
I'll meet thee in the lighted hall, and with the masquer's art
I'll hide the burning agony that preys upon my heart."
C. H. W.

I met thee at the festival, amid the glad and gay,
And talked as much, as cheerful too, and sung as loud as they;
In very ecstacy of pain, I smothered up my grief,
And left the high and happy hall, in tears to find relief.

I knew the loved of other years would be among the train,
Would smile as pleasantly as o'er, and speak to me again;
I knew the memory of the past would rush upon my heart,
And cause the bitter agony of hidden woes to start.

I knew I'd see the form I loved, so tenderly and long,
Whirled through the dance, the pride and boast of all the glittering throng;
And hear her warble forth the strains I prized so much of yore,
The strains of softest melody, now sung for me no more.

I met thee at the festival, a gleesome thing and glad,
While I, the witness of thy joy, was sorrowful and sad;
And fancied thou did'st cast on me the same bewitching smile,
With which so oft, in times gone by, thou did'st the hours beguile.

And though I strove to steel my heart against thy weaning ways,
Thy glances lighted up old fires, and started new the blaze
That burns within my bosom now, unquenchable and strong,
And only rendered fiercer still, by being nursed so long.

I met thee at the festival, and left thee sporting there,
To seek in some secluded place a covert from despair;
But closer to my aching heart the seething feeling clings,
And one by one, are breaking now, its maimed and bleeding strings.

THE STRANGER.

Baltimore, Md.

THE NUN.

I saw the torch lights' murky gleam,
I saw the slow procession moving,
The snow-clad nuns, like spectres, seen
Among the gloomy cloisters roving,
Veiled in the shades of night:
Now wide the massy portal swings,
The priest the incense offering brings,
The choral chaunt the abbey rings
Amidst a blaze of light.

I heard the swelling anthem rise,
I heard the organ loudly pealing,
With solemn step, and downcast eyes,
The victim paced, with sadden'd feeling
Her doom reluctant meets;
The vaulted echo's hollow tone—
A smother'd, last, and inward groan—
As kneeling on the sculptur'd stone—
The shudd'ring vow repeats.

'Tis o'er—the splendid pageant pass'd,
The abbey chancel, now deserted,
As on her parting friends she cast
A glance of sorrow, half averted,
Till veil'd from every eye:
Now all is silent as the grave,
The night-cloud floats upon the wave,
The owlet leaves her vaulted cave,
And whooping flits she by.

H. B.

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A RAMBLE THROUGH ST. HELENA.

BY A RECENT VISITER.

NONE but those who have experienced the monotonous existence attendant upon a long voyage of ten weeks, can sympathize with the extravagant joy of the traveller, on first catching a glimpse of land after a tedious passage,—the keen excitement of anticipated pleasure on shore—the bustle of the seamen—the preparation for departure—the anxious faces peering through glasses to view that which in appearance, presents nothing but a distant and indented cloud, all give a life and animation to the scene, that almost repays the wanderer for his previous confinement.

It was on a glorious morning in March 1827, that our ship, under the influence of a fresh breeze, as if participating in the lightness of heart it was bearing, seemed to dance on the bosom of the blue waters, as she threw the white foam from her bows, leaving behind her a long dazzling line of light, as transient and evanescent, as our former cares and sorrows, when St. Helena, the "Isle of Rock and Water," the prison, and the grave, of *him* who "left a name at which the world grew pale," arose in sullen majesty before us.—Its harsh, and rugged outline, clearly attenuated on the light and feathery clouds at its back—its dun and sombre mantle, unrelieved by any sign of life or motion, except where an occasional exhalation hung like a fleece half way up the mountain, struggling to gain an eminence which, when attained, would consign it to the pure ether—the tremendous surf dashing against its rocky base—the wild song of the seamew as she flitted before our bowsprit—all presented a scene, which even the sublime genius of a Salvator would have failed to inspire with interest.

The first sign of the hand of man in this stronghold of waters, displayed itself on the apex of a rock, perhaps a thousand feet high, called from its great resemblance, "Sugar-loaf Point," on the dizzy height of which, the British flag, diminished to an infant's toy, expanded its broad folds to the morning breeze. After rounding another abrupt promontory, we came in view of St. James's town. Nothing can present a more striking resemblance than to imagine the scene of a country village at a theatre; a long, narrow street, built up a ravine, formed by two lofty mountains, on one side, the village church on the other, the Town Hall, a barn-like-looking building, the float* displaced by a long stone battery, and the illusion is complete.

The sails were scarcely furled, ere our barge was running to the piers, a long bricked embankment, stretching perhaps a quarter of a mile along the base of the mountain, at every boat's length; the rocks assumed a more blackened and scorched appearance, clearly indicating their volcanic origin; whilst a cave, cast into deep shadow by the beetling cliffs above it, and into which the surf ran madly, lashing its iron-bound sides, added to the savage grandeur of the scene. A quarter of an hour's walk over the burning sands, and two strongly fortified drawbridges, brought us into the centre of the little village; the houses are nearly all inhabited by English, and are built in the European style; the shops presented their projecting bow-windows to the street, whilst placards of Day and Martin's Blacking, and Rowland's Macassar Oil, would almost tempt the traveller to believe he had alighted by necromancy into some sequestered village within a few miles of London, were it not for the stern and rugged mountains overhanging his head, which by their giant height, seemed frowning on the pigmy attempts of man, in erecting habitations on a domain, in which nature seemed to have constituted *them* lords of the soil. Rough shaggy ponies, the only conveyance the island afforded, were soon procured, and our gay party in spite of the glaring sun, set out at a round trot to view the grave. The road ascending spirally, soon conducted us over the town we had just left; nothing could exceed the difference of scene; upwards, the mountain reared its rugged and steril head high above us; not a tree or bush to relieve the eye from its russet livery, save where a few stunted rushes fringed the course of a tumultuous stream, which was occasionally seen at times, broad and considerable, foaming and tumbling down the steep declivity, and again, dwindled to the fineness of a silver thread. Below, at the depth of a thousand feet, lay the little town, not as would be seen in our misty isle, but every building, meadow and plantation, showing as distinctly through the clear atmosphere, as if traced with the minuteness of a map, and seemed not unlike a rich English landscape viewed through the inverted end of a telescope. Our sure-footed conductors, in the meantime, as if delighting in their accuracy and firmness of step, cantered along the extreme edge of the road, unprotected by the slightest embankment from the abyss below; so that it not unfrequently happened, there was nothing save the blue air of Heaven, between the sole of one's shoe and the peaceful quiet village a thousand feet below. An hour and a half's ride over country, as barren as rock and sand could make it, brought us at length to an abrupt turning, down which the road as rapidly descended as it had before risen, but the whole face of the country was changed; nature, as if to make amends for the barren tract we had passed, here displayed herself in the utmost luxuriance; wild flowers skirted the path at every step, whilst perfect

* Float, the long row of lamps in front of the stage.

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hedges of geraniums lined each side of the road; at the bottom of this delightful valley lay the object of our toilsome ride, but ah! with what disappointment must the enthusiast be struck, who expects to find a tomb worthy of *his* career. "No sculptured urn" marks the grave of "him who kept the world awake;" not e'en his name "spelt by the unlettered muse," records who sleeps beneath. Three oblong stones from his kitchen floor, and a part of the iron railing which surrounded his house, form the last resting-place of the greatest man who ever lived. This is as it should be; every attempt to erect a mausoleum in commemoration of his exploits must be abortive, when he has left such memorials on Mont St. Bernard and the Simplon monuments, unperishable as his fame, and gigantic as the mind that created them. Four weeping willows overshadow this simple tomb, and by the soft and peaceful shade they afford, give the spot an air of calm repose, trebly enhanced by the burning atmosphere around. At each side of the head of the grave, we observed three flower-sticks; on inquiring of the sergeant who shows the spot, an old weather-beaten veteran, with cheeks burned to the color of the rock he was guarding, we learned, Madame Bertrand had planted a forget-me-not on either side of the grave, which she carefully watered every morning during her stay in the island. The flowers have long mingled with the hallowed dust they were intended to adorn, but their frail supports still remain—a simple but touching memorial of woman's constancy and tenderness.

We were next directed to an artificial excavation cut in the rock, from which a clear and delightful spring of water poured like an oasis in the desert, its cooling tribute rendered doubly grateful from its situation. This was Napoleon's favorite beverage; his table was regularly supplied with it, although Longwood is seven or eight miles distant; indeed, the whole spot was his constant resort, and it was by his express desire that his remains were interred there. A book is kept in the cave, in which every visiter is requested to insert his name and sentiments as they may have arisen impromptu on the spot; most of them are in French, many expressive of regret at his death, but more containing invectives against the English for his captivity. It was with feelings of regret we quitted the verdant valley, to traverse the uncouth road which led to Longwood; no object of interest appearing until we arrived at the Devil's Punch-bowl; this is, without doubt, the most picturesque spot in the island On one side, the boundless expanse of waters, viewed from a height of two thousand feet, seemed to encompass us like a wall of adamant; the truth of this metaphor will, I think, be acknowledged by those who have been used to view the sea from a lofty eminence, on the other, an immense amphitheatre of rocks descended to an immeasurable depth, wreathed into every fantastic shape that imagination can picture, seeming, when viewed by the garish sun, as if the foaming ocean, in the midst of its wildest gambols, had been petrified by the wand of an enchanter. The solitude of the place was oppressive; the chirp of a bird or the bleat of a sheep would have been music; no sound met our ears; no moving thing greeted our eyes—all was solitariness and desolation. It is in scenes like these man feels his insignificance—it is here he feels that meekness and humility so essentially required by the Christian creed, and is it not to be expected that the human heart will feel more deeply impressed with a sense of religion, whilst placed in a spot where nature rules in her grandest scale, than when following the monotonous chaunt of a paralytic incumbent, in a temple raised by man? Every object he casts his eyes—on the fretted roofs—the sculptured walls—the clustered columns—are all the works of his own hands, and tend to raise him in his own estimation; but place him on a lofty mountain, a fathomless abyss on one hand, the boundless expanse of ocean on the other, and it is there man acknowledges the speck he occupies in the space of creation.

Half an hour's ride brought us to some traces of vegetation; a few straggling, stunted cork trees, all inclining in one direction, by the action of the south-east trade-wind, indicated our approach to old Longwood; at first sight, it appears not unlike three or four cottages thrown into one; their gable ends in some places projecting, in others receding, from the front. An air of desolation pervades the place; straw was scattered around to a considerable distance; in fact, Longwood, once the sojourning place of the greatest man that ever existed, is now little more than a granary. After buffeting sacks of grain and sheaves of barley piled in the apartments occupied by Bertrand and Las Casas, we were shown the room in which Napoleon drew his last breath; the spot where he expired is pointed out between two windows; the room is of moderate dimensions, and hung with a plain green paper; time, neglect, and the passion for relics, which pervades all nations, from the nail of a Redeemer's cross to the stone of a murderer's grave, has already nearly denuded the walls of their simple hanging; a chaff-cutting machine and a quantity of loose chaff, constituted its present furniture; the glass was nearly all broken, and the rain had penetrated into some parts of the room, but even in the midst of this extremity of desolation, could we help lingering until the hour warned us to depart; how truly has the poet said:

You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang on it still.

New Longwood, built by the government for Napoleon, at an inconsiderable distance, would be called in England a handsome villa; the grounds around it are all laid out in some taste, and there are spacious suits of apartments within. It is singular that it was Napoleon's intention to have moved here the very day he died; the furniture had all arrived from England, the fires were even lighted, and the messenger who was sent (in the midst of a storm never equalled in the island) to announce that it was ready for his reception, brought back the news of his death. The only portion his mortal remains required, were the three stones from the kitchen floor (even now unreplaced) and part of the iron railing from the garden.

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Three weeks after his death the house was dismantled; the furniture, stripped from the walls, was exposed for competition at a public auction, scattered to all quarters of the globe, and the abode destined for the greatest general the world ever produced, is still tenanted by a private soldier.

A visit to St. Helena is an epoch in a life. The Temples of Elephanta—the City of Palaces—the rose-covered plains of Guzerat—have all faded from my remembrance, but "till life or memory part" will my ramble through the lone and rocky isle ever be obliterated from my recollection.

C. O. P. A. R.

EARLY DAYS.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

WHERE are the fond familiar things
I used to love of yore,
The woodbine's fragrant clusterings
That garlanded the door?

No more the balmy evening air,
Thro' its sweet foliage strays,
The scented woodbine is not there,
It fled with early days.

Where is the bird that built its home
Beneath the household eaves,
The timid thing that used to come
Among the whispering leaves?

Why doth its little throat no more,
Swell out its matin lays?
It perish'd with the light of yore,
The joys of early days.

The music of the singing rills,
That used to glad mine ear,
My voice's echo round the hills,
I list in vain to hear.

Where are the blythe young happy forms,
Bright with youth's sunny rays?
Too tender for life's after storms,
They fled with early days.

The voices of mine early friends
Are silent long ago,
No more their buried music blends,
In murmurings sweet and low.

Old haunts, like pale and shadowy things
Start up before my gaze,
Yet faithful memory fondly clings
To those dear early days.

THE SONG OF THE BELLE.

ALAS! oh my!—I wonder why
I cannot be a belle?
I have no wrinkles on my brow;
My age I never tell;
I read the laws of etiquette—
I follow them with zeal,
And I wear a fashionable shape,
And dress, too, *so* genteel!

I have a hump upon my back
Of fashionable *bran;*
And I sport a fashionable waist
That any arm may span.
I often walk in Chestnut street;
I've bid the squares farewell;
I think Don Juan's very sweet—
And yet—I'm not a belle!

I have a small *patrician* hand,
As soft as soft can be;
And, tho' I've learned it seems to *sew,*
None *sue,* it seems, for me.

There's cousin Kate has got a mate,
And (nought amiss) a carriage;
But not a man, from Gath to Dan,
E'er hints to *me* of marriage!

'Tis true I never make a show
In *ologies* and *isms;*
But "*flounces*" from *faux pas* I know,
And eye-glasses from prisms!
But 'tis'nt *sense,* but *sound,* just now,
On which the beaux all dote;
And *dowdies* have ten thousand charms,
Who raise ten thousand notes!

Ah, now I see why 'tis a belle
Won't ring with *brass* alone!
A brazen *tongue* does very well,
If *silver* gives the tone!
Then welcome speculation's spell—
(Why—why should conscience tax us?)
I'll emigrate!—and *be a belle,*
Whether or no, in Texas!

R. R. R.

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THE TUN OF RED WINE.

An Incident that occurred at a Town in Spain during the Peninsular War.

It was but a poor place:—the mean and dirty room, still smelling of the blood of the slain, had been almost stripped of every article of furniture it might have heretofore contained: a shell had broken in the roof, and the walls and wooden shutters of the miserable chamber were perforated with various shot, and blackened with powder and smoke; yet, to the party of worn soldiers who were to occupy this delectable apartment for the night, a mere semblance of a roof over their wearied heads was acceptable, after the terrible exposures they had undergone, to heavy rains and severe cold, from which the fine country of Spain is by no means exempt. Having collected a few empty wine casks, of various dimensions, they made for themselves seats of some, broke up others into firewood, and laying across a couple of them a door, which they had unhinged from a neighboring apartment, thus readily provided themselves with a table. "And now, comrades," said Meinheim, as he placed upon the board the contents of the ample camp-kettle, "let us make merry: where's the rum? and, Werner, what did you do with our keg of accadent.'"*

"Prithee, man, don't be alarmed about it; 'tis here quite safe: nor am I a Corporal Howitzer, to make myself drunk with the brandy, and then swear that I staved the cask, according to orders! No, no! I understand points of honor better, believe me!" So saying, Werner drew from beneath the arms and baggage, piled in a corner of the room, the keg in question, and down sat the party to a meal any thing but luxurious; yet with appetites which rendered the most coarse and ill-dressed food a dainty, and with all the buoyant *deil ma-care* spirits, usually appertaining to men of their professson.

"What a cursed country is this?" cried Meinheim to his companions. "No glass in the windows of the houses, no fire-places, no chimneys! no—"

"Nay," rejoined one of the men, "for glass, we've only to cut out the panels of the shutters, and stretch over the apertures some stout paper drenched in oil, of which commodity you will allow, there's plenty hereabouts."

"Rather too much," replied Meinheim, "to my thinking; for, upon my soul, we may say of the oil and garlic in this country, what the Frenchman said of the English and their *melted butter*, 'These people have no other sauce.' Faugh! did you ever smell any thing in your lives so rank and unchristian-like as their houses and cookery, oil and garlic, oil and garlic, as they are all over?"

"But," continued Herman, the former speaker, "respecting windows, those clever Englishmen have often contrived them as I said, and you've no idea how admirably they answer; they've managed chimneys, too; and thanks to that lucky shell, I see we've got an outlet for the smoke of our bright wood-fire to-night. The Spaniard and Portuguese, will, I've a notion, after the campaign is over, thank the Britons for giving them some little idea of English comfort."

"*Comfort*, indeed!" exclaimed Werner, "that word, I take it, is scarcely to be found in their tongues. In fact, Spain and Portugal, with all their vaunted deliciousness of climate, romantic scenery, and abundant natural produce, are cold, stormy countries, deficient in supplies, owing to the neglect of agriculture, and horticulture; mean, dirty, and every way disgusting; and there's nothing good in them that I can discover, save their *accadent* and wine."

"You're right—quite right!" cried one of the party, thumping the board with his fists, in token of extreme satisfaction, and of an evident desire to be heard: "the *wine* is the thing, undoubtedly, which renders either country endurable; spirits, for a mere trifle we may obtain in any land—not so wine, and here we may drown ourselves in it if we please. Meinheim, why leave we home to-night?"

"Nay," replied the soldier, "but that I imagined it would be no treat, we might have had plenty; wine-stores are hard by; we've only to open yon door, then, through a breach in the wall, we're into them immediately, and may help ourselves as we list."

"Say you so?" cried a man called Schlegel, "then let us do it immediately."

"With all my heart," answered Meinheim, "but as we shall hardly be able to bring hither one of the huge wine tuns, we must take with us somewhat, our canteens, I suppose; they will hold a fair quantity of Spain's prime grape-juice."

So the canteens were immediately put into requisition, and Meinheim catching up a blazing fagot, in which respect he was followed by others of the party, offered his services as leader on this pleasurable expedition; for this office he was indeed well calculated, having, by the chances of war, occupied these quarters, to which his companions were strangers, some weeks before. He now led them through a dark and narrow passage, of which the heat and bad odor were almost insupportable, for it had no apparent means of ventilation, and at the farther end of it, they perceived by the light of their uncouth and dimly burning torches, a considerable breach in the massy wall inclosing the wine-stores, about which laid the stones and bricks that had been battered down.

"Take care, my lads!" cried Meinheim, giving his

* Aqua-ardente; a light kind of spirit, or weak brandy, much admired by soldiers during the Peninsular campaigns.

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torch into unoccupied hands, and beginning slowly and cautiously to descend, "this is not the regular entrance, but it will do for us I dare say; the other is so blocked up, that 'twould pose the cunningest fox to enter thereby, for I fancy the French, the English, and the Spanish had a desperate affray in this place, and, by my truth, it looks as if sad bloody work had been going on, since last I had the felicity of beholding it. Quick, Schlegel, quick—the torch—there, that will do—an officer's sash had entangled my feet; now they are free, and my hands too, so my lads come on! One at a time, if you please, and, hold there, Herman, keep yourself steady if you can!"

One by one, the little party descended, stepping upon loose fragments of masonry and casks of all calibres, which were piled, or rather recklessly thrown upon each other, in a style the most disorderly, and in positions the most dangerous and unstable imaginable. An awe, almost approximating to terror, seized the adventurers, when they perceived themselves standing within a vast vaulted chamber or cellar, the far recesses of which were veiled in darkness impenetrable by the glare of their flaming fagots; a darkness, which preventing the actual extent of the store-chambers from being detected, impressed the imagination with an idea of their vastness perfectly terrific; nor was the scene which presented itself to the eyes of the party within the space illuminated by their broadly blazing torches, at all calculated to diminish any local sensations of alarm. Soldiers are, it is well known, strangely superstitious, notwithstanding that intimate acquaintance with spectacles of mortality, which should seem (theoretically) to have the effect of rendering them far otherwise. Our friends, be it also remembered, were German, and therefore, no doubt, well versed in the legendary lore of their country, which, it must be confessed, leaves the imagination nothing to wish for on the score of horrors; and these circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the hearts of men, who had dared death itself in a thousand hideous guises, should quail a little, or that they should gaze anxiously and timidly into the "palpable obscure" of the black distance, when strewed at their feet, they beheld the sad wrecks of an obstinate, a fierce, and mortal combat; the remnants of arms, armor, spent ammunition, accoutrements, and the horrible, decaying fragments of humanity! The disorder of the butts, possibly indicated that the affray had concerned the possession of their contents, and the insupportably noisome atmosphere of the vaults as certainly hinted that a little search would, to those who undertook it, present spectacles of the most loathsome description.

"This," cried Meinheim, planting himself in front of an immense hogshead, and rapping upon it with his knuckles, "this, I've no doubt, is the tun of which I've heard so much; for 'tis said that the largest cask in these stores contains red wine unequalled in all Spain. Now, if it has not already been let run, I vote that we commence operations upon it immediately."

Meinheim and two or three others, then carefully examining the cask, pronounced it to the satisfaction of all perfectly sound and untapped, and a debate ensued as to the most feasible method of availing themselves of its contents; some proposing to bore the monstrous barrel, filling their canteens with the wine as it ran off, whilst others, sensible of the shameful waste attending this mode of procedure, advised that the head of the cask should be knocked out, and the vessels dropped into it.

"That," said Werner, "will be an uncommon trouble; have we nothing larger than the canteens, two or three replenishings of which would answer a round dozen of these?—Hold, I have it: what say ye, my lads, to our camp-kettle? we can let it down, you know, easily enough, and if 'tis heavy when filled, a stout pull or so, from two or three of us, will do the business."

It was an admirable thought, and forthwith Werner, Schlegel, and Herman were despatched for the kettle, and in case they should be needed, for at least half a dozen canteen straps. Upon their return, they beheld Meinheim mounted upon barrels and peering into the hogshead.

"Faith, comrades," exclaimed he as they approached, "here's a pretty affair! we've been saved the trouble of knocking out or knocking in, may be, the head of our booty, for a large square piece has been sawn from it already. Those cursed cuirassiers or tirailleurs, have been here I'm afraid, and had a taste before us; nay, I'd almost venture a good wager that the dogs have drained this tun dry, as they'd do that of Heidelberg, in five minutes, nobody saying nay. Here my good fellows, Werner, Herman, one of you, hand me something to sound with."

"Throw in a bullet," said one of the men, "heaven knows they're lying here as thick as hail." He handed two or three to Meinheim, who dropping one into the barrel, a splash was heard, which agreeably convinced the party that the great body before them still retained no inconsiderable portion of its spirit. The kettle was immediately, with all alacrity, hoisted up to the adventurous Meinheim, who was by his comrades unanimously pronounced "the very best fellow in the universe, and worthy to cater at head-quarters for the field-marshal or captain general himself."

"Whew!" ejaculated Meinheim, "this will never do; our kettle does not touch the wine, though dropped down to it at the whole length of my arm. You brought the straps, my good lads, eh? Well, buckle them together, then I'll fasten them to the handle of our metal punch bowl, and I warrant we'll soon drink this prime liquor into a better company than did those rascally Frenchmen, who stole the better half of it."

Forthwith the straps were united, and attached to the kettle; it was again let down, drawn up brimming full, and as a portion of the "liquid ruby" was distributed to each individual, some praised the dexterity of Meinheim, whilst others pretended to quarrel with him for his shyness in mentioning the wine-stores, and producing a sample of their excellent contents at supper.

"But, man," cried Schlegel, "you don't drink; or because you can't monopolize the contents of the cask, d'ye scorn to enjoy it with your comrades?

"I don't," replied the soldier, "at all admire carousing on the leavings of our enemies."

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"Psha! false delicacy," shouted Werner; "you are not so squeamish when you drive them from a bivouac and dine off the very provisions they were dressing for themselves. Come, no nonsense, your share is in this canteen."

"I can't drink red wine," replied Meinheim, "indeed, indeed, I can't, and I'll tell you honestly the reason why; I've taken a huge disgust to it since I heard a Spaniard, a friend of mine, say, that he knew how it was made, and was resolved whilst blood continued to be spilt in his land, never to touch it."

"Well," rejoined Herman, "if that be all, I'm sure I once heard such a story from an English soldier, as should have given me a distaste to the red wines of this country for ever and ever; and I could sing you too the song he wrote about it, if you please. But, what on earth is the use and wisdom of setting yourself against a thing? So, Meinheim, I've the honor of pledging you, and in your own ration too." He drank off his comrade's portion.

"Poh! I think this wine is rather muddy, and has a queer flavor; 'tis certainly not improved in strength and spirit by standing uncovered."

His companions laughed, and agreeing that he was infected with the imaginary prejudices of Meinheim, vowed that the wine was without its equal in the universe, and sent aloft the kettle for another supply. Meinheim lowered it again, but as he strove this time to heave it up, it seemed to have caught in a something, which not only impeded its progress, but called for that manual exertion on his part, which in his present position he was utterly incapable of affording. "Bear a hand here, can't ye!" cried he to his companions, who immediately collecting a few of the smaller empty casks, contrived to mount as high as himself, and by their united strength, succeeded in raising with their kettle, about half way up the tun, the substance in which it had become entangled Curious to ascertain what this might be, a lighted brand or two, and very inquisitive faces were thrust into the aperture of the cask, and as quickly withdrawn; when those who had thus gratified their curiosity, with countenances expressive of horror and disgust, hastily descended, seized their canteens, and scrambling up the dangerous ascent to the breach, made their exit from the wine-stores in double quick time. The rest of the party, panic struck, without staying to ascertain the cause of their comrades' terrors, precipitately followed, and the desolate room and half demolished supper, were returned to with at least as much pleasure as they had been quitted.

"No more for me to-night!" cried Werner, "I've had enough in conscience; and what are we to do for our kettle?"

"Fish it up to-morrow, to be sure," said Schlegel, "clean it thoroughly, and bury the man."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Meinheim, "he must have lain there some time; the flesh of his face and hands seemed quite sodden, and was dropping from the bones. I wonder whether he had been killed, and thrown into the tun, or whether in trying to get wine as we have done, the weight of his cuirass threw him off his balance, and into the cask? I thank God for my escape!"

"After this," observed Herman, "I think I shall come round to the opinion, and adopt the resolution of your friend, the Spaniard; and now then for my song, my English song, for I swear by all the saints in the Spanish Calendar, and by our own Martin Luther, who is better than them all, our adventure is precisely the same as that."

"In heaven's name," exclaimed Meinheim, "do then keep your song to yourself; we are already too much disgusted! A fine subject truly is this for a song, that a party of poor soldiers should find, in the very wine they had been drinking, a dead, and a putrid man, and this man too, an enemy! Oh! 'tis enough to drive one mad."

Herman thought otherwise, and in spite of the opposition of his comrades, persisted with the most nasal "ballad-monger" twang, and in the most lugubrious accents imaginable, to troll forth the following stanzas, which he termed

"SPANISH RED WINE.

"Down with the mighty bowl,
Fill, fill it to the brim,
Then call the thirsty soul,
The draught's for him.

"Up with the flagon, up,
Rich wine hath gurgled in,
But ho! what stays the cup,
We would begin?

"Down with the taper pale,
Light up the tomb-like cask,
Soldiers! the hideous tale
Ye scarce need ask.

"Up with the bowl, blood-red,
Spain's grape-juice well may flow—
Taste not—the gory dead
Have lent its glow."

"Well, my good fellows, ye that understand English, I mean, what think ye of that for a song? capital, isn't it?" A loud snore was the reply. "Eh? what, confound the knaves, they've all taken to their blankets. So, I suppose the best thing for me to do, is to follow their example." W. L. B.

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LA PARISIENNE.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL AIR AND CHORUS.

THE POETRY BY CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

THE MUSIC BY ADOLPHE NOURRIT.

Now first printed complete, with French and English Words.

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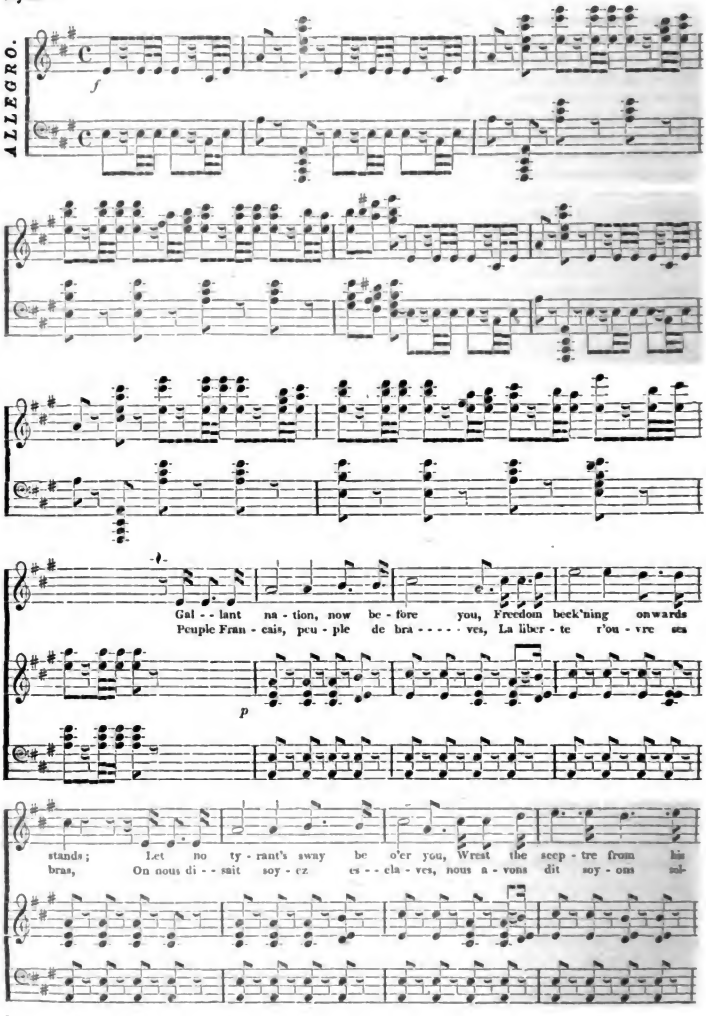

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hands. Pa - - ris gave the gen' - ral cry - - - - -, Glo - ry, Fame, and Li - - ber-
dats; Soudain Pa - ris dans sa me - - moi - - - - re a retrou - ve son cri de

ty - - - - - - -; Speed, war - ri - - ors speed, Tho' thousands bleed, Piere'd by the lead'n ball or
gloi - - - - - re. En a - - vant, marchons, contre leurs canons, A tra - vers le fer le

crush d by thund'ring steed. Conquests wait, your foemen die. Conquests wait your foemen die.
feu des bataillons. Courons, a la vie - - toi - re. Courons, a la vie - toi - re.

Keep your serried ranks in order!
Sons of France, your country calls!
Gory hecatombs accord her—
Well she merits each who falls!
Happy day! the general cry
Echoed naught but Liberty.
Speed, warrior, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Piere'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thund'ring steed!
Conquests wait—your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,
Ranks of warriors now display'd!
Youthful generals are among you—
By the great occasion made.
Happy day, &c.

Foremost who the Carlist lances
With the banner staff has met!
Freedom's votary advances,
Venerable Lafayette!
Happy day, &c.

Triple dyes again combining,
See the squadrons onward go!
In the country's heaven shining,
Mark the various colored bow.
Happy day, &c.

Heroes of that banner gleaming,
Ye, who bore it in the fray!
Orleans' troops! your blood was streaming
Freely on that fatal day!
From the page of history,
We have learnt the general cry,
Speed, warriors, speed, &c.

Muffled drum! thy music, lonely
Answers to the mourner's sighs!
Laurels, for the valiant only,
Ornament their obsequies!
Sacred fane of Liberty,
Let their memories never die!
Bear to his grave
Each warrior brave,
Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,
Crown'd with fame and victory.

Serrez vos rangs qu'on se soutienne,
Marchons, chaque enfant de l'aris!
De sa cartouche citoyenne fait une offrande a son pays.
O jours d'eternelle memoire.
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire, en avant, marchons.

La mitraille en vain nous devore elle enfante des combattans,
Sous les boulets voyez eclore ces vieux generaux de vingt ans.
O jours, &c.

Pour briser ces masses profondes qui conduit nos drapeaux sanglans!
C'est la Liberte des deux mondes c'est Lafayette en cheveux blancs.
O jours, &c.

Les trois couleurs sont revenues et la colonne avec fierte
Fait brillier a travers les nues l'arcenciel de la Liberte
O jours, &c.

Soldat du drapeau tricolore d'Orleans, toi qui l'as porte,
Ton sang se mcionrait encore, a ce lui qu'il nous a coute.
Comme aux beaux jours de notre histoire,
Tu redirais ce cri de gloire, en avant, marchons.

Tambours, du convoi de nos freres, roulez le funebre signal,
Et nous de lauriers populaires chargeons leurs recueil triomphal.
O Temple de deuil et de gloire,
Pantheon, recois leurs memoire,
Portons les marchons, decouvrons
Nos fronts soyez
Immortels, vous tous que nous pleurons,
Martyrs de la victoire,
Martyrs de la victoire,
Portons les marchons decouvrons nos fronts.

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers, not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

MAY.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	——	St. Tammany's Day.
—	1638	Charles I, having forbidden the emigration of Puritans to the American Colonies, intercepted a Squadron of Ships bound to New England. It has been said that Hampden and Cromwell were on board the fleet.
—	1810	All French and English vessels prohibited from entering the ports of the United States.
—	1828	Treaty of Commerce and Navigation settled between Prussia and United States.
—	1836	Died, suddenly, while sitting at table, in Philadelphia, Richard J. Manning, M. C. for South Carolina, and Governor of that State for two years.
2	1777	Died, at Danbury, of a wound received in its defence, General David Wooster, aged 70, a distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1799	First commencement of the Water Works in Philadelphia.
—	1837	A Convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution of Pennsylvania assembled at Harrisburg.
3	1567	Dominic de Gorgues, having routed the Spanish colonists on the St. Augustine and St. John rivers, Florida, in revenge for their slaughter of the first Huguenot Colony, sailed from America on his passage home to France.
—	1775	The Congress of the United States resolved to borrow £75,000 sterling, to defray the national expenses in the expected contest with Great Britain.
—	1776	The British Fleet, amounting to nearly fifty sail, arrived at Cape Fear river, having on board Lord Cornwallis and General Clinton.
—	1813	Havre de Grace, Maryland, burnt by the British blockading squadron under Admiral Cockburn.
—	1816	Died, near Baltimore, aged 63, James M'Henry, Secretary of War, and Washington's intimate friend.
—	1837	Committee of Citizens of New York proceeded to Washington to request the President to rescind the Specie Circular, and on other matters of importance.
4	1761	Awful Storm at Charleston, S. C. Many vessels lost.
—	1780	A Fort on Sullivan's Island captured by the British.
—	1816	Died, at Rome, N. Y., Samuel Dexter, Lawyer and Statesman. Born at Boston, 1761.
—	1817	Steamboat Constitution burst her boiler six miles above Francisville, on the Mississippi. Every person in the cabin, eleven in number, scalded to death.
—	1837	Agricultural Bank of Mississippi suspended specie payments; the first of many.
—	——	Died, suddenly, from excess of mental excitement, John Fleming, president of Mechanic's Bank in New York.
5	1682	William Penn published in England his frame of Government for Pennsylvania.
—	1776	The authority of England over the Thirteen Colonies of America abolished by Declaration of Congress.
—	1778	Ratification of Treaty between France and the United States of America.
—	1813	General Clay, with 1000 Kentuckians, advanced to the relief of Fort Meigs, where Harrison was beleagured, but lost 650 of his men in an ambuscade.
—	1814	Oswego, N. Y. first attacked by the British forces.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
5	1816	Dreadful fire at Middleburg, Vermont.
—	1817	Schooner Allaveda, belonging to Buenos Ayres, blown up in Chesapeake Bay, by accident, (the first lieutenant snapped a pistol near the powder magazine,) and twenty-three persons perished.
—	1819	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 67, Thomas Truxton, Commodore in U. S. Navy.
6	1677	The Government of Massachusetts purchased Gorges' right of claim to the Colonial Patent for the sum of £1250 sterling.
—	1776	The Siege of Quebec raised by the arrival of reinforcements from England. The Americans retreated, losing baggage, artillery, and stores.
—	1780	Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, captured by the British.
—	——	Charleston, S. C., bombarded by the British.
—	1789	Constitution of Georgia adopted.
—	1814	Fort Oswego, N. Y. captured by the British, after a gallant defence for two days.
—	1817	William Cobbett and his son landed at New York from England.
—	1833	Lieutenant Randolph assaulted General Jackson.
—	——	Rev. E. K. Avery brought to trial at Newport, R. I. for the murder of Sarah M. Cornell.
7	1774	Born, at Princeton, N. J. William Bainbridge, a distinguished commander in U. S. Navy.
—	1778	Bordentown, N. J. captured by the British, who destroyed the shipping in the river, the stores, warehouses, camp equipage, &c.
—	1798	Twelve hundred young men of Philadelphia tendered their services against the French to John Adams, President of the U. S.
—	1814	The British evacuated Fort Oswego, N. Y. after burning the barracks.
—	1815	Died, aged 64, from the effects of a wound given by a maniac, David Ramsey, statesman and littérateur.
—	1830	Treaty signed between Turkey and the U. S. giving American vessels the right of navigating the Black Sea.
—	1832	Treaty signed between the Ottoman Porte and the U. S.
—	1836	Died, in Warren County, N. J., aged 87, John Armstrong, a revolutionary soldier, and for many years, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.
8	1806	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 72, Robert Morris, the celebrated Financier and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1813	York, (Toronto,) Upper Canada, evacuated by the Americans, after the destruction of the barracks, block houses, stores, &c.
—	1816	The first U. S Ship of the Line that ever floated on the ocean, the Washington, seventy-four, Commodore Chauncy, sailed from Boston.
—	1837	Died, at Wayland, Mass., aged 58, M. M. Rutter, more than twenty years a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.
9	1501	Columbus sailed from Cadiz on his fourth and last Voyage of Discovery.
—	1760	Born, at Dover, Delaware, Edmund Miller, physician and littérateur.
—	1781	The British captured Williamsburg, Virginia.
—	——	The Spaniards conquered Pensacola and possessed all Florida.
—	1782	Born, on the banks of the Potomac, Maryland, Maria Van Ness, a celebrated philanthropic lady.
—	1791	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 53, Francis Hopkinson, jurist and littérateur, and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	——	The British and Indians abandoned their works before Fort Meigs, defended by Genera Harrison during a siege of thirteen days.
—	1810	Died, in Massachusetts, aged 77, General Benjamin Lincoln, a celebrated revolutionary officer, and Governor of Massachusetts.
—	1831	Snow fell in New York State to the depth of twelve inches.
—	1836	Died, at Wilmington, Delaware, aged 78, Caleb B. Bennet, Governor of Delaware, and last surviving officer of the Delaware regiment of the revolutionary army.
—	1837	The Steamboat, Ben Sherrod, burnt on Mississippi river, about thirty miles below Natchez. 175 lives lost.
10	1534	James Cartier, the Discoverer of the Canadas, came in sight of Newfoundland.
—	1649	An Association against the profanity of wearing long hair formed in Massachusetts, by Governor Endicott and others.
—	1773	The obnoxious Act of Parliament relative to the Tea Trade and the British East India Company, passed the Houses of Parliament in England, and paved the way for the Independence of America.
—	1775	Congress assembled in Philadelphia, and chose John Hancock president.
—	——	Ticonderoga and Crown Point seized by the Americans under Arnold, Allen, Wooster, &c.
—	——	Skeensborough surprised by the Americans.
—	1779	Portmouth, Norfolk, and Suffolk, Virginia, seized by the British, and every house, excepting a widow's, and the church, destroyed, with magazines, naval stores, &c.
—	1781	Lord Rawdon evacuated Camden, after burning the jail, mills, &c., and the greatest portion of his own luggage.
—	1831	Died, at Detroit, aged 81, John Trumbull, LL. D. jurist and littérateur.
—	1837	All the Banks in the city of New York, without exception, by common consent, stopped payments in specie. This example was immediately followed by a general suspension of cas payments throughout the states.
11	1776	Action near Charleston, S. C. between Americans and British. Major Huger, of the U. S. army, killed by the Americans in mistake.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
11	1778	Died, aged 70, Lord Chatham, having been struck with his death illness in the British House of Lords, while advocating the interests of the U. S. of America.
—	1779	Charleston, S. C. invested by the British under General Prevost.
—	1781	Orangeburg, S. C. surrendered to the Americans under General Sumpter, who took many prisoners.
—	1799	Shock of an Earthquake felt at Wilmington, S. C.
—	1804	Eighty vessels wrecked in a dreadful storm at and near Newfoundland.
—	1811	Died, aged 42, the Rev. William Emerson, littérateur.
—	1814	Died, aged 83, Robert Treat Paine, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1833	Ship, Lady of the Lake, wrecked on an iceberg during her passage to Quebec. 215 persons lost.
12	1780	Charleston, S. C. surrendered by General Lincoln to the British General, Sir H. Clinton. 2500 prisoners, 400 cannon, several men of war, including two frigates, were taken by the British.
—	1781	Fort Motte, S. C. captured by Generals Marion and Lee, taking 175 prisoners.
13	1607	Captain Newport landed his emigrant passengers at Jamestown, being the first possession of Virginia by settlers.
—	1782	Society of the Cincinnati established by officers of the army of the U. S. who had served in the revolutionary war.
—	1814	Charlotte, a town at the mouth of Gennessee river, N. Y. unsuccessfully bombarded by the British.
—	1828	The Tariff Bill passed the Senate of the U. S.
—	1835	Steamboat Majestic burst her boiler at Memphis, on the Mississippi; 14 persons killed, and about 40 scalded.
—	——	Much damage done by a violent hail storm in the Sumpter District, S. C. Violent storms in various parts of Georgia.
14	1781	Lieutenant Colonel Christopher Greene and Major Flag surprised by a party of Refugees at Croton river and killed.
—	——	The British troops evacuated their post at Nelson's Ferry, S. C.
—	1800	Washington City, in the District of Columbia, declared the Seat of General Government.
—	1814	The British Squadron on Lake Champlain repulsed by the Batteries at Otter Creek.
—	1831	Steamboat Washington sunk in Long Island Sound, having come in contact with the Steamboat Chancellor Livingston. Loss, 70,000 dollars.
—	1832	Died, at Washington City, Jonathan Hunt, member of Congress from Vermont.
—	——	A party of Militia surprised by the Indians at Galena, Ill., and 28 killed.
15	1602	Cape Cod, Massachusetts, discovered.
—	1775	Paper Money, or Continental Currency established by act of Congress.
—	1776	The American Fort at the Cedars, surrendered to the British, who took 390 prisoners.
—	1781	The British surrender Fort Granby, S. C. to Lieutenant Colonel Lee, who took 360 prisoners.
—	——	Camden, S. C. burnt by the British.
—	1783	General Washington held a conference with Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-Chief, on board the British Frigate Perseverance, at Dobbs' Ferry, on the Hudson river
—	1814	Pultneyville, on Lake Ontario, plundered by the British, who were eventually repulsed by Brigadier General John Swift.
—	1817	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 73, David Irving, a distinguished officer in the United States service.
—	1833	Great rise of the waters of the Hudson and other rivers in America.
—	1836	A Convention or Agreement of Peace signed at Velasco, Texas, between D. G. Burnet, President of Texas, and Santa Anna, the President and General of the Mexican army.
—	——	Roanoke on the Chattahoochie, Georgia, burnt by the Indians.
16	1769	The Virginia House of Burgesses passed several Resolutions against the powers of England, exercised against the rights of the Colonists: in consequence of which Governor Lord Bottetout dissolved the House the next day.
—	1808	Messrs. Lewis and M'Henry, both from Virginia, killed each other in a duel with rifles.
—	1811	U. S. Frigate, President, Commodore Rogers, captured the British Ship Little Belt.
17	1741	Born, Carolina County, Va., John Penn, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1776	The British Ship, Hope, captured in Boston Bay by Captain Mugford, and brought safe into Boston. The British boats watched his return to sea, and attacked him on the 19th when he was killed, being the only person hurt
—	1789	Died, in Savannah, Georgia, William Murren, a revolutionary officer from Pennsylvania.
—	1790	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 40, Joseph Rice, a revolutionary officer.
—	1795	French and English Squadrons engaged near Cape Henry—two French men of war captured.
—	1811	Died, in Philadelphia, aged above 60, Lieutenant Colonel Philip Pancake.
—	——	U. S. Gun Boat, No. 157, wrecked on the South Breakers, Charleston, S. C, and 12 persons drowned.
—	1829	Died, aged 84 John Jay, Governor of New York, a distinguished statesman.
—	1831	Died, at Rochester, N. Y., Col. Nathaniel Rochester, a revolutionary patriot, from whom the town takes its name.
18	1769	Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina adopted the non-importation agreement.
—	1778	The British gave a fête in Philadelphia in honor of General Howe. It was termed the Mischianza.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
18	1805	The Tripolitans repulsed by the American General, Eaton, in their attack upon Derne, in the Barbary States.
19	1535	James Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence and the Canadas, sailed on his second expedition to the New World, then known as New France.
—	1676	Massachusetts Volunteers surprised an encampment of hostile Indians at Turner's Falls, on the Connecticut, and put them to the rout with great slaughter.
—	1788	Congress ordered two cannon to be named after Hancock and Adams, being one moiety of the whole train of artillery possessed by the American Colonies at the commencement of the Revolutionary War—the other two having been taken by the English.
—	1795	Died, aged 66, Josiah Bartlet, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1811	Above one hundred houses destroyed by fire in New York.
—	1833	Steamboat Lioness destroyed by gunpowder on Red River, 40 miles above Alexandria, killing 15 or 16, including Josiah S. Johnston, Senator of United States, and Judge of Supreme Court of Louisiana.
20	1499	Americus Vespucius sailed from Cadiz on his first Voyage of Discovery.
—	1506	Died, aged 76, at Valladolid, Spain, Christopher Columbus.
—	1690	Died, aged 86, John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. He was an Englishman, of Cambridge University, and emigrated to Massachusetts, devoting his life to the service of the Aborigines.
—	1774	The Bill for entirely subverting the Government of Massachusetts passed the English Houses of Parliament.
—	1775	The American Provinces sign Articles of Union and Alliance.
—	1776	One hundred and forty Americans marching to relieve the Post at the Cedars, near Montreal, captured by the Indians, after great slaughter on both sides.
—	1778	Lafayette made a masterly retreat from an intended surprise by the British at Barren Hill, Pennsylvania.
—	1781	Lord Cornwallis and the British army arrived at Petersburg, Virginia.
—	1813	U. S. Frigate, Congress, captured British brig of War, Jean.
—	1815	Died, near Philedelphia, aged 65, General Jonathan Williams, a distinguished patriot.
—	1834	Died, at Paris, aged 77, General Gilbert Motier Lafayette.
—	1835	Died, at Bellefonte, Pa., aged 79, Andrew Gregg, M. C. from 1791 to 1813.
21	1542	Ferdinand de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, died on its banks, and was buried beneath its waters.
—	1781	Fort Dreadnought, at Silver Bluffs, S. C. surrendered to the Americans.
—	1810	Wreck of the American Ship, Margaret, on her passage from Naples. 15 saved in the long boat. 26 lost.
22	1742	Born, near Warwick, R. I., Major General Nathaniel Greene, a celebrated revolutionary officer.
—	1781	General Greene invested Fort Ninety-Six, S. C.
—	1813	U. S. Frigate, Congress, captured British Brig of War, Diana.
—	1817	Shock of an Earthquake felt in the Eastern States.
—	1819	Died, aged 85, Hugh Williamson, Physician, Statesman, and Philosopher.
—	1832	Great rise in the waters of the Kennebec river.
23	1540	James Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, sailed from France on his third voyage to the New World.
—	1609	The English Government granted a new Charter to the Virginia settlers, which entirely changed their Constitution.
—	1667	Spain concludes a Treaty with England, resigning all claims to the American Colonies.
—	1740	Born, at Lancaster, Pa. John Gibson, celebrated revolutionary officer.
—	1777	The British Stores at Sag Harbor, N. Y. destroyed by Col Meigs.
—	1783	Died, at Andover, Massachusetts, by lightning, James Otis, a distinguished American Patriot aged 58.
—	1788	The Federal Constitution adopted by South Carolina, by a vote of 149 to 73, being the eighth state in succession.
—	1828	Died, aged 69, Isaac Van Wirt, one of the men who arrested Major André.
—	1833	Died, at Manchester, Vt. aged 55, Richard Skinner, at various times, member of Congress, Judge of Supreme Court, Chief Justice, and Governor of Vermont.
—	1836	Died, at Rhinebeck, N. Y. aged 72, Edward Livingston, celebrated jurist and statesman.
24	1663	South Carolina erected into a separate Province.
—	1686	The Government of New England changed.
—	1775	John Hancock elected president of Congress.
—	1809	The British Government refused to ratify the treaty with the U. S. made by Mr. Erskine.
—	1818	Pensacola taken possession of by General Jackson.
—	1830	The Bill for removing the Indians to west of the Mississippi, passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 102 to 97.
—	1833	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 60, John Randolph, of Roanoke.
25	1775	Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived at Boston from England, in the Cerberus.
—	1776	Congress resolved to engage the Indians in their service.
—	1780	Mutiny in two regiments of Washington's troops. The men returned to their duty at the persuasion of their officers.
—	1787	Federal Convention at Philadelphia for altering the Constitution of the U. S.
—	1814	Skirmish between U. S. gun boats and British Frigate Maidstone, off New London.
—	1830	The Ship, Boston, burnt at sea by a stroke of lightning.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
26	1637	Six hundred Pequod Indians slain and burnt by the settlers in Connecticut.
—	1781	Congress resolved to establish the Bank of North America, the first bank chartered in the United States.
—	1784	Died, aged 71, at Philadelphia, Anthony Benezet, celebrated philanthropist.
—	1813	Cannonading between Forts Niagara and George.
—	1817	Destructive Fire at Sag Harbor, N. Y.
—	1835	Died, at Columbia, S. C. aged 70, General Francis Preston, M. C. from '93 to '97.
—	1836	The Creek Indians defeated by Alabama troops at Tuchlaluchie, near Columbus, Georgia—400 killed, wounded, and captured.
27	1577	An English Fleet, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, sailed for America in search of gold
—	1647	Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, now New York, elected to his gubernatorial office.
—	1775	The British defeated at Hog and Noddle's Island, near Boston, with loss of 200 killed and wounded.
—	1776	The British Post at the Cedars, near Montreal, re-captured by Arnold, who thereby liberated 500 American prisoners.
—	1777	Died, in a duel, in Georgia, aged 45, Button Gwinnett, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1781	The Americans, under Lafayette, compelled by a superior British force, under Cornwallis, to evacuate Richmond, Va.
—	1788	Grand Federal Procession in Charleston, S. C.
—	1811	Died, at Richmond, England, aged 76, Richard Penn, Governor of Pennsylvania before the Revolution.
—	1813	Fort George, U. C. surrendered to the Americans.
28	1672	War proclaimed in Boston against the Dutch. This was the first declaration of war in the British Colonies of North America.
—	1754	The French and Indians defeated at Fort Du Quesne by the Americans, under Washington.
—	1781	U. S. Frigate, Alliance, Captain Barry, captured British Sloops of War, Atalanta and Trepassey.
—	1786	Born, in Smyrna, Delaware, Louis M'Lane, Statesman.
—	1808	The bones of the prisoners who died on board the English prison ships at New York, during the Revolutionary War, solemnly inhumed in the Vault of the Wallabout.
—	1813	Fort Erie, U. C. surrendered to the Americans.
—	——	Action off Stoney Point, Lake Ontario, between the boats of the British Fleet and 19 American barges, with troops from Oswego. 12 of the latter were run on shore, and fell into the hands of the British.
—	1818	The Spanish Fort, Barrancas, Florida, occupied by American troops, under General Jackson, the garrison being considered prisoners of war, but were afterwards sent to Havanna.
—	1828	The Bowery Theatre, New York, burnt down.
—	1837	Died, at Litchfield, Conn. aged 80, Frederick Wolcott, remarkable for having held important public offices for 45 years, during all fluctuations of party.
29	1736	Born, in Hanover, Va. Patrick Henry, the celebrated patriot.
—	1780	General Burford and American troops surprised by Col. Tarlton at the Waxhaws, S. C. Great slaughter ensued.
—	1790	Died, at Brookline, Conn. aged 72, Major General Israel Putnam, the distinguished revolutionary General.
—	1813	The British made a descent upon Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. and were repulsed with great loss.
—	1814	The British repulsed at Pongoteage Creek, Va. by the Accomac militia.
—	1831	Fayetteville, N. C. almost wholly destroyed by fire.
30	1498	Columbus sailed from Spain on his third Voyage of Discovery.
—	1804	Mobile formed into a District by Proclamation of the President of the United States.
—	1810	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 81, William Ball, the first G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.
—	1813	American privateer brig, Yankee, captured British brig of war, Thames, with cargo worth 180,000 dollars.
—	1814	Two British Gun Boats, five barges, and 175 prisoners captured by the Americans at Sandy Creek, N. Y.
31	1672	Union between the three Colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.
—	1779	Stoney Point, a fortified post on the Hudson, evacuated by the Americans, and possessed by the British.
—	1811	Great fire at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Upwards of two hundred and fifty houses destroyed.
—	1825	General Convention of Amity and Commerce between U. S. of America and Republic of Colombia, negotiated at Bogotá.
—	1830	Violent Tornado in Tennessee. Towns of Shelbyville and Charlotte almost entirely destroyed. Loss, 100,000 dollars.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SKETCHES OF PARIS: IN FAMILIAR LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS. By an American Gentleman. *One Volume, pp.* 320. Carey and Hart.

We have read this book attentively, and with pleasure; and having enjoyed personal acquaintance with the subjects described, can answer for the general correctness of the author's delineations, and the truth of his vivacious remarks. The liveliness of the details and the originality of the style compelled our attention to the end of the volume, which is pretty positive proof that these "Sketches" are more than usually interesting. Mr. Sanderson, the author, is an observant traveller, not pleased with trifles, nor willingly annoyed; he does not intrude an undigested lump of politico-economical remarks into a chapter on the French opera; nor does he construe an invitation to breakfast into a national offence; he enjoys the French vivacity without repudiating his country, and glories in the land of his birth without insulting the hospitality of his foreign friends. His "Sketches" are written in an easy, off-hand, familiar style, which occasionally startles us by its freedom and absence of deference to the conventional usages. Such a traveller reflects more credit upon his country than scores of snarling, factious demagogues, who are for ever thrusting the superiority of their native land and the perfectness of its institutions into the throats of strangers, till the very name "stinks i' the nostrils." To use his own words, "I am never angry with foreigners for having any thing better than we have it ourselves; nor do I take any merit to myself because the Mississippi is two miles wide, or because the Niagara falls with such sublimity into Lake Ontario."

Mr. Sanderson was in Paris at the time of the dispute respecting the payment of the indemnity to the United States, when the President's Message was the general topic of discourse. He says, good humoredly enough, while describing a fete, given on the birth-day of Louis Philippe,

I did not take off my hat, and shout with the rest, when his majesty bowed. I was not quite sure whether the laws of nations would justify me in making a bow, until he has paid the "twenty-five millions." However, I said, quietly to myself, "*vive le roi!*" He is, *sans compliment*, the most sensible head of a king that is in Europe; and I wish him, from the good will I bear the French nation, to live out his time.—But I did not let the paltry sum of "twenty-five millions" interfere with the respect I owed her majesty's curtsey.

The shoe blacks of Paris "take the shine out" of our humbler Samboes—*voila!*

Let me introduce you to this shoe black. He has, as you see, a little box, a brush or two in it, and blacking, and fixture on top for a foot; this is his *fond de boutique*, his stock in trade. He brushes off the mud to the soles of your feet, and shows you your own features in your boots for three sous. This one has just dissolved an ancient firm, and his advertisement, which he calls a "prospectus," standing here so prim upon a board, announces the event. The partnership is dissolved, but the whole "personnel," he says, of the establishment remains with the present proprietor; and M. Badaraque, ex-partner, has also the honor to inform us that he has transported the "appareil de son etablissement," to the "Place de la Bourse, une des plus jolies locations de la ville." The "Decrotteur en chef," at the Palais Royal, and other places of fashion, has his assistants, and serves a dozen or two of customers at a time. He has a shop furnished with cloth-covered benches in amphitheatre, as at the Chamber of Deputies, with a long horizontal iron support for the foot, and pictures are hung around the walls. "*On dit, monsieur, que c'est d'apres Teniers—celui, monsieur? c'est apres Vandyke,*" and there are newspapers and reviews; so that to polish a gentleman's boots and his understanding, are parts of the same process.

The description of Taglioni, the illustrious *danseuse*, is good. To use the author's words, applied to another *artiste*, "The description will seem bombast only to those who have not seen her, and to those who have, it will seem tame and inadequate."

The opera last night was "Robert le Diable." There was the representation of a grave yard and a resurrection; and the ghosts, at least two hundred, flocked out of the ground, in white frocks and silk stockings, and they squeaked and gibbered all over the stage. Then they asked one another out to dance, and performed the most fashionable ballets of their country, certainly, in a manner very creditable to the other world. And while these waltzed and quadrilled, another set were entertaining themselves with elegant and fashionable amusements, some were turning somersets upon a new grave; others playing at whist upon a tombstone, and others again were jumping the rope over a winding sheet; when suddenly they all gave a screech and

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skulked into their graves; there was a flutter through the house, the music announcing some great event, and at length, amidst a burst of acclamations, Mademoiselle Taglioni stood upon the margin of the scene. She seemed to have alighted there from some other sphere.

I expected to be little pleased with this lady, I had heard such frequent praises of her accomplishments, but was disappointed. Her exceeding beauty surpasses the most excessive eulogy. Her dance is the whole rhetoric of pantomime; its movements, pauses, and attitudes, in their purest Attic simplicity, chastity and urbanity. She has a power over the feelings which you will be unwilling to concede to her art. She will make your heart beat with joy; she will make you weep by the sole eloquence of her limbs. What inimitable grace! In all she attempts you will love her, and best in that which she attempts last. If she stands still you will wish her a statue that she may stand still always; or if she moves you will wish her a wave of the sea that she may do nothing but that—"move still, still so, and own no other function."—To me she appeared last night to have filled up entirely the illusion of the play—to have shuffled off this gross and clumsy humanity, and to belong to some airy and spiritual world.

The art of dressing, as I have read in the history of Holland and other places, has been carried often by the ladies to a blameable excess of quantity; so much so, that a great wit said in his day, a woman was "the least part of herself." Taglioni's sins, it is true, do not lie on this side of the category; she produced last evening nothing but herself—Mademoiselle Taglioni in the abstract. Ovid would not have complained of her. Her lower limbs wore a light silk, imitating nature with undistinguishable nicety, and her bosom a thin gauze which just relieved the eye, as you have seen a fine fleecy cloud hang upon the dazzling sun. But there is no gentleman out of New England who would not have grieved to see her spoilt by villanous mantua-makers. She did not, moreover, exceed what the courtesy of nations has permitted, and what is necessary to the proper exhibition of her art.

The house and family of the Parisian executioner are well described—and the story of De Laly is an accredited fact.

I will now show you a house in this street, (Rue des Marais du Temple, No. 31,) a house that once seen will never depart from your memory. Its closed door and windows, as if no one lived there; its iron railing without entrance, and the interstices condemned with wood, in front; and the slit in the centre of the door to receive the correspondence of its horrible master, who sits within as a spider in its web, you will see all the rest of your life. It is the house of MONSIEUR de Paris. Oh, dear! and who is Monsieur de Paris? He is a civil magistrate, and belongs to the executive department. No one living is, perhaps, so great a terror to evil doers as this Monsieur de Paris. "Monsieur," you must recollect, has its particular, and its general meaning. Monsieur, means any body; *un* monsieur, is a gentleman of some breeding and education; *La maison de* monsieur, is the family of the king's eldest son; Monsieur *de Meaux*, means the Archbishop, and Monsieur *de Paris*, means the Hangman! He is also called the "Executeur de la haute justice," or "Executeur des hautes œuvres," and vulgarly, the *Bourreau*. This is his Hotel. The name of the present incumbent is Mr. Henry Sanson. His family consists of a son, a person of mild and gentle manners, who is now serving his apprenticeship to the business under his eminent parent; and two daughters. The elder about fifteen, is remarkable for beauty and accomplishment. The father is rich; his salary being above that of the President of the Royal Court, and he has spared no expense in the education of the girls. They will be sumptuously endowed.

The two ends of society are affected sometimes in nearly the same way. A princess, being obliged to select her husband from her own rank and religion, runs the hazard of a perpetual virginity; and Mademoiselle de Paris experiences exactly the same inconvenience; she can marry but a Hangman. There is no one of all Europe, who has performed the same eminent functions, as Mr. Henry Sanson, or to whom, without loss of dignity, he can offer the hand of his fair daughter. Ye lords and gentlemen, if you think you have all the pride to yourselves, you are mistaken; the hangman has his share like another man.

Mr. Sanson has appropriated one or two rooms of this building to a Museum of ancient instruments, used in judicial torture—Luke's iron bed, Ravillac's boots, and such like relics; and is quite a dilettanti in this department of science. We expect a course of gratuitous lectures, as at the "Musée des Arts et Metiers," when the season begins. Amongst other objects, you will see the sword with which was beheaded the Marquis de Laly. I am going to tell you an anecdote I have read of this too famous execution, which is curious. About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men of the high class of nobility, after breaking windows, and the heads of street passengers, and beating the guard, (which was the privilege of the higher classes in those times,) strolling down the Faubourg St. Martin, laughing and talking, and well fuddled with champaigne, arrived at the door of this house. They heard the sound of instruments, and music so lively seemed to indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! they could now pass the night pleasantly. One of them knocked, and a polite well-dressed person opened. A young lord explained the motive of their visit, and was refused. "You are wrong," said the nobleman, "we are of the court, and do you honor in sharing your amusements." "I am obliged nevertheless to refuse," replied the stranger: "neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw, as now to be admitted."—"Excellent, upon honor! and who the devil are you?" "The executioner of Paris." "Ha, ha, ha! what you? you the gentleman who breaks limbs, cuts off heads, and tortures poor devils, so agreeably?" "Such indeed are the duties of my office; I leave, however, the details you speak of, to my deputies, and it is only when a lord like either of you is subject to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands." The individual who held this dialogue with the executioner was the Marquis de Laly. Twenty years after he died by the hands of this man, upon whose office he was now exercising his raillery.

The description of the Morgue, or House of the Dead, is a befitting pendant to the above.

Towards the south and west of the island you will see a little building distinguished from its dingy neighbors by its gentility and freshness. It stands retired by the river side modestly, giving a picturesque appearance to the whole prospect, and a relief to the giant monuments which I have just described. This building is the *Morgue*. If any gentleman, having lost his money at Frascati's—or his health and his money too at the

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pretty Flora's—or if any melancholy stranger lodging in the Rue D'Enfer, absent from his native home and the sweet affections of his friends, should find life insupportable, (there are no disappointed loves in this country,) he will lie in state next morning at the Morgue. Upon a black marble table he will be stretched out, and his clothes bloody or wet, will be hung over him, and there he will be kept (except in August when he won't keep) for three whole days and as many nights; and if no one claims him, why then the king of the French sells him for ten francs to the doctors; and his clothes, after six months, belong to Francois, the steward, who has them altered for his dear little children, or sells them for second hand finery in the market.

The annual number of persons who commit suicide in all France, I have seen stated at two thousand. Those who came to the Morgue in 1822, were 260. Is it not strange that the French character, so flexible and fruitful of resources in all circumstances of fortune, should be subject to this excess? And that they should kill themselves, too, for the most absurd and frivolous causes.—One, as I have read in the journals, from disgust at putting on his breeches in the cold winter mornings—and two lately (Ecousse and Lebrun) because a farce they had written did not succeed at the play-house. The authors chose to incur the same penalty in the other world that was inflicted on their Vaudeville in this. And these Catos of Utica are brought here to the Morgue. The greater part are caught in the Seine, by a net stretched across the river at St. Cloud. Formerly twenty-five francs were given for a man saved, and twenty if drowned; and the rogues cheated the government of its humanity by getting up a company, who saved each other time about by collusion. The sum is now reversed, so that they always allow one time, and even assist one a little sometimes, for the additional five francs. The building, by the advance of civilization, has required, this season, to be repaired, and a new story is added. Multitudes, male and female, are seen going in and out at every hour of the day. You can stop in on your way as you go to the flower market, which is just opposite. There is a lady at the bureau who attends, in her father's absence, the sale and recognition of the corpses, and who plays the piano and excels in several of the ornamental branches.

She was crowned at the last distribution of prizes, and is the daughter of the keeper, Mr. Perrin. He has four other daughters, who also give the same promise of accomplishment. Their morals do not run the same risk as most other children's, of being spoilt by a bad intercourse from without. Indeed they are so little used to associate abroad that, getting into a neighbor's the other day, they asked their playmates, running about through the house, "Where does your papa keep his dead people?" Innocent little creatures! Mr. Perrin is a man of excellent instruction himself, and entertains his visiters with conversations literary and scientific, and he writes a fine round text hand. When a new corpse arrives, he puts himself at his desk, and with a graceful flourish enters it on the book; and when not claimed at the end of three days he writes down in German text, "*inconnu*;" if known, "*connu*." The exhibition room is, since its enlargement, sufficient for the ordinary wants of society; but on emergencies, as on the "three glorious days," and the like, they are obliged to accommodate a part of the corpses elsewhere. They have been seen strewed, on these occasions, over the garden; and Miss Perrin has to take some in her room.—Alas, that no state of life should be exempt from its miseries! You who think to have propitiated fortune by the humility of your condition, come hither and contemplate Mr. Perrin. Only a few years ago, when quietly engaged in his official duties, his own wife came in with the other customers. He was struck with horror; and he went to his bureau and wrote down "*connu*!"

The next is an extract which we particularly recommend to our readers.

Gentlemen smoke now in Europe every where, but chew and spit no where. I have observed that the French Exchange, where several thousand persons daily congregate upon a white marble floor, is always pure from the contamination of spitting. The French are, however, often disagreeable, by spitting in their handkerchiefs. The best model, they say, in such matters, is an English gentleman. The ancient Persians were still a better. An Englishman often gets into good, sometimes bad customs, from a pure anti-gallic opposition; as Lord Burleigh turned out his toes, because Sir Christoper Hatton turned his in. The Frenchman is hyperbolical, and the Englishman not even emphatic; the one makes loud professions, the other none; the one spits in his pocket, and the other refuses to spit at all. However, there is no need of national antipathies to dissuade mankind from chewing tobacco, which is certainly one of the most aggravated indecencies that human nature has been guilty of. How it should exist where there are ladies, I do not conceive, and least of all do I conceive how it should exist in Philadelphia, the most gynocratic of all cities.

The volume is well printed, on good paper—although we felt much annoyed at the continual recurrence of literal errors in the orthography of various proper and common names, the result of a blameable carelessness or ignorance in the printer's proof reader. Weber is spelt Webber; we have minnies for minnows—Esther for Fanny Esler—pirouette for pirouette—marionnettes with one n; beareau for bourreau; cogagne for cocagne, and even the cockney W is forced for the first time to appear in French society.

The following jokes are too good to pass by:—

A French garçon told me, he knew a man's wants—if a gentlemanly eater—by the back of his neck. "I was puzzled," said he, "the other day by an American—he wanted a glass of milk, just after his soup."

"How do you spend your Sundays," said a Frenchman, condoling with another, "while in America?" He replied, with a melancholy look, "*Monsieur, je prends medicine.*"

ENDLESS FUN. By Thomas Hood. *One volume.* Carey and Hart.

In the February Number of the Gentleman's Magazine, we gave a long notice of The English Comic Annual, for 1838, with some extracts. "Endles Fun" is a reprint of the same work; and we cannot give an extra word of praise to the high panegyric there bestowed.

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DAVID DUMPS; OR, THE BUDGET OF BLUNDERS. A TALE, BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. *One Volume, pp.* 204. Carey and Hart.

KATE LESLIE. By THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. *Two Volumes* Carey and Hart.

Haynes Bayley is well known in the flowery paths of literature, and has not inaptly been termed "the butterfly of Parnassus." He has supplied all the modern composers of ballads, with an infinite variety of pretty verses for the exercise of their abilities, and many of his *petites* contain gems of poesy and pearls of price. He has also given the public some of the best comic songs of the day, but we believe that "David Dumps" is the first prose volume issued with his auctorial prefixion. It is a jocose and lively description of the mishaps of a cockney gentleman, interspersed with some extraneous but amusing matter. Several very bad puns, and a few good ones are strewed about the pages; but the blunders are amusing, and the cheerful, good-humored strain in which the work is penned, will necessarily make it popular. We can say nothing for the originality of any portion of the contents—the character of the old undertaker and the description of his pursuits, are but the transcript of a Mr. Raven in one of the popular tales of the day. The yacht voyage is better done in Hook's novel of Jack Brag; the story of the mock duel of the actors was originally penned by the editor of this Magazine; and the hero's personal confusion with the celebrated Liston forms the subject of one of the stories in Cruikshank's Comic Annual for 1835.

"KATE LESLIE" is a novel by the same author, of later date, and very superior merit. We confidently recommend this tale to every domestic circle, as peculiarly adapted to family perusal The interest is well kept up; the characters lively and various; and a sufficiency of incident enlivens the detail of the plot, without injuring the effect of the author's design. Kate Leslie is a charming personage; but her scoundrel of a husband, who, by the way, is unnecessarily heartless, is treated with too much leniency. Guilt such as his deserves execration, not sympathy.

There is a little episode introduced, which we have taken the liberty of copying; the narrator is supposed to be describing the fair at Liege, and to have stopped before the booth or show of some itinerants, who announce an exhibition of gymnastic feats, to be performed by a modern Hercules, or Strong Man of the Fair.

"Now this same 'HERCULES,' for so was he designated, professed to raise enormous weights. This part of his exhibition had no charms for me; nor can I understand the enthusiasm with which people congregate to see a fellow-creature shorten his life. Under some circumstances, when, by taking prodigious leaps, unnaturally distorting his body, or walking up a single rope to a terrific height, he gives his audience *a chance* of seeing him *killed on the spot*, the attraction becomes doubly great. But horrors have no charms for me, and I was tempted into the strong man's booth by the announcement that he would give a living representation of the most admired statues of antiquity.

"I was late, and when I entered, the exhibiter was standing on a pedestal in the attitude of Apollo. I was surprised to see a youth, apparently scarce one and twenty, formed certainly in the mould of a Hercules, but evidently too young to undertake with safety the astonishing feats of strength described in his *affiche*. Though wonderfully muscular, his limbs were graceful, his attitudes were free from vulgarity, and his costume, though necessarily adapted to the nature of his exhibition, was perfectly delicate. His symmetrical arms and his fine throat were bare. The expression of his handsome countenance betrayed disquietude and anxiety; but I supposed him merely anxious, as it was the first day of the fair, to make a favorable impression on the very scanty assembly. This end seemed to be attained, for they were tumultuous in their applause, especially when, having left his pedestal, he commenced that part of his task which, though little to my taste, had been eagerly expected by them.

"The poor boy, for he really looked little more, proceeded to realize all the promises made in his printed bills. Prodigious were the weights he raised; and some that it was utterly impossible for him to move from the earth, were placed *upon him;* and though they did not *crush* him, his sufferings must have been acute, and he bore them without flinching. Large and muscular though his frame appeared, his fair countenance was that of a stripling; light hair curled round his forehead, now bathed with the dews of over-exertion, and on his cheek there was either the hectic of ill health, or a spot of rouge, ill put on to imitate youth's roses. In every pause there was a short dry cough, never to be mistaken by one who has heard that fatal signal by his own fireside: but he still proceeded with his task, though each new effort was more difficult and painful than the last.

"At length but one feat remained to be performed, but it required more exertion and endurance than all the rest. His legs were to be fastened to an upright pillar, and when his body was in a horizontal position, all the weights which he had raised singly were to be supported by him in one accumulated mass.

"I hastily rose to leave the booth; but just as the exhibiter was preparing himself for the effort, a little boy ran to him on the stage and whispered something in his ear. The young man clasped his hands, kissed the child, and then looked wildly and wistfully on those around him; and when the person who had assisted him prepared to put the fastenings on his feet, he started back, and I heard him say, in a low voice,

"'No, no, I can do no more! Therese—I must go to her; she will die—she will die!'

"His rough companion made some hasty answer; and he then pressed his hands firmly on his forehead, and leaned against the side of the stage, apparently in a state of exhaustion.

"I would gladly have seen the curtain fall; but those who, like myself, had paid their money at the door, expected to have their money's worth, and after a very brief pause, loud shouts were raised, and the last act

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of the exhibition demanded. I saw the young exhibiter rouse himself with an effort, and, calling to his assistant, he cried,

"'Now—quick, quick, and let me go to her!'

"To me it appeared that tears were streaming from his eyes: I saw him prepare for the trial, but I saw no more; I leaned forward and covered my eyes with my cloak. The applauding shouts of those near me proved that the exhibiter had satisfied them; but ere I again ventured to look up, the curtain had fallen.

"I was glad to find myself in the open air again, and, turning from the glare and revelry of the still busy fair, I walked along an almost deserted street which led towards the ramparts. As I proceeded slowly, thinking of the strained sinews of the poor fellow whose exertions I had just painfully witnessed, two figures approached me, a man and a little child; and though the figure of the former was closely enveloped in a dark mantle, I recognized the Hercules, and the boy who had interrupted his performance.

"'I don't know what is the matter with me, Frederick,' said he, faintly: 'I am ill; your bad news chilled me to the heart.'

"'I'm very sorry, papa,' replied the child: 'was I naughty to come?'

"'Naughty!—no, dearest boy; but we ought to be there, and—and—why is this?—I cannot support myself.'

"'Lean on me,' said the poor infant, who could scarcely have borne the weight of his father's hand.

"'Let *me* assist you,' said I, advancing; 'you are ill, exhausted: you are wrong to do so much; you will suffer for it.'

"'*I* suffer!' replied the youth: 'I care not for myself—But you are a stranger—an Englishman: I cannot expect *you* to assist a poor mountebank.'

"'Lean upon me,' I replied; and, unable to proceed without assistance, he leaned upon my shoulder.

"'We proceeded for some time in silence; but having reached a mean-looking house in an obscure street, he paused.

"'This is my lodging,' said he. 'I thank you—I am better now;' and relinquishing my support, he nearly fell to the earth.

"'Go in with the child,' I answered; 'but pray admit me when I return, for I will bring you something that will revive you.'

"He made no answer, and I left them to seek for some restoratives; and having procured what I wanted, I returned, and finding the door open, I ventured to enter.

"Upon a wretched bed, in one corner of the mean apartment, lay what once must have been a beautiful young woman. Disease and want had wasted her to a mere skeleton, and death was written legibly in her anxious, meager countenance. On the floor, by the bed, lay on his face, the strong man of the fair: the sight of his poor wife (for such, notwithstanding his youth, she was,) fearfully changed since he went forth to exhibit himself for her sake, had entirely overcome him, and, while tears streamed from his eyes, his muscular frame was shaken with the sobs of anguish. The little child sat on the ground by his father, weeping bitterly.

"The dying woman alone appeared sensible of my presence; and, apologizing for my intrusion, I briefly explained how much I had been interested by the young man, and how anxious I was to be of use to him.

"'Alas!' said she, 'I fear no one can be of much use to him now;—I have been his ruin, and my death will be death to him. He is well born, sir, and highly bred;—*I* have made him what you saw him this night. Fool that he is, to love me still!'

"'Compose yourself,' I replied, 'all may yet be well.'

"'All *might* be well, would he but survive me, and forget me; but he will die—I know it—and we shall be buried in the same grave.'

"'You said he was well born; will not his relations aid you?'

"'You have never known misfortune, sir,' said she, bitterly; 'you would otherwise have known that wealthy relatives, instead of *aiding* the unfortunate, are apt to turn over every leaf of his past life, to seek out a reason why they ought to desert him, and to sanction their assertion that he merited his doom.'

"'No one feels the truth of what you say more keenly than myself. May I ask his error?'

"'A great one, sir, and one that, I own, deserved punishment—but not the heartless desertion which he has experienced. He loved *me*, sir, and I was poor and friendless. Not that his *love* for me was his crime—had it led to my seduction, his proud friends would scarce have blamed him; but he married me—before he was seventeen, and when I was a mere child myself, he married me—and though they urged him to renounce a marriage which they said might be proved illegal, he never would desert *me*, and so all have deserted *him*.'

"'And why the exhibition that I this day witnessed?'

"'*Why!*—because I was starving—dying—and I believe he is now dying too, partly from the effort, partly from the degradation!'

"'Hush!' I whispered; 'he is quiet now—I think he is asleep. Take some of this nourishment;—nay, consider how important it is that when he wakes he should find you better.'

"Therese was struck with the truth of this, and took some of the refreshment I offered her; but with my consent, she gave a large portion to the little child.

"He ate eagerly for a moment; and then we saw him divide what she had given him, and lay the largest portion aside.

"'What are you about?' said I, gently; 'cannot you eat it?'

"'Hush!' whispered the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, and pointing to the sleeping man: 'papa has had none, you know.'

"We did not speak for some moments, for we were touched by the child's simple words.

"'How old is the boy?' I inquired at length.

"'Four years old. His poor father is not yet two and twenty: he looks younger in face; and as for his figure, you must not judge of that—every muscle has now been unnaturally forced.'

"'Hush! he awakes.'

"And the Hercules began to move; and, slowly and feebly raising himself from the ground, he sat up and looked wildly around him.

"'Something nice for papa,' cried the child; and, running to him, it placed before him the little treasure it had saved.

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"'Frederick!—Ah! I remember now,' said he. 'Therese—she is not—no, no, no—she lives!' and he rose and rushed into her arms.

"I knew that they had sufficient sustenance for that night, and softly, and without one word of adieu, I rose and left the house.

"I called the next day, and found Therese in a deep sleep, or rather torpor, and her husband, who sat pale and motionless by her side, raised his finger to his lip as I entered. I took a seat at some distance from the bed, and silently watched the group—the dying woman, her distracted husband, and the little boy, who, kneeling at his father's feet, held one of his hands, and buried his face in his lap.

"At length the young man raised his head, and his eyes met mine. Slowly and hopelessly he shook his head, and, rising, walked over to the part of the room where I was sitting, followed by the child.

"'We need not fear disturbing her,' said he; 'she will soon slumber in the grave, without a dream, without a sorrow!'

"'Nay, hope for the best,' I replied, taking his hand

"'Perhaps that *is* the best for *her*,' he cried: 'but for *me*, and for this poor boy—Oh, what will become of *him*!'

"'Alas! I can do little,' was my answer.

"'You!—*you* are a stranger—you have given us your sympathy—what could we expect more? Besides, *you* have no wealth!'

"'Indeed I have not.'

"'Oh, I knew it! Had you been rich, instead of pitying me, you would have soon found out some early error, some past folly—*any thing* as an excuse for not relieving us. But she still lives, and I can still support her.'

"'You will not attempt that painful exhibition to-night: you cannot endure the fatigue; your hand now burns with fever.'

"'So much the better: that fever will support me. Look at these limbs that I was once proud of—their strength cannot be gone; and if I earn enough for her and the boy, what can *I* require? When the muscles shrink, 'twill be time for me to think of food.'

"'Do stay at home, papa,' said the boy, 'I can't do like *you*; but I'll go and do my best, if it's to feed mamma.'

"'Poor boy!' cried his father, kissing him.

"'Oh, I sha'n't mind—I like jumping about, and I'll do my *very best*.'

"We were interrupted by Therese, who, starting from her trance-like slumber, called for her husband and her boy; and, knowing that I could do no good, and that my presence might be felt as a restraint, I left the room without attracting her attention.

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"That night the lamps again beamed from the booth of the Hercules. The populace, attracted by the favorable report of the few who had witnessed his exertions on the preceding evening, now thronged the space allotted for spectators; and leaving his poor Therese more feeble and exhausted than he had ever yet seen her, the strong man, after kissing again and again her cold and colorless lips, once more went forth to expose himself to public wonder. His limbs trembled and his temples throbbed whilst he again assumed the dress he was accustomed to wear; the very effort of fastening his sandals seemed too much for him; cold drops stood upon his forehead, and the beating of his pulse seemed audible: but the heavy weights were placed before him, and, hailed by shouts and acclamations, the strong man proceeded with his task.

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"Poor Frederick knelt weeping by the corpse of his mother; but the orphan boy was the only mourner:—in the same hour that Therese ceased to breathe, her husband fell dead upon the stage: the iron weights rolled heavily from him to the feet of the spectators: for the strong man had broken a blood-vessel."

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POPULAR MEDICINE; OR, FAMILY ADVISER; *consisting of Outlines of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with such Hints on the Practice of Physic, Surgery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, as may prove useful in Families when regular Physicians cannot be procured.* By REYNELL COATES, M. D., *assisted by several Medical Friends. One volume, pp.* 600. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Without pretending to know any thing more of surgery than the most approved cure for a broken pate, or of the dispensation of medicine beyond the mixture of soda powders, and the swallowing of blue mass and colocynth to excite a lazy liver, we may speak loudly in favor of the work before us, which contains "the plain why and because" of the science of body-healing, in all its varieties. Quacking with one's constitution is a reprehensible and dangerous affair; and old "Buchan's Domestic Medicine" has sent more well-physicked self-doctors to the grave than it has ever cured. But Reynell Coates, in his title-page, announces his work as "a Companion and Guide for intelligent Principals of Manufactories, Plantations, and Boarding Schools, Heads of Families, Masters of Vessels, Missionaries, or Travellers; and a Useful Sketch for Young Men about commencing the Study of Medicine;" and to these classes we warmly recommend the work, which bears within itself the strongest evidence of its honesty and well-meaning.

The portion devoted to the "Outline of Anatomy," is furnished with a number of engraved designs. The Treatise on Hygiene is in itself a prize of considerable value; it is written in popular language, and furnishes an incredible quantity of the most valuable information on a subject dear to every specimen of human nature—the preservation of health. We request the notice of our readers to the following extracts, which give an honest specimen of the author's style, and impart a variety of facts worthy of observation.

Smoking and chewing both act much more powerfully on the digestive functions, than taking snuff; but there are considerable differences in their mode of action. In smoking, tobacco acts upon a much wider

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surface, though in a milder manner. It is impossible to avoid the frequent inhalation of the fumes of the common cigar into the lungs; those of the pipe are still more liable to enter the air passages; and the hookah* is expressly intended for inhalation. The latter instrument displays, in the strongest light, the extreme susceptibility of the lungs to the action of vapors thus introduced, and the rapidity with which the whole system may be acted on through this route. The Hindoos commingle spices with their tobacco, and dilute it with conserves, and then inhale until the lungs are completely filled with smoke. Novices in the use of the hookah are often intoxicated in a few minutes by the practice. From this it follows that the influence of smoking is diffused more generally over the whole system, and that the stomach suffers indirectly. Smoking, by its action on the lungs, occasions obstinate thirst, and general debility. The former result leads to the employment of immoderate draughts of fluid, and the latter incites us to the use of stimulating food and drink: thus, dyspepsia and intemperance are the ordinary consequences of habitual smoking. Chewing, on the contrary, produces a more intense effect upon a smaller surface. Its action on the kindred senses of taste and smell is very powerful, and the stomach immediately sympathizes with the mouth. The flow of saliva is also rendered unhealthy, and increased in quantity. If ejected from the mouth, the digestion suffers from the absence of the fluid in dissolving the food—an evil which cannot be prevented by substituting water, or stimulating liquors: if it be swallowed, it enters the stomach combined with a virulent poison, which, however its effects may be diminished by habit, can never be rendered innocuous. To prove how terribly deleterious is this article so commonly employed by our fellow-citizens, it is only necessary to mention the fact that death by vomiting has been known to follow the application of two leaves of moistened tobacco to the wrists of a delicate patient! We sometimes employ injections of tobacco to produce general relaxation in certain surgical accidents, but the remedy is so dangerous that it is recommended with extreme caution, and its prescription by any other than experienced men should be discountenanced by every one who has a proper respect for human life; yet it is not unusually administered by quacks and ignorant nurses, even to children!

Alcohol in its pure state is a rapid poison, which acts powerfully on the tissues with which it comes in contact. Taken into the stomach, it probably alters the texture of the mucous coat, and whether it can then be absorbed into the circulation has not been ascertained. All that is known is that it will occasion death.

Alcohol diluted is a slow poison, and like most other articles of the same class, may occasionally prove useful in maintaining health or curing disease; but an habitual resort to any of the liquors containing this article, whether the quantity taken be large or small, invariably injures the health, though from the slowness of the approach of its ill consequences, they frequently escape notice, and when perceived, are often attributed to other causes. Diluted alcohol does not change the character of the surfaces on which it is applied, as the pure spirit does; and it is therefore freely absorbed, and enters the circulation, extending its influence to every blood vessel in the body. Of course, as this fluid contains no nourishment, and is altogether foreign to the blood, it is speedily thrown off from the system with some of the secretions; but it is a curious circumstance that very slight differences in the purity of alcoholic liquors occasion an unaccountable diversity in their effects. Thus, alcohol diluted with pure water, brandy, gin, whisky, &c., though alike in all respects except in the presence or absence of a little vegetable matter—which is sometimes so small in amount as to be scarcely appreciable by weight—produce impressions on the system of widely dissimilar character. For instance:—the alcohol, simply diluted, generally acts as a purgative, and is probably absorbed with difficulty, as its effects on the brain are confined pretty much to a pleasurable sensation, evidently resulting from a simply nervous or sympathetic impression, like the first enlivening effect of Champagne. This peculiarity has induced us to employ half an ounce of the pure alcohol diluted with a gill of water, as a mild laxative in certain cases of extreme debility, and although we would be far from warranting its use, by persons not of the profession, yet it might be proper to call the attention of medical men to the subject, as the spirit in this simple state has never been employed in general practice. Gin, on the contrary, which can scarcely be distinguished from simple diluted alcohol, except by the presence of a mere trace of a volatile vegetable oil, is taken into the circulation with more rapidity than any other liquor, and is cast out with equal speed: but it does not act as a purgative, except in a few rare instances, its chief operation being on the kidneys, which it stimulates to an increased flow of urine. The intoxication resulting from gin, is therefore prompt, but evanescent.

The diuretic properties of gin give this liquor a preference over all other spirituous liquors in certain cases of dropsical effusion.

Whiskey, which can scarcely be distinguished from gin by its chemical properties, differs from it in producing a more permanent effect, and in provoking more free perspiration. It also acts strongly on the kidneys. When taken hot and mixed with molasses and some other articles, as is often done by direction of elderly ladies who are fond of domestic medical practice, its diaphoretic powers may sometimes prove highly serviceable at particular moments in the progress of catarrh, and even in some cases of intermittent fever, before the coming on of the chill; but it is a dangerous remedy, and under popular guidance, probably destroys more than it relieves!

Brandy, as it is commonly employed, is colored with a considerable amount of vegetable matter, and it is probably owing to this circumstance that it acts so differently, in some respects, from the liquors already enumerated. It has a tendency in most persons, and under most circumstances, rather to check than to promote perspiration, and sometimes even restrains the secretion of urine! As it readily enters the circulation, and is thrown off from it with difficulty, its effects are much more permanent than those of other liquors, particularly on the nervous system; and for this reason it is one of the most unwholesome products of the still for the inhabitants of cold or temperate climates, and in dry situations: but, like most other noxious agents, it has its useful applications:—it is the best of the diffusible stimulants, where such stimulants are positively demanded among the old residents in swampy districts within the tropics. Fortunately, the regular alternation of the seasons in other regions prevents that constant exhaustion from perspiration and the undue rapidity of all the vital actions which characterize life in equatorial countries; and our remarks upon the use of brandy cannot, therefore, be quoted in defence of its abuse. If brandy, or any other alcoholic liquor be freely employed by the unacclimated, in climates like that of Bengal, Batavia, &c., the danger of almost immediate

* The East Indian pipe.

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death is rendered extremely great, so much so that it has been said that more than one-half of all the foreigners settling in Calcutta and its vicinity die before the expiration of the first year, and chiefly in consequence of indiscretion in employing stimulant drinks, which the custom of the country continually places before them!

UNCLE HORACE. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. *In two volumes.* Carey and Hart.

Among the numerous and talented bevy of female writers that graces the present age, we rank Mrs. Hall as one of our especial favorites. There is a life-like reality in her plots, which attracts the attention and insures the interest of her readers; her characters are human beings, and demand our sympathies in their behalf; we are not asked to drop a tear upon the bier of some supernatural heroine, whose feats prove her qualifications for a cell in a lunatic asylum; nor are we required to pity the sufferings of some half-brigand half-minstrel vagabond, who ought to be consigned to the care of the police. Mrs. Hall deals in natural specimens, and we have never risen from a perusal of any portion of her writings, and we have read them all, and frequently, without feeling "a wiser and a better man." Every emanation from her prolific pen has some broad principle to elucidate, and well and clearly are the moral truths expounded in the pages of the work before us. Uncle Horace is a strange and apparently inexplicable item in the rank and file of human numeration; he is a man of anomalies—harsh, churlish, and repulsively cold in the common habitudes of life; but the valuable metal may be found in the darkest and most secret mine, and Uncle Horace stands forth "the noblest work of God." We have carefully read every line of the two volumes before us with considerable satisfaction, and guarantee that our friends will find them worthy of their immediate attention.

The following extract is a capital bit of "Life."

"Poor La Volante—you remember him, poor fellow! What a delicate, sensitive creature he was; the pink, the perfection of good society. He played the guitar better than you, Count, and patronized every new perfume, and new coat in Paris—*that deserved patronage*—for three seasons. The tailors knew his value—one in particular, when he heard of La Volante's difficulties, offered him five hundred francs a week, if he would only invent, appear, and cut out collars and lappels in his establishment. La Volante felt the insult bitterly, and ordered his valet to get the porter to kick the fellow out. Of course he could not do it himself, nor suffer *his* valet to kick a tailor; but it preyed upon him The idea of his distresses getting about that way—he had no hope either, his memory was gone, and he lost at play repeatedly, without remembering *what* he lost."

"Or what he won?" inquired the Count.

"His luck had completely turned," replied the other; "and his friends he fancied looked cool on him: but that was a mistake, *for he gave the most brilliant suppers to the last.* He resolved at once, then, to cut short his misfortunes, by cutting his throat; his taste was so exquisite—he put on his black velvet dressing-gown, and covered his dressing-table with black, that no spots might appear, to offend the eyes of those who entered. When all was arranged, he placed a black marble basin beneath his chin, and the razor even which he used had an ebony handle. You see how careful he was of the delicacy of his friends—it was beautifully managed: now it would have been impossible for him to have made so proper an arrangement, had he used pistols: pistols are butchering affairs, believe me."

The following lines depict our feelings most accurately, upon a simple, but important point. We share in Mrs. Hall's objection to the *fashionable* terms of mama, its diminutive ma, or the French maman; and earnestly entreat every young mother to rear her offspring in the practice of the hallowed word, the remembrance of which

"Brings all the mother in our eyes."

Mary, blessing Harry for his consideration, threw herself on her knees, by her mother's side. She folded her arms round her neck, and as she drew her head towards her, kissed off the tears which were pouring from her eyes; as she looked up to her face, she shuddered at the deep calm expression of settled sorrow which covered her features as with a pall.

"Mother, dearest mother!" she exclaimed. "Oh, tell me—tell me what it is that has so changed you! tell me—oh, do tell me!—it is Mary—your own Mary that asks you. Mother! am I not worthy to be your friend?"

Is there in the whole world one who comprehends not the magic of that word "mother!" Its sound—its associations—its melody—its powerful, natural music! How it steals into the heart!—in it are centred all the affections of our youth; and when are they so well worth having as before the world has taught them its selfishness—its coldness—the practised evil of its false wisdom? It is a beautiful word—mother! It seems as though the sound was born of Nature. No child under the influence of excitement exclaims "Mamma!"—it has an artificial echo; but "mother"—oh, blessed word! how does it recall the age of helplessness, when a mother watched the days of childhood—when a mother taught the days of youth—when a mother counselled the days of matured existence—when a mother blends the character of a friend and a companion with the devoted tenderness of—of what—a mother! the word has no companion.

The annexed tribute to Mrs. Hemans is affecting, and honorably just—

Some lines of Southey's were prefixed to one of the "Songs of a Guardian Spirit," that breathe of the holy perfume in which all things she wrote were steeped; Mary pondered o'er the page, and blessed the poet.

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Let us, too, pause to bless her memory, though she is gone from among us, to be no more seen, no more heard!—Gone, in the prime of womanhood, to the grave—the cold, damp, narrow grave!—gone for ever from a world that hardly valued her as she deserved! Her harp hangs upon the willows!—her voice is silent!—her pen is dry! No longer will she touch the occurrences of life with a "golden finger," and transmute them into poetry. Her mind was one vast imagination; her heart, the temple of tenderness. She was of all others the poet of the affections; not of the gross and sensual feelings which are so called, but of the affections that are breathed by the Creator into our souls! I cannot think of her life, her death, without heavy and settled grief. Many a page of her Lyrics was marked by Mary's tears; and well it was that her naturally pure taste directed her to such a holy fountain of enjoyment.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES; WITH HINTS ON THE PRESERVATION, IMPROVEMENT, AND DISPLAY OF FEMALE BEAUTY. *One volume, pp.* 224. Carey, Lea. and Blanchard.

We opened this little volume with fear and trembling, for we imagined that we were about to peruse the secrets of the grand arcana of feminine magic; that we were on the point of being made intimate with the guiding rules of the sweet enslavers—of ascertaining the moral strength of the rivets with which the lovely sex enchain mankind. But we were disappointed, and we rejoice thereat; a revelation of the enemy's strength would dismay our bachelor friends, and establish the too-potent domain of the petticoat upon a firmer basis.

We could write a long chapter upon this little book; and it is well for the author and his clients that we have not a sufficiency of room for the desired amplification of our remarks. We will not speak of his presumption in treating a subject of such importance as the display of female beauty in the limits of a paltry addendum or appendix to a tiny volume upon etiquette, which, by the way, has no connexion with female beauty, and is to be looked upon as a social curse—a withering miasm, congenial to the foul-air, swamp-bred jack o' lanterns of *genteel* society, but baneful to the healthy well-being of our state; nor will we touch upon the positive and not-to-be controverted impropriety of a male author's dissertation on corsets and recipes for washes, pomades, unctions, salves, and powders. By the assumption of the regal plural, we surmise the author to be of the masculine gender, and fancy, moreover, that he has borrowed largely from some English work bearing upon the same points; in his description of the various dances, he has enumerated a variety of saltatory exercises in which our American darlings never indulge. The English *Contre Danse*, the Scotch Reel, the Fandango, and the Bolero, or, as our author spells it, *the Bullero*, which he describes as a Spanish importation, and ventures to proscribe its use. Will any of our readers say that they ever beheld an American lady indulging in an exhibition described in the following extract?—

The fandango, though graceful in its own country—because danced, from custom, with as reserved a mind as our maidens would make a curtsey—is, nevertheless, when attempted here, too great a display of the person for any modest American woman to venture. It is a *solo!* Imagine what must be the assurance of the young woman, who, unaccustomed by the habits of her country to such singular exhibitions of herself, could get up in a room full of company, and, with an unblushing face, go through all the evolutions, postures, and vaultings of the Spanish fandango? Certainly, there are few discreet men in our country who would say, "such a woman I should like for my wife!"

At the end of this unnecessary piece of advice, the author wisely observes "that when proposing to dance, long trains are inconvenient, and very short petticoats are inelegant." He observes also, in the introduction, that "a lady cannot shake off an improper acquaintance with the same facility as a gentleman can do." If he will announce himself as the author of this work on Ladies' Etiquette, he will receive many a cutting proof to the contrary. The annexed passage is sublimely enlightening—

In descending a staircase, we should give the side next the wall to the lady whom we accompany; we *commonly* present to her the right arm, provided, however, that necessity does not oblige us, in order to avoid placing her next the balustrade, to offer the left.

We are told that it is not correct for a lady to inquire about a gentleman's health, *unless he is very ill or very aged*. Then, when a fair creature puts the common-place interrogation, by way of commencing a chat as usual, we are to imagine that we are looking very sick or particularly venerable. "The custom of ladies curtseying in the street is now perfectly obselete, except among a few antiquities, who use hoops." Ah, ha! hoops in the nineteenth century, and in the United States, too, where the formalities of court dresses, gala suits, and drawing-room days are unknown, to say nothing about wearing hoops in the streets—verily, we read and learn. "When a lady sports a hoop, she is entitled to a curtsey." When we meet a lady in a hoop in Chestnut street, we promise to make her a curtsey down to the ground.

"In public balls, a gentleman offers his partner refreshments, which she very seldom accepts—but in private parties, every one helps themselves." Gentle reader! at the next private party whereto you are invited, if

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your pretty partner, after a set of five quadrilles, a long waltz, or a fatiguing gallope, should impertinently request a glass of lemonade, tell her to fetch it herself. If she stares, withdraw from your pocket the work on Etiquette for Ladies, turn to page 73, and convict her of ignorance of the *bienseance* of good society.

"If you give a ball, dance in it *rarely*." This word has two meanings, and from its location, the simple parvenue, for whom this work is expressly written, cannot tell whether she is to dance unfrequently, or with rare and graceful motion, charm the admiring crowd." "Bonnets, with a snout as long as an elephant's proboscis, or a margin as broad as a bushel measure," are articles of fashion elegantly described—and the recommendation of white or French brandy, mixed with rose water, as liquor to be used by young ladies in their daily ablutions, is an insult to the sex, fraught with direful import to the clearness of their complexions.

The great etiquette dispenser affirms that a supper is not the genteel thing at a *soirée*. Does he know the meaning of the word? was he ever in France? did he ever read the Pickwick Papers, wherein a *soirée* is described by a footman "to consist of a boiled leg of mutton." An invitation to a *soirée*, means that you are expected to give up the evening to your host, and our Gallic friends do not send you home without the *petit souper*, or, at least, some means of affording you a chance of doing the *collationer* with effect.

Having freely given our opinions, *currente calamo*, upon the objectionable points of the little work before us, it is but honest that we should say that it has many points of intrinsic value, which, in fact, make us grieve at the several ridiculous statements we have adduced. The chapter on "Dignity and Familiarity of Deportment" is an excellent one, and deserves the attention of the fair. We also most cordially recommend the article on "Marriage;" and, although we are fated to control the destinies of a Gentleman's Magazine, yet we know that thousands of bright and beauteous eyes glance over our pages, and we earnestly but respectfully entreat the charmers to con the few rules we have herewith extracted—and we seriously advise all husbands, brothers, lovers, and cousins, to watch a golden opportunity with their respective wives, sisters, sweethearts, and uncles' daughters, and, catching the darlings in an amiable and attentive mood, quietly to read them the quoted passages. Do not insult them by indulging in any dictatorial remarks—let the glorious truths sink deep into their minds, unmixed with baser matter, and end your lesson with a honied kiss.

In the presence of your husband, you ought never to do those things which carry with them a disagreeable idea, nor perform those duties of the toilet, which, before any one but yourself, offend decency and cleanliness.

One ought never to permit disorder in her husband's wardrobe, under the excuse that he is just up, or at his own house.

To dress with neatness and elegant simplicity, is important, even at home.

The conversation at home cannot always be elegant, and sustained in the same manner that it is in society; it would indeed be superlatively ridiculous, that it should not have interruption, or relaxation; but it should be free from all impoliteness and indelicacy.

If at any time the society of your husband causes you *ennui*, you ought neither to say so, nor give any suspicion of the cause, by abruptly changing the conversation.

In all discussions you should watch yourself attentively, lest domestic familiarity raise itself by degrees to the pitch of a quarrel.

To entertain with a politeness particularly affectionate, the friends of the person with whom you are connected by marriage; to respect inviolably the letters which he writes or receives; to avoid prying into the secrets which he conceals from you; never to act contrary to his inclinations, unless they are injurious to himself, and even in this case not to oppose him, but to endeavor to check them with address and kindness; to beware of confiding to strangers, or to domestics, the little vexations which he causes you; to dread like poison marks of contempt, coldness, suspicion, or reproaches; to apologize promptly, and in an affectionate manner, if you have allowed yourself to run into any ill-humor; to receive his counsels with attention, and to execute them as quickly as possible;—these are the obligations of propriety and love, by which married persons of gentleness bind themselves.

There is a still more rigorous duty for new-married persons; they must abstain in public from every mark of affection too conspicuous, and every exclusive attention.

Married persons who, in society, place themselves continually near each other, and who converse and dance together, do not escape the ridicule to which their feelings blind them.

In society we ought, above every thing, to avoid being personal; for a husband or a wife is another self; and we must forget that self.

THE STATE PRISONER; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REGENCY. *Two Volumes.* BY MARIA LOUISA BOYLE. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

A good story, well written, with a sufficient quantity of mystery to excite the attention of the reader; a a dash of history gives a zest to the plot, and the characteristics of the dramatis personæ are vividly defined. The death of De Brissac is exceedingly well written, and the Baronne Mirabel may rank with the felicitous creations of Shakspeare or Scott. We trust that Miss or Mrs. Boyle, for we are unacquainted with the lady's state, will experience a reception from the reading public that will induce her again to plume her pen in the pleasant path she has now so gracefully entered.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MY FIRST SCHOOL-KEEPING.

BY E. PINCKNEY MORTON.

ON one of our leisure afternoons, near the close of the first term of the Junior year, I had ensconced myself in my easy chair, before a good, substantial fire in my room, No. —, University Hall, with Elia in hand, firmly expecting to enjoy a few hours of pleasant relaxation from the severe studies of the collegiate course. I had, accordingly, raised my pedals upon the chimney piece—the *otium* without the *dignitate*—a habit peculiar to students, and barely opened the delightful volume, when I heard a loud rap at my door. That it was not the signal of a fellow student I well knew, for it was a universal custom with them, after knocking, to bolt *sans ceremonie* into your presence. One rap, for mere decency's sake, and the door would fly open quicker, if possible, than if the edict of an Ali Baba had gone forth. Students are unceremonious dogs, and what "can't be cured must be endured." I bade the applicant "come in," when an elderly, well-dressed farmer, apparently near sixty years of age, addressed me thus:—

"Mr. Morton, I 'spose."

"That is my name, sir," I replied. "Take a seat, sir. Cold weather, this."

"Raly cold," said he, "but your room's 'mazing comfortable."

"Yes, sir, we like to make ourselves as comfortable as may be. Easy fellows here."

"They tell'd me you want to keep school awhile this winter."

"I do, sir. My home is so far distant that I concluded not to return during the next vacation."

"Well, then, I rather guess you and I can strike up a bargain. I'm the school agent in district No. sixteen, over in S——, 'long side of the bay—say three miles from here."

"Three miles. I should like that, as I could occasionally come to town without infringing upon school-hours. What compensation are you authorized to make?"

"Fourteen dollars a month and found."

"Very fair compensation, but can't you give a little more?"

"No, I can't. The district didn't raise only enough for two months' schooling, and if I should pay more, the other bills could not be paid."

"Well, sir, if you do not wish for my services for a longer term than two months, I'll go for that sum. But where am I to board?"

"Oh, I've agreed to keep you, though 'tis something of a walk to school, but I reckon it won't hurt you. Such *sedenterary* men need exercise. There was Jacob Bunker, that lives right off agin the school-house, that wanted to board "the master." He agreed to keep him for four-and-six-pence a week, all found; but some of us rather considered he didn't live none of the best, and they struck up a bargain with me. I'll try to do considerable well by you."

"No doubt of it, sir. I presume you live well at your house. When shall I go over to S——?"

"Oh, I'll come after you next Saturday, if you say so, and take you over in my sleigh."

"Thank you, sir. I'll endeavor to be ready at that time."

Upon this he arose to depart. After buttoning up his coat, and tying his red "comforter" about his neck, he bade me a "good day," and retired.

"I am getting to be of some consequence," thought I. "A country pedagogue! Why the name is exciting. How confounded comfortable I shall feel with the title of 'the master,' clothed with a little 'brief authority,' and teaching the 'young idea how to shoot!' Then, too, the deference that must necessarily be paid to me, the 'bows,' etc. Capital! 'Glory enough to have served' in such a capacity."

These, and similar exhilirating ideas, passed in rapid succession through my mind, after the good man's departure. Nothing was said in relation to my ability to discharge the important functions of the station. On reflection, I recollected that it was necessary to pass through the ordeal of an examination by the Superintending School Committee. That process, however, had no terrors for me, as, in former days, when I looked forward with a shudder almost, to the "preparatory examination." "Thump," and in comes Bob

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Foster, and I must needs gratify my vanity, by informing him of the engagement into which I had just entered.

"Bob, I'm engaged to keep school a couple of months over in S——, Bay District."

"You don't?"

"But I do, though, and am off on Saturday, wind, weather, and the Faculty permitting."

"How much are you to have per month?"

"Fourteen dollars and found."

"Fourteen dollars! Why, I wouldn't keep *that* school for forty dollars a month. Sam Lincoln kept it last winter, and the boys drove him out of school. He didn't keep but a fortnight."

"But you are jesting."

"Upon my honor I am not."

"Well, if I have made a bad bargain, I must take it 'for better for worse.'"

"It will be the worst bargain you ever made. Why, there was an hundred and twenty in the school last winter, and what would you do, if the rascals should rebel?"

"I'd give them a warm reception. I'd cool their affections if they wouldn't obey my orders!"

"You can't go it. Send word to the agent that you have been unexpectedly called home, and must decline the fulfilment of the engagement. That's my advice to you."

"No, Bob, I must not deceive, to avoid an honorable engagement. I'll try; and if I cannot succeed in managing them, I will give up."

Here our conversation was suspended, the evening bell having announced the hour for the closing services of the day.

Saturday came, and Mr. Lowell the agent came, too. Having, in the meantime, obtained leave of absence for the remainder of the term, I had made every necessary arrangement for my departure. My trunk was placed in the sleigh, and I stepped in, burying my feet in the clean straw, and drawing up and about me the thick, homespun, checked blanket—a substitute for the buffalo robe of your city dons. After we had gone beyond the compact part of the town, Dobbin struck into a brisk canter, and in a half hour's time we reached the place of our destination. The first sound that greeted my ear was a juvenile shout issuing from behind the great wood-pile that lay at the farmer's door, proclaiming in a tone of joy, "The master's come." In a moment, a chubby-cheeked little fellow made his appearance, who proved to be the agent's grandson, by whom he was thus addressed:—

"Come, Sammy, and carry in the master's trunk."

"So, I will, grand'ther," and suiting the action to the word, he laid seige to it, and carried it into the house.

The agent's house was one of those neat, snug, yellow-painted habitations, so frequently seen in the country towns of New England, with its large barn and extensive out-buildings, in near proximity. Every thing around it seemed to betoken thrift and frugality. On entering the house, I was ushered into the "best room," where a capital fire had been made for my reception. Disburthening myself of my outer garments, I seated myself by the fire with the old gentleman, and entered into quite an agreeable confab with him on the "generality of things in general," and more particularly upon assuming the arduous task of a pedagogue. Not a little insight did I get into the characters of the heads of the families composing the district, a large portion of whom, from the nature of their avocations, might well be called "farmer-fishermen," being a sort of amphibious race, whose time was alternately spent upon sea and land. There were, to be sure, many men, like mine host, who devoted themselves exclusively to the tilling of the soil, and by industry and hard labor, had made themselves independent. The other class were those who might be said to "live from hand to mouth," taking "no thought for the morrow." After this exposition of the state of the society, I was not at all surprised at Sam Lincoln's failure, for I had had some previous opportunity of becoming conversant with that half-civilized portion of the community.

Mr. Lowell informed me that the Superintending School Committee would be ready to examine me at the residence of Jacob Bunker, *Esquire*, "as the law directs," at two o'clock in the afternoon. He remarked that the said Bunker was "a masterly big-feeling man," and made pretensions of possessing considerable knowledge. It appeared that he had been commissioned but a short time previous, to act as a "Justice of the Peace," a sort of cattle, as some one remarked, which the Governor and Council turned out at five dollars a head. I found, from our conversation, that it would not answer to question Jacob's high pretensions either by word or deed. Mine host observed that it was "best to let him have his own way, and humor him a little. The other committee-men," said he, "are sensible sort of folks, and let Jake do about as he has a mind to."

"I see how I must manage," I replied; "I'll flatter him to his heart's content, and make him believe that he really is a hair finer than his neighbors."

Here we were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Lowell, who observed that she "hoped I was well," and invited us to partake of dinner, which was then ready. I was escorted into the kitchen, where a table was laden with all the luxuries of the farm. A roaring fire blazed upon the hearth of a fire-place, which might have accommodated a moderate-sized family in either corner. The abundance of good things under which the table literally groaned, reminded me of the remark of a New England pedagogue, who intimated that one important qualification of a country preceptor, was his ability "to demolish any given quantity of provisions." At any rate, he was convinced in his own mind, that in one town where his lot was cast, they must have "estimated a man's intellectuals by the capacity of his bread-basket!" I imagine that if the committee, who were about to make an estimate of my qualifications, had adopted this principle in coming to a decision, and had witnessed my dexterity on this occasion, they

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would have been unanimous in the opinion that I was *fully* qualified for the undertaking. I ate bountifully, even unto almost experiencing what an old man, himself a great devourer of food, termed a "pleasant pain," though mine hostess suggested that she "was afeard I hadn't made a dinner."

In this connection, it may not be amiss to advert to the matter of "boarding the master" of a New England country school. There have been three modes, or "three eras," as I might properly say, of boarding. One mode, which, even to this day, is adopted in some places, is that of "boarding 'round," which implies that the teacher is quartered among the families of the district in the ratio of the number of children composing them who attend school. Some would call this the "golden age," the era of baked pumpkins, pies, and pandowdies, affording an admirable opportunity to the heads of each family of testing the above mentioned qualification. Where this rule prevails, each family vies with the other in producing the largest quantity of the good things of this life. A second method is the setting of the master up at auction, and knocking him off to the *lowest* bidder, as they generally dispose of the town's poor, and non-resident taxes. Thanks to my lucky stars that I did not fall upon one of those places. The third mode was that of selecting one regular place of domicil, where the teacher would be well-served at a moderate price. This had been adopted in my district, and in selecting mine host, they exercised more than ordinary judgment. "Peace and plenty" were the presiding deities of his household.

Our dinner finished, mine host and myself wended our way toward the above 'Squire Bunker. When we arrived, we found the "committee-men" in attendance, ready to discharge their duties. Jacob, as had been anticipated, appeared to be the "cock of the walk." He was striding across the room, with both hands beneath the folds of his coat, looking for all the world like Sir Oracle. I was seated, and the men of authority, occupying different stations at a table located in the centre of the room, announced their readiness to proceed to business. Jacob pulled out his steel spectacle case, and taking therefrom its contents, rubbed them with his coat sleeve, and placed them upon the nasal organ. Taking up a half-worn school book, he thus commenced:—

"Well, Mr. Morton, I assume you know it's our duty, as committee-men of this town, to *perambulate* you, and it is for this 'ere business that we've got together."

I nodded assent, at the same time compressing my lips, for fear of an outbreaking of laughter. But I recollected the conversation with mine host. It may be needless to add that he and Jacob's colleagues looked unutterably mischievous.

"I am happy," said I, "in coming before a committee so admirably qualified to discharge the duties incumbent on them."

I turned my eyes toward the other gentlemen. They understood it.

"Obleeg'd to ye, Mr. Morton. How old may I call ye?"

"Seventeen last July, sir."

"Where was you born, if I may be so bold?"

"In Brunswick, State of ——, sir."

"Oh, I've heerd of that 'ere place," casting a look toward his compeers, the meaning of which may be inferred hereafter.

"Well, as spelling is rayther omnipotent in a schoolmaster, won't you be good enough to spell Mas-ser-too-sits?"

"Certainly, sir," and supposing that it might be expected that the spelling should correspond with the pronunciation, I governed myself accordingly, and much to Jacob's satisfaction. He presumed, perhaps, that if I could spell a word of that magnitude, I was undoubtedly well versed in this essential qualification.

"Well, sir, where's the Gen'ral Coort held?"

"At Boston, sir."

"Right; they say it's rayther a large-sized town?"

"Quite large, sir, containing upwards of sixty thousand souls."

"Well, I gum, if taint most as big as Providence, up here," pointing to the place, whose tall spires were visible from the window.

"Rather think it is," said I, again finding the others looking significantly toward each other.

"You've studied 'rethmertic, I 'spose?"

"I have, sir."

"Can you tell me how many is five times six?"

"I can. Thirty is the total."

"Right, sir."

"How many is six times five said he, with an all-sufficient look.

"Thirty, sir."

Here I observed an operation going on beneath the leaf of the table, which I shrewdly suspected, from the motion of the body and lips, to be a counting of his fingers!

"Right," said he, with as much apparent delight as if he had found the philosopher's stone. "Have you siferd in *substraction?*"

"I have, sir."

"Well, did you ever go as fur as the Rule o' Three?"

"Yes, sir, beyond it."

"Well, that's as fur as a man ought to go. Who's president of these 'ere States?"

"General Andrew Jackson," I replied, *ore rotundo*, having had a sort of presentiment that he was a democrat of the first water.

"Sartain," responded Jacob, "and he always ought to be. Didn't he flog them 'ere fellers over in Stoningtown, and up to Buncom Hill, 'bout the slickest?" he rejoined, brim full of satisfaction. Here Jacob had evidently reached the climax, and passed me over to the other members, remarking, at the same time, that in his opinion I was "*corpulent* to keep any common school." At this stage of the proceedings, I was fully convinced that I had insinuated myself into the good graces of the 'Squire. But in this, I subsequently ascertained that I might have been mistaken. The

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other gentlemen propounded various interrogatories to me, which I answered satisfactorily, and they gave me a certificate of competency, directing me, at the same time, to commence my labors on the Monday ensuing.

This farce ended, Mr. Lowell and myself turned homeward. We enjoyed it much, and indulged in many a hearty laugh at the manifestations of pomposity in 'Squire Bunker. My friend was inclined to believe that I should manage to "keep on the right side" of him, and I felt quite encouraged. But how vain are all earthly hopes. "Good, easy man" that I was, when I harbored the idea that my "greatness was a ripening." I had, indeed, ventured, like "little, wanton boys, far beyond my depth," when I had concluded to enter upon the arduous duties of a pedagogue in the little town of S——. "My high-blown pride," as I well may term it, "within a month,—let me not think on't,"— broke under me. Yes, "a little month," and our 'Squire, bowing beneath the withering blight of neglect—for I had given him early indication of a belief on my part that he was something uncommon,—sought relief for his wounded spirit in that worst of all human weaknesses—*revenge*.

But I am getting before my story. I was wending homeward, and, on arriving, found supper in readiness. The table of mine host literally groaned beneath its accumulated weight. Toast piled in solid cubes, dough-nuts in towering pyramids, huge bowls of apple-sauce, and pumpkin pies of vast diameter, occupied their appropriate stations. When I looked upon the latter, covering a platter of a size somewhat less than the bottom of a half-bushel, a remark of my old friend, Mark Newcomb, forced itself upon me. He was an extravagant admirer of this savory article, and one day, after having consumed a scanty portion, he ejaculated with great emphasis, "Oh, that this whole college green was one great pumpkin pie, and I, placed in the centre, was obliged to eat my way out!" Mark could not have retired from this table with an appetite. I could not withstand the temptation, and I am forced to confess that I did eat a little more than was really prudent. Oh! the excruciating torments of that night! I dreamed that I was at one moment, a snapping-turtle, turned upon my back, with no ability to resume the natural position, and struggling desperately to regain it. At another, that I was encumbered with an enormous dough-nut appended to my neck, and being thrown into the depths of the bay. Then I imagined that I was clinging tremblingly to the sharp points of the rugged cliff but a few rods from my abode, expecting every moment to be dashed in pieces upon the rocks below. After great tribulation, I awoke, and found myself in a profuse perspiration. I was indiscreet, but who can wonder that a youth of seventeen, just escaped from the Commons' Hall, where he had been for months kept on a scanty allowance of sawdust bread, under pretence of its expense, with vile coffee, boiled in a cauldron of sufficient size to contain beverage for an hundred students,—I say, who can wonder that a youth of seventeen, just freed from such a regimen, should, with such temptation before his eyes, indulge a little too freely?

Monday arrived. Having collected together the pedagogue's paraphernalia, I took little Sammy by the hand, and, as the sailors say, "made headway" for the theatre of my operations. If I did not feel "big" on this occasion, I am well satisfied that it was "big with the fate" of myself, to say the least. I had the folly to believe that the duties I was about to undertake were of the most delightful character. But 'ere I reached the house, I confess I began to have some misgivings. "A faint heart," as the old adage hath it, coming to mind, inspired me with some courage, and I succeeded in getting it up to the proper pitch before I arrived at the door.

As I entered the school-house, I found collected there some fifty or sixty of either sex, before the fire, from which they retreated as I made my appearance. In one corner of the room, a little elevated, resembling in no small degree a culprit's box, was located the master's desk, of which I took "peaceable and quiet possession." All took their seats by my request, and, as a matter of policy, I adopted in the outset the "soft sowder" system. I flattered them with the idea that they were bright, sprightly, and good-natured looking children, and had no doubt but that they would conduct themselves with the utmost degree of propriety, and make great proficiency in their various studies. So much for this, but I did not really like to confide too strongly in their "human natur." I then proceeded to "take an account of *stock*," their names and ages, and made inquiry as to the extent of their acquirements, in order to an appropriate classification. The house having been duly organized, each class had their respective lessons assigned them, and affairs were, as I had reason to believe, in the "full tide of successful experiment."

In the afternoon, the writing paraphernalia was introduced, and some forty or fifty copies were to be "set," and as many owner's names to be written in the various books. Among the "great girls," as the smaller fry called them, was Sophia Bunker, the 'Squire's eldest "darter," who presented her book with a most "captiwating" smile. I didn't, of course, pay much attention to this, but, to compensate, took much pains to write her name "pooty consider'ble nice," as Jonathan would say, and accordingly put in a few extra flourishes. You may well conceive of my surprise, when, after a few minutes had elapsed, the book was returned to me, accompanied with the following remarks.

"Master, you ha'n't spelt my name right."

"Where's the mistake?" I inquired.

"The Chris'en name isn't spelt S-o-p-h-i-a."

"How do you spell it?"

"S-o-p-h-i-r-e!"

"That is not right. Don't you know better than that?" and she looked hatchets at me. "You may take your seat;" she complied, though with divers

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contortions of that sweet countenance, which, a few moments previous, looked unutterable things.

I then thought, more than ever, Jimmy Fox's remark, that "names is arbitrary," contained not a little truth. On the whole, I felt a little too arbitrary openly to acquiesce in it. I did not, however, have the remotest idea of the consequences of my conduct toward the fair S-o-p-h-i-r-e.

Pope, I believe, remarked, that "order is heaven's first law," and I commenced with a determination to preserve it within the precincts of my school. But in endeavoring to make myself familiar with my scholars, I relaxed rather more than was advisable, and disorder, 'ere long, reigned almost triumphant. The rogues took all manner of advantage of my good nature, and the school did really, at times, assume a very ludicrous aspect. I will cite a few instances:—In one part of the room you would see one little scamp tickling his neighbor's ear with the feather of his quill, who would, of necessity, jump at the application. Here one would be seen amusing some two or three others, with a split stick affixed to his nasal organ, and there, another, with an old pair of glassless spectacles, put on bottom upwards. Another would be practising elementary drawing upon the plastering, shadowing forth forms of things which had no similitude to any thing in the whole range of animated nature. No bee-hive ever resounded with a greater din.

Order being in a measure restored, the "first class in spelling" takes the floor. Solomon Comstock, who stands at the head, is asked to spell "United States," whereupon master Solomon, holding up his head so as to look for all the world like one of Johnston's militia officers at a general review, roars out lustily,

"Y-o-u u, n-e-i-g-h-t nit, e-d ed, United, S-t-e-i-g-h-t-s States."

"Well done, Solomon," said I, "don't you feel faint?" Solomon looked somewhat crest-fallen, on hearing this question, and the next in order was called upon to spell the word.

"Comfort Rollins, spell 'corporation.'"

"K-a-w cor, p-u-r por, n, s-h-u-n tion, corporation."

"Silence, boys;" the little rogues, who knew better, had began to titter.

I was abundantly satisfied, in my own mind, that these boys, like the fashionable Misses Pennock, were most "indifferent spellers." If I did'nt teach them something on this score, then—I'm no judge. "The first class in reading" was a match for the "spellers." The New Testament, every body knows, has been a class-book for readers in our common schools from time immemorial. May the time come when the committees shall have banished it entirely from such schools, and supplied its place with some more appropriate work. Many good men have raised their voices against the use of it in this manner, and their suggestions ought to receive mature deliberation. This was the reading book of the "first class." One of its members was reading the parable of the talents, and when he came to the words "an austere man," he read, "an *oyster* man;" this construction being suggested, no doubt, by the fact of the oyster bed which was located in the cove near my boarding place. How many boys, in hastily reading the passage, "and there was a great calm," have called it "a great *clam!*" Instances, without number, have occurred of similar if not worse, mistakes. Why not, then, for this reason setting all others aside, reject the use of this book in our common schools?

Kind reader, I fear I have been tedious, and I'll trespass but a moment longer upon your patience. "A little month," as I have before intimated, had barely elapsed, when the gathering storm reached its crisis. The wrath of Jacob Bunker, Esquire, could no longer be restrained within its mortal tenement, and he commenced the work of revenge. At his request, after numerous applications, the school committee united with him in calling a district meeting to "take into consideration the manner" in which their school was conducted. In justice to the other members of the committee, I must say that I believe they were actuated by the best feelings towards me. A consultation was held between them and the agent in my presence, and, considering the excitement which the 'Squire had created, for he was popular with the vulgar herd they advised me to decline serving as schoolmaster any longer. I agreed to do it at the meeting which had been called, and would be held on the coming evening.

At the appointed time, the agent and myself went to the meeting. We found the room crowded, and such a collection! Falstaff's ragged regiment bore no comparison with it. Here were congregated

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray."

And such a commotion! Jacob had excited their evil passions to a tremendous pitch, and I had some fears that they would vent their spleen upon my devoted head. They were ripe for treason, stratagem and spoil. With difficulty the meeting was called to order, and a moderator placed in the chair. As soon as the object of the meeting was announced, Jacob sprang upon his feet with the ferocity of a tiger, and made the following harangue:

"Mr. Maw-der-a-tur, I hope that are feller won't keep here no longer, for he a'n't fit to keep. He's a rig'lar baby, and I want a man to teach my darters. If he was to be hung, he couldn't spell my eldest darter's name. He tell'd her t'other day that S-o-p-h-i-r-e didn't spell Sophia. Now, if it don't, what in the d—l does it spell? He larn 'um to spell? Blazes he can't do it! That's one of Lowell's masters. I guess we'll git another agent at March meet'n'. This feller he's got was born down at New Bruns'ick, in the King's domin'uns, and he's a rig'lar ailun and ha'n't bin civulized. Here's the lar agin such fellers keep'n school." (Here he held up the "Old Colony Laws," or something of the kind.) "Now, I moshuns he be rig'larly dismissed from this 'ere school!"

Jacob had evidently done his best. When he had

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taken his seat, I arose, according to promise, and remarked that nothing would induce me to keep another day, and that, as soon as I could get my pay, I would make all possible haste in leaving the town. The meeting was then dissolved amid the utmost confusion, and taking hint from the character of the language used, I hastened to my boarding-place, lest some of Jacob's friends should see fit to suit the action to the word. Jacob was egregiously disappointed in not having the pleasure of getting me dismissed against my will. In the morning I received fourteen dollars, and upon my friend Lowell's promise to carry my trunk to the University, I made my exit from the town of S——.

So much for *my first school keeping.*

Bangor, Maine, 1838.

THE WISH.

A RHYME.—TO * * *

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
Hamlet.

In olden oracles 'twas said
That when the glass of life was ran,
When mortality was dead—
That the spirit which was man,
'Merging from the body forth,
Had a power not of earth,
By the Almighty given;
To fashion, form, and mould at will,
And live the phantom it would fill,
Ere it flew to heaven:
And in semblance, such, array'd,
As a fairy, ghost, or shade,
Or a shadow, as in thought
Only findeth habitude;
A dream, a whim, a something—naught,
When most defined, least understood.
And such a thing, 'twas said, had power,
In the silent, witching hour,
In limitless and ghostly form,
At the eve, or at the morn,
To rise upon the wings of light
Swifter than the arrow's flight—
To gambol in the noonday sun,
Ere brown evening had begun;
Or if upon the ocean cast
Of the mighty midnight blast,
It would, the piercing gales among,
Mingle a congenial song;
Or, upon each lovely treasure,
Which in life was fraught with pleasure,
Pause—and, with a magic finger,
Spread around a mystic spell:—
Then on earth 'twas joy to linger,
Then on earth 'twas joy to dwell.
If 'twere a *lover* ghost, 'twas said,
That the silent, lonely shade,
Stealing the loved spot around,
In sympathy would hover where
Some kindred feeling once was found,
And would gladly linger there:
But if 'twere a murderer's ghost,
When the ferns and lichens wave,
'Twould glimmer like a meteor tossed
Upon its hapless victim's grave!

Yet, lady, when my mortal clay
Breathes no more the life of day;
If my spirit could regain
The glimpse of this fair world again,
I would not come a ghost of night,
Shrinking from the moon's pale light;
And the grave-yard's gloomy air,
Would not find me lingering there—
Where resounding o'er the hill,
The screamy hawk cries loud and shrill,
I would not come in meteor light
To horrify the potent night;
I would not haunt the lonely rill,
Where the air is slumbering still,
Where the glow-worm's mimic fire
Humbly gilds the dewy grass—
Where the fire-fly, mounting higher,
Skims along the dark morass—
But, oh! could I a wish retain,
A mortal wish, a thought of earth,
How quickly would I flee again,
And reign the guardian of thy worth!
Joyfully! oh! joyfully,
And quickly would I speed to thee!
With thy footsteps I would roam
With thee—with thee, would be my home;
With thee at day, with thee at night,
With thee in darkness as in light—
For ever with a hallowed spell,
Would I love with thee to dwell,
A spirit immaterial!

At the ocean's echoing shore,
When the loud winds cease their roar!

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When zephyrs play upon the deep,
And make with joy the wavelets leap—
In the forest—in the glade—
In the sunlight—in the shade—
By the river—by the mountain—
By the streamlet—by the fountain—
Every where, if thou wert there,
I would fill the ambient air,
Unencumbered, light and free,
A soul of immortality!
In thy sorrow—in thy gladness—
In thy pleasure—in thy sadness—
In thy poverty, or wealth—
In thy sickness, or thy health—
Whatsoe'er thou would'st inherit,
I would be thy guardian spirit.
When thou would'st view each mental scene,
And thy enraptured spirit kindle
With high-toned fancy, there, I ween,
My disembodied shade would mingle:
With such converse we would speak,
As the soul can only know—
Such as kindred spirits seek,
When their heart's deep feelings glow.
And when thy smiling, liquid eye—
Thy rosy lip—thy youthful blush—
Thy merry laugh—all passing by—
Waning to a silent hush:
And thou, fair paragon of youth!
Pale upon the couch of death;
That fairy form of love and truth,
Paying time's last tribute—breath;
When the parting hour were nigh,
And, upon that balmy lip,
The cold—cold hand of death would lie,
Soon each roseate smile to nip;
Still, oh still, thou would'st be dear,
Till life no more would fill thy breast,
My *spirit*, then, would hover there,
And waft thee to ETERNAL REST!

Locust Grove, Lancaster Co., Pa. E. H.

THE ROSE AND THE KISS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY RICHARD HARRINGTON, PHILADELPHIA.

"OH! give me that rose,"
Said the fairest of creatures,
To a sensitive cynic,
Who dared not refuse.
"The rose shall be thine,"
And a smile lit his features,
"Let me kiss but the lip
Which so prettily sues."

Her lip she presented,
And from the bright portal
Fell a kiss pure and soft
As the morn's pearly dew.
"I'll bring roses for ever,"
Cried the transported mortal,
"If such heavenly payment
You will but renew."

"I agree to the terms,"
Said the young, artless fair one;
"A kiss for a rose,
When presented by thee."
"Aye, but should they have buds—"
"Why, then—hang ye—I'll spare one
For each bud and blossom
You cull from the tree."

This innocent contract
Was faithfully holden,
Throughout the gay season
Of sunshine and flowers,
And willing to profit
By moments so golden,
The cynic, his rosea
Bright buds bore in showers.

Autumn ended this contract,
And oft the lone beauty
Would sigh o'er the cup
Which contained the last rose:
Whether breathed for the *flowers*
Or the *merchant*, my duty
Permits not the tale-telling
Muse to disclose.

For the youth, need I say,
The fond interchange over,
He a sorrowful, abstracted
Creature became,
For the dalliance had made him
A passionate lover,
And voice, feature, feeling,
All glowed with his flame.

Sweet sympathy wrought
In the bosom of either,
And found them one evening
With rapture surcharged,
As they wept o'er the vows
They responded together,
And the heart's panting poison
Its passion enlarged.

In the freshness of freedom,
The tide of emotion
Flowed on in deep silence—
Love's eloquent bliss—
And soon holy marriage,
It crowned the devotion,
Commenced in the gift
Of a rose and a kiss.

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THE PLAYER AND THE PLAY-WRIGHT.

A SCENE AT THE FRENCH THEATRE IN 1772.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1772 I was an editor; the greater number of literary characters thus begin or finish their career. My periodical was L'Année Littéraire, a work which, in public esteem, rivalled the renown of the old Mercure de France. Of course I had free admission to all the theatres of Paris. I studied deeply the art of dramatic criticism, and theatrical amateurs eagerly read the opinions of L'Année on the drama, both in literature and acting.

On the 1st of December, 1772, I went early to secure my usual place in the orchestra, behind *gros* Dumont, first horn in the king's band. The company of the Théâtre Français then occupied the Salle des Machines, at the Tuileries, and had, indeed, done so ever since the 23d of April, 1770. The theatrical muse had obtained the honors of the Louvre, to use the expression of a contemporary. When the theatre in which Molière had settled his comedians became ruinous, Madame du Barry had asked and obtained of her lover, Louis XV., the Salle des Machines for the national theatre. It had been used for ballets and masques under Louis XIV. and the Regent, but it was little adapted for tragedy.

The play-bill of that evening announced the Earl of Essex, a tragedy in five acts, by Corneille; in this piece the celebrated actor Préville was to give up his part for the début of Ponteuil, his favorite pupil. Whilst I discussed with my next neighbor the Laws of Minos, a new tragedy by Voltaire, which was played almost every night, I heard a cracked voice behind me, repeating the name of the actor Préville, accompanied with the most offensive epithets. I turned my head to see what familiar voice it was that was thus attacking the theatrical magnate in the strong hold of his power, when I recognized a little ill-made man, gesticulating with perpetual movement, and in his animated and good-natured expression, lively and capricious gestures, and above all, an enormous roll of manuscript under his arm, I recognized my old comrade and college acquaintance, Billard.

"Billard," I exclaimed, "is it thou, my friend? I am delighted at seeing thee."

"*Ma foi*," replied he, "my dear J—, I have good news for thee. I have finished my comedy. But what are you doing in Paris?"

"I am a little more than a bookseller," I replied, "and little less than a man of letters. I am bibliopolist and editor."

"Editor! *parbleu*, you can then render me a service, dramatic author as I am. Ah, you remember *Le Suborneur*—a piece in five acts, in verse."

Now it was not very easy to remember Billard without Le Suborneur, or Le Suborneur without Billard, for the individuality of each was in a manner incorporated. I should have been puzzled to have formed a notion of Billard without the Suborneur, or of that piece, without it being under his arm or in his hands. His boyish fancy had been bewitched by reading Clarissa Harlowe, and the consequence was that he wrote a comedy on the subject, a dull and confused reflection of the luminous and original creation of Richardson. This imitative production was the darling of his life; all his ideas were centered upon it with a tenacity which was a mania. Billard had written this comedy in rhyme too; he declaimed his verses—he admired them and made them his idols. At college, Billard and his Suborneur were the constant themes of ridicule, but nothing could undeceive the young author as to the merits of his manuscript; yet notwithstanding the perpetual working that this mania occasioned, we knew that Billard had a thousand good qualities; he was kind, generous, and faithful, but unfortunately, with all his thirst for literary distinction, he had not a spark of genius or talent as an author.

I had lost sight of him when we left college; he had returned to his family at Nanci, where his father was receiver of taxes, and had intended his son to fill an honorable and lucrative office in the department of finances, but the young Billard would listen to no such employment; and his father, who viewed poetry and authorship with the soul of a financier, was first aghast, and then infuriated, when he heard the fine course of life his heir had marked out for himself.

"I escaped from him," said Billard, wielding his manuscript like a marshal's baton, "and I came to the capital to bring my Suborneur to the light of day, by introducing it on the theatre."

As Billard spoke, I noted his appearance, and compared it with my remembrance of him; his angular figure had got more awry: his grimacing physiognomy, and his quick petulant gestures, were in more marked caricature than when I had last seen him, and the mania which absorbed all his thoughts, was more troublesome and fatiguing to every one who came near him.

"My friend," said he, "when I consider the inferior merit of the pieces which have lately met with success, I cannot doubt for a moment of public favor, if the Suborneur is once fairly out."

"We will read it," said I, hindering him from untying his bundle of manuscript, "at a proper time and place. I shall be able to introduce it to M. Préville, who owes some obligations to me as editor."

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"Préville!" exclaimed Billard, "that proud tyrant to unknown authors. No, my friend, he and I are already at war."

"How," I replied, "have you contrived already to make an enemy of the critic of the committee, whose word is fame or oblivion to author or actor? of what imprudence you have been guilty!"

"You never can guess the origin of this quarrel; so you shall hear it. As soon as I arrived in Paris, by advice of my great literary friend, M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans—"

"Yes, (thought I,) of a tragedy that has been hissed——"

"I took my manuscript with his introduction to this M. Préville, who received me with the air of a Mæcenas, and encouraged me with the greatest promises. There I also saw a young coxcomb called Ponteuil, the youngest son of an author of that name; this youth, spoiled by the favor of Préville, and puffed up by his little talent, gave himself the most supercilious airs—but like master like man!"

"Ponteuil plays this very evening the part of the Earl of Essex for the first time," said I; "we consider him a very promising young man, full of enthusiasm for his art—he will get on."

"For all that, he is the most insolent of theatrical pretenders, and to him I owe the destruction of my hopes of Préville's assistance; you must know, Préville had made an appointment with me this afternoon for the reading of my piece. I went punctually at the hour named, and was received by five lackeys in livery, who informed me that their master having staid up all night at a petit-souper given by a duchess, who was a friend of his, had laid down to take an hour's repose before the fatigues of the evening, and was then asleep; and that M. Ponteuil, who had been engaged to the reading, was in his dressing-room, and could not be disturbed. As Préville was at home, I thought I would take the chance of his awaking and hearing the piece; and that no time might be lost, I proposed to the valets and footmen, that while they were waiting, they might as well hear Le Suborneur, and as they were used to the theatre, they could give their opinions: to them justice, they seemed both pleased and flattered by the proposal, and never would I wish for a more liberal or enthusiastic audience. They clapped, they applauded, they laughed in the proper places, and every thing went on in the most satisfactory manner till the close of the third act, when a happy expression produced such a burst of applause, that Ponteuil opened the door and put in his head to learn what the uproar was about which had disturbed him from his nap. He stood astonished when he saw how we were employed, and made an exclamation of surprise. I instantly ceased declaiming, and said in the politest manner, 'Monsieur, you come in a happy moment, and if you will sit down, I will just run over the two first acts which will bring you to the passage which has produced all this enthusiasm.'

"'Monsieur,' he replied, in a rude, blunt manner, 'you may go and bellow your verses elsewhere, without breaking our rest.'

"'Truly!' said I. 'M. Préville made the appointment himself at this hour. Ask those who have heard them, and they will tell the excellent things he has lost!'

"'M. Préville's taste is not regulated by that of his lackeys,' returned Ponteuil, sticking his hand in his waistcoat with the impertinent air of the petit-maître marquis he plays in a farce—'and no one whose origin was not from some country mud-heap, but would know more of life and manners!'

"'In the country,' replied I, getting angry, 'at least we have better manners than to break an appointment.'

"'Will you be exact in keeping an appointment in the Champs Elysées to-morrow morning, at eight precisely?'

"'Yes, monsieur,' I said, 'and if M. Préville comes with you, he will see reason to regret having put off this reading.'

"But it was evidently not reading, but fighting, that Ponteuil wanted with you," said I, interrupting Billard.

"M. Préville, whose apartment was farther from the scene of action, was roused by our angry voices; he came into the hall, and the whole scene was related to him by his favorite, with the most impertinent exaggerations; one player took the part of the other, and after receiving a thousand affronts, I left Préville with my Suborneur unread."

"This misfortune is almost irreparable," I observed, when he had finished; "you have brought the whole nest of theatrical hornets about your ears, and your piece, even if fit for representation, has no chance of a hearing."

"Parbleu!" cried Billard, "I will forthwith appeal to the public, and they shall learn how authors are treated by the jealous insolence of these mock kings and heroes."

Thinking but of one way of appealing to the public—through the pages of some popular journal, I replied, "I will avenge thee of Ponteuil as much as justice will permit an editor. He wants to be taken down a little, and the pen shall chastise him if he is beneath the sword; but take care of yourself, and do not provoke Préville through him, for he is powerful at court through the favor of some ladies of quality who patronize him, and if incensed, he can get a lettre-de-cachet against any one who offends him."

While I was giving these prudent instructions, Billard was meditating an escape from my quarters, which he found too rational an atmosphere for the plan he was meditating. The musicians having tuned their instruments, were striking those three solemn preparatory notes which, by ancient custom from time immemorial, preface the overture, when muttering a hasty adieu, Billard of a sudden removed himself to a considerable distance from me.

The next thing he did was to skip over into the orchestra, where he mounted a bench with his open manuscript in his hand. The pit, always whimsical and curious, and diverted by the odd gesticulations of Billard, desired the musicians to cease, that they might hear what the orator had to say.

"Messieurs," began Billard, with great satisfaction

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at having obtained this attention, "my name is Billard, I am the son of a citizen of Nanci, I have come to Paris to indulge my love for the drama by studying the chef-d'œuvre of our great poets, and to get on the stage a comedy I have written——"

"Billard," I called out, exasperated beyond all control by this outbreak of folly, "thou wilt get sent to the Bastile with thy trashy Suborneur."

Not a bit did the self-satisfied orator heed this wholesome remonstrance.

"I offered," he continued, "my piece, as usual, to the players. This is the piece, messieurs—a comedy in five acts, in verse, entitled the Suborneur, which has commanded the suffrages of all persons of taste who have heard it; even M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans, has long foretold its success. It is drama more than comedy—of the sentimental species, drawn, as every thing of the kind is, from the English."

"Monsieur," interrupted a voice from the pit, "suppress all inconsequential details; it is late, and the curtain is rising, therefore come to the point."

"Well, messieurs," resumed Billard, "this is the point—that this piece, the fruit of six years' labor, has been refused: unread by the insolent players; it is condemned, without a chance of appeal to your infallible tribunal. It is their caprice, their insolence to reject they know not what, without examnination; and a sense of the intolerable injustice of these impertinent buffoons has led me to throw myself on the candor of the parterre."

It so happened that the pit was that evening more disposed to enter into any passing drollery or absurdity, than to listen to high-flown tragedy; they replied to this appeal by shouts of "Le Suborneur! we will have the Suborneur—no Comte d'Essex—off, off—we will hear the Suborneur!"

These shouts were mixed with peals of laughter, acclamations, and hisses, which utterly drowned the instruments of the orchestra, and the performers could not play the prelude, when the curtain drew up, and displayed to view Ponteuil as the Earl of Essex, who, with his fellow performer as the Earl of Salisbury, vainly attempted to commence the tragedy.

"Messieurs, the parterre," said Billard, obtaining a hearing by his gesticulations, "I am concerned at depriving you of the fine verses of a tragedy by Corneille, represented as the hero is by my sworn enemy, the Sieur Ponteuil. But give him, by your kindness in listening to an unknown author, a lesson of forbearance; and not him only, but the Sieur Préville, whose insolent manners he successfully copies. Now, listen to the Suborneur, a piece in five acts, in verse. Act the first—scene the first—"

"You shall repent all this, Sir Author," cried the Earl of Essex, advancing to the candles, just lighted by the candle-snuffer; "we shall see to-morrow if your sword be as sharp as your tongue."

"To prison with Ponteuil!" vociferated the pit, enraged at the air of defiance of the actor; "he shall apologize; he has failed of respect to the public—off, off! Comte d'Essex, we will hear the Suborneur."

"The scene is England," resumed Billard, highly gratified by this new episode; "Lord Arundel, seated in his study, reads a letter which he has just written. Now listen—"

"Stop!" cried the pit in haste. "Before you go on, Ponteuil shall apologize; he shall ask pardon on his knees. The players want to be taken down. Ponteuil shall ask pardon, then we will hear the comedy of Billard."

No Spaniard could, however, stand stiffer than Ponteuil, who steadily refused the humiliating apology which was demanded. He went on with his part, or broke forth into angry justifications, and Billard declaimed his verses with his utmost strength. Every one in the theatre took part in the affair; some hissed, others applauded, but every body shouted with laughter excepting the tragedian and his opponent, who were declaiming with all the strength of passion, though during the uproar not a syllable could be heard. In the middle of the most outrageous riot ever performed in a French theatre, a corporal of the French guards, followed by ten of his men, stepped into the orchestra, and said to Billard, "Monsieur, it seems you are the occasion of all this uproar and interruption to his majesty's servants; please to surrender yourself without farther ado."

"Messieurs," replied Billard, still full of his comedy, "I am charmed that you have procured silence, and I beg you will not lose a single word of the piece: the audience wish to hear; but give me the sanction of your approbation against the conspiracy of the players."

"Monsieur," said the corporal, "if you want my opinion of your proceedings, I will give you practical proof of it this instant."

So saying, he laid a mighty grasp on the lively little man's collar, and with the strength of Hercules, twisted him from the elevated perch on which he had exalted himself.

Billard, who thought the attack was to deprive him of his darling manuscript, drew his sword, and would have wounded his captor, but that one of the guard pinioned him, and snatched it from him, and pushing him with the stock-ends of their pieces, the soldiers thrust him out of view of the audience, who renewed their demands for the restoration of Billard and his Suborneur. This fresh outbreak was appeased by the reappearance of part of the guard on the stage, who surrounded the unfortunate Earl of Essex, and were about to march him into durance, for having been involved in an uproar so near the royal residence—an outrage always considered in a most serious light under the old régime. They were just about to remove him, when a spectator observed that it was never the custom to take actors into custody till they had finished their stage business; and as this was the case, the original play of the evening was resumed, and the Earl of Essex, in which the young actor was to make his début and first appeal to the favor of the public, was permitted to go on.

Unfortunate Ponteuil! he would have preferred an imprisonment in the Bastile for two months, to appearing before the enraged parterre of the Théâtre Français for the same number of hours. Not contented with the most furious hisses and every mark of disap-

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probation from the pit, those of the gallery who had brought their suppers in their pockets, used them as projectiles against the object of popular disapprobation, and never was actor the aim of so many apples, baked and raw, as the Earl of Essex was that night. All these missiles were accompanied with demands for Billard and his Suborneur, and reproaches for having deprived the audience of their superior attractions. Poor Ponteuil, when he was marched off to death, would have preferred a real execution to facing the infuriated audience any longer.

Meantime his adversary, Billard, had been tied like a malefactor; and in this state, choked with anger, which he could only express by the most ridiculous grimaces and contortions, he was brought before the serjeant-major, and his sword, broken in half, was exhibited as evidence of his pugnacious intentions, by the corporal, against whom he had drawn it. I followed them, and tried to represent the excited state of my eccentric friend; but the sergeant referred me to the commissary, and put Billard and his manuscript, to which he had clung with instinctive pertinacity, into the prison of the guard-room for the night, and there my poor friend was enclosed with four soldiers of the guard, who were to watch all night, and see that he did not make his escape. Billard did not long give way to regret for this exercise of despotic power, which had deprived him of the most numerous audience that was ever disposed to listen to the reading of a manuscript; and his ingenuity, ever on the stretch to obtain for his Suborneur new auditors, soon began to speculate on the possibility of finding listeners in his guards. The moment this notion possessed him, he addressed the soldiers, who had ranged themselves with military precision before the door of the apartment.

"My friends, although I am neither thief nor traitor, still it is possible that I may be detained a good while in your company. Fortunately I have the means with me of enlivening the monotony of our confinement, and I am willing to make you judges of the shameful conduct of the players who have refused my piece. Lend an ear, therefore, to the recital of my excellent comedy of the Suborneur, and I promise you each a crown piece of six francs if you applaud in the proper places."

The French guards, who were aware that there is no exception against hearing manuscripts in the articles of war, signified that they were willing to earn the promised reward, and Billard began to read Le Suborneur, to which the soldiers listened with the profoundest military gravity, notwithstanding the little author leaped, bawled, and gesticulated before them with as much vivacity as his state of personal restraint would admit; and, altogether, he must have been a sight to have moved a monk of La Trappe to laughter.

Billard was, however, somewhat perplexed by the immobility of *his* public, when he stopped to examine the effect his first scene had on their features.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of my opening? The versification no doubt astonishes you, for I am astonished at it myself. The plot is now opened, and no longer requires such profound attention; we are coming to brilliant passages, when I shall expect you will show your judgment by well-timed applause."

His military audience, now better understanding how they were to earn their six-franc pieces, began to applaud with such earnestness at the close of every speech, that their approbation soon added the sergeant-major to the company, who entered the room to know what had occasioned so much noise.

"Monsieur, you are come at a happy moment," said Billard, whose eyes were animated by the hopes of a fifth auditor; "I am reading to your soldiers to keep them awake, and I find them perfectly of the opinion of M. Bauvin, the celebrated author of the Cheruscans, as to its merits. I have great confidence in your discrimination, and shall be delighted to add the suffrage of your judgment against the unjust decision of the players."

"I have been examining witnesses," said the sergeant-major, not paying the slightest heed to this harangue, "and I find that it is only too true that you have actually drawn your sword against his Majesty's guard; your affair will be an awkward one, without you can offer the most unexceptionable guarantees. And as it is, I find I must take you at once to Fort-l'Evêque."

"I will go wherever you please, Mr. Sergeant, if you will permit me to finish this very interesting reading; to which I hope you will do me the honor of giving your undivided attention."

How Billard and his guard would have settled this point I cannot assert, for at that moment M. le Commissaire, to whom I had been referred, and who had been listening to the account I had given him of my friend's dramatic mania, entered with me, just as Billard was recommencing reading the Suborneur.

"You have now proof of what I have been telling you," said I; "you see he is proceeding in the same manner as he did at the theatre; it is the harmless delusion of a man too enthusiastically addicted to letters. I can assure you that M. Billard is of an excellent family among the opulent *bourgeoise;* he can find ten responsible sureties if needed, and the testimony—"

"Of M. Bauvin, the celebrated author of the Cheruscans," added Billard, flourishing his manuscript; "he always prophesied that the Suborneur would make a great noise; but I am delighted to see the circle of my auditors so much increased; we will now make ourselves comfortable, and, with the leave of messieurs the guard, I will begin over again; every plaudit you give me, will be a reproach to the players."

"We shall see to-morrow," observed the commissaire in a tone that admitted of no dispute, "the view taken of this affair by the king and Madame du Barry; if one may believe the report of the theatre, this uproar, so near to them, will be taken very heinously. At all events, I had better take this madman to the prison of Fort-l'Evêque."

The next day I found that the court friends of Ponteuil and Préville had exerted themselves against the poor theatrical enthusiast, and giving a malicious turn to my representations to the commissaire, had sent the

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unfortunate comic author and his manuscript of the Suborneur to the madhouse of Charenton.

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING VISITER.

I DID not relax in my endeavors to procure the release of my old school-fellow from a prison so degrading to an author, who had given to a dramatic writer an auditory of mad folk. M. de Sartines, to whom I had recourse, assured me that a little course of medicine was deemed salutary by the physicians of the establishment; that Billard was submitting to it with great composure, and that he would be released as soon as the course was completed. Préville, to whom I made a visit of conciliation, pretended to condole with me on the sad situation of my friend, but he begged to rest neuter in an affair with which his name had been already compromised, for he could not take part against his protégé, Ponteuil. Piqued at all this hypocrisy, and not knowing what sufferings were being inflicted on the harmless Billard, I had recourse to my pen, and placing the whole affair in a light which threw great ridicule on the pompous insolence of the players, in which I did not forget the pretension of the *grazioso* Préville, when I lashed the self-sufficiency of his pupil and protégé. This article appeared in the next sheet of the Année Littéraire, and made a great noise in all the saloons and literary reunions in Paris.

I had written the sheet under the effervescence of the moment, and had perhaps been severer than was usual to my pacific habits; but, like most writers for the public press, I had forgotten the criticism as soon as printed. My literary gazette appeared once every ten days, and in the mean time I had plunged over head and ears into my favorite pursuit, which was antiquarian historical reading.

At that time I was completely absorbed in reading "The Art of Verifying Dates," and had sat up over this book several nights till three o'clock in the morning. This morning, instead of going to bed, I had fallen fast asleep over my book; but my lamp, as if to reproach my laziness, had out-watched me, and was still burning. Day had just dawned in my study, and discovered the literary confusion with which I sat surrounded; here a book was open, and there a book closed; some lying on the floor, and some on couches or chairs, when I was awoke by a most furious knocking at my door. Starting up in a hurry, I overset my lamp upon a volume of the History of France and the Gauls. This catastrophe reduced me to despair; I gazed on the oil spreading over the leaves of the hitherto spotless folio, and I even staunched its progress with my tongue, heedless of the vigorous bangs with which my door was assailed, which seemed as if the ancient catapult, belier, and balista, had all been brought to bear upon it.

"Here," I soliloquized, "is a misfortune!" at the same time shaking my head. "Fearful of similar accidents, I have refrained from domesticating and harboring either wife, child, cat, dog, or bird! See what an unwary minute may do! Alas! these learned Benedictine authors are here seasoned like a salad! Reverend Dom Bouquet, Dom Poiriers, and Dom Precieux, what has befallen you? Miserere!"

"Monsieur," said the thunderer at the door, replying through the keyhole to my lamentation over the works of the holy fathers, "you may well betake you to your prayers and litanies, and I hope your second and arms are ready."

"Whoever you be," I said, about to open the door, "you have been the cause of the most unfortunate accident. I had rather you had broken my head or arms."

"And that I am both willing and able to do forthwith," rejoined my visiter, through the keyhole, "and not half your deserts either, for I say you are a fool and an insolent ass."

This preamble was couched in a style even to astonish a bibliopolist. I forgot at once the oil-spotted folio of the injured Benedictines and my natural placidity, and seizing from among my collection a rusty partizan, which had played its part in the day of St. Bartholomew, I threw open the door, when lo! my calumniator through the keyhole stood revealed in the person of M. Ponteuil. I then remembered my review in the Année Littéraire—but I stood my ground.

In truth, the Sieur Ponteuil was an Achilles who might have daunted a more robust Hector than myself. His stature was lofty, his shoulders broad, and he had the majestic air of a Roman emperor; fine teeth, large black eyes, brown curls, and handsome hands, made him the Adonis as well as the Achilles of the theatre, and contributed at once to his success and to his overweening conceit of himself.

"Monsieur," said I, with the calmness of a philosopher, "you see this partizan, (which you must not confound with a halberd, whose name is derived from a tool to bore holes,) it is yet crusted with the blood of the Huguenots massacred at Paris in the month of August, An. Dom. 1572; I use it but in self-defence were you thrice a heretic, and never without giving an opportunity of explanation. You were talking to yourself through my keyhole just now, I am willing to believe?"

"Monsieur," replied Ponteuil, "it is you I was seeking, and to you I applied those epithets, and of you I seek satisfaction. You understand me, I suppose?"

"Ah, perfectly. You have read, I suppose, the thirty-ninth number of L'Année Littéraire."

He bounced into a new fury at the very mention of it.

"This is a new insult, vile scribbler! Come out with me, that I may make an example to all the compounders of pamphlets. Come to the Champs Elysées; you see I am provided for both." And he showed me under his cloak two swords and a pair of pistols.

"In the sixteenth century," I said, examining them, "arms were better finished and ornamented. You have seen the chasing of Benvenuto Cellini, the great artist, who was a famous armorer?"

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"This is trifling; I see I shall not bring you to the field. I have been offered a lettre-de-cachet to punish the injury I have received, but I prefer avenging myself with my own hands—I prefer killing you."

"The Bastile is, indeed, too baronial a vengeance for a play-man," I observed, "and as it would be a pity you should be disappointed in your amiable intentions, I will attend you, monsieur; but I will give time for your choler to evaporate; yet if you are in the same humor to-morrow, why I am ready for you."

"I do not intend to wait so long. I suppose you want an opportunity of informing the Lieutenant of Police? Come, follow me to the Champs Elysées directly."

"To-morrow I shall be at your command, Monsieur Ponteuil; to-day I mean to consecrate to the arrangement of my library and the completion of my catalogue, which is, indeed, the last will and testament of a bibliopolist."

As he found that my mania for books equalled his madness for the stage, and as the good partizan of St. Bartholomew, which I kept in my hand, effectually protected me from any personal indignity, he had no remedy but to comply with my arrangement. He therefore took leave of me ceremoniously, charging me to be punctual to my rendezvous, the hour of which he forgot to fix. This neglect he remedied in the course of the morning by a note, in which the time and place were most precisely pointed out.

"If literary and critical quarrels were always thus decided," thought I, while arranging my books, "the race of authors would be soon extinct."

I employed the day in restoring to my shelves my wandering volumes, which I called over and counted as if they had been a flock of beloved sheep; I inscribed new notes in my alphabetical catalogue; I gave a look to this Elzevir, a smile to that noble folio, a sigh to this neat duodecimo, a tear to that Robert Etienne; I bade adieu to all those celebrated printers immortalized by bibliopolists. I removed a spot from one, I smoothed a page of another; in short I imitated Don Juan of Austria, who made his troops pass in review before him at the hour of death. When I had looked at all, and even kissed some particular favorites, I recommended them earnestly in my will to the care of the bookseller who sold them, the amateur who bought them, to the fingers that would turn their leaves, and to the eyes that would read them. Alas! thought I, as I concluded, is there no Paradise for book-fanciers?

These touching duties ought to have occupied months and years, but I was forced to abbreviate into a very few hours the tender sighs of separation. In the evening I read "The Ordonnance of Philippe-le-Bel" on single combat; "The Theatre of Honor," by Favyn, and "On the Permission of Duels," by Andiguier, and several other works on the subject which I was to put in practice to-morrow; I likewise wrote a few lines to Billard, the involuntary cause of my first duel; by accident I enclosed Ponteuil's note of appointment in that I sent to Billard. After having arranged every thing, I was so weary that I slept tranquilly, and even dreamed that the Benedictine History of France was restored to its former immaculate condition, and was free from oil spots.

I rose by break of day, contemplated with tears in my eyes my library, in which not a volume failed of being at his post; there they all were ranged like an army ready for battle; I took a copy of Brantome's Memoirs of Duels, published at Cologne in 1666, in the types of Elzevir, a precious and unique vellum paper volume, with a fine margin, bound by Derome. I thought its contents would wile away the moments of suspense if I had to wait for my adversary. Indeed, I arrived the first on the field of battle; I went down a dirty marshy street, and arrived opposite to the crescent of the Cours-la-Reine, at that time the back of the Invalides and the Port-au-Pierres. By good luck it was not a frosty morning; but many days of rain had converted the ground into a coat of slippery mud. I sat down on a stone with my feet in a puddle, and my hands and nose purple; I drew Brantome from my bosom, and conned him over as a dying man repeats the litanies for the departing. Meantime I felt most unheroically hungry, for I had not eaten during the preceding day—the excitement of my preparations having taken away the gnawings of an appetite that was now sensibly felt.

Ponteuil made me wait a tedious hour, for I had mistaken my time; at last he came, marching in a pompous manner, dressed in black velvet, and followed by two seconds carrying the arms. He flourished his hat off in the style of the marquisses of that day, then he felicitated me on my punctuality, and parodied the verses of the Cid at every word he spoke concerning the offence—the offended—and the offender. The seconds were dissipated young men of quality, who haunted the theatre, and kept bad company with its heroes and heroines. They measured our ground, proved the swords, and leered at me as though they were taking the dimensions of my grave.

"Monsieur," said Ponteuil, who had thrown off his coat, "we will, if you please, begin with the sword, and finish by pistols at five paces' distance."

"One would believe you were rehearsing the part of Achilles," replied I, buttoning over my coat like a cuirass!

"What is that you say, insulter?" replied my choleric adversary. "Ah, you allude to my treatment last night; if I could but find the leader of that cowardly cabal who molested me in my début!"

"I am quite ignorant of what befel you in your part last night, for I was not at the theatre; but if you will inform me of your adventure, I will indulge you by letting you tell your own story in the next number I publish of my periodical."

"If you should be alive when it comes out," replied Ponteuil, who could not help talking, even though the sword was in his hand.—"Here then are my grievances, which will justify me for being your executioner. I had long looked forward to the night in which I was to assume the character of Achilles in the Iphigenia of Racine; on this part I rested my reputation; last night was my first appearance after the detestable uproar raised by the madman, your ally. Every thing was proceeding well, when a single voice

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asked why I did not make the apology on my knees for insulting the audience when I performed the Earl of Essex? The pit took no notice of this insolence, and I answered Agamemnon in my part—'Sire, honor me less for this easy conquest.' Upon which, one Bauvin, the author of the hissed tragedy of the Cheruscans, asked aloud if I had any news to give them of Billard and the Suborneur. I could not help replying to Ulysses, 'He is at Charenton with his piece.' Then broke forth the storm against me; they hissed, they raged! I would have withdrawn disdainfully from their insults, but the rascals ordered me to stay and continue my part amidst the noise they made; I obeyed, shedding tears of rage, and never was Achilles played with more nature or energy. Yet would not any thing mollify my enemies! they loaded me with affronts. And now, monsieur, to our purpose. Throw off your coat, and take your sword."

"It is in my hand, but I mean to keep on all my clothes, for I have been nearly frozen with waiting for you more than an hour. I am now at your command, but remember this is my first essay in such encounters."

"The lesson will be a mortal one," replied Achilles. "It will avenge my lost occupation, for I shall never be permitted to resume my vocation in Paris—it is lost—they hiss me, they drive me from the stage; I, who loved the theatre so much—who would sacrifice my life to it—I, whose first wish was to be a celebrated actor, I will be revenged—defend yourself!"

So saying, without the previous ceremony of crossing our swords, he flew at me, in the excess of rage to which he had worked himself, and struck his sword with such vengeance at my breast that it broke into a thousand shivers, and I fell with a violent shock against a tree, fully convinced that I was run through the body. I raised myself a little, and mechanically drew forth my handkerchief to staunch the blood; and, unbuttoning my waistcoat, to my astonishment found that my invaluable copy of Brantome had bravely received the death-blow meant for its master; it was pierced to the two hundredth page. No one but a bibliopolist was ever thus shielded by a favorite volume.

Ponteuil contemplated with rage the pieces of his sword and the pierced volume; and the seconds, who were certainly not book-fanciers, began to reproach me for my serious infractions of the laws of the duel. I excused myself on account of my want of experience in such affairs, and showed them the peril I had escaped, and mourned over the damage of my Brantome, which had been slain in the defence of his master.

"But pistols will not break," said Ponteuil, drawing out his. "If you should have the whole Encyclopedia for armor, a ball will find its way."

"Are you not satisfied, then?" replied I, walking close up to him; "among many people of honor these encounters terminate without bloodshed."

"I have forewarned you," returned Ponteuil, "that one or the other of us shall be left dead on the spot; the matter is aggravated by the insults of yesterday, by the cowardly cabal of yourself and friends."

"I should," I replied, "consider myself very contemptible, if I had entered into any such cabal; and I give you my solemn word that I know nothing of your wrongs, farther than having given you a severe criticism as a lesson to teach you the cruelty of persecuting a young and obscure author, against whom you have exerted your private influence, and occasioned his incarceration, not in a prison, but in a place of confinement, which will cause a slight to be cast on his intellects for life. I leave this to your reasonable consideration, but I feel no envenomed hatred against you, and am content that the matter shall rest here."

"But I am *not* content—my hatred is to death, and I mean to make you pay at once for your friend Billard and for *L'Année Littéraire*, to which I promise an article for its obituary."

As Ponteuil said this, he gave me the other pistol, and the marquisses, his seconds, paced out ten feet, humming an opera air. Ponteuil fired on the signal they gave; the ball whistled in my hair: I had not fired; and when I found myself safe, I pointed *my* pistol upwards and discharged it.

"Parbleu!" cried Ponteuil, "for what do you take me? I want none of your forbearance. Please to reload and fire at me!"

"Not I, on my faith," replied I, coolly. "I have done with you, thank heaven—for the next greatest plague to being murdered by you, would be the trouble of killing you, for which I never had the slightest inclination. Adieu, monsieur; I wish you success on the theatre, and many crowns on the stage, but for the future be more merciful to young authors!"

"You are not going away thus. I am dishonored if you do not return my fire; and if you do not, I will provoke you to a new quarrel."

"My friend, my friend," cried a voice behind me in great emotion, "thank heaven, I have not arrived too late." And Billard made his appearance on the scene of action quite out of breath, flourishing his roll of manuscript as a marshal directing the movements of a tournament; he wept for joy at finding me safe, and told me that M de Sartines had that morning liberated him from Charenton; that the first use he made of his freedom was to go to my house, where the porter told him I had gone out early, and having given him the letter I had left, in which he found Ponteuil's challenge, with the directions for the place and hour of combat, hither he had hasted to hinder a duel, which otherwise might have perhaps terminated fatally. During this narration, the Suborneur was frequently mentioned, and this put Ponteuil in a new rage.

"Hark ye! Sir Author," he said, striking Billard on the shoulder with his pistol-barrel; "how did you and your manuscript get out of such a proper place as Charenton was for you both."

"It is true," replid Billard, untying the Suborneur, "I did not leave the place without some regret; for the mad people at Charenton are more reasonable and polite than the players; they listened to my comedy with pleasure!"

"Well, M. Billard," said Ponteuil, "that was because it was on a par with their intellects. Permit

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me to settle my account with your friend, and then I will give you my undivided attention."

Billard, who interpreted every word in favor of his mania, replied with complacency, "Very well, I seek but an audience; these two gentlemen will favor me with their opinions, and I will constrain all of you to add your suffrages to that of M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans—my friend has never heard the Suborneur. Gentlemen, seat yourselves round me and attend."

"Billard," said I, drawing him away, "you mistake the intentions of Ponteuil and his friends; come away with me."

"No, my friend," replied Billard, persevering in his intention of reading; "my piece will be a true hostage of reconciliation. The Sieur Ponteuil, when he hears it, will pardon me for having had recourse to the suffrages of the pit; and if the drama appears to you common, the versification poor, the—"

"Pshaw," interrupted Ponteuil, "turn your manuscript into a sword, and I am willing to attend to you, otherwise, you will do well to throw it behind the fire, for the plot is bad, the characters silly, the style flat, the dénouement ridiculous, and the subject absurd. Receive my judgment, in the name of the French theatre."

"Thou liest, miserable player!" cried the enraged Billard, who was flying on Ponteuil, had I not seized him round the waist, and held him struggling and foaming with rage, while Ponteuil's seconds likewise restrained him, whilst they pointed out the furious state of Billard, saying in a half whisper—

"What is the use of encountering a madman in a fit of frenzy? Instead of fighting he will tear out your eyes!"

"Come on, vile play-man,' raved Billard, struggling with me; "come to the theatre, and receive all the hisses, the peltings, and the buffets, which will greet you there. The rhyme is not rich, and the characters are silly, are they?"

"This is too much, mad or sane," cried Ponteuil, breaking from his seconds; "I will crush this crooked little Æsop, this frog of Parnassus!"

"My style flat!" screamed Billard: "load the pistols—give me the sword. The plot stupid, the subject absurd! Ah, Ponteuil, I will have your life for such malignity against my innocent Suborneur."

The two had flown on each other, and if at that moment the police had not made their appearance from behind the trees, I should have had a tragical tale to tell; as it was, the united strength of our recruited party could hardly separate these enemies, and when torn from each other, we had to watch them carefully, while the officer of the police informed them of the instructions he had received.

That morning, M. de Sartine had laid the case before Count de Lauragnais, who had ordered Ponteuil to confine himself to his house during the pleasure of the count; and as for M. Billard, who was considered the original cause of all the disturbance, his family had claimed him, and he was commanded to return directly to Nantes.

"They have exiled me to Nantes!" murmured Billard, who was thunderstruck by this decree. "Oh, my friend J——, the players prevail. I must return to my father, taxes, and excise! I must shroud my glory and my comedy in my portfolio! Oh, my piece! Oh, the players!"

"M. du Suborneur," said Ponteuil, "I am concerned to think that you carry away no tokens from my sword as a remembrance, but I swear to you, from this moment, hatred until death."

"M. Ponteuil," I replied," really touched by the sorrow of my school-fellow, "I do not believe that you have in your soul any true enthusiasm for art, or you would feel for a poet who mourns for his divorce from literature, as much as you do for the mischances you have suffered at your début in tragedy."

"In all cases, please to consider yourself involved in my hatred for this little scribbler of Lorraine," were the parting words of Ponteuil.

"Be it so, monsieur," I replied, "your hatred will not make me die an hour before my time; and as for myself, I do not trouble myself to hate any one in the world."

The police hurried away the unfortunate Billard, with his manuscript, the next morning; he bade me farewell with tears and sobs, pointing with laughable pathos to a playbill pasted on the wall of the office of the diligence to Nantes.

In spite of the affection that Mademoiselle Guimard, the favorite *danseuse* at the opera, bore to Ponteuil, and all the protection that the great lords of the court, with whom she was intimate, afforded him, yet he could never obtain a hearing from the parterre, but was greeted with hisses whenever he appeared on the stage; and Achilles retired, not to his tent, but to Holland.

CHAPTER III.

HATRED UNTIL DEATH.

These turbulent events by no means suited my peaceable and retiring disposition; and long before the death of poor Catherine Fréron put a stop to L'Année Littéraire, I resigned my censorial office in that periodical. Catherine Fréron was the niece of the great Corneille. Voltaire had generously adopted her, and supported this work to gain for her a maintenance. After abdicating the editorial sceptre, I swore never to touch offensive weapons, either in the shape of sword or critical pen. I passed the gay season of my youth in collating the work of classical writers, authenticating documents, rectifying dates, washing and cleansing vellum, measuring margins with compasses, making catalogues, selling and buying at public sales, and other such pleasing occupations of a book-loving hermit. I lived at that time in the environs of the Luxembourg, in the Quartier St. Jacques.

One fine morning in the month of October, 1781, I was sauntering, with a book in my hand, among the trees of the garden of the Luxembourg, which, before it invaded the enclosure of the Chartreux, extended all along the Rue de Vaugirard up to the Carmes Dé-

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chaussés. I alternately read and raised my eyes to contemplate the extent of the verdure, over which the tints of red and green were shedding their autumnal sway, and many fallen leaves rustled under my feet, and the birds were singing their adieus to the warm weather.

The garden was at this part almost entirely deserted; but here and there, under the high chestnut trees, were seated, on the wooden benches, some two or three solitary beings like myself. I yielded myself to a melancholy but not unpleasing reverie, inspired by the lovely autumnal day, and the sight of nature smiling, while deprived of her glorious crown of summer, for no one can possibly meditate among the falling leaves of autumn, without his thoughts naturally dwelling on death and the grave.

I was drawn from my pensive meditation by the obstinate coughing of a person seated at one end of the bench on which I had placed myself. I felt a little impatience at the annoyance this importunate cougher caused me, but that selfish feeling soon gave way to lively pity, when I saw him leaning over an arm of the seat, apparently exhausted by the spasmodic struggle with his cruel enemy.

He was a man of about five-and-thirty years of age, if one might judge by his features, which illness had lengthened and hollowed: they were still fine, although wasted and meagre; the cheek bones were prominent, and colored with a hue too brilliant for health; the end of the chin was sharpened, and the bones of his knees and elbows seemed as if they would pierce the threadbare garments in which the poor consumptive was clad. He rested his thin, transparent hands on his knees, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, remained immoveable till disturbed by fresh paroxysms of coughing. During one of these intervals I heard him sigh, and then say to himself, "It is all over; I shall never have strength to declaim again. I am lost to my art—to the theatre—to the public."

I started at the sound of that voice, which still retained its theatrical accentuation, and I felt assured that I had heard it elsewhere. I availed myself of the opportunity when he turned towards me, to obtain a full view of his face. I could not be mistaken; I recognized him, notwithstanding the alteration made by time and sickness.

"Ah, M. Ponteuil," I cried, approaching him, "I fear I see you in ill health!"

"M. J——, the editor," replied he, with the air of a person who recalls something painful to his memory; "good day, monsieur!"

He was hurrying away; I gently detained him by the arm, saying, "Permit me one moment's conversation with you."

"I understand," returned Ponteuil, his eye blazing and his face crimsoning, "we have an old account to settle. Whenever you please, monsieur!"

"The time to which you allude is long gone by," I replied; "and rancor never held any place in my heart, especially as I considered that I was not wholly free from blame in that affair."

"I demand neither apologies nor retractation. But I am ready to give you satisfaction if you require it. I am wasted by a long illness, which has left me weak as you see; nevertheless, I am able to fire a pistol—and am at your command, monsieur!"

"Mon Dieu! M. Ponteuil, you afflict me by this discourse. I never felt any enmity to you in my life; and I am no longer an editor."

"I congratulate you on that, M. J——, and I am no longer a tragedian."

"How! have you renounced the theatre, to which you were so much attached? This question need not surprise you, when I tell you that years have passed since I last saw a play; for my literary labors have not the slightest connection with the drama."

"Then you are ignorant of my return to the Comédie Française, and of my complete success; and how this fatal illness forced me to withdraw during the last year, which has been one of great suffering. I am dying, Monsieur J——."

"Dying! and so young?" I uttered soothingly. "Doubtless, if you take care of yourself during your present state of convalescence, health will return, and you will resume your occupation with more *éclat* than ever."

"Sometimes I think so," replied Ponteuil; "but my recovery proceeds very slowly. You know not, then, of the success I met in Holland and in Prussia. I was received at court by King Frederick William, who presented me with two snuff-boxes with his royal arms on them, which I still have, but they are in pawn. I had sworn never to appear again on the French stage, where I had experienced such injustice; but when I was performing at Lille, with great applause, I received an order from an authority which I could not disobey, to make my début at the Comédie Française."

"In fact, I now remember having heard great encomiums on you at the Café Procope, where I was one evening with M. Bauvin and my friend Billard, whom, I dare say, you have not forgotten."

"It is that Billard who was the origin of all my misfortunes;—no, I never have forgotten him, and shall be only too happy to have the opportunity of paying him the debt of revenge which I owe him. But I am not surprised that the fame of my second début should have reached you. It took place on the 19th of June, 1779. I was in the part of Orestes. It was a real ovation—a triumph; crowns were thrown on the scene, and I was called before the audience after the fall of the curtain. The parterre bestowed on me the most flattering acclamations, and every one seemed disposed to make me forget the mortification I had suffered through the folly of Billard and his detestible Suborneur."

Ponteuil spoke with so much energy that his cough returned in paroxysms, which threatened him with suffocation, and forced him to suspend this somewhat exaggerated panegyric on his performance. I requested him to calm himself, and I offered him all the consolations humanity could suggest on the state of health which banished him from the theatre. But it was in vain that I endeavored to lead the conversation to a less agitating subject: he proceeded with his history

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"This company," said he, "which for several months owed the principal part of their receipts to my popularity, when I fell ill, dismissed me, declaring that since the attack on my lungs, my voice was broken; this is not true, and I wish you would give me your advice on the tone of my declamation," continued he, repeating from the Iphigenia the line:—

"Pour qui sont ces serpens qui sifflent sur vos têtes?"

The words of Orestes, strong and sonorous in the first hemistich, broke before the end of the verse, and finished in an access of stifling cough. I entreated him not to attempt declamation while his cough continued, and exhorted him to be patient. The species of constraint we felt at first was by this time entirely worn off, and Ponteuil seemed both surprised and grateful at the interest I took in his health.

"I have often believed that all was over with me," he resumed, "for I have frequently vomited blood, and from time to time fainted. God be thanked! those symptoms have disappeared, and, indeed, I am quite well all but this teasing cough, and I feel as if this fine sun would do me more good than all the doctors in Paris. You do not find me much altered?"

"Oh," said I, evading this home question, "you see I knew you again directly; but who is it that takes care of you in your illness? Are you not married?"

"I could have married very well, if I had chosen. But this was before I lost my health, and while my reputation as Achilles and Orestes was brilliant. Since my retreat from the stage last year, both lovers and friends have deserted me one after the other, and left me quite alone; not one remains, monsieur."

"But was there no one, among the elegant society that considered you their ornament, who afforded you assistance or expressed sympathy for you?"

"Yes: at first, people of quality used to send their footmen to inquire how I was; but very soon, I believe, they considered me as dead, for my resources failing, I removed myself to a more obscure dwelling place, where, by degrees, I was forgotten; my comrades did not trouble themselves about me. I forgive them; they are unstable in character, and only act by impulse; they soon get tired of an invalid whose illness is obstinate and tedious as mine has been."

"Is it possible that the theatre has done nothing for you? M. Préville, who was so much attached to you, has then left the stage?"

"Préville—I forgive him, for to his lessons I owe my talent. Préville has behaved like the others Adieu, monsieur; I feel the kindness of your manners, and I thank you."

"I hope to renew our acquaintance," I said; "accept my arm, and let me assure you, that if I could assist you in any thing, it would afford me the greatest pleasure."

"We will no longer be enemies," replied Ponteuil; "but as to your offers of service, I cannot forget the sword-thrust which you received from me, which nearly pierced through your printed cuirass."

I turned this conversation, which tended to mingle the bitterness of the past to the interference of our present friendly terms, and at last prevailed on him to take my arm as far as the Rue Cassette, where he lodged, but no inducement could prevail on him to let me see in which house he lived; he prevented me from going farther than the beginning of the street, and I saw him watching till I was at too great a distance to discover his retreat.

That evening I went to Billard, and told him of my adventure in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He was much affected with the sufferings of his old antagonist, and manifested the most lively desire to meet him once more, not with arms in his hands, but for the sake of reconciliation. Nine years had made a great difference in the author of the Suborneur; he was no longer a theatrical fanatic, boring every one he met, with his verses, and calling on the peaceable parterre to rise in insurrection against the tyrants of the stage; his exile to Nantes had brought him to reason, and the death of his father, who left him an income of 40,000 francs, had drawn his thoughts to the various duties which men of property are obliged to fulfil. His dear Suborneur now took its place in his portfolio, instead of under his arm; the position in society of its author as a wealthy individual, had obtained for it many hearers, and, of course, professed admirers. His real friends overlooked the eccentricities he still manifested, in favor of his truly benevolent heart, for we knew he was constantly employed in secretly doing good, though he nervously avoided receiving applause for his charitable actions. There was a curious union of child-like simplicity and greatness of mind in my friend Billard.

It was in vain that I watched every gleam of sunshine in the Luxembourg gardens, in the hope that the poor consumptive might come out to bask in its rays. I never encountered him; I could not help imagining that he was worse, and I sorrowfully noted the fall of the autumnal leaves—those leaves which are the true warrants of death in his disease. I recalled some expressions of his, which made me dread lest he should be suffering from want of succor, and this reflection urged me to discover his abode, and hazard paying him a visit, which I was convinced would be more useful than agreeable to him. The kind heart of Billard incessantly stimulated me to make the attempt.

It so happened that the first house where I began my inquiries for him, in the Rue Cassette, was the very one at which he lived; the wife of the *concierge** took me for a physician, and waited on me in pity when I asked for Ponteuil. She conducted me till I came to a narrow stair at the top of the house, and, pointing to it, left me. I paused and listened for some moments to the sharp sounds of a voice, declaiming verses in a pompous style, but the tirade terminated by a fit of coughing, which I thought would never end; at length I knocked at the door,

* It is scarcely needful to remind the reader that the houses in Paris are let by floors to persons in very different circumstances, and that the general entrance used to be, and often still is, guarded by a *concierge*, or door-keeper.

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and was bid to enter. After an interval of silent hesitation I did so; the corrupt atmosphere of the small chamber almost suffocated me, and caused me to cough slightly, which prevented me from speaking for an instant; at a glance I was enabled to examine the miserable hole where the tragedian Ponteuil, the Achilles and Orestes of the theatre, was terminating his earthly career.

In a space of twelve feet square, narrowed by the sloping roof, in which the tiles were in many places visible, was the pallet of the invalid; the rags of the miserable bed were covered, but scarcely hidden, by an old red theatrical mantle, spread over it as a counterpane. On this mattress reclined the person I sought, who was now reduced to a skeleton—whose livid and emaciated appearance was aggravated by a Roman toga clasped over the right shoulder, a crown of tinsel, and tin bracelets on the lean, naked arms, which were every moment agitated, while Ponteuil declaimed, shouted and gesticulated to the honor of the eternal family of the Atrides.

He was then reposing on the bed, completely exhausted by the violence of his exertions; he was the first who broke silence.

"So you have come to see a poor wretch just ready to enter the bark of Charon," said he, touched and surprised by my visit. "You see that I am, nevertheless, studying a part."

"Excuse my intrusion," I replied, advancing to him and taking his hand; "but I had looked for you many days in the Luxembourg, and the fear that you were worse, forced me to discover your abode, that I might converse a little with you, and offer you the loan of some new books, or any thing else which might be of service to you."

"Many thanks, monsieur, but I really have no want of any thing," said Ponteuil, whose pride was wounded by my offers. "Nevertheless, I am willing to acknowledge that you are a worthy man, who have exhibited greater interest in my fate than I have merited from you. Still you must make allowances for our peculiar situation in regard to each other, and not be surprised—"

Tears sparkled in the eyes of Ponteuil, and before he had finished this reproach, he fainted so suddenly as to alarm me not a little. I searched the room for some restorative or cordial, but could find nothing better than cold water, which I threw in his face, and then opened the window to obtain air, but it was with difficulty that I could recall vital energy; he could not distinguish objects, and his voice fluttered indistinctly, when he replied to my questions.

"Monsieur Ponteuil," I said, greatly troubled at his state, which the irregularity of his pulse rendered still more alarming; "let me run for the physician who attends you."

"Give me a glass of water," he gasped out, and then added, "I have no medical attendance; and as for this attack, it is only exhaustion; because I have not had any thing to eat for two days."

"Not for two days!" I exclaimed with horror, "this is too dreadful! not only suffering with illness, but dying of inanition."

I laid down my helpless burden on the mattress, and descended the stairs more speedily than I had mounted them. I entered the house of the first *traiteur* I could find, and ordered a light and nourishing repast. I was absent but ten minutes. The eyes of Ponteuil sparkled with joy, when I re-appeared, followed by two waiters carrying soup, a roasted fowl, a plate of spinach, some wine and bread; all this I had arranged properly, and dismissed the people, paying them in his name. The poor soul thanked me with moistened eyes; he hesitated, and when I pressed him to take the nourishment so necessary for his existence, he seized my hands in his own and pronounced the lines from Andromache, beginning—

"Oui, puisque je retrouve un ami si fidèle,"

with an emphasis I shall never forget. My eyes were suffused with tears; but I renewed my entreaties that he would eat; he then not only ate, but devoured the food before him with an eagerness that terrified me, and I was forced to seize upon the fragments of a repast which I had doubted had been provided for his destruction, and conveyed them out of his reach. I exacted a promise that he would obey implicitly my despotic directions in regard to his health, and I consoled and encouraged him by showing him the bright rays of the sun, which had now reached the slanting walls of his garret; I talked to him of the fresh air of the country, of walks and rides through sylvan scenery, till I raised his fluctuating spirits to thoughts of his recovery; and then, as usual, he always spoke of his dear theatre.

"During my long malady," he said, whilst rubbing together his wasted hands, "I have not passed my time idly; the public at my re-appearance will perceive the progress I have made. I have learned more than twenty new parts, and I consider that I excel in those of Hamlet and Romeo. And it is you, my true friend, who have preserved me for future glory! It must be owned that I was a hot-headed fool, a brawler, and headstrong brute, when I wanted to kill you."

"Have you not a claim on the pension for retired actors?" I asked, willing to alter the turn which the conversation had taken. "I think my interest could obtain it for you."

"You are joking," replied Ponteuil; "I am not yet thirty, and that pension is only granted to actors who have reached their sixtieth year; people of our profession live a long time."

"Witness the celebrated Baron," I replied, sadly thinking of the contrast before me, "who played the lover with so much spirit at forescore. But notwithstanding your youth, I think the theatre owes you this memorial of respect and gratitude."

"For players, there is never any remembrance of the past," Ponteuil replied, smiling bitterly. "I suppose we concentrate to our art all we possess of the faculty of memory, therefore it fails us when we ought to exert it for our friends. Even Préville, who received me like a father under his roof when my prospects were bright and my hopes were high—Préville has forgotten who I am."

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"I always thought him a time-server," I replied, "during my dealings with him in my literary capacity. But if he has forgotten us, we will return the compliment by forgetting him; when your prospects brighten, I will represent your case once more to the first gentleman of the bed-chamber. I can solicit the royal munificence in your behalf, through the intervention of the Duc de Choiseul, who honors me with his friendship."

"You are only too generous," said Ponteuil, "and I repeat that I was an odious person to want to kill you; but it was all owing to the absurdities of that troublesome Billard, who embroiled us with his folly."

"Nevertheless, forgive him, I beg of you," I said, taking the offered hand of Ponteuil; "for if you reflect on the past, you will find that you gave him no little provocation, yet I know he has not the least ill-will towards you."

"Not a word more about him," cried Ponteuil, extending his arm in the theatrical attitude for a vow; "between us there is a hatred unto death, for that Billard is my evil genius! I hope never to see him again, at least while the blood circulates in my veins."

He accompanied this menace with a look so terrible, and a gesture so expressive, that I dared no longer irritate him by proceeding with the defence of Billard, but turned the conversation to his theatrical illusions, and we discussed the parts he best knew, speaking of the provinces where he had played, and of the success with which he had been welcomed. The recollections of an art which had destroyed his health and withered his youth were still dear to him; he declaimed fragments of speeches, he adjusted the folds of his Roman toga with theatrical skill, and, in imagination, he heard thunders of applause, and saw crowns of laurel while agitated by the convulsions of a mortal cough.

The next morning I recounted to Billard the whole of these incidents, and described the deplorable state of Ponteuil, his mortal malady, his poverty, and, above all, the lively hatred he still nourished against the author of the Suborneur. The kind heart of Billard was sensibly touched by these details; he implored me to redouble my efforts to remove the resentment of the poor invalid; and if that could not be done, at least to contrive some way of providing him the comforts he would procure for him, without irritating his proud spirit by the knowledge of the source from whence they came. In fact, I continued to visit poor Ponteuil most assiduously, who daily grew worse My first step towards pacification between him and the object of his hatred, was the information that my exertions, in order to procure him the theatrical pension, would, I found, have been the work of time; but as his wants were pressing, and his impatience of private obligation great, I had used the great court interest of Billard, who had exerted himself with such good will, that he had obtained for him a pension of of 1200 livres from the theatrical chest, and a gratuity of fifty livres from the royal bounty; this last was, in reality, the bounty of my charitable friend, who well knew the poor soul would never receive one quarter's payment of his pension. If the name of Billard had not been blended with these benefits, Ponteuil would have been transported with joy. I saw the interior struggle he suffered before he could accept the benefit bestowed by the object of his aversion. At last he took me by the hand, kissed it, and thanked me; then he blessed me, and, without mentioning the name of Billard, for the first time heard it pronounced without a comment of bitterness. This was something; but his time was short for forgiveness. *Alas! the autumn was beautiful this year, but still the leaves fell!*

From this moment Ponteuil enjoyed all the comforts that could belong to his desperate state; every thing that science or affection could provide were his. Every day something was done or sent which was calculated to relieve the ennui occasioned by a sick bed, with a slow fever and a furious cough. Sometimes magnificent fruits arrived for him, delicate pastry, or delicious sweetmeats. Every book or engraving published concerning the theatre was also sent him as soon as it appeared. Whenever I dared mention the name of Billard, it was heard with profound silence by Ponteuil.

The fruits came from the garden of Billard; the sweetmeats were chosen by him; the books were sent from his library. The coach of Billard carried us to take the air every sunshiny morning to the Cours-la-Reine. Billard sent an invitation for Ponteuil to take up his abode in an unoccupied chateau, in the neighborhood of Paris; and Billard entreated him to use, at his pleasure, both his purse and his credit. These reiterated attacks at last began to sap the obduracy of Ponteuil's aversion; he began to mention the name of Billard of his own accord, not only without antipathy, but with gratitude. I saw the moment drew near for reconciliation; I was anxious to expedite it, *for the leaves now fell fast.*

One morning, without having mentioned it to Ponteuil, whose strength was now deplorably diminished, I resolved that Billard should accompany me in my daily visit. Billard no longer ran about with an enormous manuscript under his arm; he was dressed in cut velvet, and wore diamonds on every finger. Ponteuil was slumbering when Billard followed me into the sloping garret, which, notwithstanding all my entreaties, our patient still chose to inhabit.

Awakened by the sound of our footsteps, Ponteuil opened his eyes, and though he certainly did not recognize Billard, a vindictive instinct made him guess who he was, for a nervous agitation seized him, and he enveloped himself in the sheets as if they had been his shroud, all the time that Billard was offering him excuses for his uninvited visit, with a kind humility of soul that would have touched a heart of less natural feeling than that of poor Ponteuil's. After our invalid had got over the first sight of Billard, he relaxed by degrees from his stiff coldness of manner; the expression of his lips was less bitter, and his features more placid. I did all I could to turn the conversation on pleasant general subjects, and Billard carefully avoided all mention of the Suborneur, and the opinion of M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans.

"Well, monsieur," said Ponteuil, with a tone of

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irony, of which he afterwards repented, "you do not speak of your comedy! Has it been played? Has it been applauded?"

"It has been both played and applauded in society," replied Billard, without seeming to be piqued. "You have not, then, forgotten the Suborneur, in five acts, and in verse? M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans, is not now the only person who gives it his suffrages; M. de la Harpe, author of the Barmecides, of Menzikoff, and of Coriolanus, has praised it before the Academy, who assisted at a private representation; and the celebrated Madame de Graffigny, author of the Peruvian Letters, told me that my work gave hopes. I should like to read it to you, for the benefit of your advice."

"We will certainly hear it," said Ponteuil, sighing heavily, "and I anticipate taking a part when this comedy is played, which recalls so many afflicting remembrances; and I must make amends to its author by the applauses I shall endeavor to merit, when it is brought on the boards."

I observed that Ponteuil did not present his hand to Billard at parting, yet, on the whole, I was satisfied with the result of the visit. I went the next day without Billard to see the invalid, and though he did not ask to see him, I observed that he led the conversation so as to induce me to speak of my friend; and when I purposely abstained, he broke out, with his usual impetuosity, in terms expressive of the sense he felt of the unmerited kindness he had received from the generous Billard, and in condemnation of his own prejudices. I said little, and turned the conversation; but my heart rejoiced that the dying man was reconciled with his enemy, *for the autumnal leaves had nearly all fallen.*

Billard was my companion in my visit next day to the sick, and from that moment all feelings of hatred and vengeance were changed into love and friendship. No man could surpass Billard in the biensèances of social life: his goodness and benevolence gave the most attractive expression to his plain person and homely features. Among his other attainments, he read well, and he brought all the most popular pieces and read them aloud to Ponteuil; he read the responses to all Ponteuil's favorite parts, who declaimed his speeches in a half smothered extinct voice. There was a compact entered into between Billard and myself, that we should vie with each other in attentions to the poor dying creature; and I think I can answer that we were faithful to our engagements. He had now entered into the last stage of pulmonary consumption; he was wasted to the bone, and coughing away his life; he often gazed upon us with looks of ineffable gratitude, which spoke to our hearts more than words could.

"My friends," said he, one evening, after a frightful paroxysm, "thanks—thanks for your kindness, while life remains in me to express my sense of it. There is no hope, I feel, and I must no longer flatter myself with the expectation of recovery, since your brotherly charity has failed to make me well. All that I possess, you have bestowed upon me; therefore, I have nothing to leave you but my thanks and gratitude, my dear friends." And saying this, Ponteuil took our hands; he would have kissed them had we permitted him. We mingled our tears and sobs, for after all our cares, the poor invalid had become exceedingly dear to us, and we could not bear to part with him; but I felt his hour was nigh, *for the wintry wind moaned among the distant trees of the Luxembourg, and shook the last leaves from their branches.*

Ponteuil then gave us two letters.

"In these I have conveyed to both of you expressions of my gratitude, which I cannot utter with an audible voice. My gratitude ought to survive me. I leave you all that is my own—my dramatic library. You will divide my books between you, and sometimes when you look upon them, give a thought to Ponteuil, who would, perhaps, one day have been a great actor, if death had not let fall the curtain before his part was half played. To you, my dear Billard, I owe a reparation which you must permit me to pay. I have always felt regret for having condemned your Suborneur unheard—read it to me."

"Indeed, my friend," replied Billard, "when you are something better, it will be a pleasure to me to deliver up to your critical judgment my Suborneur, tied hand and foot; but we will put off this fatiguing reading till then. Nevertheless we will read it—yes, we will read it, very soon. You shall hear it before long."

"If it is ever heard by me, it must be directly," returned Ponteuil firmly. "At ten o'clock to-morrow I entreat you to be with me; we will form a committee, and I will accept your comedy."

Billard promised to bring his manuscript at the hour named, and we took our adieus for the night with more sadness than usual. As we went out, he begged us to be punctual to our next day's appointment. We went away with a mournful foreboding, for we felt that the loss of our friend would be a cruel affliction.

The next morning, precisely at ten, we were seated round his bed; his emaciated hand rested on the outside; his haggard eyes wandered from Billard to me, and now and then I heard a hollow sound in his throat, which seemed to be distinct from the convulsive cough which tormented him. The keen north-west which ushers in the winter, whistled and howled round the chimney-tops, and whirled the light ashes in eddies from among the glowing embers on the hearth. I tried to persuade Ponteuil to take some repose before he imposed on himself the fatigue of listening to two thousand verses divided into five acts. Billard joined his entreaties to mine, but Ponteuil claimed of Billard the fulfilment of his given promise.

"My friend," said Billard, unfolding his manuscript, "I implore you to stop me when you feel fatigued. This piece has already caused some accidents which I greatly regret, and notwithstanding the merit which M. Bauvin, author of the Cheruscans, attributes to it, I doubt whether you are in a state to appreciate it. I will begin. The Suborneur—comedy in five acts, and in verse. I prefer the title of comedy to that of drama; you will presently see the reason of this choice. Act 1st, scene 1st. Lord Arundel seated in

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his study, reads a letter which he has written, and looks at the miniature of a lady—"

"If you have the true talent of an author," interrupted Ponteuil in a faint voice, "labor—persevere; no actors in the world can hinder you from acquiring fame—but nothing can avail against death. Adieu, Billard—adieu J——, my friend—thus ends hatred to death."

With a bitter exclamation of grief, I threw myself towards him—he replied not. I snatched his hand—it was cold. I felt his heart—it had ceased to beat—Ponteuil had expired without convulsion or other suffering. Billard, who had a keen sense of religion, knelt and prayed, whilst I gazed earnestly on the departed.

Billard rose suddenly from his kneeling posture, and throwing his manuscript behind the fire, the flames caught the fluttering leaves, and hastily blazing up, cast a red light on the immoveable features of the corpse.

"So perish the Suborneur," said Billard, "the first cause of the hatred between him and me."

In the letters he had given us, Ponteuil had made it his last request that Billard would invite all his comrades to his funeral, and have a tombstone erected, which should unite both our names with his. If human beings, after their departure from the body, can be sensible of any thing which concerns their memories, Ponteuil would have been content with the fulfilment of his request. Billard spared no expense for the funeral of his friend. The actors, who had forgotten him whilst living, followed his corpse in procession, but I believe real grief was felt only by Billard and myself.

In the ancient cemetery of Chamart might be seen, till it was closed in the year 1793, a stone monument, which bore no other inscription than this, composed by Ponteuil the day before his death:—

TO PONTEUIL,
DRAMATIC ARTIST,
From his friends Billard and J——
1781.
Here ends hatred till death!

Every one who has read the witty memoirs and anecdotes of Baron de Grimm, will recollect the names of most of the personages in this tragi-comedy, and will not be sorry to read the conclusion of an adventure which is left unfinished in that sprightly collection. This is the baron's version of the story:

"Yesterday, at the moment when the curtain drew up at the French Theatre, a madman, Billard by name, mounted on one of the benches of the orchestra, and began haranguing the pit, laying before them a formal complaint against the actors, whom he treated as jugglers; that they would not perform a piece of his, entitled the 'Suborneur,' which he had presented to them. The player Préville was handled with particular severity by the haranguer Billard, who informed the pit that he was grandson to one of the king's secretaries, and rich enough to have reimbursed the players for their expenses if the piece did not succeed; he concluded by calling on the audience for justice. This occasioned a great tumult among the audience, and Préville was required to appear, in a very peremptory manner. He did not, however, make his appearance, and at length the performers proceeded, though not without some difficulty, in beginning the 'Earl of Essex.' The tumult recommenced between the play and the afterpiece, and, according to custom, ended in nothing. Préville was to play the character of an Anglo-maniac, which begins with these words: 'Pardon me if I have kept the good company expecting me.' A general laugh ensued, and there was an end of the matter.

"Meantime the haranguer Billard was arrested, as well as several of the boisterous parterre who had been too clamorous in giving their opinion of the matter. The latter were released, but Billard was conducted to Charenton. When he is again at liberty, he will be prohibited going to the theatres for some time, and public tranquillity will return of itself. His 'Suborneur' must have been wretched stuff indeed, since the players, who risk so many miserable pieces, were afraid to venture playing that."

We may conclude this melancholy picture by an agreeable instance of the importunate egotism of authors of small distinction, which is recorded, by Baron de Grimm, of M. Barthe, who had written a prosy comedy called the "Selfish Man;" without perceiving how closely he was acting in unison with his title, he went to M. Colardeau, who was given over by his physicians, and thus addressed him:

"My friend, I am shocked to see you so ill; but I have a favor to ask you, which is, to hear me read my 'Selfish Man.'"

"Consider, my friend," said Colardeau, "that I have but a few hours to live."

"Alas, yes! but that is the very reason that makes me anxious to gain your opinion of my piece."

He pressed the subject so much, that the dying man, to avoid the pest of his importunities, consented; and, after hearing it through without interruption, he said: "Your principal character is deficient in one quality."

"What is that?" asked the author.

"That of commanding the attention of a dying man," replied Colardeau, with a faint smile.

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A DEPRECATION OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

FREELY RENDERED FROM THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN—BY A SUFFERER.

[Giovanni de la Casa, afterwards Archbishop of Benevento, was one of the wits of Italy in the sixteenth century, and author of the famous treatise on good-breeding, entitled *Galateo*, is the writer of the following witticism. The name of John in Italian (Giovanni) shortens into *Gian* and *Gianni*, the sounds of which are nearly identical with those of our own John and Johnny; a circumstance which helps to maintain the integrity of the banter in English.

The extreme popularity of this name in the first instance, (owing, doubtless, to a cause too reverend to be mentioned here,) rendered it at length the most trivial of appellations, and degraded it into connection with every species of familiar or despised object,—Jack-ass, Jack-pudding, Jack boot;—John-a-Nokes, and John-a-Stiles, &c. It would be easy to vindicate, in a counter set of verses, the dignity of a name associated with some of the greatest of men;—but it is one of the privileges of a caricature to be allowed to have its own way, and assume that it is literally true, precisely because it is not so.

De la Casa's banter is so pleasant, that we wish we could have given an idea of it throughout; but some of its allusions would fail in English, from difference of customs. We have, therefore, omitted a few lines. The original is in *terza rima*, or what may be called the *chain* measure of Dante, of which the middle verse of one triplet rhymes with the first and third of the next; a system which does not suit English versification indeed, to our ear, any other.]

S'io avessi manco quindici o vent' anni,
Messer Gandolfo, io mi abattezzerei,
Per non aver mai più nome Giovanni;
Perch' io non posso andar pe' fatti miei,
Nè partirmi di qui per ir sì presso,
Ch'io nol senta chiamar da cinque o sei, &c.

Were I some fifteen years younger, or twenty,
Master Gandolfo, I'd unbaptize myself,
On purpose not to be called John. I never
Can do a single thing in the way of business,
Nor set out fast enough from my own door,
But half a dozen people are calling after me;
Though, when I turn, it isn't me; such crowds
Are issuing forth, named John, at the same moment.

'Tis an express insult; a mere public scandal.
Clergymen, lawyers, pedants,—not a soul,
But his name's John. You shall not see a face,
Looking like what it is, a simpleton's,—
Barber's, porkman's, or tooth-drawer's,—but the fellow
Seems by his look to be a John,—and *is* one!
I verily think, that the first man who cried
Boil'd apples or maccaroni, was a John;
And so was he who found out roasted chestnuts,
And how to eat cucumbers, and new cheese.

By heavens! I'd rather be a German: nay,
I'd almost said a Frenchman; nay, a Jew,
And be called Matthew, or Bartholomew,
Or some such beast,—or Simon. Really, people
Who christen people, ought to pause a little,
And think what they're about.—O, you who love me,
Don't call me John, for God's sake; or at least,
If you must call me so, call it me softly;
For as to mentioning the name out loud,
You might as well call after one like a dog,—
Whistle, and snap your fingers, and cry "Here, boy."

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Think of the name of John upon a title-page!
It damns the book at the first sight; and reasonably
People no sooner see it, than they conclude
They've read the work before.—Oh, I must say
My father made a pretty business of it
Calling *me* John! *me*, 'faith—his eldest son!
Heir to his—poverty! Why, there's not a writ,
But, nine times out of ten, is served on John,
And what still more annoys me, not a bill:
Your promiser to pay is always John.

Some people fondly make the word a compound,
And get some other name to stand its friend,
Christening the hapless devil John-Anthony,
John-Peter, or John-Charles, or John-Battista;
There's even John-Barnard, and John-Martin!—Oh,
Hear if the other name likes his society!

It never does, humor it as you will.
Change it, diminish it, call it Johnny, or Jacky,
Or Jack, 'tis always a sore point,—a wound,—
Shocking, if left alone; and worse, if touch'd.

C. E.

MY FAVORITE TREE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

Thou dost look old and sear,
My favorite tree,
And the cold night-winds, here,
Moan solemnly.

And birds forsake their nest
In thy sad bough,
To seek a closer rest,
Old tree, than thou.

Yet thou hast proudly stood,
Many a day,
Marking, amid the wood,
Others decay.

Many an axe hath fell'd,
Statelier tree,
But the quick stroke was quell'd
When it touch'd thee.

For thou wert, in old days,
Mine early mate,
My school, my scene of play,
And hall of state.

And thou hast been to me,
As time roll'd past,
That, which nought else could be,
Faithful and fast.

In after years I've come
Back, thou hast smiled,
Spreading thy leafy home,
As for the child.

And when thy boughs are bare,
Shall I leave thee,
To the rude woodman's care,
My favorite tree?

No—tho' the earth hath drunk
Thy life stream dry,
Still shall thine honor'd trunk
Gladden mine eye.

And when my days shall end—
Would I could be,
Where o'er me thou should'st bend,
My favorite tree!

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THE LAND PIRATES.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that nature yields;
Rapine, and wrong, and fear usurp'd her place,
And a bold, artful, surly savage race,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the lost vessel bend their eager eye;
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs, or the ocean's, miserable prey.

Crabbe.

In the course of a peripatetic excursion through the south-western provinces of England, I found myself slowly pacing the summit of the rough cliffs that fringe the British coast. I had been walking since day-break—it was then high noon—and I had partaken of no refreshment, save a draught of milk which I had purchased from an old crone in the precincts of the bleak and romantic Dartmoor, whose gloomy mazes I had since been threading with persevering industry. A small bundle, consisting of a change of linen tied up in a handkerchief, was fastened to the end of a tough oak stick, and slung over my shoulder. I had kept on my solitary march till my onward progress was stopped by the table land terminating in a precipitous cliff, at whose feet the sluggish waves of the channel stream were lazily beating.

I gazed anxiously around. I was alone. The gentle rippling of the sea could not be heard in the altitude of my position; the clouds sailed along the sky, and the wild birds flew past me as I gazed—not a sign of humanity could I perceive, except the distant ships as they glided slowly on their way. After some little wandering to and fro, I observed a scarcely discernible path along the edge of the cliff. Turning to the right, at a venture, I followed the sinuosities of this footway for a considerable distance without seeing either a public or private house, or any thing in the shape of man.

Fatigued and footsore, I crept down a long and dangerous flight of steps rudely cut in the rocky cliff, and descended to the beech, intending to doff my shoes and stockings, and wash my blistered feet—a luxury that every pedestrian can appreciate, and peculiarly grateful after the long and harassing walk into which I had unconsciously been betrayed. My little allowance of luggage was placed in a snug nook or cleft in the rock, and, sitting down on the shingle stones of the beach, I proceeded to put my intentions into execution; when looking up, I saw my bundle in the hands of a tall, hard featured man, dressed in loose shaggy trowsers, an immense pea jacket, and tarpaulin hat. As he turned round to answer my hail, the butts of more than one pair of pistols were visible in his belt, and I heard his cutlass jingle against the rock. The suddenness of his presence and the ferocity of his appearance rather startled me, but I put on an air of resolution as I hobbled over the loose stones, barefooted, and said, with a big voice—

"Hallo, there! What are you doing with my bundle?"

The man civilly touched his hat, and quietly said, "Preventive service, sir." I knew at once what he meant, and wondered at my stupidity in not having perceived it from the first. I ought to have recollected that bands of armed sailors were placed along the coast of England for the prevention of smuggling, and that the rough visaged tar was merely fulfilling his duty in turning over my half-dozen shirts and stockings to see that laces and silks of French manufacture were not concealed in their involutions.

He finished his search, and, tying up my bundle carefully, gave it me back with a sort of apologizing grin.

"From whence did you come upon me so abruptly?" said I.

Turning an enormous quid of tobacco in his still more enormous mouth, he pointed to a gully or ravine, worn by the rains in their course from the upland, and in whose recesses he had doubtless been concealed.

"Am I near any town or village?"

He spoke not, but gave his huge head, whiskers, tarpaulin, and quid, a negative shake.

"Is there any public house or tavern in the neighborhood where I can procure refreshment?"

He pointed the course I had been pursuing, and merely said "Two miles." I was about to ask him farther particulars, and why he was so short in his replies, when he touched his hat, and sprung lightly up the steps in the cliff which I had found so difficult to descend.

Before the expiration of the hour, I was seated at the door of a rude hostelry, known by the sign of the White Horse. In every village or hamlet in England the White Horse is sure to be the most conspicuous, and frequently, the only sign, unless a retired butler or footman from "the great house" in the neighborhood has ventured to establish an opposition tavern by the road side, and exhibit to the gaze of the wondering ploughman, a sign post covered with gaudy hieroglyphs, intending to represent the coat of arms of the landlord's former master. But the White Horse is the predominant device, and doubtless has retained its popularity from the days of the Heptarchy, when the banners of the Saxons, with a white horse conspicuously emblazoned, "floated all the land."

The establishment in question was a pot-house or hedge ale-house of the poorest description; a sanded parlor, and a small nook that served for bar and kit-

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chen, were the only rooms below, with the exception of a pig stye, which seemed, from the noise, to be well tenanted. Two chambers up stairs constituted the remainder of the building; of one of these rooms, really neat and clean in its appointments, I was inducted possessor, when I inquired for a night's accommodation.

The "bubbling cry" of some eggs and bacon, which the hostess was frying for my dinner, "came o'er mine ear like the sweet south, stealing and giving odor." The landlord assisted me to discuss a second mug of home-brewed, which he recommended as a capital thing after a long walk over the hills. There was nothing of the usual characteristics of mine host about him; he was meagre-visaged and long-bodied, with a pair of the shortest legs that ever were attached to the human frame. His arms were also ridiculously short, and as he spoke, he gesticulated violently, swinging about his stumpy limbs, and twisting his long body into every possible position. His clothes were ragged and threadbare—his manners were a mixture of excessive civility, (I had almost said servility,) and an occasional assumption of consequence—a sort of patronizing air, that scarcely assimilated with the poverty of his appearance and the insignificance of his domicile. The ale had opened the floodgates of his eloquence, and I had merely to direct its course. There was nothing of the twang of the western dialect in his speech; indeed, he seemed to have more of the provincial cockney than the bumpkin in his formation.

"What is the name of your village, landlord?"

"Don't call me landlord. I don't own no land, and I'm no lord. Things ought to be called by their right names, don't you see, my dear sir; so don't call this place a willage, 'cause it a'n't one We're just nothing with no name, not even a hamlet. I doubt if we have spirit enough to rank as Hamlet's ghost."

"No name?"

"No, sir; none, sir. Bad thing that, sir, werry. It is known as the Fish Shops all about here, but that's no name at all. We don't sell no fish to nobody, 'cause nobody never catches more nor he wants, and if he did, nobody never comes from nowhere to buy none."

"How then do the inhabitants live?"

"Live? my good fellow, say—*exist;* and that is just as much as a man can expect when there's such an abundance of *popperlation.* It's a ruining the country and filling up of foreign parts."

"Plenty of smuggling about here, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, thank God, we *do* do a deal in that line. But it's hard work, werry—trotting half a dozen miles up them hills with a couple of tubs over your shoulders, or a bale of dry on your noddle—puffing and running all night, with a chance of being nibbled by the prewentive, and all for such a little—robbing the crown for the sake of two-and-sixpence. In the good old times we used to get four shillings a trip, and no prewentives. All owing to the extra popperlation. Bad thing, that—werry."

"Is there much farming done in the neighborhood?"

"Farming! lor' bless you, nothing but grazing sheep on the downs here. Nothing grows here but mutton and popperlation—and them things is naturally connected. So many more men, so much more mutton. Not that I grumble—some of the sheep tumbles over the cliffs sometimes on a dark night, and them as finds the corpse is found in meat for a month, not to say nothing of the skin, which makes a werry warm blanket when the smell goes off, werry. And if some of the sheeps is shoved over on purpose, it's nobody's business if nobody knows on it"

"Have you no other resources?"

"We do but poorly in the summer, certainly; but a man don't want to eat in hot weather. A pint of ale and a pipe of 'backer is as much as a reasonable living being ought to look for in the dog days. In winter it's different, 'cause you want substantials to keep the cold out of your *innerds,* and 'backer smoke is werry windy work to face a nor'-wester on, werry. In spring and autumn, we do catch just fish enough to serve us fresh, but not enough to salt down—and no great harm neither, 'cause we've no salt, never, and none grows about here. Well, you see, in the winter, we get a werry tidy share of wrecks, werry. If you search the shore from St. Albans Head to Deadman's Point, you can't find a nicer place than this for a wessel to go ashore. Beautiful rocks, indeed—seems made for it a purpose."

"Are there many wrecks upon this coast?" said I.

"Oh, yes, sir, a werry comfortable quantity indeed—some years more than others. Last year, Providence was remarkably good to us. We had six or seven werry fine wrecks, werry. Some on 'em was noble wessels. Though wrecks is scarcer since we lost the pony."

"Lost a pony! What connection can there be between a horse and a shipwreck?"

"Lor' bless you, you are unaccountable ignorant, werry. There's floating lights moored off our coast a few miles to the westerd, to tell captains where the way lays to get to harbor. So we ties a large lantern about the neck of our pony, and slings up his near fore foot to make him pitch in his walk, and then we gently parades him over the beach on a werry dark night, and the stumbling of the animal and the swinging of the lantern makes it look as if it was fixed to a hull what's tossed by the waves. So if the captains of the wessels a'n't quite right in their reckoning, they comes straight up to the light, and gets too near the rocks to get back again. That little pony drawed us more wrecks than——"

"Pray, how did you lose this valuable little animal?"

"Waluable, indeed! There's a frigate off the pint, yonder, a receiving ship for the prewentive men; and no sooner is a ship ashore, than out comes all the king's sailors and takes our hard earnings out of our werry mouths. One lovely stormy night, we was a walking the pony, when they circumwented us and stole the animal. Great loss, werry. All owing to the quantity of popperlation—if there wasn't so many sailors, there wouldn't be no prewentive men to interfere with our lawful rights."

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"Were many bodies washed ashore from the wrecks of last year?"

"Well, that's a thing we're much blessed in. Our ebb tide is werry strong, werry; so if the flood brings up any thing unpleasant, such as a dead body or so, we let it lay till the tide turns, when we gives it a poke with a boat hook and sends it into the ebb, and it's taken away so comfortable—never troubles us again—saves our feelings being hurt, and burying expenses, and all that, which is werry pleasant, werry."

"Pray, is not murder likely to be an occasional attendant on such conduct?"

"Murder! lor' bless your silly head, no! What an idea! Between ourselves, in confidence, you know, I did hear that *once* there was an old fellow, a little shrivelled yeller-looking thing with a wrinkled face, what crawled out of the water and began to bother us just as we was so delightfully engaged with the wreck of a homeward-bound East Indiaman. The tide was ebbing fast, and we wanted to save as many of the things as we could before the flood, when the old man came down the beach, and claimed them all as his property. It was enough to wex a saint. Well, *somehow*, the old man slipped off a rock into the sea, and I believe that Joe Weasel did *rather* push him with a spar right out into the strength of the ebb, and told him to go to the ship and get his papers, and *when he came back*, he should have his property. But the poor dear old man never did come back, and it saved a great deal of trouble, werry."

"How do you dispose of the proceeds of your felony?"

"Felony! Good gracious! don't let 'em hear you! but for me, I'm not a proud man, and know how to take a joke. Government don't use us well—the frigate's people is a knocking up wrecking as well as smuggling—they nibbles a deal of our savings; and sometimes there is people left alive what we can't poke off in the ebb, and they takes all they can get. But we contrive to keep an odd thing or so back, even then, besides getting a pretty tolerable salvage. We had a delightful wreck about four years ago—a regular break-up—a foreign merchantman, and not one of the poor devils left alive, which was quite a mercy, you know. Such silks and things—a perfect god send! Then comes the Jews round to buy up what we made—how their eyes did twinkle, surely. You may see what we do with them things we can't sell."

Some few rods northward of the house, and under the lee of a high chalk hill, were placed about a dozen or twenty miserable huts. They were built chiefly with the ship timber that had been cast ashore, although the ribs and knees of solid oak were occasionally mixed with the rough and unhewn logs from the forest. Beneath a mud roof, patched with the green and rank vegetation of the half dried turf, might be seen the cabin windows and handsome carved work of a ship's stern; the places of the broken panes filled with rags and paper. Another rickety hovel, with many a gaping fissure in its cracked clay walls, boasted of a polished satin-wood door with gilded cornices that once graced the state room of an Indiaman—a floating palace of luxury and wealth. The most poverty-stricken hut, built of oddly sorted bulk heads and ship's gratings, had, for its door post, a gaudily painted carving of Plenty holding forth her cornucopia of rarest fruits—it had been the figure head of a merchant vessel; while, as if in studied mockery, two squalid brats were fighting for a boiled potatoe which had been coaxed from the landlady, and a long-backed famine-struck sow was vainly seeking for her swill in a brass bound wine cooler.

"Do these huts contain the whole population of the place?"

"There's four or five more in the Cat's Nook on the beach—walk half a score yards this here way and we can see 'em. There's the original settlers—t'others near the White Horse, is the interlopers, the extra popperlation. When I come here, we was but fourteen in all, and made money like fun. Now there's sixty, and wrecks a'n't a bit more plentiful, and sheep don't break their necks a bit oftener—to say nothing of no pony—which makes times awful bad, werry."

"Who lives in that boat-hut on the cliff?"

"Joe Weasel, our head man. He invented the rocking lights—the lantern on the pony, you know, he is quite a benefactor like. Lives up there to see what's in the wind. I do believe he smells a wreck or a free trade lugger, for he always tells us when we shall be wanted."

The hut was composed of one of the broad and deep boats used by the smugglers, or had been taken by the revenue officers in the illegal traffic, and condemned by the proper authorities to be sawed in half. The wrecker secured the hinder portion, and, placed end-wise against the hill side or, rather in a small nook on the very edge of the cliff, nothing was wanting but some slight boarding and a door to form it into a dwelling place; in this miserable substitute for a habitation, a man, his wife, and two children had dwelt for several years.

"Have you any gentry residing in the neighbourhood?"

"None at all, sir. We had a lawyer here a little while, but we starved him out. He was too proud to smuggle, and too lazy to get up on a dark night to go a wrecking; though he was always willing to buy whatever we made, and we was werry willing to sell, werry; but he never had no money—and it's a bad business selling wreckings on tick. He wasn't a bad sort of fellow for a lawyer—rode his horse, and drunk the real moonshine, and never told no tales. But though he set us all a quarrelling, he couldn't go to law, because, like him, we'd never no money. Well, six weeks used him up. He was going to Exeter to live, and so as we knowed he couldn't take his pony with him in the coach, Joe Weasel just lent it a little bit like for a day or two about the time of his starting.

"So, so; that is the way you obtained your quadruped, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Noble fellow that Joe—a public spirited individual, werry. There's the station house for the prewentives what sleeps ashore—it's half a mile off on the cliff, but in course we counts them as nothing

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We had, some years ago, a real gentleman live at that brick house in the walley, but he met with a misfortune that made it disagreeable for him to live here any longer."

"A serious misfortune, then, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, rather. He was drowned one day before dinner; awkward job that, sir, werry. A boatful was upset, and the whole boiling went to pot. But I see that my missus has laid the eggs on the table, and the bacon's frizzed, and the ale drawed; don't let us be *sp'iling* the dinner and have the fat get cold—bad thing, that, werry."

CHAPTER II.

Falstaff.—Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.
Bardolph.—Do, my lord.

Shakspeare.

MINE host's attempts at humor, in his descriptions, formed, in my mind, but a sorry palliative for the course of rapine which, with so much nonchalance, he confessed he was pursuing. I was in a bad neighborhood, and felt that there was almost a positive necessity of removal from my present quarters, unless I wished to be "poked into the ebb tide," or mutinized "over the cliff." When our frugal meal was at an end, I abstracted a genuine Habana from my cigar case, and throwing my feet up on the settle in the sanded parlor, endeavored to compose my mind and repose my limbs. The landlady was busily employed in scouring bright her pots and pans after their unfrequent use; mine host was occupied with a pipe of Dutch short-cut, and silence and smoke were predominant. A gentle tap at the window caused me to turn my head, and I beheld, peeping into the room, as ugly a countenance as imagination can conceive. Gray, cat-like eyes, deeply set beneath an overhanging brow; a hooked nose of enormous proportions; an aperture of frightful shape, termed, by courtesy, a mouth; with a deep blood-red scar in the sallow cheek that drew one side of the face completely down. The lower part of this lovely frontispiece was entirely enveloped in thick, sandy hair—beard, whiskers, and mustachios blended into one bush. The landlord obeyed the beck of this frightful personage, and, in a few minutes I saw them winding slowly up the hill path to the left. Upon inquiry I found that the visiter was Joe Weasel, the public benefactor; and he had doubtless called the landlord out to consult him on some new scheme of villany.

Anxious to quit this suspicious neighborhood, I inquired of the hostess the distance to the next village or market town, and found that it was much too far to attempt to reach it that evening. I retired to my bed chamber, and found that there was a good bolt inside the door—the only entrance to the room. Perfectly satisfied upon that point, I sallied forth for a little ramble, bending my steps towards the Cat's Nook, a narrow tortuous defile in the cliffs, and communicating with the beach.

It was, indeed, a dangerous coast. Long, narrow ridges of sharp rock ran from the shore, and hid their destructive points just below the surface of the treacherous wave. The mountainous barriers of the land reared their gigantic heads at the very water's edge, except where a long strip of sandy earth, called by the beachmen a bill, stretched many hundred yards into the sea, adding to the intricacies of the navigation, and affording a footing to myriads of wild fowl. Beyond this bill, the cliff trended somewhat suddenly to the east, rising still higher at the immediate point, and constituting a landmark of peculiar formation.

The bill or strip of land, like a natural breakwater, gave security to the anchorage under its lee, and sufficient shelter to the humble craft of that portion of the coast. Seated on a loose rock at the neck of the bill, I enjoyed the surpassing beauty of the scenery around. The cliff rose behind me perpendicular for many a fathom; the quiet waters of the humble roadstead were spread before me. In the offing, far to the right, was moored the frigate mentioned by my host—the web-like tracery of her masts and cordage were clearly perceptible in relief against the bright glories of the western sky; her taut-braced spars were straight as the horizon line, and the low, dark hull sat upon the bosom of the deep blue sea as if it was a thing of quietness and peace, and had never dealt the iron death around. A revenue cutter was anchored within a cable's length of the beach, sitting, like Byron's swan, upon her shadow—the distinguishing pennant, which marked her as a king's craft, was clinging idly to her mast; and the half-hoisted jib was hanging over her bows unmoved by breath of breeze. A few humble barks, belonging to the neighboring fishermen, were moored close in shore; the setting sun casting a lengthy shadow of their slender masts across the tiny ripples, whose tips were gilded by the departing glory of his beams. The clouds seemed motionless; and the screaming gull and saddle-backed crow flew heavily along, as if unwilling to disturb the harmonious repose connected with the scene.

"How beautiful the saucy little Fox looks," said a voice at my elbow. I turned round, and recognized my friend of the morning, the rough but honest looking tar engaged in the preventive service.

"You are again upon me before I knew of your approach," said I.

"Ay, ay, sir; not much difficulty in that—this sand don't sound in walking. Look at that saucy little Fox! don't she look a witch?" said he, glancing at the revenue cutter with an eye of affection—"and that crack craft in the offing there, to be boxed up here, ruled by the gungers, and employed in catching smugglers, and fishing up gin tubs—it is too bad, a'n't it, sir?"

"Not a very honorable pursuit," said I, "certainly. But how is it that you are now inclined to be so chatty when you were so short and sententious this morning?"

"Off duty, sir," said the sailor, with a real forecastle touch of his tarpaulin's tip. "We are not allowed to answer questions during our watch—so we wind up the slack of our jawing tackle round the belaying pin of the flag staff at the station house. But

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when the bell's struck and a fresh watch called, we pay out the lingo with a perfect looseness. And t does a sailor's heart good to meet with a gentleman l ike your honor that will hold tack and tack with an old tar, and dislikes to see him turned into a loblolly boy and set a thief catching."

"Your present occupation is not so congenial as meeting the enemy in open fight, I dare say; but you should consider that you still are serving your country, although the manner may not be agreeable."

"Serving my country! I have served her; and now, how is she serving me? an old jack tar is turned into a lubberly spy—stuck up on a foul weather point, in a dark night, to see that the poor devils of beachmen don't land here the stuffs they have honestly bought and paid for in foreign parts, and risked a life in lugging across the blue water. Why, the big wigs themselves—the tip-top lords who box the laws and tend the helm o' the state—always make the skippers of the admiralty crafts smug them over, in way of presents, a heap of shawls and silks enough to furnish stu'n-sails for the fleet. When I was at Sheerness waiting for a berth, the ordnance transports come in from Gravelines, with every bomb and mortar rammed full of French gloves and laces and things—all contraband—and who for? why for the nobs in power, and their missuses, and the young ones. These are the men who put me here to shoot down my fellow creatures for smuggling a few tubs of moonshine and a little tea."

"It is one of life's anomalies that the law maker is ever the law breaker."

"Why make laws about it? let the mounseers send in all they can, free of duty, and what worse would old England be? The parleyvoos have nothing to their backs worth buying but their *Ho-de-wee*. I ought to know, for I was three months in a French prison."

"Rather worse off then than you are now, eh?"

"I don't know that. When in bilboes, I was one of some twenty; we chaunted our staves and spun our yarns. Here I am alone, like a middy mast-headed. A jack tar don't like a solitary watch—and I don't think that land is a safe place in a gale of wind; there's no sea room—here we are, jammed on a lee shore, and not allowed to claw off it neither. It don't feel ship-shape to be so steady on your pins when the wind is howling, and the sea is tumbling and tearing all about you. Then too, my blessed life is unsafe amongst these savages. None of us blockaders dare walk the cliff on a dark night—if we did, we should soon be overboard. They won't fire at us, because the sound of fire arms is the signal for a general rush of the guard to the place where the report came from. Sam Becket had a piece of rock hurled at him from he top of the cliff as he was walking on the beach beneath. It was as big as a biscuit bag, and would have killed an ox if it had hit him; but Sam had stopped to pick up a shiny pebble for his boy at home, and the rock knocked off his tarpaulin sky-scraper, and smashed it to smithereens."

"Do they contrive to land many cargoes of smuggled goods since the establishment of the coast blockade?"

"Ay, ay, sir, and always will. The free traders are fuller of tricks than a purser's kitten—there's no knowing where to hit 'em, as Jack Spry said, when the ghosts of his two old uncles used to haunt him, wrapped up in invisible sheets. But I can't unwind any more yarn off the reel this present writing, for there goes the evening gun from our frigate yonder, and that's a sign that the old woman has the sea tackle under way. Not that I care for the scald-chops, but as the old girl is kind enough to moor alongside of me when I take my grog on the afternoons I'm off duty, I feel bound to return the compliment over the bohea."

The sailor made me his best quarter deck bow, and moved off before the sound of the frigate's gun had left off booming among the rocky bays and hollow fastnesses of the shore. Darkness was gathering thick to the eastward; so, buttoning up my coat, I started off for the White Horse at a pretty quick pace; just as eight bells were struck aboard the cutter, followed by the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle, that piped away the boat's crew for their evening duty of rowing along that portion of the coast consigned to their surveillance.

CHAPTER III.

First Outlaw.—We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed.—Master, be one of them—
It is a kind of honorable thievery.
Second Outlaw.—Tell us this: have you any thing to take?
Valentine.—I have but little wealth to lose.
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Shakspeare.

As I turned the corner of the rocky defile leading from the beach to the row of huts, I observed that ugly looking ruffian, Joe Weasel, standing at the door of the White Horse, in earnest conversation with his gabbling master. Weasel's small but restless eyes soon spied me out; and after a few hasty words to his companion, he put his finger to the tip of his hooked nose, and with a knowing nod of his head, vanished in the shadow of the hill. My fears of the villanous inhabitants of this den of outlaws returned trebly full. One of the scoundrels had confessed to the commission of murder for their general good—and such was the apparent poverty of the wretches that even the small sum of money I possessed might be deemed sufficient for the price of blood. The conversation with the sailor had eradicated the surmises I had entertained of the lack of truth in all that the foolish landlord had so freely communicated; and such were my apprehensions, that I would willingly have given up my little bundle of linen and the stock of cash reserved for travelling expenses, if I could have been assured that I should have been allowed to depart without bodily injury. The inconveniences of travelling penniless and unprovided through a bleak and inhospitable district were as nothing in comparison with the fear of death.

The landlord followed me into the parlor of his house, but without answering the civil salutation

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which I had thought it politic to greet him with. Several poverty-stricken, ill-looking men were in loud and earnest conversation, but my appearance was the signal for a general silence. Every body directed a severe and scrutinizing look towards me—nods and winks were abundantly passed to and fro. The landlady was standing in the bar, with her back towards me, and pouring out a glass of liquor for a huge black-bearded ruffian, whose prominent eyes were fixed upon me with a stern and sinister expression.

"Well," said the landlady, who, from her position, was unaware of my approach, "well, although his shirts is quite new, and would just fit my Tim, still the young man is as full of civility as a half anker is of the right sort—and there shan't come no harm to him if I can help it—though I must say, he deserves whatever he may get—and them lamb's-wool stockings of his is things I've been wanting for many a long year."

"Hold your fool's tongue, Mother Bugsby," said the hairy villain, who had just drank his *neat as imported*, "and since Joe Weasel has been compelled to join the look out, let your duck-legged husband take the young fellow aloft, and tell him what we mean to do."

"Ay, ay," growled out the rest, in a deep bass chorus.

The landlord opened the stair-case door, and, bowing, awaited my ascent. The gaunt and ragged men crowded round me; I was bewildered, and unable to address them—the smugglers pressed on—to avoid them, I jumped up the few steps leading to the little bed chamber. The door was instantly shut, and I heard a wild but suppressed shout of, "Hurrah! now, then, we have him safe."

The landlord shortly re-appeared, with a miserable rush candle fixed in a coarse holder of yellow, unbaked clay—exactly the same description of light that is used by the natives of the north of Ireland to ornament the rustic biers of the defunct. A grin of peculiar intelligence lighted up the host's lank physiognomy, as he put the death-light on the little table, and said—

"Dreadful nasty business, this, sir—werry."

"Mr. Bugsby, if that is your name," said I, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour, and why have I been forced into this apartment by your ruffianly friends?"

"Oh, don't do that; don't say the fault is their'n—its your'n. The excess of the popperlation is against you—don't aggrawate the minority, or you'll have no friends. It was Joe Weasel as found you out."

"Found me out?"

"Yes. I told you he was a public benefactor—so he is; werry. He is on the look out, under the cliff, as we expect a few friends from over the water this evening; but I shall hear from him soon—till then, we have much pleasure in locking you up."

"Lock me up—confine me—to what end?"

"That's right; never know what you've done, and you'll do—only Joe saw you talking to the prewentive man on the beach, near the Cutter's Steps, this morning, and you made appintments to meet him near the Cat's Nook this evening. Meantime you've been making every possible sort of insinnivating inquiry about every thing and every body—which Joe Weasel heard you inquire, and I was innocent enough to answer. You have been down to meet the perwentive and have told him every thing. We seen you talking for a long time—werry. Now, it so happens that we are going to be busy this night—werry. We've given the station-house people information on oath about a landing three miles off what won't take place, but it will draw all the boats and the shore prewentives from our neighborhood, while we runs a trifle of tubs—not more than two hundred. If all things goes on fairly and honorably, you won't get meddled with no farther—but if our gentlemen should get interrupted, I'm afraid that the popperlation will indulge in some unpleasant personal remarks—werry."

"Why, landlord," said I, "this is all a mistake. I am not an informer."

"We did not expect you to own it, and I am glad you're not so ungentlemanly as to disappint us. We was werry disunanimous about what we should do with you—werry. Switchell wishes to set you adrift in a cockboat with a bit of dried fish and a keg o water, and Fluke was of that opinion ditto, as he'd got an old skiff that was too leaky for any other use, and he offered to sell it pretty cheap. Billy Bloter said that we ought to run you up the country, and hide you for a month in Dartmoor Forest. Nick Fidler proposed to coop you up in a little cave or nook as he knows on, up in the face of the cliff—it's a nice, convenient place, werry, with a beautiful landscape of the whole of the channel, and you might bawl for a month, and nobody hear you. Jack Spike says that they always hang spies in civilized society, and was kind enough to offer to give you a twist on that there stunted oak; this proposal was werry popperlous, werry—but Mrs. B. and me both thought that we did not think that the tree was tall enough to hang a man on *comfortably*, and Jack, like a good hearted creature as he is, withdrew his proposition. Sam Blake delicately hinted something about shoving you over the edge of the cliff, and poking you off in the ebb tide, but Joe Weasel said you wasn't worth it, as most likely, when you was rotted and floated, you would let your body go ashore somewhere and breed a lot of questions. So we concluded to lock you up here till the run was over—I'm to be your body guard—and now, what would you like to drink?"

Suffice it to state that all my explanations were considered equivocal; that part of the coast was very rarely visited by tourists or sea bathers, and, I must confess that appearances were against me. I therefore sat quietly down, but not without some apprehension as to the result of the smugglers' proceedings. It was evident that if the *ruse* with the blockade men did not succeed, I was to be considered as the informer and the cause of failure, and would have to abide the infliction of their malignant revenge.

The men below left the house at an early hour, and the landlord, having ordered his wife to bring up some ale and tobacco, to be charged to the gentleman's account, performed a furious smoking, talking

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and drinking *terzetto*, with considerable vivacity, for couple of hours, when his performance resulted in a solo snore. I had heard somebody lock the room door on the outside and remove the key, but an idea of escape by the window now occupied my mind, and I determined to attempt its execution rather than remain obnoxious to the smugglers' vengeance. The house, with the exception of the landlord's nasality, was still as death. I suffered the wick of the miserable dip candle to remain unsnuffed until it was sufficiently long to threaten extinction to the flame, and gave the smallest possible light. I then removed the clay candlestick to the farther end of the room; I puffed out the light, and moved forward to the window, which I cautiously opened. The night air came gratefully over my heated forehead. It was a dark night—intensely dark; not a star appeared in the heavens to scatter even a twinkling ray of light. I had scarcely time to look around me ere a low, clear voice sounded through the stillness of the air—

"Back from the window, sir, or I'll send a bullet through you."

As it was impossible to mistake the nature of this intimation, I instantly obeyed it, and sat down, convinced that the smugglers had had recourse to all possible means to secure me in their toils. I had not long regained my seat ere the long-bodied landlord indulged in a profound yawn, and muttered out—

"Redickerlus attempt, werry."

I threw myself upon the bed, but could not sleep. The night seemed interminably long, and my reflections were not of the most agreeable nature. The landlord's snore, which he had renewed with increased energy, had almost soothed me into a doze, when I heard a footstep on the stairs. The door was unlocked—a loud voice exclaimed, "Hollo, here; all in the dark. Jump up, you Tim, and get a light."

The speaker removed the mask from a small, dark lantern—the candle was lighted—and I saw that Joe Weasel was in the room.

He sat down on the table near the window, and fixed his small but piercing eyes upon me, but uttered not a word. It was impossible to judge of the expression of his scarred and weather-beaten countenance. He removed a pair of ship's pistols from the pockets of his patched and greasy pea jacket, and placed them, full cocked, on the table by his side. He then produced a flat bottle or tin-bound flask, and emptying a horn drinking cup, that was half full of ale, upon the floor, he filled it to the brim with the spirituous contents of his flask.

"Here, youngster," said he, offering me the flask, "let this make all right between us. I believe that we have suspected you without a cause, but men in our line can't be too particular. We have made our landing, and the government thieves have not yet returned to the station-house from the fool's errand I sent them on. I overheard the long-tongue here tell you many things that never ought to have been known, —but it seems the beer-brained lubber had sense enough to keep our night's affair a secret. I did not know whether he had told you, and I could not believe his assertion. I saw you in conversation with the blockaders—so I just ordered you to be boxed up, and prevented from signalizing with the station-house."

I was about indignantly to speak—

"Belay—belay," said he, producing a coverless and well thumbed lump of dog's-eared leaves from his spacious pocket. "You are at liberty to go in the morning; and mind that you don't stop chattering any where within twenty miles, if you don't wish to see me again. Our next meeting may not end so peaceably. So, swear that you will not bring the king's bull dogs upon us for what you have heard or seen about here, and that you will not answer, to our injury, any questions that may be put to you by the government officers—so help you God."

I took the oath—it was not in my power to refuse it. The remnant of the testament was offered me with one hand, whilst the other presented a pistol. Thoughts of the cliff, the ebb tide, the stunted oak, the crazy boat, and other unpleasant alternatives, came upon my mind, and I took the vow required.

Joe Weasel pocketed the book and the pistols, and left the house. Mr. Tim Bugsby secured the flask and the tobacco, and followed his example. The first blush of an autumnal morning tainted the gray west, and I prepared for my departure. I settled my bill with the landlady, who was already up, if, indeed, she had been to bed; and in return for her charitable wishes of the previous evening, I presented her with a pair of the long-coveted lamb's-wools.

Unwilling to retrace the ground of the preceding day's journey, I turned to the right, and proceeded along the cliff. I soon discovered the station-house for the men employed in the preventive service. It was a long, low, barrack-looking wooden building, removed some little distance from the edge of the cliff, and close to the end of a very large gully, which ran in a gentle slope from the side of the house on the level of the cliff to the water mark below. This ravine must, at one time, have been a favorite spot with the smugglers, from the convenience of the ascent from the beach; and the preventive men not only enjoyed the same advantage, but found in it a glorious shelter for their boats.

The path, from the interruption of the ravine, wound past the front of the station house. A band of blockaders, who had just turned out, and were on the point of marching to relieve the night watch, mustered about the flag staff on the lawn. Directly I came in sight, all eyes were turned towards me, and one of the men went into the house. He returned immediately with a naval officer, who was in his shirt sleeves, and carried his coat under his arm. As I approached, he finished his toilet, eyeing me all the while with a cool and steady gaze.

When I was within half a dozen yards of the house, he left the door, and asked me what I wanted there?

"I believe I am on a thoroughfare path," said I.

"Harkee, my lad," said he, "you appeared on our coast suddenly yesterday morn, just before a false information was laid that deceived me and my men; and besides passing the night at the smugglers' head-

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quarters, you were seen drinking yesterday afternoon with some of the rascals concerned in landing a boat-ful of tubs last night when we were out of the way. I believe you to have been a principal agent in both these jobs."

"Indeed, lieutenant, I am a visiter here—a stranger."

"Keep so, sir; never let me see you here again, for if I do, and my hands can swear any thing against you, I'll have you thrown into a cart, and driven off to the county jail."

I endeavored to explain. The lieutenant returned to the house and shut the door. The men marched away with ill-repressed shrugs and sneers. I dashed indignantly down the ravine, uttering fulminations against all smugglers, preventives, wreckers, fishermen and sailors in general. I had become, in one short day, an object of general suspicion. I had been a prisoner all night to one party, and threatened with jail the next morning by the other.

I resolved to turn my back upon the coast and all its appendages. I regained the cliff, and walked rapidly over the downs for a couple of hours—the exercise soon quieted my irritation. The country became more rural every step. I was once more in the region of honest industry and smiling, chubby faces. My usual cheerfulness of temper was restored, and I was singing aloud the burden of some old familiar song, as I paced merrily over the ruts of a green and narrow lane; when, turning a corner rather abruptly, I discovered a snug and cosey ale-house, with a volume of white smoke curling from its humble chimney—fowls fluttered in the yard, and a couple of cows hung their heads over the palings—all reminding me rather strongly of breakfast, with the pleasant concomitants of fresh butter, cream, and eggs. I walked with a light step into the house—the rattle of cups and saucers attracted my attention. I entered the parlor, and saw the ugly headed Weasel and the uglier bodied Bugsby busily employed at the breakfast table.

The smuggler jumped up, and unbuttoning his coat so as to exhibit the butts of his pistols, which he touched with a significant grin—"Ten miles farther, and no chattering," said the ruffian.

I wished to expostulate; the landlord refused doggedly to shelter me. I was compelled to proceed; and Mister Tim Bugsby, as he opened the door, favored me with a low bow, and politely said,

"I wish you a pleasantish walk, sir—werry."

THE LAST SCENE OF A MISER'S TRAGEDY.

> He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands
> His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
> Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
> Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
>
> *Dr. Johnson.*

THERE was an old miser of Flanders, who carried his passion so far, as to deny himself sufficient food for the cravings of nature. He used to lie in a truss of straw, well bound together with osier thongs; and in the middle of this he made a hole, into which he crept like a badger. Time was to him little better than a pause; for his hopes had scarcely any progression—his chief purpose in life now being to take care of what he had got. His house contained his world; his bundle of straw was his only luxury. And here, in this grub-like state, he lay naked all the day; but when the dusk of evening came on, he would slowly crawl from his musty nest, and, huddling on a few ragged clothes, stalk out into the fields at bottom of his weed-grown garden, or into the roads and lanes, to see what he could find. Dry leaves to make tea with, bits of turf or rotten wood for his seldom-kindled fire, were the chief object of these rambles; and he was once seen carrying home a dead crow for his Christmas dinner.

He had been originally a tradesman of middling degree, and even these circumstances he was only able to maintain by the most incessant attention both early and late. Yet somehow it happened, that beyond this he could never rise, though he pursued the same course upwards of fifty years. Perhaps this was occasioned by his whole attention and endeavors being employed upon the minutest points of gain, so that when any great opportunity, or one beyond his ordinary habit of mind, occurred, he either let it slip unobserved, by never raising his eyes from the dust, or else stood wavering between astonishment and fear, till fortune had flown her kite over his head.

At length a change occurred in the current of trade, whereby, without the necessity of making any venture, his profits began rapidly to increase. This very circumstance, instead of giving him a real sense of pleasure, only served to redouble his avarice and his cares. He grew silent, absorbed, distrustful, and meanly suspicious of every body around him; from that moment, becoming also so penurious in his domestic habits, that his son was obliged to quit the house, and travel to France, in order to engage in some business apart from him.

The old man continued the same course till he grew so infirm, as to be unable to give the requisite attention; and being too distrustful quietly to suffer any one else to manage his affairs, would have died in the

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alternation of the two agonizing endeavors, when a relative chancing to leave him a small house near Ghent, he disposed of his business advantageously, and repaired thither forthwith.

He sold the furniture, and he sold the fixtures; he sold the fruit trees, and he sold the garden tools; he sold the yard-dog, with his kennel, collar, chain, and water-pan. The house he could not sell, because it was to go to his son after his decease; but he did what he could with it: he sold his *chance* of the house, in case his son happened to die first; and for this he got *something*.

All these preliminaries of desolation being settled, he installed himself in the innermost apartment of the house, and let every thing fall to ruin about him.

Having stalked about several years in the miserable way of life described above, he at length became conscious that his worn-out frame must shortly give way to old age and constant privations. So he took his gold, by a piece at a time, to the bottom of his garden, where a long cave had been constructed many years ago, in the time of warfare, and deposited it in a large earthen jar. When the jar was at length full, he stood gazing at it immoveably several hours; then, with a heavy heart and inward groans, he buried it—as a man would bury all he loved, and with it all his hopes! This done, he felt death coming fast upon him, and closing the trap door of the cave, and casting earth over it, he crawled back to his room, and got into his truss of straw to await his last moment, and be buried also.

Thrice he extended his long fleshless arm over the floor, with a bit of chalk in his bony fingers, as though to write a few words to his son; and as often withdrew it. After a pause he dropt it, and broke into the following soliloquy:—

"—— No—let him work for his own gold—he shall not know of mine! With unceasing pain and care, and by slow gradations, did I acquire it; and shall it be dispersed away with ease and pleasure, and rapid as a summer shower? He would not endure the privations which I, though less able by reason of my years, did most constantly sustain; and he left me to contend alone against the trading and rapacious world, to pursue his private interest in another country. Be it so: if he is industrious, he may do well; if the opposite, he shall not come here to play the spendthrift with my groans. Has not my thrift been close attended with pangs of body and mind? Have I not denied sleep to my age—warmth to my infirmity—medicine to my ailments—and have I not continually endured the slow and gnawing pangs of hunger? Ay, ay, beyond words—they can convey no tangible idea of it; and if they did, it would be beyond belief. No matter—it suffices for *my* conscience.

"'Yet *wherefore* this extreme endurance?' says the world; 'was it not thine own will? Then no compassion can be given; more especially as it was without purpose or rational end, since you now die without making any use of that which has cost you such extremities to acquire.'—True; and if men never fell into any engrossing passion without first finding reasonable grounds for it, then do I deserve to be condemned as an exception. Let philosophers show that the cravings of avarice, and the hoarding up of wealth is mistaking the means for the end. I admit it. But does this apply to me alone? Is it not comparatively universal? Is ambition—hope—or love, ever satisfied or happy? Is glory—rank—power, ever satisfied or happy? Is malice satisfied? Is revenge—remorse—despair? Death alone sets a limit to real passion.—But *if* all this reasoning be no better than the sophistry of self-love, and that I have indeed mistaken the right end of life's efforts, *which others find*, then have I discovered the error too late. Man's will, long implicated in any cause, cannot return and face wisdom with a humble bow. My last page is now being scanned by the rapid moments!—I am upon the edge of time!—the abyss of thought and confused imaginings are before me—all this stage and scene are fast vanishing into naught! My only object of life is buried; I care no longer for myself. Men will execrate my memory according to their own poverty. Let them. A wretch—a rag—a starved dog—a creeping thing—a miser!—No matter. Let my son come to my house and say, like an ogre, 'Where is his gold?' He shall but find the tools that worked for it—my bones! Let all posterity, or any pinch of human dust, rail at my life, and at this last act; I would say to them from my grave, if wretchedness has been my means of gain, it was my choice and *my* sufferance—which injured no one. If my gain was no real end or enjoyed object to *me*, the grieved or care-worn getter—why should it be to you, the mere open-mouthed? If desolation has been my companion, I so willed it; if starvation has been my day-fiend and my long night's vulture, I bore it for my passion; and, therefore, have I hidden my gold, for ye shall not riot with my life's misery!"

So saying, the miser sank down into his straw, and, after a few gasps, died without a struggle. His demise being discovered in a few weeks, he was buried at the expense of the parish.

It is shown in the above soliloquy how he justified his conduct to himself. As he was all-enduring and entire in his devotedness to his passion, however mean a one it was, we have not, after the fashion of modern novelists, compromised him in his last moments to a conventional moral. The real moral, in all cases of misdirected passion, must be looked for in the most generous and disinterested feeling of our unbiassed nature, which, with that sense of benevolence implanted in the heart, (a thing either above reason, or else the highest degree of it,) convinces us the more strongly by beholding a true picture of evil or pure selfishness, that nothing is really good for us which does not in some way conduce to the good of another.

R. H. H.

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HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PENN.

(Continued from Page 319.)

CHAPTER XII.

What! defy him before you have seen him?—
Aye; 'tis our positions, not ourselves, that differ.
Quarrel is oftener daughtered by the variance
That lies in circumstance and interest
Than by the hate that is between the men.

Ford.

The champion true
Loves victory more, when dim in view:
Let not my bark in calm abide,
But win her fearless way against the chafing tide.

Keble.

I REMAINED for a few minutes in the summer house, pondering the words of mystery and alarm which had fallen from the lady, before I returned into the dancing room. The suggestion which she made of difficulty, and the hint which she gave of danger, had in them little that could disturb one, to whom effort and endurance had familiarized their harshest forms. In what shape these troubles might appear, and to what degree they might extend, I rather "admired" than "feared."

I entered the house, and drew near to one of the lamps for the purpose of examining the ring which the unknown object of my admiration had placed upon my finger. It was an ancient turquoise, of extraordinary size and great brilliance of color. Inscribed upon it, in large letters, was the name "Helena," and under the word was a rhymed sentence, to the effect that, "the gift of that ring bound more firmly than the rites of church." Beneath this was engraved "The marriage ring of the house of Angstein."

What precise virtue this antique token might have in actually effecting the union to which it had reference, I could not well understand. I might, however, make a definite conclusion as to the intentions of the donor in investing me with it; and my heart beat to think that the feelings which struggled so strongly in my bosom were returned so warmly on her part, and the doubts and darkness that had rested upon my hopes were changed to genial certainty of joy. There is a throb of pleasure when we first realize as a fact what we have long counted on as future, which flashes a realness of delight upon our inward consciousness, with an earnestness of apprehension that in the dreaminess of ordinary life is rarely brought home to us. In such moments we catch a glimpse of a depth and concentration of passion and impression to which the common condition of existence is a stranger.

I had passed into another room, and was slowly making my way towards the hall, when a person whom I had observed to pass me several times and regard my person with a scrutinizing air, came up to me, and bowing stiffly, begged the favor of looking at the ring which I wore upon my hand. I had no idea of gratifying an impertinent curiosity by yielding to a request which he had no right to make, and was about to reply to that effect, when the stranger, who had stooped down and obtained a closer view of the stone, cried out, "Villain! you have stolen that ring from the cabinet of Angstein palace! and have you the effrontery to appear with it in public?"

I removed my mask, and laying my hand upon my sword, bowed to him in silence, and fixed my eye significantly upon his.

"Where did you obtain that ring?" he continued earnestly, appearing to forget the insult, and to disregard the notice which I took of it. "Did you find it, or was it given to you?"

I continued in the same attitude, and made no reply. He seemed presently to comprehend my intimation, and throwing off his mask, bowed with great courtesy and grace, and placed his hand upon his hilt, to indicate his willingness to yield to my demand. His features, which were extremely handsome, had the emphatic and ineffaceable stamp of high birth and high breeding, and an air of dignity that was singularly noble. I thought also that I perceived a resemblance between his countenance and that of the lady whose gift was the subject of our difference.

He led the way towards that part of the gardens from which I had come, and I followed him in silence. We went on through the dark shrubbery that arched the paths near the house, until we came to an open spot in the park, where the moon shone with distinctness, and which was far enough from the company we had left to prevent the noise of our swords from reaching them. We both drew, and crossed our blades. My antagonist was perfect master of his weapon, and I quickly perceived that it would be impossible for me to get any advantage over him. After he had parried my thrusts, for some time, with admirable skill, he caught his weapon and folding it under his left arm, bowed with haughty politeness.

"Sir," said he, "as you have sufficiently established your ability to vindicate your honor from any aspersion, you will permit me now to do what should have been done at first, tender to you my apology for the language which fell from my lips. The words escaped me in the heat of feeling, and were as inappropriate to you as unworthy of me."

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I readily accepted his excuses, and professed myself satisfied with the arrangement of the affair.

"That difficulty being ended," he renewed, "you must pardon my returning to the subject of our former conversation. The ring, of which I spoke, is still upon your finger. It has been for centuries the property of the house of Angstein. I doubt not the honor and integrity of the means by which you became possessed of it, but it is wholly impossible that I should suffer it to remain in your keeping. I must insist upon your resigning it at once to me."

"That, be assured," said I, "I shall never do. The history and the property of the trinket it is needless to canvass; the possession is mine under such circumstances that I shall part with it to no one. You take it only with my life."

"It must be one or both," he replied in a resolute voice of suppressed passion, and his pallid countenance indicated the violence of the emotion which disturbed him.

In a moment our swords again touched one another, and the clashing of the steel was far more emphatic than before. My antagonist avowedly sought my life, and the furious rapidity of his strokes threatened the success of his purpose. The spur both of honor and of interest, that stimulated my exertions, nerved the arm whose agility it increased. I fought, of course, only to protect my life, but as my blood heated in the violence of the strife, my passion deepened into animosity. At every stroke of my blade, I grew more impatient of the prolonged effort; and I knew that there was but one mode of terminating the affair.

The contest, which grew more violent every instant, was presently interrupted by an unexpected occurrence. A large, white mantle was flung over the arms of both, and the tall figure of a woman stood between us. So eagerly had I been engrossed in the interest of the combat, that I thought this sudden apparition had descended from the air, and I drew back a step or two in involuntary surprise. A moment after, I recognized the commanding mien and queen-like dignity of the beautiful inciter of the quarrel.

She extended her hand towards me and said, "Return to me my ring!"

"Certainly, if you command it; but I beg you will not compel me to abandon the possession which I have undertaken to defend. I crave that you will not revoke your gift."

"My request," she replied, "casts no shadow of doubt either upon the constancy of your purpose or the vigor of your arm: it is prompted by motives wholly personal. I desire you to give it me. The purpose of the gift is accomplished."

I immediately took the ring from my finger, and placed it in her hand.

"You will take notice," said I, turning towards my late antagonist, who stood motionless at a little distance from the lady, leaning upon his sword, "that this resignation of the cause of our difference is not voluntary on my part, and that I hold myself in equal readiness to defend the transfer which has now been made, and every future disposition of the gem which the present possessor may direct."

He bowed in silence, and then said to the lady, "Did you present the ring to this stranger?"

"I did," she replied.

"And placed it upon his finger?"

"I did."

He paused for a few moments, and stood as if in meditation. I saw his dark eye flash with deep and controlled excitement, but he did not speak. He presently sheathed his sword, and turning off, strode rapidly towards the palace. When he had passed from the view, the lady again handed me the ring.

"Madam," said I, "you compel me to fear that your kindness has triumphed over your opinion of my ability, and that your interference has been prompted by a consideration for my safety."

"Nay," she replied, "could not my presence have been occasioned by the danger of a brother! Rather, I consulted only my private feeling when I interrupted the deadly conflict of the two dearest persons to me upon earth."

As she spoke, she turned towards an avenue which opened near by, and disappeared among the shrubbery. I stood for a few moments on the spot where she had left me, pondering the incidents which had just befallen me. Until the last remark was made by her, I had been under the impression that my opponent in the contest was my rival also; indeed, the resemblance with which I had been struck at once, suggested to me the probability that this person was her cousin. When she said that he was her brother, I was at a loss to account for the enmity which was so instantly excited against me, for of my history and character he must have been wholly ignorant. The mystery which attended the ring that I held upon my finger, perplexed me extremely. In presenting it to me, the fair donor had said that its possession would start a store of difficulty around me, and so magically dangerous had its ownership proved that the first moment of its display had involved me in a mortal contest, and the resignation of it only had effected my safety. If her word still held its virtue, I might look for more troubles ere our quiet union were effected.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.
Wordsworth.

On the following morning I mounted my horse and rode towards the castle, beneath the walls of which I had first met, by night, the fascinating object of my present solicitude. I had no doubt that her residence was there, and I wished to be informed of the obstacles which prevented, as it seemed, a fortunate termination of the efforts which I had made to stand upon the footing of an acknowledged lover. Some concealed fact there was, I felt assured, in the circumstances of some of the parties which might deeply concern my prospects of happiness.

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The breeze that ever hovers around the confines of the sea, like a sedulous slave about the slumbers of an eastern prince, was stirring the air till it shook from its bosom the very soul of strength and spirit of life. As I urged my steed along the road that wound close beside the borders of that glorious element, which is to me an inspiration and a godlike presence, the mighty rigor of the scene inspired my breast with gladness and energy. Beneath the deep blue of the sky there floated in magnanimous profusion, great islands of clouds, as white as the Parian marble, which built up the heavens into a wide and splendid temple of light.

An hour's ride brought me within view of the mansion which I sought. The road, bending with the coast, and striking in so as to leave the castle between itself and the sea, passed near to the large gate which gave admission to the gardens. I dismounted, and securing my horse, entered the yard. The place was profoundly quiet; no one was visible. I passed up along the gravel path that wound through rich beds of the choicest flowers and the most graceful shrubbery. The rarest exotics from the west bloomed beside the delicate prodigality of the productions of Asia. Every thing bore the marks of a wealth that was exceeded only by the taste which directed its supplies. I thought indeed that I could trace on all sides the presence of that graceful mind which ever sought to realize to the senses some portion of that exhaustless beauty which was its dwelling and its essence.

I walked along by the side of the castle until I came opposite to a broad Venitian door, which stood open. It formed an entrance from the garden to a richly furnished saloon. It seemed as still and unoccupied as every part of the establishment which I had yet visited, and I had almost passed the door, when my eye caught the glimpse of a lady's dress quite in the interior of the room and to the left of the window. I sprang forward and looked in. Reposing at full length upon a crimson ottoman, her head resting on the elevated pile of cushions, one of her arms drawn back behind her neck, and her eye fixed in the intentive vacancy of reverie, lay the woman whose presence I thus adventured to gain. Surrounding the head of her couch stood a number of tall flowers, in porcelain vases; their exquisite fragrance diffused a delightful perfume through the room. Before she was conscious that her solitude was interrupted, my knee was bent before her, and taking her soft, white hand in mine, I pressed it to my lips.

"Darling of my heart! who art the life of my life, and the bright reality of all my aim, wishes, and unconscious aspirations, in your presence only do I feel the fullness of my being, and taste the joy of complete existence. Will you not fly with me where we shall be free to breathe forth our love in all its gushing depth, and bid our spirits glow with all the fervor of unshadowed passion? What miserable barriers prevent our peaceful enjoyment on this spot, I know not; but I will bear you to the wild solitudes of the inaccessible hills, and amid the untrodden vallies of their unechoing concealment, our souls shall embrace in all the swelling ardor of our unchecked love. Will you not fly with me?"

"It is hard," she replied, "to leave a place where the young heart has so long mused in uncomplaining loneliness, that as it daily gazed in dreamy stillness, the very trees have seemed to yearn towards it with a brother's love, and the thoughtful flowers have smiled with all a sister's full affection—in which every breeze that sighs through the bowing tassels of the corn and every shadow that the bending ivy flings upon the wall, compel their pensive solitude to be the sad remembrancers of a father's care, and a mother's tenderness. It is hard to leave a spot of which every image is so deeply imprinted on the memory that the scene appears almost a portion of the mind itself, and in leaving it, we appear to relinquish our former being. But it must be so; for we cannot long continue to meet upon this ground."

"Tell me," said I, "what obstacle prevents our union, and what produced, on the part of your brother, so deep an irritation at the connection which he discovered to exist between us."

"My brother and myself," she replied, "have occupied this spot, alone, for twenty years. Our parents were dead before our recollection, and we remained the last representatives of our family. Our confidence in one another was entire, our affection complete, and our harmony uninterrupted by a single difference of purpose or feeling; and, until within a few months, I lived without an anxiety or distress of any description. At that time my brother laid before me a proposal of marriage from prince Menitzen, a young noble of great wealth and power, with whom he had long been intimately associated in business and pleasure, but who never visited this castle, and whom I have never seen. Upon my hesitating to accept this offer, my brother became excited, and after demonstrating the numerous advantages of this connection, expressed his earnest wish that I would not reject it. This eagerness on his side to compel an arrangement, for which, as regarded his own prospects or my happiness, there was no visible motive, alarmed me, and the violence with which he has since frequently insisted on my compliance, and the disorder of mind which his manner has exhibited whenever the subject has arisen, have convinced me that there has been some transaction between himself and prince Menitzen, in consequence of which he is no longer master of his freedom of action in this matter. The ring which I gave to you, and which is now upon your hand, has been for centuries the only bridal of the family of Angstein, and its investment is a more solemn compact than priestly ceremonies could establish. By the gift of it to you, I became your bride; and any wishes which my brother may have had of effecting any other connection were, of course, frustrated for ever. The anger with which this disappointment vexed him, it was, no doubt, that prompted him to attempt your life, by honorable combat. Such a result I easily foresaw, and it reflected no discredit upon your skill or courage that I interposed to terminate your contest with the ablest swordsman that Cyprus contains. My brother was absent from the castle all night, and is still absent. What he

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has done or designed I cannot conceive. To what dangers you may be exposed through his resentment know not; but I must request of you at once to conceal that ring, and not to wear it as you now do; and difficulty should attend your leaving this place, effect merely your own escape, and leave me behind. This is essential to our safety, and I beg that you will yield to my desire."

I assured her of my doing so, and immediately drew he ring from my finger and concealed it in my dress. We conversed a few minutes longer, when I heard he footsteps of some one approaching the apartment, along the path by which I had come. The sound drew nearer and nearer until the tread of a man upon t he wooden step which led to the garden was audible, and then there was a pause.

"Conceal yourself within that room, or behind that drapery," whispered Helena in breathless alarm. "'For God's sake, hide yourself before he comes in."

I stood, however, without moving from my position, being resolved to encounter whatever difficulty might be at hand. In a moment the curtain was drawn aside, and the brother of Helena came into the room. He glanced his eye from his sister to myself without surprise or agitation, and then said very calmly and very contemptuously, "You have taken advantage of my absence, sir, to enter my castle. I shall esteem your ingenuity still more highly if you will accomplish your retreat from it."

"Sir," I replied, with a tone and air as haughty as his own, "I was profoundly ignorant of your movements when I entered this castle. I entered it as a visiter of this lady; as the admitted visiter of any member of this family, I am, for the hour, the guest of the occupants of this castle. And the degenerate lord of Angstein must descend beneath even the degraded position of an unsuccessful assassin, which he last night assumed, if he will so far abuse the confidence of hospitality as to control the liberty of any who have trusted to it. Beyond these walls I will meet you when and how you please."

He colored deeply, and stood silent for a moment as if pondering what course to pursue. He then exclaimed—"Go! but your life will be valued cheaply if you ever again appear within this mansion," and waving his hand passionately, he left the room."

"Leave me at once," said Helena, when her brother was out of hearing; "and come to the southern postern gate of the castle precisely at eight to-night."

I obeyed her, and rapidly retraced my steps along the walk by which I had approached the room. An attendant swung open the great gate, and, mounting my horse, I rode briskly off.

CHAPTER XIV.

> I have beheld thee in thy loveliness;
> I will possess thee by my daringness.
>
> *Joanna Baille.*

> Hennis d'orgeuil, o mon coursier fidele.
>
> *Beranger.*

The gray dimness of twilight was gathering over the landscape as I left the door of my villa to fulfil the appointment which Helena had fixed. I had formed the determination to rescue her who was now my lawful bride, at once from the hands of those to the exactions of whose passions or interest, honor and tenderness presented no barrier, whatever risk might attend the enterprize. I well knew that to return with her to my present residence, and to hope to enjoy in that place a peaceful union with one whose removal would stir up the bitterest activity of jealousy and hate, would be vain. My only safety consisted in seeking immediately in some distant part of the island, a refuge from that enmity which I could not brave consistently with success in that purpose for which alone I had excited it. I accordingly dismissed my servants, and closed my house with the expectation of never again seeing it.

It was quite night when my fleet and powerful steed, as black as a raven in his color, brought me within sight of the castle. The moon was newly risen over the calm sea, and cast a light which almost rivalled the day, over the gray rocks and walls of the old structure that rose before my view. It was a few minutes earlier than the hour designated by Helena, but I directed my horse's head at once towards the southern quarter as she had appointed. The gigantic rock upon which the castle was founded upon that side, divided there by a broad cleft-like opening, gradually growing smaller towards the interior; and so regularly did it rise upon either hand that it precisely resembled masonry which had been run out from the gate like the diverging radii of a circle. As I rode up to the postern, the whole place seemed profoundly silent; no light was visible at any of the windows of the castle, nor was there any evidence of habitation discernible in the appearance of the building. What was to be the issue of the adventure which was before me I could not tell; but I summoned up my spirit to contend with any dangers that might be in wait.

The low door which terminated this passage was fastened, and I waited for a few moments to see if any one would come to it. As I paused, the eighth hour was sounded by the clock of the castle. I listened closely for some sound of footsteps within, but there was none. I then struck lightly once or twice with the hilt of my dagger upon the wood. The door opened, but not by the person whom I sought.

A woman, closely hooded, and bearing a small flambeau in her hand, stood upon the step. "I am glad," said she, "that you have arrived. You may be in time to save my mistress, yet."

"Where is she?"

"She is gone to be married to that odious prince Menitzen?"

"Married? where?"

"At the chapel on the rock. The prince arrived this afternoon, and lord Angstein insisted on the chaplain performing the ceremony this evening. My lady postponed it as long as possible, in hope that you would arrive, but they have just now dragged her to the chapel, and I am sure it will be ended before you can get there. Lord Angstein has guarded all the approaches of the castle with men, who are ordered to kill you if you attempt to enter. My lady told me to stand here and beg you to save her if it be possible.

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I have just sent away the sentinels from this post on an errand, but I expect that they will return every moment."

The woman was so alarmed that she could scarcely articulate, and I thought that her account would never be ended.

"Where is the chapel," cried I, "of which you speak? Which is the way there?"

"There is a private subterraneous passage," she replied, "which goes directly along here," motioning with her arm in the direction of the entrance; "you cannot miss it. It rises in the vestibule of the chapel."

I bent my head down to the saddle-bow, to enable me to pass under the lintel of the postern, and then spurring my horse, sprang down into the vault to which she pointed. I seized the flambeau which she held in her hand, and holding it forward, urged my horse along as fast as possible. The light enabled me to see that the course was safe, though narrow, and I dashed down past the damp and cobwebbed walls at a rate that soon brought me to the end of the passage. A broad flight of stone steps led into a small room above. My charger, who seemed to have partaken of the ardor of his master, threw out his paw upon the stone with the strength of an engine, and brought me without a pause or a falter to the top of the flight. I turned then through a small and richly furnished apartment, which appeared to be the robing-room, and in the next instant the steel hoofs of my horse were ringing upon the marble aisles of the chapel.

The chancel was brightly illuminated, and a priest in his surplice stood within it, with a breviary in his hand. On the outside stood Helena, pale and greatly agitated, and beside her, a man, small, and considerably deformed, whom I at once concluded to be prince Miniizen. On her right hand, at a little distance from his sister, stood lord Angstein, leaning upon a pillar that supported the chancel-screen. His countenance, always cold and haughty, bore a look of extreme severity and resolution, mingled, I thought, with something of regret.

All looked round as I entered, in amazement at this hostile invasion. When I had reached the central aisle, I sprang from my horse and advanced towards the group, who stood gazing at me in mute surprise.

"Sir priest," said I, calmly and sternly, "in the name of the God at whose altar you serve, I command you to pause ere you wed to this man the wife of another. You may have seen that ring before, or at least may know its virtue; and I defy you, or you, my lord, to say that it has ever been found upon the finger of any man who was not the husband of the heiress of Angstein."

The brother drew his sword with a convulsive energy, and scowled upon me with the fury of a demon; and fairly grinding his teeth with rage, muttered, "Detested knave! this time you shall not escape!" He then turned towards the door by which I had entered, manifestly with the view of fastening it and preventing my escape. I at once anticipated his intention, and my purpose was formed in a moment. Dashing aside the puny prince who stood trembling in the meanness of guilty cowardice, I seized Helena in my arms, and lifting her into the saddle of the horse, sprung up behind her with the rapidity of light, and turned the animal towards the western end of the church, directly opposite to the chancel. I had observed as I entered at the other side, that there was a door at that extremity which stood partially open, and through that quarter it was my intention to make my escape. Almost at one bound my horse cleared the length of the little chapel, and brought me to the door. It swung open, and I perceived to my horror that it gave upon no path or road, but upon a rough ledge of rock which, after descending unevenly for a little distance, terminated abruptly, and presented a steep descent to the sand of the shore below. A glance assured me that a leap would be perilous in the extreme. I looked back and saw lord Angstein rush forward from the door which he had just secured, like the onset of a tiger. I turned to Helena:

"Will you that we remain, or attempt this flight?"

"Fly! oh, fly, at every hazard!"

At the word, I spurred my noble steed forward over the bristling rocks. He clambered safely down the rough declivity, till he reached the edge, and looked down upon the depth beneath. He paused as if to summon all the strength of his noble nature, and crouched down till his limbs were almost reclining on the ground. He then gave one lion-like spring, and the air whizzed past my temples with the sound of a rivulet. In that moment the deep returning tide of a brother's affection prevailed over the torrent of passion that had conquered it, and as we hung over the brow of the fearful precipice, I heard the voice of Angstein shouting like the roar of thunder, "Stop! madman, stop! and you shall have her!" It was too late.

What would have been the result of this attempt if the soil beneath had partaken of the character of that above, or had resembled the quality of the ground which prevailed in the vicinity of the castle, it would not be difficult to conjecture. Fortunately a deep mattress of sand covered whatever hardness there might have been beneath the surface, and we reached the earth without injury. The horse quickly extricated himself from the depth to which he had been buried in the soil, and sprang down upon the beach as vigorous as when he left my own door. Noble charger! his veins swelled with the best blood of Arabia in their channels, and the fierce gladness of his echoing neigh still rings in my ears as I pen these lines.

Not a moment was of course to be lost, and without stopping to gaze or question, I struck rapidly forward in a direction opposite to that in which my former residence lay. The portion of the sea, on the edge of which stood this little chapel, constituted a large cove, around the circumference of which I was urging my horse. When we had passed completely round it, and had gained the extremity of it, at which the coast again resumed its regular course, the bank was sufficiently low to enable me to ascend it, and gain the interior as I was anxious to do. I stopped for a moment, however, to look back upon the spot which we had left, and observe the conduct of those who were behind. The rapid tramp of horses on the opposite

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side of the cove, and the flash of weapons as they gleamed in the moonlight, showed that the pursuit was instant, and would probably be eager and deadly. I laughed with proud delight as I patted the breast of my coal black steed, who seemed to have the spirit of the resistless whirlwind in his panting neck. Twining the arm of Helena around my person, I circled her waist securely with my own, and then turning in towards the land, I plunged deep the rowels in the flank of my horse, and the sea was soon left far behind us. Ere the nerves of that glorious animal had rest, we beheld the yellow rays of the horizontal sun gilding the self-same ocean: but when that flight was ended, the length of Cyprus was between us and our pursuers.

[To be continued.]

THE TRUANT BROTHER.

BY ANDREW M'MAKIN, PHILA.

How grew this strangeness, brother?—Say,—
Was't not some silly, careless word
That turned thy youthful heart away,
And bitterness within thee stirred?
A jest, perchance, unkindly taken,—
But meant to give thee naught of pain,—
Oh! would some power a voice awaken,
To turn thee, truant, back again!

I meet thee at the festive board,
Where mirth and pleasure fill the chair,
But vainly look for faith restored,
For e'en as strangers sit we there.
And when amid the busy throng,
I chance to catch thy restless eye,
Tells not thy heart that thou art wrong?
Yet, coldly frowning, pass thou by.

Bethink thee, brother, of the years
We've passed in sunny glee together,
Devoid alike of care or fears,
And living but to love each other:
Of our sweet home—its verdant banks,
Down-sloping to the shining river,
Where wild have been our youthful pranks,
With mimic spear and loaded quiver.

Then hie thee to this faithful breast,
(Though prodigal, thou still art dear,)
While yet 'twill prove thy pillow'd rest,
And greet thee with a joyful tear.
A bond of love thou'st rudely shaken,
And soon may rend the tie in twain,—
Oh! would some power its voice awaken,
And turn thee, truant, back again!

SONNETS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILA.

I.

TO ——.

Dearest, to thee my inmost heart I vow,
May life's rude breezes never, never mar
The ardent love that clings about thee now,
Who art my dreary fate's propitious star!
Alike, amid the sunshine and the gloom,
To thy sweet smile with fresh'ning hope I turn,
Tho' darkling waves in anger round me boom,
Still, still I see that cheering beacon burn—
Ever in calm and tempest still the same,
Ever serene and gentle, soft and kind—
Friend, dear as life, may'st thou hereafter find
A benison beyond all earthly fame—
A heaven, where all is sweet, and kind, and good,
Where love like thine is known and understood.

March 2, 1838.

II.

MORNING.

How beautiful, when slumbering nature breaks
In virgin beauty from the arms of night—
And putting on her radiant robe of light,
Jewelled with dews, in blushing beauty wakes—
From her fair tresses, cheerily she shakes
The golden drops—and soon from glen and glade,
From the lone streamlet and the forest's shade,
The light-winged mist its upward journey takes.
Far o'er the landscape spreads the orient glow,
'Till lake and river—meadow, field and fell,
The thronged hill-side and solitary dell—
From mountain tops to the ravines below,
All laugh in the broad sunshine, and upraise
Their thousand songs of gratitude and praise.

March 20, 1838.

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SHIRTLESS PHILOSOPHY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

ADAM lay in bed, and with his heart in his ears, listened—listened, but heard nothing. A shadow fell upon his face; and, uttering an impatient groan or grunt, and hugging the blanket close around his neck, he swung himself, like a resolute pig, upon his side, and then sent forth a long-drawn sigh. Hapless Adam Buff!

Inexorable time, that cruel sandman, goes onward, and Adam sleeps. Oh, ye gentle ministers, who tune our dreaming brains with happy music—who feed the snoring hungry with apples fresh from Paradise—who take the fetters from the slave, and send him free as the wild antelope, bounding to his hut—who make the henpecked spouse, though sleeping near his gentle tyrant, a lordly Turk—who write on the prison walls of the poor debtor, "received in full of all demands"—what ever ye may be, wherever ye reside, we pray ye, for one hour at least, cheat poor Adam Buff! Bear him on your rainbow wings from an attic, once white-washed, in Seven Dials, to the verdant slope of the Cerra Duida; for there, saith the veracious Baron Humboldt, shirt trees grow fifty feet high.* There, lay him down, under that most household blossom, that "hangs on the bough," and there, let him cast his gladdened eyes upwards, and see shirts, ready made, advertised on every spray. And there, to the sound of the Indian drum, let him see, disporting on the grass, men and maidens clothed—for in the Cerra Duida the shirt hath no sex—in newly gathered garments, "the upper opening of which admits the head, and two lateral holes cut admit the arms!"*

(The site of the garden of Eden hath been a favorite dispute with very many theologians, all equally well informed on the subject. Dutchmen have protested that it was somewhere near Amsterdam—and Russians have been found to give their votes for the neighborhood of Moscow. Humboldt, in his shirt tree, hath satisfactorily proved it not to be the Cerra Duida. Eden, however, brings us back to Buff.)

"Are you up, Mr. Buff?" said a voice on the outside of the door.

"Come in," said Adam, awakened by the querist.

The door opened, and a dry, yellowish matron of some three score entered the room. From her perfect self-possession, it was evident that she was landlady of the domain. "Did you see the fire, last night, Mr. Buff?" asked Mrs. Nox, the widow of a respectable baker.

"I heard the engines," replied the philosopher.

"The sky was like the last day," said the landlady.

"It *was* red," remarked Adam.

"Poor souls!" and Mrs. Nox stood at the foot of the bed, rubbing her hands, and looking piteously at the nose and cheeks of Buff, as they came out in ruby relief from a halo of blanket.

"Many burned?" asked Adam, with a slight cough.

"It isn't known yet—but such a loss of property! Two sugar bake-houses, a distiller's, besides the house of a pawnbroker. Lost every thing—for I do hear there was nothing insured," said Mrs. Nox.

"Very sad, indeed; but this is human life, Mrs. Nox," observed Adam, with commendable composure.

"It is indeed, Mr. Buff," and the landlady sighed.

"Yes, this is life! We rise early, and go to bed late—we toil and we sweat—we scrape up and we lay by—we trick and we cheat—we use light weights and short measures—"

"It's as true as the Bible," said the baker's widow.

"We harass our reason to its utmost to arrive at wealth—and then, when we think we have built our nest for life, when we have lined it with wool and gilded the outside, and taxed our fancy for our best ease—why, what comes of it?—Molly, the housemaid, drops a lighted candle-snuff among the shavings,—a cat carries a live coal from under the fire among the linen—the watchman springs his rattle—and, after a considerable time, engines play upon our ruin. Yes, Mrs. Nox, this is life; and as all of us who live must put up with life, grieving's a folly, Mrs. Nox." Thus spoke Adam.

"It's true—it's true, Mr. Buff—but yet to have a great deal, and to lose it all," said the landlady.

"We should always keep philosophy," said Adam Buff.

"A fire-escape?" asked Mrs. Nox, doubtingly; and then, with a sudden illumination—"Oh, I see—religion."

"The religion of the heathens. For my part, I feel if the warehouses had been my own, I could have looked at the devouring element, without ever forgetting myself."

"You may call it devouring, Mr. Buff,—nothing came amiss to it. Poor Mrs. Savon!—"

"My laundress!" exclaimed Adam, his feet plunging spasmodically under the blanket.

"She lived at the back—all her linen destroyed," said Mrs. Nox.

"*Her* linen!" echoed Adam Buff, turning very white. "What! all?—every thing?"

"Every rag," replied Mrs. Nox, with peculiar emphasis.

Adam stretched his legs, and his jaw fell. Poor

* See Humboldt's "Personal Narrative"

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plaything of malevolent fortune! Adam was precisely in the strait of an author, whose original manuscript is accidentally given to the flames, no other copy being extant. Plainly, Mrs. Savon had Adam's shirt—and Adam had no other copy. Now Buff, to give him his due, could have philosophized all day on the destruction of the sugar-houses; but the loss of his shirt went very near to his bosom. Adam lay despairing, when his good genius knocked at the door, then immediately opened it, and walked into the room; the landlady very civilly tripping down stairs.

"I believe, sir," said the stranger, "you are Mr. Buff?"

"I am, sir," said Adam, suppressing a shiver.

"I think it very fortunate that I find you as I do—" Adam looked a doubt—"I was fearful that you might be dressed and from home." Adam cleared his throat, and still made a cravat of the blanket. "You perceive, I have used no ceremony; it isn't my manner, sir. To begin: you are quite without incumbrance, Mr. Buff?"

"Quite," answered Adam, with much decision; and was, in his turn, about to question his interrogator on the object of his visit, when he deferred in silence to the prosperous appearance of the stranger, who—though apparently about sixty—was dressed with all the care of a beau. Twice was Adam about to speak, when his eye fell upon the white shirt-frill, ample as our great grandmother's fan, of his visiter, and a sense of inferiority made him hold his peace.

"Mr. Buff, I have heard you are a philosopher?" Adam meekly inclined his eye-lids on the blanket. "Such a man I have some time sought. It matters not how I have discovered you—that, in good season, you shall know. It is my wish to place in your hands a most valuable, nay, a most sacred deposit." Adam instinctively opened both his palms. "That is, if I find you really a philosopher." Adam looked a Socrates. "This morning, if you please, we'll enter on the business."

"I will wait upon you, sir, at—"

"No—no—no. I couldn't think of parting with you: when you are dressed, we'll go together," said the visiter, and Adam's face looked suddenly frost-bitten. "But, bless me! do you rise without a fire, this weather?"

"Man, sir," said Adam, "never so well asserts his dignity, as when he triumphs over the elements."

"Very true—and pray, don't think me effeminate; but I always like my shirt aired," said the old gentleman.

"Mine, I hear, *was* aired last night," said Adam Buff, and the engines rattled through his brain—"though without my consent to the ceremony."

"Ha! a careful laundress," said the visiter, and Adam smiled a sickly smile. "The very man I wanted," thought the old gentleman; then, rising from his chair, to the keen delight of Adam, he walked to the door. "Real philosophy takes little time to dress, Mr. Buff—if you please, I'll wait below," and the speaker left the room, Buff smiling benignantly on his exit.

Adam leapt from his bed, and securing the latch of the door with a friendly wooden peg, proceeded to array himself with the speed of an actor, and the simplicity of a monk, who had never dreamt of flax—the true order of sanctity, as the lives and habits of hooded saints will testify, rising not from fine linen, but rigid horse-hair. However, whilst Adam dresses—alack! have we no other word to paint the imperfect solemnity?—we have time to explain the purpose of the visiter.

Jonas Butler was a ruddy bachelor of sixty-two—and an ardent admirer of philosophy. We will not roundly assert that he always understood the object of his admiration, but his devotion to it was no whit the less from his ignorance: nay, we question if it was not heightened by imperfect knowledge. Philosophy was his idol—and so the thing was called philosophy, he paused not to pry into its glass eyes—to question the paint smeared upon its cheeks—the large bead dangling from its nose—and its black and gilded teeth—not he; but down he fell upon his knees, and lifted up his simple hands, and raised his pullet voice, and cried—"Divine Philosophy!" Doth not the reader know some Jonas Butler? What a fortunate thing that philosophy is really so musical a word, that it smacks so full-bodied upon the tongue, and that, moreover, it may be so successfully used both in attack and defence—in coming on and in coming off! Never shall we forget its triumphant use by Mr. Butler, on one memorable occasion. A small parcel had been sent him from Yorkshire, and on arriving at the Saracen's Head, was forwarded per porter to the house of the philosopher.

"My friend," said Mr. Butler, "you have brought this about two miles?"

"About two."

"And you wish to charge me half as much as the carriage for two hundred—I won't pay it."

We feel our utter inability to describe the storm that here ensued—the indignation of Mr. Butler, the abuse of the porter. At length, when the tempest was at its height, Jonas, laying his three right fingers on his left hand, exclaimed in a voice of deep determination—"Very well—very well; all I say is this, fellow—all I say is this; I'll pay the imposition—pay it with pleasure, if—if you can show me the philosophy of it."

The man stared as at a magician—growled an oath—took the proffered lesser sum, and left the house. Poor, simple fellow, he was brow-beaten by an unintelligible phrase—for though a porter to a coach-office, he could not describe the philosophy of an imposition!

But to the object of Mr. Butler's call on Adam.

To the old gentleman the world was one large, easy chair, wherein he might eat his venison, drink his port, take his nap, or, when he pleased, philosophize in grateful equanimity. He had, however, one tender care—in the newly-breeched person of his nephew, Jacob Black; a boy whom he was determined to make a practical philosopher. "Ha!" he would say, as he looked down upon the nascent victim, "the statue is there, if we can but cut it out." And Adam Buff was chosen as the moral sculptor.

The sound of feet was just audible on the stair-

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case, and Mr. Butler, turning in the passage, saw Buff stealing as softly down as though his landlady was sick, and he feared to disturb her. Buff was a heavy man, and yet he trod as upon the points of nails, and shrugged his shoulders, and vainly tried to compose his wrinkling features. So walks a saint who hath lost his outer cuticle.

Mr. Butler and Adam turned into the street. "A dreadful fire last night," said Mr. Butler.

Buff clapt his finger to the top button of his coat, lifted the collar a little about his neck, and answered, "Very destructive, indeed."

Butler and Buff walked on. One moment, thoughtful reader. Behold the pair as they recede; could you not, even without our preface, divine from their habits, their separate bearing, the distinctive character of each? Look at Jonas Butler; a thickish, middle-sized person, in lustrous black—his hat as smooth and jetty as a raven's wing—a line of cambric snow above his coat—his foot, taking the pavement as it were his own freehold—and, in every limb and gesture of the man, self-comfort, self-content. Now, look at Adam; though a full head higher than his patron, he does not look so tall—he does not walk, but touches the earth as if by sufferance; and there seems at work in his whole frame, an accommodating meanness to lessen himself to the dimensions of his companion. To walk at his full height seems to him a presumption—he bends and limps out of pure courtesy; to make nothing of himself would be little more than to show a due respect to his associate. Never mind Buff's coat—that is a vulgar sign and type of misery—heed not his hat, that hath braved as many storms as a witch's sieve—shut your eyes to the half-sole of the left shoe—but look at the man, or men, and tell us if ye do not look upon a prosperous patron who has lured a starveling from his garret by the savory steam of a promised dinner. It is so? Yes, sir, it is. Fie, reader! fie: it is a philosopher leading a philosopher!

Walk on, Adam Buff! and for the urchin trundling his hoop, now sometimes at thy side, sometimes before, sometimes behind thee; frown not on him—he is not what he seems. No; he is not a smutch-faced schoolboy, but fortune in disguise—the hoop is her dread wheel; and thou, henceforth, art her chosen leman.

"Sir,—he has not a shirt to his back!" How often does this avowal convey the dreariest picture of human destitution. All our sympathies are expected to be up and crying for the victim. A whole nunnery might have wept for Adam; yet was he, in his dearest want, most rich. It is true, the conflagration of the preceding night had put our hero to the coldest shift that poverty can lay on human flesh; and yet, like thrice-tried gold, he came forth pure and glittering from the fire!

CHAPTER II.

"Ha! the fire!" exclaimed Mr. Butler, pausing and directing the attention of Adam to the smoking ruins. "Bless me! very extensive, indeed," and the two stood, and meditated, though with very different feelings, on the devastation. Mr. Butler eyed the scene with the tranquillity of a philosopher who had lost nothing by the calamity; glancing at the blackened walls and smouldering rafters with admirable self-possession. Adam, however, was made of weaker flesh; for there was visible emotion in his face, as he tried to make out the attic of his laundress from the fifty domestic nooks, now laid open to the profanation of the public eye.

"A fine property but yesterday, and now," said Mr. Butler, taking snuff, "a heap of ruins."

"Gone to tinder," cried Adam, brooding on his own peculiar loss.

"Yes—it is hard to have our household gods played upon—to see our home, filled with all home's sweets, blazing like the pile that burns the phœnix,"—observed Mr. Butler very profoundly. "To be stripped perhaps to the skin in this inclement season," and Butler looked on Buff, who shivered at the touching supposition. "And yet, Mr. Buff, what is nakedness, when we have philosophy?"

Adam was about to answer in, doubtless, a deeply feeling strain, when an alarm of a falling wall suddenly brought the crowd upon him. Mr. Butler had already taken to his heels, showing that philosophy can sometimes run like an ostrich—but Buff, either not possessing so much philosophy, or having greater bulk, was slower in his motion, and thus unluckily impeded the retreat of a gigantic drayman, who revenged himself of the impediment by dealing out to Adam an impressive blow on the cheek. Many of the mob who saw the outrage, saw that the blood of Buff was up, for he turned round, looking death, and instinctively clenching his fists. "A fight! A fight!" exclaimed the crowd in a burst of pleasure, and some providently called for "a ring." The drayman stood prepared. Mr. Butler, who had philosophically looked on, approached Adam; it was an eventful moment for Buff, who stood breathing heavily, and measuring the figure of his assailant. "Better strip, sir," said a disinterested counsellor from the crowd—whilst another, who had stuck his tobacco pipe in his hat-band to devote himself more entirely to the service, said in the blandest tones, his eyes twinkling up in the face of Buff—"I'll hold your coat, sir." The offer seemed to decide Adam, for he placed his hand to his top button, and when the crowd hoped to see a fine anatomy, Buff pulled still higher the collar of his coat, cast a look of scorn on the grinning drayman, and loudly proclaimed him to be unworthy of his notice. Saying which, he tried to step from the mob who closed about him, and with derisive yells and hootings, hung upon his heels. However, the reward of Buff was near; for Butler made up to him, and squeezing his his hand, exclaimed, "I honor you, Mr. Buff—I reverence you; you have shown a philosophy worthy of old Greece;" (it was lucky for Adam, he could not show a shirt.) "you have shown yourself superior to the low and ignorant assaults of—ten thousand devils!" shouted Mr. Butler, in a higher key, and leapt like a kangaroo. And with all his philosophy, well he might; for the individual who had offered to hold

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Adam's coat, having been repulsed in his kindness, had seized the hose of one of the fire-engines, and with unerring aim, had deluged not only Buff, but his patron. A roar of laughter from the crowd applauded the skill of the marksman. Mr. Butler stood dripping and melancholy as a penguin. Three times he called at the top of his voice "a constable!" and "constable" was kindly echoed by the mob. However, no constable appearing, Mr. Butler called the next best thing—he called a coach. The coachman obeyed, and descending from his box, opened the door: for a moment, however, he paused at the reeking freight before him—however, humanity and his fare prevailed, and he admitted the half-drowned men, and touching his hat, and striking-to the door, he asked if he should drive "to the Humane Society?"

"To —— street," said Mr. Butler, being too wet to understand the attempted joke. Away rattled the coach, the wags among the crowd shouting—"do you want umbrellas, gentlemen?" "I say, coachman—why didn't you wring 'em before you put 'em in?" Mr. Butler sat as silent as the image of a water-god; and Buff uttered no word, but shook like a poodle new from the tub. The coach arrived at Mr. Butler's house. "Well, sir, what is your fare?" asked Mr. Butler, freezingly.

"Why, sir—let me see—six shillings," said the coachman, very confidently.

"Six shillings!" cried Buff—"why, your fare is—"

"I know what my fare is for passengers—but we charge what we like for luggage."

"Luggage!" exclaimed Buff, and he looked round for the *impedimenta*.

"Luggage. The fare itself is half-a-crown; very well—the three-and-sixpence is for two buckets of water." Mr. Butler, not being himself, paid the money, without even alluding to the philosophy of the extortion.

"Walk in—walk in—excuse me—but a minute," said Mr. Butler, in broken syllables, shaking with cold, and preceding Buff into a most comfortable parlor, wherein a fire glowed a grateful welcome:—the host hurriedly stirred up the coals, and instantly quitted the apartment. Buff, being left alone, silently "unpacked his heart" against the ruffian who had drenched him—then eyed the fire—and every man believing that he can poke a fire better than his neighbor, again vehemently stirred it, and expanded his broad back to the benign influence of the caloric. As it crept up his anatomy, his heart dilated with hopes of good fortune; and his ire against his enemy began to escape with the steam. "It was well for him I had no shirt," thought Adam. (Simple Buff! it was better for thyself. Thou mightest, it is true, have been declared the conqueror of a drayman—when thy very destitution palmed thee off a victor of thine own passion. The juggling of fortune! when what seems to the unthinking world pure magnanimity, may only be a want of shirt.)

Adam stood, with all the fire at his back, and all his philosophy in his eyes. He surveyed the apartment, furnished with a most religious regard to comfort, and thought of his own home in Seven Dials. Struck by the contrast, in the humility of his soul he felt for a moment a creature of a different species to that inhabiting the nook he stood in. "Thus it is," thought Adam, bending his melancholy eyes upon the glowing carpet—"thus it is, one man walks all his life in a silver slipper upon flowers, whilst another—yes another better than he," Adam could not suppress the comparison, "treads upon sanded pine from the cradle to the grave. One man is doomed to feed his eyes with luscious pictures"—(Mr. Butler had on his walls some charming fruit-pieces)—"whilst another turns pale at a milk score." These truisms were unworthy of a philosopher—but then, Adam had had no breakfast: they were certainly beneath a man despising all creature-comforts, but then Buff was soaked to the skin. This latter accident was but too evident, for he stood to the fire, enveloped in steam; Solomon's genii, released from their brazen vessels, never rose in clouds of denser vapor: an utilitarian would have wept—that is, had there been any use in tears—to have witnessed such a waste of motive power.

"Bless me! what a smother!" suddenly exclaimed a feminine voice, and Buff, at the sound, cast his coat-tails off his arms, and coughing, loomed a little out of the surrounding fog. The speaker, seeing it was not the chimney, but a gentleman who smoked, was about to let fall a curtsey, when Mr. Butler, entering in a hurry, prevented the ceremony. "Mrs. Black, my sister," said the host, "Mr. Buff;" and the introduction over, Mr. Butler, with a warm cloth morning-gown upon his arm, made up to his guest. "Now, my dear sir, you had better put off your coat; you see, I—I have changed," and Mr. Butler complacently glanced at his rich, ruby-colored dressing-gown, lined with fur to his toes. "Come, or you'll catch your death of cold," and the benignant host pressed the garment upon Adam.

"Cold, sir!" said Buff, with an inexpressible smile of contempt at the suggestion—"I hope, sir, I have learned to subdue any such weakness."

"Nay, now, I insist—you are wet through—you *must* take off your coat," said the hospitable Mr. Butler.

Buff put on a still more serious look, assuring his patron, that even if he felt the wet inconvenient—and which he farther begged to assure him he did not—still he would keep on the reeking garment as a matter of principle. "Consider, sir," said Buff, securing the top button of his coat, and bending his brow—"consider, sir, what a miserable thing is man, if a pint, nay, a quart of water is to distress him. To despise the influence of the elements has ever been my notion of true philosophy. When we think of the Scythians, sir—of the Parthians—nay, of our own painted progenitors, the ancient Britons—when we reflect on their contempt of the seasons—of the blaze of summer, and the ice of winter—how inexpressibly little does man, that lord of all created things, appear, creeping beneath an umbrella."

"As you please, Mr. Buff," said Butler, astonished and delighted at the stoicism of his guest, "as you please; though I think you practise a little too se-

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verely. For there is no certain proof that even Diogenes did not turn up his barrel when it rained."

"What! won't the gentleman change his coat?" asked Mrs. Black with all the kind surprise of a woman. "Why, he's very wet," and with a passing shadow on her face, she glanced at the stream that had meandered from the coat into the polished steel fender. "Very wet," she repeated.

"Wet!" exclaimed Mr. Butler, unable to repress his benevolence—"aye, I'm sure, Mr. Buff, you're wet to the shirt."

Adam spread out his fingers over his heart, and with a firm voice replied, "Not at all, sir; I assure you, upon my honor—by no means."

"At all events, Mr. Buff, you'll take a little brandy," said the philosopher in the furred gown; and as he spoke, the brandy was brought in. Filling himself a bumper, Mr. Butler pushed the bottle to Adam, who, apparently unconscious of the action, filled his glass. "I assure you, Mr. Buff," and the host looked a world of meaning in the face of his ingenuous guest—"I assure you, the real spirit—there's a curious history about that brandy—I could tell you *how* I got it."

Adam was above vulgar prying; therefore, filling his glass a second time, he gravely observed—"It is worthy of remark, Mr. Butler, that there is no nation so savage—no people so ignorant as to be shut out from the light of distillation."

"Very true, Mr. Buff; it is thereby that the philosopher recognizes the natural superiority of the human animal."

"From pine-apples to simplest grasses," continued Buff, calmly sipping the brandy, "man ransacks the whole vegetable kingdom for a false and fleeting enjoyment. The reflection is humiliating," and Adam emptied his glass.

Mr. Butler, absorbed by the merits of his brandy, observed—"It comes direct from France."

"It may have been broached before," said Buff, in allusion to his doctrine.

"Oh, dear, no! Don't think it—certainly not," said Mr. Butler, with some vivacity; alive to the virgin character of his liquor. Adam bowed.

By this time, the coat of Adam, attacked by the fire without and the brandy within, became sufficiently dry to insure him from the pressing invitations of Mr. Butler to change it for another garment; and although Mrs. Black continued to look at the habit, it was not its humidity that attracted her attention. We have before insinuated that Adam's coat, like the cloak of the famous ale-wife, Eleanor Rummin, immortalized by the court poet, was—

"Wither'd like hay, the wool worn away."

Hence, the lady wondered when her brother informed her "that Mr. Buff would stay to dinner." Indeed, she ventured to cast a look of remonstrance, instantly smiled down by the complacent Mr. Butler, rendered more than usually genial by French brandy and Siberian fur.

"He is a most extraordinary man—a wonderful man," said Mr. Butler, in a low voice to his sister. "You see—you hear—a perfect philosopher,"—and the old gentleman pointed triumphantly to Adam, who, seated in an easy chair, his feet stretched out, his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his mouth open, slept and snored profoundly, his senses sweetly shut up by strong liquor and a blazing fire. "See—he stands on no ceremony; though a perfect stranger, he falls asleep."

"I call it excessively rude," said Mrs. Black.

"What women think rudeness," observed Mr. Butler, "is often the deep composure of a well-poised mind. Had that man lived in Greece—had he only lived two thousand years ago,—"

"I wish he had," said Mrs. Black, and she looked at her steel fender.

"His head would have descended to our mantelpieces! My dear Betsy, you have no idea of the self-denial of that man." Mrs. Black cast a feminine glance at the brandy-bottle. "None whatever—had you seen the magnanimity—the utter contempt with which he received a blow—as I live, you may observe the mark on the left cheek—"

"Without returning it?" asked Mrs. Black.

"Without condescending to look at the rascal who struck him. And then, when he was wet to the skin—no, I never knew such stoicism—I never—"

At this moment, Adam awoke with a deep-mouthed yawn, and flinging his leg still farther out, the heel of his whole shoe came down like an axe upon the tail of a little spaniel, that like a pad of black velvet lay at his foot, and had uncurled its threadpaper cue for the sole purpose of having it trod upon. The blow being given, the dog, as in duty bound, yelped and howled like forty dogs, and its mistress, instantly taking it in her arms, increased its yelping twenty-fold. A common man would have been disconcerted at the mischance, the more especially as the injured party was the property of a lady. Buff, however, was above such weakness; for he leisurely raised himself to his full length, and a distant room yet ringing with the cries of the spaniel, he tranquilly remarked to Mr. Butler—"I have often, sir, been struck by the inequality of fortune suffered by dogs. Here is one, couched upon a pillow—fed with chicken, sweet biscuit, and new milk; caressed, and combed, and decked with a silver collar, yea, sheltered like a baby from the wind and rain. And here is another, harnessed in a truck, fed with offal, or fed not at all—beat with the stick of a cruel master—"

"Or kicked with his iron heel," said Butler, drily.

"Or kicked with his iron heel," repeated the imperturbable Buff—"sleeping on stones, or—"

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the servant.

Buff immediately left the whole canine race to their varied fortunes, and straightway followed Mr. Butler to the dining-room, where he found a new guest in the person of the family doctor, earnestly pressed by Mrs. Black to stay and dine. Mr. Butler, philosopher as he was, dined just like a common man; and though Adam Buff had shown himself an extraordinary person under other circumstances, at table he was very little above an average feeder. There was but little conversation during the repast, and that taken as a whole, not more than ordinarily interesting.

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"Mr. Buff, will you favor me with a potato? Stay, they don't seem very choice—and in the article of potatoes," said the philosophic Mr. Butler, "I cannot admit of mediocrity."

"Right, sir; very right, sir," said Adam Buff; and then, with a severe look—"a potato, sir, like Cæsar's wife, should not be suspected." Many a judge, with a high character for impressiveness, has passed sentence of death with less solemnity than was manifested by Buff in his opinions on potatoes. But, to give Adam his due, he was one of those rare persons who, by their manner, elevate and dignify whatever they condescend to touch upon. Let Buff talk of shrimps, and he would look so big, and talk with such magniloquence, that it would be impossible to think *his* shrimps a whit smaller than other people's lobsters.

The cloth removed, Buff relaxed a little from his philosophic sternness, and in the playfulness of the moment, proffered an almond-cake to the spaniel, seated on the table immediately before its mistress. The dog—says the naturalist—is a generous animal; there are, however, many exceptions to the rule; nor is it to be wondered at, considering the kind of people amongst whom dogs are sometimes brought up. Now, Mrs. Black's spaniel was famous for its beauty and its ill-temper; never since the birth of folly—and we are dating before the flood—did any living thing so presume on its long ears. Hence, when Buff advanced a cake, the spaniel, resenting the injuries of its tail, barked most vehemently.

Mr. Butler, looking at the dog and then at Buff, said to the latter—"*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*"

"Pray, Mr. Buff, don't tease her," said Mrs. Black, "I can't answer for her temper."

"We shall be the best of friends," said Adam, who continued to press the sweet bribe upon the spaniel. Now, Adam, though, as appeared in a former page, an observer of dogs, knew not the extent of their vindictiveness. Thus he continued to press and press the cake, whilst the eyes of the spaniel were lighted up like two topazes, and its bark grew more dissonant with use. It was only the work of an instant, but when Adam thought, in his pleasant way, to force the cake between the long, white teeth of the furious little animal, the creature, stung by the new indignity, sprang forward, and bit Buff through the fleshiest part of his arm. Adam jumped up—but he swallowed the unuttered oath; Mr. Butler looked alarmed; and the professional gentleman mildly inquired "Has she bitten you, sir?"

"I knew she would," said Mrs. Black, passing the ears of her favorite through her fingers.

"You had better take off your coat, sir, and let me look at the arm," said the doctor, and Mrs. Black, still fondling the culprit, rose to retire.

"By no means," said Adam with vivacity, and begged Mrs. Black to remain. "It's nothing—nothing at all," and with a very pale face, he swallowed a glass of wine.

"Now, really, Mr. Buff," said the host, "you push your stoicism too far—upon my word, you—why the little beast has drawn blood—yes, she has bitten through your very shirt."

"No, no—not at all—oh, dear no," said Adam, pulling up a smile to his face; whilst Mrs. Black ceased to caress the dog, and looked seriously at Buff.

"Should the animal be mad," remarked the professional man, "I need not, to a gentleman of your intelligence, even hint at the consequences."

"Bless me! Mad! Now, really Mr. Buff, your coat must come off," said Butler, with great earnestness.

"I am sure, sir, there is nothing to be alarmed at," said Mrs. Black, having given the dog in charge to her servant to lock up—"nothing at all, yet it would be satisfactory if the doctor were only to look—"

"Don't disturb yourself about it, madam," replied Adam very blandly—"I assure you, I don't feel it."

"There is nothing like providing against the worst," said the doctor. "I can cut out the wound and cauterize the flesh, and you'll be comfortable in your mind in five minutes." Adam turned white, red, and yellow at the words.

"Certainly—certainly," said Mr. Butler, "for only think, if the dog should be mad—now, take off your coat."

"I am sure there is no danger, but"—urged Mrs. Black—"if she should be mad—"

The doctor had taken out his case of instruments, and with Mr. Butler, was pressing upon Adam, who felt it necessary to make a vigorous demonstration of his will, in order to keep his coat upon his back.

"Gentlemen—Mr. Butler," said Adam with great earnestness, "I—I am no believer"—the voice of Adam faltered—"in—in canine madness. I have no faith in it, and will submit to no operation. And even if my opinions were otherwise, I—I could not pay so ill a compliment to Mrs. Black, as to suppose a dog belonging to that lady, could by any possibility be out of its senses. I trust, sir," said Adam to Mr. Butler, at the same time throwing a side-look at his sister, "I trust, sir, that when a man takes up philosophy, it is not incumbent upon him that he should lay down gallantry." Adam delivered himself of this in a manner that silenced all opposition. Mr. Butler again took his seat at the table, again considering Adam the first of stoics: the doctor said nothing, but thought the wounded Buff the greatest of fools; whilst Mrs. Black retired from the room, admiring in the generous stranger so wonderful a combination of the nicest delicacy with the strongest fortitude.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Betsy, and what is now your opinion of Mr. Buff?" Thus asked Mr. Butler of Mrs. Black the morning following the assault of the spaniel.

"I trust," said Mrs. Black, evading a direct answer, "that nothing serious will come of the bite. I'm sure I wouldn't let Mr. Buff know the dream I had just before I woke—"

"Dreams! A man like Mr. Buff is no more to be

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moved by dreams than the great pyramid. What was the dream, Betsy?" asked the brother with ill-concealed curiosity.

"I thought that we were all walking down Aldgate, when suddenly Mr. Buff started at the pump, foamed at the mouth, and ran down Fenchurch street, barking like a dog."

"I never knew such a practical philosopher," said Mr. Butler. "I have met with twenty people who could talk Zeno, but here is a man who continually acts him. You should have seen the moral majesty with which he received the blow of the drayman. A common man would have stript and fought."

"Especially of his size," observed Mrs. Black, upon whom the full figure of Adam had had its weight.

"And then to be soaked through his shirt, and think of it no more than if he had been sprinkled with lavender!"

"He must have excellent health—yes, he must be very strong," said Mrs. Black.

"And when bitten by a filthy beast of a dog—" continued Mr. Butler—

"I have given it away," interrupted Mrs. Black.

"To think of it no more than the prick of a pin. Nineteen men out of twenty would have gone mad with the mere apprehension of madness. Mr. Buff finished his two bottles with the equanimity of a saint."

"And then his politeness," urged Mrs. Black. "To refuse to show his wound out of respect to my feelings!"

"There never was such magnanimity," said Mr. Butler.

"Or such sentiment," added Mrs. Black.

"Well then, Betsy, do you not think Mr. Buff, of all men, the very man to direct and ennoble the disposition of my nephew? Do you not think him the very man for your son?"

Mrs. Black had a still higher opinion of Adam Buff; she thought him the very man for herself; and it was only three months after the introduction of Buff into the house as philosophic tutor of the little boy, that he became the lawful guide and instructor of his pupil's mother. About a fortnight after the ceremony, Mr. Butler died quite unexpectedly.

(Does not the fate of Adam Buff prove that he who is loved by fortune may take no care for a shirt?)

We regret to add that the conduct of the prosperous Adam tended to strengthen what we believe to be the fallacy of ill-nature; namely, that men often flourish from the very want of those merits for which they are accidentally rewarded.

Adam Buff had not been married six weeks, ere he had been held to bail for beating, with very little provocation, two watchmen and a coal-heaver. He had discharged the favorite servant of his wife, for having accidentally sprinkled him with about a spoonful of clean water;—and had ordered the Persian cat to be drowned, for that in pure playfulness, it had struck its talons through his silk stocking, immediately stript from the leg for the eye of the family doctor. And then what a life did he lead the laundress!—"I have washed for many, many particular people," said the poor woman with tears in her eyes, "but never—never in all my life did I meet with a gentleman so particular in his shirts as Mr. Buff!"

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

We come, we come, from our southern bowers,
With the song of birds, and the breath of flowers,
Thro' the bright, green woods we have heard the call
Of the singing rill, and the waterfall;
And the whispering grass, as we pass along,
But swells the echo of summer's song.

We come, we come; o'er the high hill's brow
Our azure robes are gleaming now,
And the mountain heights, thro' their crests of snow
Are smiling out in their sunny glow,
And the clustering buds, like a peopled throng,
Burst out to welcome the summer song.

We come, we come, and the clear, blue sky
Spreads a boundless canopy on high,
And the waters leap like a playful child,
Where the gracious God of sunshine smiled,
And their music tones are proud and strong,
As they warble forth the summer song.

We come, we come, with the bird and bee,
The bud, the blossom, and bursting tree,
With the silvery tones of the singing rill,
The glad, green height of the grass crown'd hill
And we softly weave, as we pass along,
To the free, bright things, a summer song.

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BENJAMIN CAYWOOD.

It has so long since been decided by moralists and philosophers that this world is one of change and vicissitude, that it is scarcely necessary, at this late day, for me to advise my readers that such is the undoubted fact. Moralists and philosophers have said that, which is evident to the most humble and least gified of the human race. We see the work of vegetation and animal life going on in the daily events which pass in hurried array before us, as the morning sun mounts up on the blue dome of the illimitable heavens in all its splendor and glory, diffusing its beautiful and grateful rays of light and heat over the peopled universe; but anon, we also perceive the counteraction of dilapidation and decay, like the same sun, when it has passed the horizon, and its splendors, thrown far up into the vast concave, are gradually departing, as if to cast a last smile upon the world, before it stretches itself on its nightly bed upon the bosom of ether. Death, with appetite insatiate, places his cold and clammy finger upon us, and we droop and decay, and are no more—we pass down to the "dark valley of the shadow of death," and the gay world perchance for awhile will mourn our loss, will drop a tear or two on the silent though speaking marble which the attentive hand of friendship has placed above us; but the spell is soon broken, and our memory is placed upon the same shelf with the unremembered things that were.

I have been led to these remarks upon the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, in consequence of the news which has just reached me, detailing the circumstances of the death of that noted individual, Benjamin Caywood.

Benjamin Caywood—or as he was more generally known by, and answered to the patronymic Ben, or old Ben,—was an *individual* by himself alone; that is, his individual identity could not be mistaken, for I verily believe there was not an individual in the wide world whom he cared for, or who cared for him, or could supply the vacuum in society which his death has occasioned. Ben was a real personage, not one of your imagination-made men, which poets and the weavers of romance are wont to introduce to you. Although in all probability, unknown to the great majority of the readers of this article, there was not a boy or girl, a man, woman, or child, that hailed from the neighborhood from which my lucubrations emanate, that were not as familiar with the name and person of Ben as if he were a household god, or the label upon the lid of a box of Doctor Brandreth's pills, or a bottle of Swaim's panacea, or any other familiar thing which the feelings and prejudices of public opinion have made the property of the people.

Ben was tall, and, in the plain, though not uncomely language of country life, well put together. In the prime of life he had evidently been a six-footer. But age and exposure—care he never knew—rendered him bent and decrepit, and during the last few years of his existence, he was obliged to sport a huge walking-staff, to support his frail and tottering frame through his journey on the pathway of life.

The subject of these remarks was poor, and perhaps that may have been the reason why he was never quarrelsome, for poverty and a fiery spirit do not work well together, as they will be continually pulling their possessor into "scrapes" and difficulties. He was of a mild and placid disposition, though full of fun and anecdote, ever with a smile on his withered countenance, except when some lively and unruly urchin, in the height of his boyish revelry, would be so trickish and unceremonious as to pull his coat tail, steal his staff, throw dust in his eyes, or any other of the numerous mischievous devices for which boyhood is notorious. On such occasions, Ben was apt to permit his temper to become somewhat ruffled; indeed, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he should, seeing that these little odds and ends in the story of existence, are of a character extremely unpleasant; particularly to those who feel conscious that the innocent vocations to which they have devoted themselves are entirely undeserving of such rude treatment. The vocation which Ben had chosen was of this peculiar and innocent character, being that of an itinerant minstrel. The songs which he sung were rude and unsophisticated; but the peculiar cadence and modulation of his voice—the pleasing and somewhat *illustrative* expression of his countenance—and above all, the singular accompaniment to his melody, being nothing more nor less than a single sleigh-bell tingling in one hand, and a pair of the ribs of some lusty ox well cleansed and rattled together between the fingers of the other, rendered the exhibition one of interest and pleasure, and has often arrested the footsteps of the merchant on his way to bank to lift his note at half past two o'clock, and the fair belle, as she was busy in the display of her beauty and her dress to her many admirers, whilst promenading in the gay thoroughfare.

Benjamin was seldom seen in the winter time, for he was exceedingly provident of himself, always managing to secure comfortable quarters, and never venturing out when the snow-storm gathered, or the tempest was abroad. Indeed, it is currently believed, that so great was his love of ease and comfort during the inclement season, that he would regularly perpetrate some trifling peccadillo about the close of autumn, in order to become entitled to an apartment in the county jail during the approaching winter. This he did not consider any dereliction from the strict line of

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morality and honest intention: it was a part of his calling—an easy method, though somewhat exceptionable in the minds of others, of making his peaceful way through the world. It is true, he might have effected the object in view equally as well by throwing himself upon the bounty of the almshouse; but the almshouse to him was a wretched place indeed—a kind of Hades for the lame, the hungry, the blind, and the naked, entirely beneath the dignity of a personage so famous as the minstrel of the bones and bell. But when spring returned—when its green and lively mantle was flung athwart the bosom of the wide world—when the young flowers would peep out and send forth their pure odors upon the passing breeze, and the bright birds of heaven would utter their sweet and joyous songs of praise and glory, then would Benjamin venture forth from his prison-house, and amid the hum and bustle incident to the crowded street, might be heard the sound of his powerful voice proclaiming to the people that he, too, was ready to pour forth his singular music at the moderate price, "one single cent a tune."

The correct and graceful attitude into which the minstrel threw himself, when in the act of performing his wild music, was peculiarly striking. The feet were placed side by side, in position parallel, and the legs, to the knee, standing on them in position vertical; then, a heavy inclination backward, at perhaps an angle of forty-five degrees, toward the nether integuments of his unmentionables, and thence upward to the neck, thrown gently forward; the head thrown back majestically, and surmounted by an ancient dragoon-cap, over which waved a single plume; the staff placed for safety under the left arm; the left arm closely pressed to the side as far down as the elbow, thence extended forward horizontally, and "'twixt his finger and his thumb" the little sleigh-bell delicately suspended; "de bones" placed between the fingers of the right hand, and, in the ecstacy of delight, into which the excitement of the strange music elevated him, the right arm swinging free and untrammeled: the whiteness of his teeth, as contrasted with the color of his face, peering forth in consequence of the wide embrasure of his open mouth, necessary to permit the full volume of his voice, bearing the deep melody with which his soul was burthened, a proper avenue for escape; the quick and intelligible glance of his eyes; all contributed to fasten the attention of the beholder, and to embue his mind with the most singular and pleasurable emotions.

Such was old Ben—such his character—such his vocation. In common with many others of the class of eccentricities with which this nether world is gifted withal, Benjamin was a devout worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, and would have been constant in his devotions, had it not been for the awkward predicament in which he too frequently found himself situated, that of not being in possession of the manna, the myrrh, and the frankincense, to render his offering acceptable to the rosy god. This had the effect to corrupt his taste, inasmuch as he was thus reduced to the unpleasant necessity of asking for that which he could not purchase, and, in conformity to the narrow-mindedness of the world's ways, the donors who had the charity to minister to his craving appetite, would ever, with a kindly feeling for their own purses, give him that quality of spirit which would cost them the least quantity of cash, as newly distilled whiskey, "blue ruin," &c., commingled with a goodly portion of red pepper. Taste, of whatever character it may be, is an exceedingly delicate affair, and may very easily become vitiated; and, such being the case, it is not greatly to be wondered at that Benjamin, straightened as his circumstances often were, should become in the course of years so insensible to its influence, as not to be able to detect the difference between the purest fourth proof Cogniac brandy and the meanest freshly distilled corn liquor, generally known and recognized by the familiar cognomen, "Old Rye," nor, what is more singular, to care about it. So that he obtained the *quantum* of spirit, that was *sufficit:* it was a matter of indifference to him whether it was named whiskey or brandy. He thought with Seneca, that "we have a sufficiency when we have what nature requires;" but, unlike Seneca, he thought that that sufficiency ought to consist of at least three or four pints of alcohol *per diem*. Without the given quantity of that commodity, the bones did not rattle well, nor did the bell send forth sounds harmonious. The voice was cracked and broken, and the whole frame, enervated until nature was re-animated by the magic influence of *liquor;* but when *that* had been duly administered, then would the countenance brighten up, and the cracked voice resume its wonted tone, full and deep, and the strains of the ditty fall with *spirit* upon the air,—for the minstrel of the bones and bell would scorn to confine his "tuneful lays" to the narrow space afforded by the "hollow square," to speak in phrase *militaire*, formed of floor, walls, and ceiling, but would pour them forth spontaneously upon the free and ambient air.

Poverty, by most persons, is deemed a disgrace, and by some a crime. Ben always viewed this matter differently. He neither thought it a disgrace nor a crime to be poor, because it was by poverty, I may say, that he earned his daily bread and whiskey—and no man should so far forget himself as to vent his spleen against the means by which he is enabled to keep his soul and body together. Whatever may have been the faults and frailties to which the human nature of poor Ben was subject, in this matter he was evidently right. Never quarrel with your bread and butter, is an old saying, and it is one, too, to which Ben strictly adhered. His dress, his bearing, and his demeanor, were all in philosophical conformity with his standing in society. His dress was odd and fantastical—so was his mode of living. His bearing was lofty—and so was the soiled though stately plume that nodded above his forehead. He was, withal, a philosopher, in the strictest sense of the word. He had no friend, no associate, not an individual who had a fellow-feeling in common with himself: he dwelt in a world of his own creation, and felt as much at home in that world as did Diogenes in his tub. It must not be understood that he was selfish, for he would have shared his little world,

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had any person been willing to have accepted a share with him. But there was not, and he was alone.

Beauty is a gem of inestimable value, and it is but seldom that we meet with that degree of concentrated perfection in the human form as to entitle it to the epithet beautiful. Ben was neither beautiful, nor handsome, nor good-looking; but there was a manly stateliness in his bearing, and a sprinkling of dignified graciousness in the expression of his countenance, which would ever command attention, and, under many circumstances, would have elicited that marked respect which is the constant attendant upon true greatness.

The world is generally discriminating and just, although being a composition of that much-talked-about substance called human nature, it is fairly supposable that it may sometime err; and this, I think, may have been the case when it drew the line which is generally recognized as a distinctive mark to point out the superior intellect which the pale-faced race possesses over the descendants of Ham. There is a brilliant and ever-burning spark of celestial fire, usually denominated genius, for ever dwelling in the heart of man, which at times *will* burst forth from its pent-up habitation, and shed its divine influence over the world, no matter whether that heart is situated in the bosom of a white or of a black man; and this position was singularly illustrated in the case of Ben; for Ben was of that dark and ebon color which we are apt to associate with the calling, or, as it has of late years more elegantly been denominated, profession, of a wood-sawyer; and who for a moment can doubt that the heart of Ben was deeply imbued with this outpouring of the divine essence. Ben was emphatically a genius—he was full of it—it could be detected in all his actions—it even peeped out through the deep marks which time and the small-pox had left upon his dignified and noble countenance. And this genius, too, was of a highly inventive character, for who, as an illustrative instance, would ever have dreamed of drawing forth music from the dry bones of an ox? The bones of the dead at Waterloo were gathered and burned, or ground up, to manure the hungry earth; but had those bones been properly preserved, there was a sufficient quantity of them to set all Italy music-mad, and the whole world a-dancing. It was reserved for the venerable Caywood (for he had travelled far upon the pathway of life before his genius peeped into the depths of this mystery) to discover the important purpose for which that necessary item in the superstructure of man and beast, the ribs, was intended; and it also goes to prove the position before assumed, namely, that Ben was a philosopher; for it was highly philosophical, and of immense importance to the well-being of the human race, to have ascertained, by actual experiment, and placed on an undoubted and substantial basis, the fact, that the bones of the ox, which are generally discarded from our tables as worthless and unworthy, may yet be made the instruments to gladden the heart of man. But not alone in the discovery of the musical properties possessed by ox-bones was the inventive genius of Benjamin developed. Hunger will often have the effect to drag up, even in the dullest of us, from the deep recesses of the human heart in which it lies deposited, the little wit with which nature has gifted us; and it is not at all surprising that Ben, in the thoughtlessness of the moment, and the good will which his heart entertained for his stomach, and that stomach craving stimulus withal, should disburse his money during the daytime for "the creature," forgetting that in order to keep the system in a proper state of life and vigor, it is sometimes necessary to supply the stomach with a little supper, and, therefore, that at a late hour he was compelled by the urgent calls of nature to put his intellect in proper motion to secure that highly requisite compound. In this work, the wonderful power of his genius shone pre-eminent. "Power is gradually stealing from the many to the few," says the statesman, and this was also the case where Ben was concerned—for money is power, and property is the representative of money; and thus it was perceived that the poultry belonging to the many farmers in the neighborhood, the raw mackerel placed for a show on the side-walks of the grocer, the loaf of bread, placed at the window of the baker for the same purpose, and so forth, were observed to be gradually diminishing, and becoming concentrated in one person, to be deposited, at the proper time, in the receptacle of the good things of this life, pertaining to the said Benjamin Caywood. There were also sundry dairies, smoke-houses, and other depositories for the reception and safe-keeping of the various productions of animal and vegetable life in the vicinity where Ben vouchsafed his presence, and it was remarked, that with respect to them, a similar process of disgorgement was continually in operation, and similar beneficial results accruing to Ben. It is not to be understood, that Benjamin harbored for a moment a dishonest thought or intention: he was merely indulging in a natural propensity, that of providing for the comfortable sustenance of animal life, and at the cheapest possible rate. This is a propensity in which we all indulge, and it was but an evidence of his genius that Ben was enabled to fondle and nourish it at far less cost to himself than the generality of mankind. Genius, in truth, may be called the most prominent and valuable of the various gifts which nature had bestowed upon him; and if the organ of acquisitiveness was fully developed in Ben, it was but natural that he should exercise it. Of what use, indeed, would be those natural gifts, if they were not exercised?—not to exercise them might justly be considered an irreverent disregard of the benevolent intentions of Providence; and it is altogether probable that these are the arguments which actuated Ben in a pursuit which, it must be acknowledged, would not by some be considered altogether creditable.

But there were times when it was not necessary for Ben to put in requisition his acquisitorial powers, inasmuch as his wants were supplied by the gratuitous benevolence of persons who thought they saw in him a suitable object to whom they might administer their charities; and Ben, far from being proud, would receive their gifts with a good grace, for he did not

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consider it a disgrace to *pick* any more than to *play* the bones.

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome."

After this manner sung the bard whose beautiful and delicate strains would have immortalized the clime Italian, if that clime had not immortalized itself, and in corroboration of the true and sweet sentiment therein expressed, the heart of Ben would leap up within him whenever those crude and unvarnished manifestations of interest for his inward man were exhibited; for although he cared but little for the world, or the world for him, he had a heart that was sensible to kindness and sympathy, and thrice welcome was the charity which he received when he was not at the trouble of asking for it. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that when the day's toils and troubles over, if some kind friend had stepped forward and administered the supply which the calls of nature required, there would have been less frequent occasion for the exercise of those somewhat discreditable propensities which have been alluded to before; for the weakness in the lower limbs, as well as in the head, at even tide, occasioned by the pressure of the hand of time and the frequency of libations poured in honor of the mirth-loving god, will sometimes steal the cunning from the heart, and unfit the human frame for the exercise of that energy which is necessary for the successful issue of secret missions.

But I must pause. The last event in the eventful life of poor Ben has transpired. He has left the scene of his triumphs: he has abandoned the places which he was wont to enliven by his presence and his minstrelsy; and he has gone down to sojourn in that far country which we know not of—the country of the soul. His age is unknown; but the years he numbered are supposed to have been between ninety and one hundred. He left naught behind him but his bell and his bones, and the world may be deemed his sole legatee. His loss to society is irreparable, for he left no successor, and the art divine may be considered to have died with him. The sweet bard of Avon has sung, that

"The evil that men do live after them,—
The good is oft interred with their *bones*."

And so may it be with poor Caywood. May his slumber in death be as peaceful as his intentions were good, and his long life inoffensive. May the remembrance of the noise which he made in the world be never effaced, and may the evils which he perpetrated be smoothed over by the obliterating hand of oblivion.

Columbia, Pa. ALP.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

WHERE are they all? the early dead,
The rose-buds of our flow'ry path,
The half-blown blossoms that have fled,
Before the tempest's gather'd wrath.

Where is the boy, the bright eyed boy,
That stood beside his mother's knee,
Whose ringing laughter told of joy
And blessings, in futurity?

The timid nursling, on whose head
Unnumber'd prayers and hopes were pour'd,
Round whom the light of love was shed,
From woman's vast exhaustless hoard.

Where is the promis'd bud of bloom?
It moulders 'neath the silent sod,
But thro' the darkness of the tomb,
The white-wing'd spirit sees its God.

And where is she who early learn'd
To love earth's fair and sunny bowers,
Whose gentle spirit fondly turn'd
Its worship to the summer flowers?

With shining locks of golden hair,
That cluster'd o'er her snowy brow,
As if to teach the lilies there,
Before their sunny beam to bow?

The fair, bright girl, whose lisping tongue
Prattled of deep and hidden things,
Whose little heart was finely strung,
From some high harp's celestial strings—

Where, where is she?—the bright, green grass
Waves o'er a little mound, whose sod
Whispers the night-winds as they pass,
Another angel's gone to God.

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THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

The following Calendar has been compiled at a great expense of time and labor; and will be continued every month till the year is completed. We trust that this perfectly novel arrangement will be acceptable to our subscribers; not only from the fullness and accuracy of the Chronology, but from the consideration that there is nothing of the same description in existence. It is assumed that no person will be guilty of the impropriety of copying this Calendar, which is private property, and has been duly entered as copyright, according to the provisions of the Act of Congress.

JUNE.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1586	Wingina, an Indian Chief, massacred, with his great men and followers, during an apparently friendly council, by Ralph Lane, the Governor of Virginia, and other settlers.
—	1759	Born, at Jamaica, W. I., Alexander James Dallas, a celebrated American Statesman and Lawyer.
—	1774	Boston Port closed by order of British authorities.
—	1779	Stony Point and Verplank's Point, N. Y. taken by the British.
—	1780	American Privateer General Pickering, captured English Ship Golden Eagle.
—	1785	John Adams, the first Ambassador from the U. S. of America to England, had his first interview with King George III.
—	1796	Tennessee admitted into the Union as an independent State.
—	1798	Treaty between U. S. and the Oneida Indians.
—	1811	Died, in Massachusetts, aged 47, William Eaton, famous for his warlike achievements on the Barbary Coast.
—	1813	U. S. Frigate Chesapeake, captured by British Frigate Shannon. Americans had 146 killed and wounded, including Captain James Lawrence among the former.
—	1832	Died, at his residence, near Bradford Springs, S. C. Thomas Sumter, a distinguished partisan officer during the revolution.
—	1833	Died, at N. Y. aged 74, Oliver Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut.
—	1836	A severe Frost in New England, which caused considerable damage to vegetation.
2	1773	Born, in Virginia, John Randolph, of Roanoke.
—	1776	The Constitution of New Jersey adopted.
—	1833	Rev. E. K. Avery acquitted of the murder of Sarah M. Cornell.
—	1835	Boston and Providence Rail Road opened to the public.
3	1790	The Federal Constitution adopted by South Carolina.
—	1805	Peace concluded between U. S. and Tripoli.
—	1813	British Gunboats on Lake Champlain captured and sunk two U. S. Schooners of War.
—	1816	Treaty between U. S. and Winnebagoes.
—	1837	Destructive Tornado from the Hudson across Duchess Co. N. Y., to the Connecticut—did great damage.
4	1752	Born, in Baltimore County, Maryland, John Eager Howard, revolutionary General and Governor of Maryland.
—	1792	First Legislature of Kentucky met—Isaac Shelby first Governor.
—	1805	American Prisoners at Tripoli liberated.
—	1816	Treaty between U. S. and Kickapoos.
5	1781	Augusta, Georgia, surrendered to the Americans.
—	1813	Battle of Stoney Creek; the British repulsed in a night attack, with the loss of their General (Clarke) and 250 men. The Americans lost 180 men, including Generals Winder and Chandler.
—	1835	Destructive Fire at Charleston, Va. 374 houses burnt.
6	1756	Born, in Lebanon, Conn., John Trumbull, poet and patriot—author of M'Fingal.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
6	1799	Died, at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va. aged 66, Patrick Henry, a celebrated Orator, and Governor of Virginia.
—	1813	Sodus, on Lake Ontario, burnt by the British.
7	1776	The Independence of the American Colonies proposed in Congress, by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia.
—	1781	Georgetown, S. C. captured by American Generals Marion and Lee.
—	1831	Steamboat General Jackson, burst her boiler, near N. Y. and killed 12 persons.
—	1832	The Bill for the farther relief of the surviving Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, received the President's signature.
8	1758	Commencement of the attack upon Louisburgh, Cape Breton, by General Wolfe.
—	1776	The Americans repulsed by the British at Trois Rivieres, Lower Canada, with great loss.
—	1778	The French Fleet, under Count D'Estaing, arrived at America.
—	1806	Died, aged 81, George Wythe, of Va. one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1816	Treaty between U. S. and the Sioux.
—	1832	The Cholera appeared at Quebec, Lower Canada—its first eruption on the American Continent.
9	1496	Columbus arrived in Spain from his second voyage.
—	1772	The Providence Packet, sailing into Newport, R. I. fired into by British Revenue Schooner, Gaspee, for refusing to lower her colors. The Gaspee ran aground in the chase, and was burnt, in the night, by the fishermen.
—	1778	The British Commissioners arrived in New York, on a fruitless errand of negotiation with Congress for the return of the U. S. to their fealty to the British throne.
—	1811	Unprecedented fall of hail in New Hampshire, being, in some places, twelve inches deep.
—	1814	U. S. Brig, Rattlesnake, captured British Brig, John.
—	1835	A Convention met at Raleigh, N. C. for the purpose of amending the State Constitution.
—	1836	Steamboat Rob Roy exploded four miles above Colombia, on the Mississippi, and about 20 persons killed.
—	——	Nearly 200 Seminole Indians defeated near Micanopy, by U. S. troops.
10	1768	The Sloop, Liberty, belonging to Mr. Hancock, seized by Custom House officers, at Boston and some rioting ensued.
—	1801	Declaration of War by the Bashaw of Tripoli against the U. S.
—	1813	U. S. Revenue Cutter, Surveyor, captured by the British in Chesapeake Bay.
—	1814	Action between British Vessels of War and American Flotilla, under Commodore Barney.
—	1829	Steam Ship Fulton the First, destroyed at N. Y. Navy Yard by explosion of gunpowder. 22 killed and many wounded.
—	1832	Died, at Reading, Pa. General Joseph Heister, formerly Governor of that state.
—	1833	Died, near Knoxville, Tennessee, Nathaniel W. Williams, Circuit Judge in that state.
11	1517	Sebastian, son of John Cabot, having attained the latitude of sixty-seven and a half degrees, in the hope of finding a passage into the Indian Ocean, was compelled to return by the cowardice of one of his officers, and the mutiny of his men.
—	1578	Sir Humphrey Gilbert, step brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, obtained a grant of Newfoundland from Queen Elizabeth.
—	1776	Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, R. Livingston, and Roger Sherman, appointed by Congress as a Committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence.
—	1804	General Moreau sentenced to banishment to America for conspiring against Napoleon Bonaparte.
—	1825	Died, at Staten Island, Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, and Vice President of United States.
—	1837	Riot in Boston (Sunday) between some Firemen and some Irishmen concerned in a Funeral.
12	1665	New York City first incorporated.
—	1775	British General Gage proclaimed, at Boston, pardon to all who would lay down their arms excepting S. Adams and J. Hancock.
—	1778	Died, aged 62, Philip Livingston, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1805	Captain Porter, of the American Ship, Atahualpa, murdered by the Indians at Sturgis' Cove, with eight of his men. The chief mate and ten of the crew were dangerously wounded.
13	1665	Charles II. bestowed on the Earl of Clarendon all the land from the Pacific to the Atlantic between twenty-nine degrees and thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, north latitude.
—	1775	Dr. Joseph Warren appointed Major General of the American army.
—	1780	Major General Gates appointed Commander of the Southern forces of the U. S.
—	——	"The American Daughters of Liberty" in Philadelphia, formed themselves into an Association for supplying the soldiers of the revolution with clothing.
—	1814	Fourteen vessels burnt by the British at Wareham, New England.
—	1833	Died, aged 45, of cholera, aboard the Steamboat Mount Vernon, in Tennessee, Thomas Yeatman, a wealthy Banker of Nashville.
14	1496	The American Continent (Labrador) discovered by the Cabots.
—	1662	Sir Henry Vane, once Governor of Massachusetts, beheaded in England, for high treason.
—	1744	Earthquake in New England.
—	1774	The British Fleet blockaded Boston.
—	1776	The British Fleet cannonaded from Moon and Long Islands, and compelled to leave the Bay, opening a means of intercourse with Boston, just two years after the commencement of the blockade.
—	1777	The present Flag of the United States of America—the Stars and the Stripes—adopted by order of Congress.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
14	1801	Died, in Gloucester Place, London, Benedict Arnold, the traitor.
15	1768	The Boston Custom House Officers applied to General Gage for military support in the execution of their office.
—	1775	Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army.
—	1837	Disastrous Flood at Baltimore, Md. 25 lives lost, 50 dwelling houses, and 200 stores destroyed.
16	1813	British Schooner Lady Murray, with stores and ammunition, captured off Presque Isle, by U. S. Schooner Lady of the Lake.
—	1775	The Americans commence Fortifications on Breed's Hill, near Boston.
17	1742	Born, at Boston, William Hooper, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. He died in 1790, at the age of 40, being the shortest lived among the Signers.
—	1775	Battle of Breed's, or Bunker's Hill, and death of General Warren. American loss, 453. British loss, 1054.
—	1776	Six American Privateers captured the George and Arabella British transports, in Boston Bay; 320 prisoners taken.
—	1780	The first Bank in America opened in Philadelphia, for supplying the Revolutionary Soldiers with provisions. Capital 839,160 dollars.
—	1788	New Hampshire and New York Conventions (the latter at Poughkeepsie) met to deliberate on the Federal Constitution.
—	1815	Commodore Decatur captured an Algerine Frigate off Cape de Gatt, killing the famous Admiral Rais Hammida, the terror of the Mediterranean.
—	——	The Americans prohibited by British order in Council, from using the British territories for any purposes connected with the Newfoundland Fisheries.
18	1684	The Original Charter of New England, granted to Winthrop, declared to be forfeited to the English powers.
—	1776	The Americans, retiring before General Burgoyne, evacuated Lower Canada.
—	1778	The British forces evacuated Philadelphia.
—	1806	Brig, Anne, of Charleston, S. C. totally lost, near Madras—all the crew drowned but one.
—	1812	War declared against Great Britain by the U. S. of America.
—	1815	Hostilities ceased between England and America.
—	1832	Died, at Washington, D. C. Charles C. Johnston, M. C. from Virginia.
—	1835	Died, aged 73, near Farnham, Surry, England, William Cobbett, the celebrated political writer.
19	1586	Ralph Lane and the early colonists of Virginia, embarked aboard Drake's fleet, and sailed for England, thus ending the first actual settlement in America.
—	1619	The first Colonial Assembly convened in America met at Jamestown, Va.
—	1779	The Americans, under General Lincoln, repulsed in an attack upon the British at Stono Ferry, Va.
—	1781	The Americans, under General Greene, repulsed in an attack on Fort Ninety-Six, S. C.
—	1786	Died, suddenly, aged 44, Major General Nathaniel Greene, a celebrated revolutionary officer. He died near Savannah, Geo.
—	1794	Died, aged 62, Richard Henry Lee, the mover in Congress of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1811	Died, aged 70, Samuel Chase, an eminent jurist, and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
20	1610	Heinrich Hudson, the Navigator, seized by his crew, and, with his son and seven seamen, cast adrift in a small boat, in the midst of drifting ice, in Hudson's Bay. The sufferers were never heard of again.
—	1632	The fundamental charter of the Colony of Maryland granted to Lord Baltimore by Charles I.
—	1756	Born, in England, William Richardson Davie, a revolutionary general, and Governor of North Carolina.
—	1781	Richmond, Va. evacuated by the British, under Lord Cornwallis.
—	1813	Action between three British Frigates and a flotilla of American Gun Boats, off Craney Island, in James River, Va.
—	——	The British repulsed in an attack upon Oswego, N. Y.
—	1814	American Privateer Perry, captured British Schooner Ballahou.
21	1710	Born, at Lebanon, Conn. Jonathan Trumbull, a distinguished statesman.
—	1774	Born, at Scarsdale, Westchester County, N. Y. Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, and V. P. of United States.
—	1783	Mutiny among the American troops at Philadelphia. Congress adjourned to Trenton. The Mutineers, about 300 in number, were quelled by General Robert Howe, without loss of life.
—	1788	New Hampshire adopted the Federal Constitution.
—	1812	The first American Squadron put to sea, under the command of Com. Rodgers—consisting of Frigates President, United States, and Congress, Sloop of War Hornet, and Brig Argus.
—	1817	Dreadful Hurricane passed over Maryland.
—	1831	The State House of North Carolina, containing the Statue of Washington by Canova, destroyed by fire.
22	1564	Admiral Coligny's second Colony of French Huguenots, under Laudonniere, reached the shores of Florida.
—	1732	Born, in Maryland, John Ewing, an eminent Divine and Mathematician.
—	1777	British General Howe, returned to Amboy, General Greene harassing his rear.
—	1780	Capture by the Indians of various Forts and Stations on Licking River—all the inhabitants taken prisoners.

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Day of Month.	Year.	
22	1798	Naturalization Law passed, requiring a residence in the U. S. of 14 years prior to citizenship
—	1807	Outrage by British Ship of War Leopard, 50 guns, on U S. Frigate Chesapeake, 36.
—	1813	U. S. Brig Rattlesnake, captured British Brig Crown Prince.
—	1814	Independence, 74 Gun Ship, launched at Boston.
23	1664	New Jersey assigned by the Duke of York to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret.
—	1780	The British repulsed at Springfield, N. J. Both parties retired from the field of battle, but the Americans remained encamped in the neighborhood, while the British, after burning every house but four, retreated to Staten Island.
—	1791	Died, aged 63, at Philadelphia, John Jones, a celebrated physician, and friend of Franklin and Washington.
—	1804	British Act of Parliament passed, regulating the trade between U. S. of America and Great Britain.
—	1813	The British, under Admiral Cockburn, defeated in an attack upon Craney Island, James River, Va. with a loss of 1200 men in killed, wounded, and missing.
—	——	Action between American Gun Boats and Sloops, and two British Frigates, Statira and Spartan, in Delaware Bay. The frigates were compelled to leave the anchorage.
—	1836	Steamboat Novelty, supplied with anthracite coal, went from New York to Albany and back in less than 22 hours.
24	1496	Newfoundland discovered by Sebastian Cabot.
—	1675	Nine settlers murdered by the Indians at Swansey, Mass., being the commencement of King Philip's war.
—	1782	The Creek Indians repulsed in an attack upon Wayne's infantry, in Georgia.
—	1799	The Public Offices removed from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pa.
—	1803	Died, aged 89, in Massachusetts, Matthew Thornton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1810	U. S. Brig Vixen, fired at by British Sloop of War Moselle, near the Bahamas.
—	1812	Engagement, in running fight, between U. S. Frigate President, and British Frigate Belvidere—the latter escaped.
—	1813	Lieutenant Colonel Boerstler, with upwards of five hundred men, surrendered to the British at Beaver Dam, near Queenstown.
—	1817	Died, aged 83, in Philadelphia, Thomas M'Kean, Chief Justice and Governor of Pennsylvania, and one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
25	1781	Upwards of one thousand persons, wives, children, &c., of persons living in the rebel Colonies, were driven from Charleston, S. C. by order of the British commander.
—	1782	The French and Spanish Fleets captured 18 vessels, engaged in the Newfoundland and Quebec trade.
—	1788	Virginia adopted the Federal Constitution by a smaller majority of votes (ten) than any other state, except New York.
—	1798	The President empowered by Congress to send Aliens out of the U. S.
—	1813	Hampton. Va. taken by the British, who committed serious outrages.
—	1816	Died, aged 67, at Carlisle, Pa. Henry Hugh Brackenridge, eminent jurist and littérateur.
26	1703	Born, at Scituate, Mass. Thomas Clap, celebrated philosopher.
—	1781	Skirmish between the Americans and the rear of Cornwallis's army, near Williamsburg, Va.
—	1783	Died, aged 53, near Dover, Delaware, Cæsar Rodney, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1796	Died, aged 64, at Philadelphia, David Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer.
—	1814	Two British Frigates compelled to retire from the Patuxent, by a flotilla, under the orders of Commodore Barney.
27	1720	The Mississippi Scheme exploded in France.
—	1813	The British evacuated Hampton, Va.
—	1832	The Cholera broke out at New York.
—	1835	The Boston and Lowell Rail Road opened.
28	1681	First General Yearly Meeting of the Quakers in America, held at Burlington, N. J.
—	1776	Unsuccessful attack by the British upon Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C. which was gallantly defended by Col. Moultrie.
—	1778	The British defeated by the Americans at Monmouth, N. J.
—	1814	U. S. Sloop of War Wasp, 18 guns, captured the British Sloop of War Reindeer, 19 guns. The prize was compelled to be burnt.
—	1815	The American Squadron, under Decatur, appeared off Algiers.
—	1830	Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Charlestown, Mass.
—	1832	New Tariff Act passed the House of Representatives by vote 132 to 65.
—	——	Died, at Washington, D. C. George E. Mitchell, M. C. from Maryland.
—	1836	Steamboat Sampson, burnt on the Mississippi, 50 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, with great loss of property.
—	——	Died, aged 85, James Madison, the fourth President of the United States.
29	1813	British Sloop of War Persian, wrecked on the Silver Keys, while chasing the American Privateer Saucy Jack.
—	1835	Died, aged 84, at Philadelphia, Col. Richard Anderson, a Revolutionary Officer.
30	1776	Died, of the Small Pox, Major General John Thomas, an eminent officer in the American army, and conspicuous in the French war.
—	1785	Died, aged 87, General James E. Oglethorpe, the first Governor of Georgia.
—	1815	U. S. Sloop of War Peacock, captured in the Straits of Sunda, the British Ship Nautilus.
—	——	Treaty of Peace signed between Dey of Algiers and Commodore Decatur on behalf of U. S.
—	1816	Died, at Beaufort, S. C. Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy of U. S.

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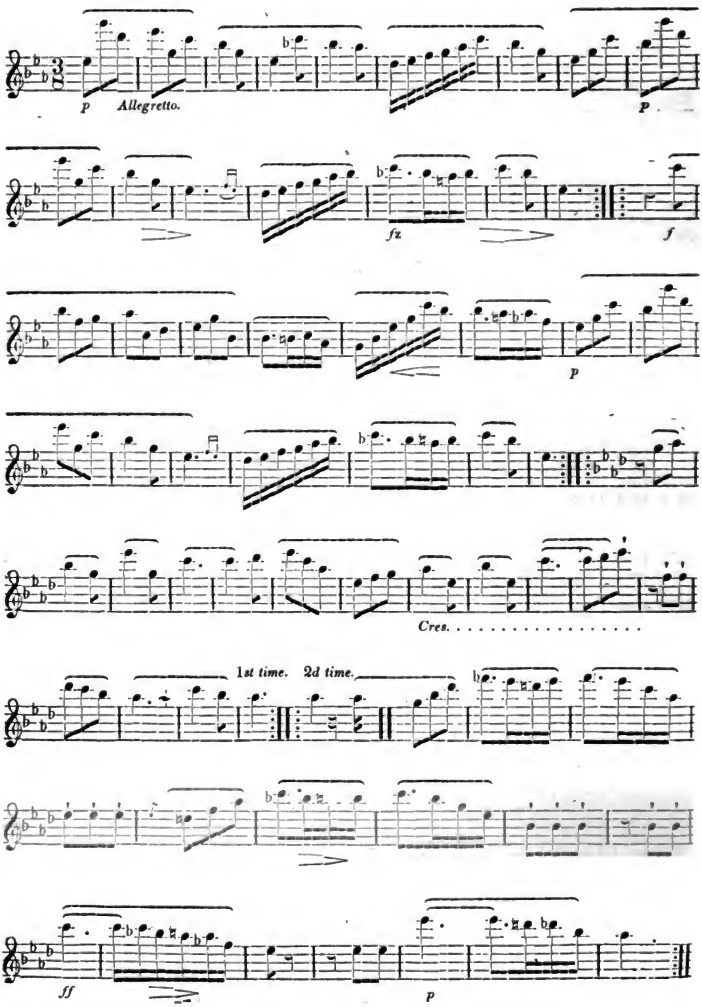
A NEW WALTZ FOR THE FLUTE.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

BY A. F. WOOLCOTT, PHILADELPHIA.



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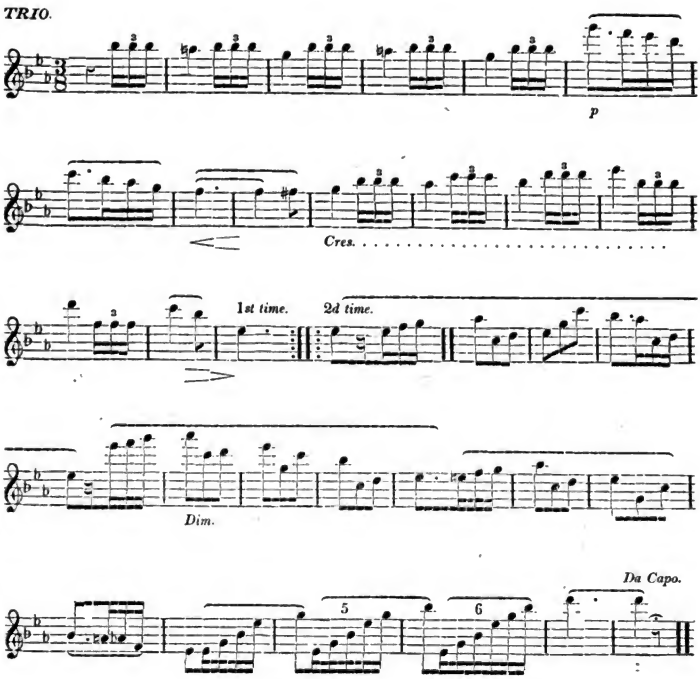

THE FISHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.

In gurgling eddies rolled the tide,
The wily angler sat,
Its verdant, willow'd bank beside,
And spread the treacherous bait.
Reclin'd he sat in careless mood,
The floating quill he eyed;—
When, rising from the op'ning flood,
A humid maid he spied.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain;
"Why thus with murd'rous arts invade
My placid, harmless reign?
Ah, didst thou know how blest, how free,
The finny myriads stray,
Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,
And live as blest as they."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by Boz. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

OLIVER TWIST; OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. By the Author of the Pickwick Papers. *Illustrated with Plates by Cruikshank. Part First.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY; *containing a faithful Account of the Fortunes, Misfortunes, Uprisings, Downfallings, and Complete Career of the Nickleby Family.* Edited by Boz. *With Illustrations by Phiz. Number One.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. A Monthly Work—Edited by Boz. *With Engravings by Cruikshank.*

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, the celebrated Boz, seems determined to lose no opportunity of speculating upon the capital of fame which he has amassed, and deservedly, during his Pickwickian popularity. There is no other instance, on record, of an author having attained an equal share of fame in the same period of time. A twelvemonth since, Mr. Dickens was known but as a newspaper reporter—the writer of various sketches in some of the London daily papers—and the publisher of a prospectus of a work, in numbers, of strange and unpromising title—"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." The force and originality of the humor and vividity of detail, with an unceasing sprightliness of incident, and broad development of character exhibited in the pages of the new periodical, established the Pickwickians in the graces of the reading public. New editions of the back numbers were called for before the work attained a six months age. Dramatic versions of its chapters graced the boards of the many theatres in the English metropolis; a large edition was printed by Galignani in Paris; and the stores of the booksellers in the United States echoed with the name of Boz. The stray sketches and essays of the fortunate Dickens were gathered from their perishable endurance, and figured in two handsome illustrated volumes. A principal bookseller entered into a contract with this lucky author for the production of two new works, and engaged him to preside over the destinies of a new monthly miscellany.

In the very height of this unprecedented popularity, "The Memoirs of Grimaldi, by Boz, with Plates by Cruikshank," were announced, much to the satisfaction of the reading public. The career of the greatest buffoon of the age was to be illustrated by the pen of the first of comic writers, and the pencil of the living Hogarth. Sir Walter Scott says, "Dramatic biography will ever be acceptable to the world," and the success of the miserable trash called Reminiscences and Memoirs which a host of twaddlers have given forth, evinces the existence of a strong interest in the doings of theatrical favorites. The much desiderated work appeared; the lovers of light reading were in ecstacies, but were doomed to woful disappointment. The celebrated Boz had evidently sold his name to the bookseller, who employed some hack of a scribbler to fill a couple of volumes with melancholy common places and insufferable platitudes "long drawn out." We waded, with exemplary patience, through the whole of the dull and dreary volumes without finding matter for a smile, or a paragraph worthy quotation; the detail of a burglary of less interest than many subjects of the daily police reports, serve, in the London edition, to fill more than thirty pages; the description of Grimaldi's days of wooing are painfully lugubrious and trite; and the history of the death of his only son is purposely altered from the truth, without serving the purpose desired. The leaden nature of the contents, and slip-slop quality of the author's style, must have weighed heavily upon the genius of the inimitable Cruikshank, for he has not produced a single illustration worthy his abilities; and the Philadelphia publishers have wisely omitted them in their reprint.

Joseph Grimaldi was not a mere painted clown or tumbling buffoon; he was the humorist of his day—"a fellow of infinite whim," who, for many years divided the popularity of the town with the great John Kemble. This may seem to be a startling assertion; but we know that Mother Goose drew as much money as Kemble's Rolla, and each performance had the aid of scenery and decorations. Grimaldi's life is a subject worthy the best pen of the day in the light class of literature now so prevalent; Grimaldi was a man of anomalies—miserably wretched and complaining, even while engaged in his mirth-inspiring scenes. He has been carried to the wing by the carpenters of the theatre, from positive inability to walk, and at the appointed cue for his appearance, he has bounded on the stage, all life, and fun, and jollity. He has crawled from the green room with the tears furrowing deep marks down his painted cheeks from the excess of hypochondriac pressure; and in the next instant, the contagious force of his natural and winning humor has con-

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valued every member of a crowded house. He has frequently declared himself unable to attend a rehearsal; but when the stage manager has sent a carriage for his conveyance, with an urgent request for his presence, he has gone through a long and arduous morning's work without repining. He was one evening, in 1814, during the run of a piece called "Kaloc, the Pirate Slave," standing at the wings, or *coulisses*, deprecating his inability to move, and crying over his infirmities, when an alarm of fire ran through the house, and the flames were seen raging along the borders or slips of painted canvas running across the top of the stage. In a second, the infirm and melancholy invalid, who had just declared his inability to appear upon the stage, climbed up the styles or wood work of the side scenes, and hanging only by his hands, swung himself from place to place till he reached the burning canvas, which, with unresisting energy he tore from its fixture and threw upon the stage. His hands were severely burnt, but he finished the evening's amusement with his usual ability.

When Sadler's Wells Theatre was a house by itself, in the centre of Islington meadows—before the dread of a repetition of the Spa Fields meetings induced the Tory ministry of England to build a little city of small brick tenements on the rendezvous of the radicals and the play-fields of the juvenile cockneys, a passage, city-ward, over the meadows, after the dispersion of the audience, was a solitary and gloomy affair, and not entirely free from the danger of footpads. Grimaldi lived at a pretty little cottage some three fields off from the theatre, and the pathway ran under a high brick wall belonging to the New River Water Works. There was another way past the Merlin's Cave, a longer but less dismal walk; but the first way was protected by the authority of a guardian of the night, under whose surveillance Grimaldi ever felt secure. One night, he was groping his way beneath the wall, and while his eye recoiled from the deep blackness of the mural barrier on his right, it wandered over the dark waste to the left, and he felt glad when he discerned the faint twinkle of the watchman's lantern which promised him the desired safety. All at once, he felt himself collared by a tall, powerful man, dressed in a long, dark coat, who suddenly emerged from the darkness, and with horrible oaths, demanded his money, wielding, at the same time, a huge bludgeon over his head. Grimaldi gave him his purse and watch, and was suffered to proceed. A strange thought crossed his mind as he watched the retiring of the footpad: he crawled on his hands and knees over the damp grass of the field towards the watchman's box, and laid himself on the ground in the immediate vicinity of the pathway. In a few moments he saw the footpad arrive at the box, unlock the hatchway, and, stripping himself of the long, dark coat, don the official white covering, and, lighting his pipe, leisurely proceed to smoke the hours away. Grimaldi's suspicions were ratified—he crawled back into the farther security of the darkness of the field, when, regaining his legs, he ran in a direct line towards the Clerkenwell watch-house, where he made his statement, and desired the immediate arrest of the footpad-watchman. His desire was complied with, and the watch and purse were found about the person of the watchman. He was tried, found guilty, and transported. This anecdote, Grimaldi was very fond of repeating, but it is not to be found in the pages of the work edited by Boz, although every trifle connected with the hero's life is most magnificently entertained.

The account given of the assumed madness of Bradbury, Grimaldi's rival, is incorrect in every particular; we have the *true* relation, as part of the series of papers called "Play-house People," on file, for insertion, and merely mention the circumstance *en passant*.

Young Joe Grimaldi was murdered in a drunken fight with a professed pugilist, the lover of his pretended wife, who was a young courtezan of excessive vulgarity and little pretension to beauty. Boz has neglected to give this explanation of the young man's death, whose low-lived habits and excessive depravity was the source of continued affliction to the father, and materially contributed to shorten the remnant of his days.

Many other defective statements could be enumerated were it worth while, and some curious instances adduced of the meagre details seized by the book-makers, careless alike of their connection with the subject, or of the effect produced on the mind of the reader. We should have at once consigned the book to the contempt it richly merits, but for the popularity of its avowed author, and our wish to exclaim against the impudence of the swindle practised in his name and at his expense. Should the public be again deceived, the wonderful talent of Mr. Dickens, displayed in his original productions, will not shield him from the contempt of his friends and the forfeiture of the public's confidence and applause. Let him eschew the frequent and degrading use of his name in his bookseller's advertisements; let him resign the editorial management of that wretchedly inane and mawkish work, "Bentley's Miscellany," if, indeed, he is in any way connected with it beyond the furnishing of a few chapters of Oliver Twist—let him decline all attempts at dramatizing, wherein his repeated failures must, by this time, have convinced him of his incapacity—let him confine himself to his own unrivalled novels and pictures of real life, and he will ensure a continuance of his well-earned fame.*

The life of Grimaldi might be rendered a diverting and humorous account, not devoid of interest, in the hands of a capable person, intimately acquainted with the history of the stage. The origin and progress of pantomime, as connected with the formation of the British stage, would not be out of place in the biography

* "Bentley's Miscellany," in a few of the earlier numbers, displayed a tolerably well assorted collection of papers, from the pens of talented writers—but the present volume exhibits a strange deficiency of interesting *materiel* and variety of subject. Deduct the portions of Oliver Twist, and the Miscellany will be found entirely unworthy the name either of the editor or publisher.

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of its chief professor; a few reminiscences of Grimaldi's brightest hits at the follies of the day—a glance at the history of parody—researches into the gradual declination of the character of clown from the court buffoon to the merryman of the circus ring, with a critical display of Grimaldi's excellence and worth. These materials, carefully mingled with the actual events of the man's life, would form a readable book.

Grimaldi's humor was unapproachable and alone. We remember seeing him convulse an audience—an Easter audience at a minor theatre—during the prevalence of the Della Cruscan school of poetry, by merely walking across the stage, during a moonlight scene, with the affectation of various namby-pamby airs, and glancing at the orb of the queen of night, he said the simple phrase of "nice moon!" The most vivid description must fail in giving any thing like an idea of the would-be sentimental lack-a-daisical poetizing air which he assumed. We remember to have seen him, in the midst of the boisterous and frolicking fun of a Christmas pantomime, stick a huge knife in his belt, and with a wink at the orchestra, to ensure their silence, go through the whole of the dagger scene in Macbeth, in dumb show, yet following the great John Kemble so closely in walk, manner, and action, as to bring down the tumultuous applause of the audience. *This scene was always encored*—yet Grimaldi never uttered a syllable. His imitation was so capital a specimen of jocose caricature, that Kemble's best friends were compelled to join in the admiring shouts.

When his son first appeared in the dramatic circle, the following addresses appeared in the various publications of the day. Their preservation, which has been denied them in the pages of the Biography, we will do our best to remedy—noting, that the first, which we believe emanates from the pen of Horace Smith, one of the distinguished authors of the Rejected Addresses, has suffered some curtailment.

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired," (for Young would call it so,)
"The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half moon!
And all thy public clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be,
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou did'st not preach to make us wise—
Thou had'st no finger in our schooling—
Thou did'st not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—fooling!
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

But Joseph—every body's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee, (though not yet dust,)
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing crust that he had kiss'd!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies?—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth!—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and stays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For "great wits jump"—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamp-light air!
Caper'd, and bounc'd, and strode away!
That years should tame the legs, alack!
I've seen spring through an almanack!

Or, how will thy departure cloud
The lamp-light of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best;
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm?*

For who like thee could ever stride!
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat,—swill, swallow—bolt—and choke?
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Though Joseph, junior, acts not ill,
"There's no fool like the old fool" still!

Joseph, farewell! dear, funny Joe!
We met with mirth—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go,
Ere fun can see thy like again—
For nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect clowns—that are not *bores*.

Odes and Addresses to Great People.

GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE, AND ADDRESS TO HIS SON.

ADIEU to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,—
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that threw
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!

Never shall old Bologna—old, alack!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er,
Take his particular Joseph on his back,
And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.

Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed, carrot-finger'd, lean;
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.

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Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach,
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet fare;
Sorrow hath "ta'en my number:" I encroach
No more upon the chariot,—but the chair.

Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
Sloth puts my legs into its tiresome cage,
And stops me for a toll,—I find, too late!

How Ware would quiver his mad bow about
His rosin'd tight-ropes—when I flapp'd a dance:
How would I twitch the Pantaloon's good gaut
And help his fall—and all his fears enhance!

How children shrieked to see me eat! How I
Stole the broad laugh from aged, sober folk!
Boys pick'd their plumbs out of my Christmas pie,
And people took my vices for a joke.

Be wise,—(that's foolish)—tumblesome! be rich—
And oh, J. S, to every fancy stoop!
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
And roll thine eyes as thou wouldst roll a hoop.

Hand Columbine about with nimble hand,
Covet thy neighbor's riches as thy own;
Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.

Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forget not this:
As thou beats him, thou'rt poor, J. S., or funny!
And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz,
It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.

Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
And be an "absolute Joseph," like old Joe.

"OLIVER TWIST" has been well reprinted by Messrs. Carey, and bids fair to rival, if not exceed in merit the Pickwick Papers by the same author. The first part contains all that has yet appeared; the Cruikshank plates are not the least attractive portion of the book; the artist's portrayal of the looks and figure of the suffering Oliver, in all his various and trying situations, is well conceived, and speaks as forcibly to the senses of the reader as the exciting scenes described by the writer. There is a wonderful display of character in the persons of the Jew, the burglar, the pickpocket, the beadle—in short, the most vivid originality teems throughout the work, and strongly rivets the attention of the reader.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" is the name of another work commenced by the industrious Boz; one number of which has appeared, and is to be followed by the monthly publication of the rest. We are unable to form any opinion of the merits of the subject from the few pages before us, but we anticipate a treat from the nature of some of the characters to whom we have been introduced. The artist, who rejoices in the name of Phiz, and illustrates this work by Boz, is a Mr. H. K. Browne; two of his plates accompany every number; they are not deficient in humor, but may not compare with the productions of Cruikshank.

LOVE. By the Author of Flirtation, The Divorced, &c. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

The quaint and metaphysical Cowley, who is now-a-days entirely neglected by the novelty-hunting admirers of Apollo's children, says—

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain,
It is to love but love in vain.

The above quatrain may be adduced as a compendious critique upon the work before us. Lady Charlotte Bury, an authoress of distinguished celebrity, has taken mighty pains to perfect her "Love," and from the well-earned reputation of the lady scribe, we should have considered it painful to be denied a perusal of this her latest lucubration. And yet, though "Love," it is but "Love in vain," for her fame would have been as high without the production of this, "her greatest pain." "Love" is a fashionable novel, written with all the fascinating powers of the author's imaginative mind, and detailing the amorous doings of various lords and ladies with a fidelity and minuteness peculiar to the most popular novels of the class. There is nothing new in the plot, and several of the characters are considerably over drawn. The Lanti, an opera singer, who wishes to pour vitriol into her valet's ears for the purpose of causing his deafness—a peculiarity which she considers valuable in a domestic—may be adduced as an instance. The jargon which this lady is made to speak is worse than the rudest patois of an English-Irish-French Guernsey smuggler. The character of Miss Clermont is somewhat over-drawn—we have seen ladies play at billiards, not with delight, but with astonishment at their skill, but we doubt if any thing like the scene described in the following extract ever could occur. "Methinks the lady doth profess too much!" and the author has failed in exciting the interest of the reader—on the contrary, the whole scene is of an unpleasant and repulsive form.

"What do you say, Miss Clermont?" he asked, as he pulled his dog's ears till he made it scream, merely for idleness—" what horrid weather it is; I cannot get one day's coursing."
"Well, never mind the weather, try to amuse yourself at home. Will you teach me billiards?"

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"With the greatest pleasure," he answered, as if she had done him the most essential service by finding him at that moment a pleasurable occupation. They proceeded to the billiard-room. Lord Herbert chose a mace from the stand, and gave it her.

"No, no," she replied. "If I undertake any thing, I like to do it thoroughly: I will play with a cue, or not at all."

"Phoo, Miss Clermont, you will never learn with a cue, believe me; begin, at least, by the less difficult instrument."

"What shall we play for?" asked Miss Clermont—taking up two or three cues and poising them in her hand, as she ran her eye along them to ascertain their weight and truth of line.

"Play for! That's a good joke; as if you had a chance with *me*. You, who never played before."

"I have played a little," she answered, "with my brother, when he was in town; but you knew little how we passed our hours at that time; we seldom saw you *then*; but come, let us to our game—what shall we play for?"

"Nay," replied Lord Herbert, "since you are so skilful, let our stake be that the winner shall pay the loser whatever guerdon may be most acceptable to them."

"Done," said Miss Clermont. "Done," echoed Lord Herbert; "and now to our game."

She bowed, threw her cue lightly in the air, twisting it, and caught it dexterously.

"Well done: that dexterity of hand and eye makes me look at my antagonist with fear. I give you the first ball, of course—to a lady I could not be so uncourteous as do otherwise."

"A game is a game," said Miss Clermont; "it is a strife, and must be striven for fairly. We will strike our balls, and according to the rule, that which lies nearest the allowed mark, shall be the right of precedence in playing."

Lord Herbert laughed, and bowed, and did as he was ordered; but he looked more at his antagonist than at the table, and drawing a quick, sharp stroke, his ball rebounded back against the cushion, and then wandered over the table in all directions. Not so Miss Clermont's; she had placed one foot firmly on the ground, lifted the other gracefully, not in a masculine attitude in the air, and bending her figure slightly over the table, drew a gentle but deliberate and sure aim, and measured her distances so precisely that the ball stepped, as it were, into its own place.

"Now," she said, "I *take* my *right*, having gained it. Into which of the pockets do you choose I should bag the red ball?"

"You do not mean to go through the game in this style?" he answered, laughing.

"We shall see," was her reply.

"Into the right hand pocket, then," he answered, his eyes expressing a sort of surprise, that it was pleasant to her to create. Again he beheld the graceful line of her bending figure; her rounded arm, the delicate hand, the eye of searching and assured glance. Again she gave the electric blow; the balls flew, reeled on the pocket's brim, and then both dropped into it, as though it had been the business of her life to have mastered the game.

"By all that is skilful," exclaimed Lord Herbert, "I wish I could do as much! but it is not possible you should always play thus; it is accident, confess it is; a lucky chance, merely."

"Will you do me the favor, Lord Herbert, to place the balls?" He obeyed. "Now, shall I cannon on the right hand side or on the left, by *ricochèt*?"

"Oh! the *impracticable* by all means;" and the impracticable appeared as practicable to her as the easier achievement. In fine, Miss Clermont carried the whole game, without giving Lord Herbert time to make one single ball. His surprise was extreme, his praise of her skill unbounded; and as he eulogized her knowledge of the game, his own peculiar favorite game, he felt that her fascination was as complete as her skill. Some days after, Lord Herbert had collected various sporting gentlemen from distant parts of the county, and they had met at dinner; he talked of nothing but of Miss Clermont's wonderful skill and knowledge of billiards, and proposed to her, in the evening, to play with him, that all might witness the truth of what he had asserted. Miss Clermont acquiesced, and she commenced in her own brilliant style of play, but gradually Lord Herbert became piqued; she saw he did so, and she imperceptibly declined from her usual security of aim, made several false strokes, and finally ended by allowing him to come off victorious; then he lauded her skill to the very skies; and she was aware that she had not piqued his vanity; *she* played *well*, but *he played* still *better*. Thus must it ever be in regard to every thing a woman does or says, if she would wish to maintain her power over a man. The judges who had stood round the table watching the game, were quite as much deceived as Lord Herbert himself; they believed him to be the best player. Miss Clermont whispered to Lord Herbert,

"Make a match between me and any of your friends. Give them odds—even in their favor. Let the sum you stake be first moderate, then double it; and you shall see whether my hand will forget its cunning, or my right hand its skill."

He looked at her in a very peculiar manner, and then proceeded to make up a match with one of the gentlemen, backing Miss Clermont. At first she allowed her adversary to take the lead. Lord Herbert began to tremble for his hundred pounds; but, by a very complicated and difficult manœuvre, she took the lead, and never suffered him to play again, but carried the game with an ease and a security which astounded the beholders. The murmur of applause was great, and the surprise genuine; but they could not believe that her success was attributable to skill: they conceived it to be a lucky chance, as Lord Herbert had done when he first played with her, and the man who was defeated was anxious to renew the contest.

"Double, or quits."

"Agreed."

Miss Clermont lost, or *seemed to lose*. He was quits with Lord Herbert. She appeared much vexed; but again nearing Lord Herbert, she said in an under tone,

"Touch him for five hundred now; and I will put the money in your pocket, assuredly as I will this ball into the back pocket on the left hand;" which she did on the instant.

Lord Herbert, although somewhat alarmed, was now completely under her control: he proposed five hundred to the gentleman, and it was accepted. All stood round, deeming Lord Herbert sure to lose; for, they argued, the greatness of the sum must render her nervous; and, though she plays brilliantly, still it must be only a matter of chance after all. This time Miss Clermont put forth her whole strength; she might have

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been said to walk over the course; she took the lead, and held it throughout the game. Once she paused and said to her adversary,

"Come, I will not pocket the red ball this time, but I will lay you so close to the cushion, that you shall make nothing of the advantage."

Lord Herbert looked dismayed. She will lose, he thought, by her imprudence—like all women, she will be confounded by her own success; but he was mistaken, it was even as she had predicted. Her coolness and taunt had had the effect of provoking her antagonist: he totally missed his stroke. It was again her turn to play, and she carried the game without ever allowing him to have a single chance. There were murmurs of astonishment, and shouts of applause; and Lord Herbert's face was flushed with a thousand various expressions. Miss Clermont betrayed no visible emotions beyond a smile; and her downcast eyes seemed to evade the glances of admiration which she received from all the men.

THE TWO FLIRTS; OR, ADVENTURES IN A COUNTRY HOUSE; AND OTHER TALES. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

A seasonable collection of light and pleasant reading, from various English Annuals of the present year, by some of the most esteemed writers of the day. Lady Blessington, Captain Medwin, Bulwer, Mrs Norton, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Gore, with others, worthily support their literary fame in the pages of the volumes before us.

THE RIVER AND THE DESART; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RHONE AND THE CHARTREUSE. By MISS PARDOE. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

A delightful book, replete with interesting matter, written in the author's best style, and teeming with freshness and originality. Miss Pardoe has been fortunate in the scene of her travels; she has journeyed over lands but little known to observation hunters, and sojourned amongst wonders not described in the road-book "tours" of the hundred scribbling wanderers who have inflicted their "notes" upon the world. Miss P.'s descriptive powers, which were satisfactorily exhibited in her last work, "The City of the Sultan," are exerted with happy effect in the work before us. The account of the fortress wherein the celebrated Man in the Iron Mask had been confined; the Monastery of the Great Chartreuse; the effects of the cholera at Marseilles, and various other passages, demand unqualified praise.

We scarcely know where to select a passage for quotation—the pages are equally brilliant and enticing. We wish to give our readers an idea of the nature of the work, and, at hazard, extract a point or two for their consideration.

Where, think you, have I commenced my researches since my return hither? Even where my morbid feeling beckoned me. In the cemetery of the city!

Yes,—with the smouldering remains of the disease slowly extinguishing about me,—with the sound of the *tombereaux* yet ringing in my ears,—with visions of their death-freight still rising before my eyes,—I have been to look upon the resting-place of the thousands, who, during my brief residence in the south, have been "laid to rest" in the burying-ground of Marseilles.

It is as though some fatal presentiment had warned the authorities of the town that Death would soon be busy with them; for after having contented themselves for years with a necropolis whose narrow limits were altogether incompatible with the extent and population of the city, they have lately enclosed an immense space, of which the original burying-ground forms a very inconsequent portion; having for this purpose purchased several *bastides*, the whole of which have been pulled down to give place to this City of the Dead, save one, which is now occupied by the Guardian of the Graves.

I should scarcely have considered this spot worthy of comment or description, did it not now present one feature peculiarly its own. In common with other continental grave-yards, it possesses its tombs wreathed with flowers, and planted with shrubs; its tall, dark cypresses, and its low crosses of black wood, lettered with white. But, alas! its distinguishing characteristic is one of horror rather than sadness—of dismay rather than resignation.

Imagine a space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady! At first each body was committed singly to the grave—it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of *immortelles*. Affection and regret had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of the beloved and lost But this "luxury of wo" endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—the population which had thronged the walks, now crowded the burial-place—and, too frequently, they who dug the graves, died as they hollowed them, and shared them with their employers.

Others, as they plied their frightful task, recognized among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and inperfect work, sought to violate the prouder tombs around them, in order to deposite within their recesses the remains of those who had been dear to them!

Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright sunshiny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beauti-

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ful; and nature, pranked out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering; that suddenly as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto laden the death-carts, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead.

For a brief interval the panic was frightful; the scorching heat of the unclouded sun,—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies,—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty,—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be superadded to the miasma, which was already feeding the malady.

In this extremity, the mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen flinging up the soil from deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them.

The same prayer was murmured over a score; the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for awhile the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty,—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue their task.

It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yards, and the troops stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead; compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labors of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred!

The compulsatory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon this spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-smitten. The sun was shining upon them,—insects were humming about them, on those which had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud: on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of its streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but *they* lay there, long, and silent, and saddening,—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood.

It was awful, as I paused beside these vast tumuli, to remember that two short months had peopled them—to stand there, and to picture to myself the anguish and the suffering, the terror and the despair, amid which they were wrought; to know that within their hidden recesses were piled indiscriminately the aged and the young, the nursling and the strong man, the matron and the maiden; and, above all, it was affecting to trace the hand of surviving tenderness which had planted the record-cross, and the tributary wreath, upon some spot of the vast sepulchre, which was believed to cover the regretted one. I say *believed*; for who could measure with his eye that fatal trench, and make sure note of the narrow space where his own lost one lay, above, or beneath, or in the midst of that hour's victims?

Would you endeavor to divest yourself of these revolting images, they are brought back upon you with tenfold force, as you pause at the termination of the trenches; for there your eye falls on a tall black cross crowned with *immortelles*, and bearing the inscription:—

Cholériques du Mois de Juillet.

You turn away with the blood quivering in your veins, and a second cross, wreathed and fashioned like the first, marks the graves of the

Cholériques d'Aout et Septembre.

And here, thanks to an all-gracious Providence! the last-formed trench yet yawns hollow and empty for full two-thirds of its length. The Destroying Angel slowly furls his wings,—Death, glutted with prey, pauses in his work of devastation—.

I do not think that I shall again have courage to enter the cemetery.

The Château d'If, or State Prison, where the Man in the Iron Mask passed his captivity, and the plot of the Maniac Soldier, deserve the reader's attention.

Since our return here, we have spent one interesting morning at the Château d'If.

Despite the season of the year, the sky was blue and bright when we embarked for the rocky islet on which stands the fortress. It was not blowing more than what sailors call a "fresh breeze," and the wind was a side-wind, giving promise of assistance homeward as well as outward. In an hour and a half we were under the rock; and our letter having been duly presented by the sentinel to the sergeant, by the sergeant to the officer on guard, and by the officer on guard to the commandant, we were at length invited to land; and after climbing some rude steps cut in the living rock, and passing under a covered doorway, we found ourselves on an esplanade, surrounded by the guard-house, the barrack, and the walls of the fortress, having the castle itself immediately before us.

A second flight of stairs led us to a small platform; whence, passing under an arched entrance, we reached the court in the centre of the dungeons. The interior door of this gloomy passage is closed by an iron grating, and just without the grating a strong staple is attached to the wall. Here we were told that criminals, sentenced to death by the cord, were executed; while the other prisoners were compelled to witness the catastrophe from within the court. An iron gallery runs entirely round the enclosure, which is square, and surrounded by dungeons; those on the ground-floor being appropriated as condemned cells, and those opening upon the terrace as receptacles for state prisoners.

A very deep well occupies one angle of the court, and immediately above it is the cell of the Iron Mask.

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Although this mysterious personage was its tenant only during a few weeks, ere he was removed to his dungeon at St. Marguerite's, I nevertheless examined it with much attention. The walls are covered with rough sketches nearly obliterated, which the jailer assured us were all traced by the hand of the Iron Mask himself. Pass over the assertion without cavil, my dear ——; why should we, by examining into such things too closely, annihilate the little romance that is still left to us in this age of mechanism and railroads?

It is at all events certain, that there was a melancholy interest attached to the rude outlines which had been scratched with bricks and charred wood upon the whitewash of the cell—they were all symbolic of liberty. There were birds soaring in the air—ships braving the tempest—wild horses scouring the desart—and, perhaps dearer still to the heart of the captive, a fair landscape, which was evidently rather a work of memory than a creation of idleness.

There were also traces of more bitter and reckless feeling; but these were evidently the work of a later hand—the productions of some less tutored and enduring nature. Many political epigrams had been partially effaced, but more than one still remained to prove the indomitability of the spirit whence they had emanated.

From this cell we proceeded to that of Mirabeau; and it was not without emotion that I stood in the centre of his narrow prison, and leant upon the rude plank, fixed within the recess of the solitary window, whereon he wrote his celebrated "Lettres à Sophie."

We next entered the council chamber; a vaulted apartment, where iron staples are driven into the stonework about three feet from the ground, to which the prisoners were formerly attached in a crouching attitude, and thus detained during the whole process of their trial. It is lighted by two grated apertures opening from the domed roof, and one narrow embrasure.

The next cell that we invaded, was that of Armand Polignac, implicated in the fabrication of the Infernal Machine in 1804; and we were not a little startled on discovering that the adjoining apartment had been used as a theatre by the prisoners, who had amused their captivity by enacting plays within its grim and grated precincts.

Beyond this "mockery of mirth" opens an *Oubliette*, wherein the prisoner could enter only upon his hands and knees; and whence being impelled onward by the bayonets of the guard, he ultimately fell through a closed funnel upon the jagged rock which forms the foundation of the fortress. All this was gloomy enough; and I was not sorry to find myself, a few moments later, standing upon the summit of the lower of the towers, with the fine, light, aromatic breeze playing about me

My visions were, however, soon called back to earth, and earthly horrors; as our cicerone pointed out the spot upon this narrow space, where, standing against a gray and hoary buttress, supporting a portion of the castellated outer wall, the prisoners condemned to be shot were executed. The fatal bullets might be traced in considerable numbers by deep indentations in the brick-work; but I was in no mood to pursue so heart-sickening an occupation.

From this tower, we proceeded to visit the condemned cells; and miserable indeed they were,—without a ray of light, or a breath of air. It appeared almost impossible for human beings to exist in such an atmosphere, even for a few hours; but we are assured that, such is the tenacity of life, there had been instances of an individual lingering amid their horrors for months.

You may imagine the misery of such incarceration, when I tell you that a gentleman of the party measured two of these cells: the larger one was eleven feet long, six feet across, and five feet six inches in height; while that within was but seven feet in length, four in breadth, and five feet two inches high. This den was approached through a short gallery, whose wall was perforated at the extreme end by a small window, through which a stout man could with difficulty thrust his arm; and even this miserable aperture was cross-barred with iron!

The gallery was the exercise ground of the condemned tenants of the adjacent dungeons; and they were permitted singly to traverse this gloomy passage for two hours each day!

From the summit of the principal tower there is a fine view, not only of the city itself, but of a wide extent of picturesque country, and a noble sweep of sea. The new lazaretto, occupying an island close beside the fortress, is a convenient and cheerful-looking building; and the light-house in the distance forms a prominent and pleasing object.

Altogether, the Château d'If, with its dungeons, its galleries, and, above all, its associations, is well worthy of a visit.

There is a local tradition attached to this island, which is worthy of repetition. Here it is:—

In the year 1765, a brave old soldier, named Francœur, was one of the garrison of its now dilapidated fort: and this man, who had once or twice previously been insane, but who was considered at that period perfectly free from the malady, suddenly conceived the absurd idea that he was king of Ratoneau. He was at the moment posted as sentinel at the door of the dungeon, and his comrades were absent in search of their daily provisions. Acting upon the impulse of his disordered phantasy, he lowered the portcullis, rushed to the powder magazine, loaded the guns, and having arranged his battery in the most scientific manner, began firing upon his astonished fellow-soldiers, who were scattered over the island, quite unprepared for so sudden and determined an attack, and who had no alternative but to conceal themselves as they best could among the rocks, until a boatman was at length prevailed upon to venture to their assistance and bring them off. The island was, at the time, covered with flocks of goats; and these were the only subjects over whom the self-elected king Francœur was enabled to assert his sovereignty; of which the proof consisted in their destruction, as the cravings of his hunger prompted. This was the only food on which he subsisted; and for a few days it appeared to suffice him, for he continued unwearied by the duties of his watch, leaving the fort every night with a lantern in his hand to visit the outposts; and amusing himself during the day by firing on the Château d'If.

As all his movements were overlooked by the garrison of that fortress, it was not difficult to take him at a disadvantage; and the Duke de Villars, who was at that period governor of Marseilles, despatched a company of infantry to dethrone the distraught sovereign, who surrounded him during his nightly perambulation, and made him a prisoner. Regal to the last, Francœur opposed no vulgar violence to the legitimate coercion of the soldiery, but exclaimed with a theatrical gesture, "Brave men! I owe you no unkindness—no anger; all is regular, and you have done your duty according to the rules of war. The king of France is more powerful than I am—his troops are more numerous, and better disciplined—I surrender myself with the honors of war—I ask only to march out with my pipe and my *havresac*."

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The reasonable request of the abdicating monarch was granted; and he was first removed to the lunatic asylum, afterwards to the Hôtel des Invalides, where he held his court in peace until his death.

The Marseillaise have another version of this story, which ascribes the feat to a criminal who had escaped the hands of justice; and I cannot undertake to assert which is the correct one; but mean while, *l'un vaut bien l'autre!*

"THE MUSICAL REVIEW," is the title of a new weekly publication issued in New York. The editor evidently understands what he is writing about—a circumstance not very frequent among the critics of the day. We heartily wish him success; but he must not depend upon newspapers for notices of musical performances—we refer particularly to the production of *a new oratorio*, by one of the Boston Musical Societies; in spite of the praise awarded, we happen to know that the affair was a prodigious failure.

Carey, Lea, and Blanchard have finished the publication of their large and elegant edition of Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. We had penned some remarks upon a portion of the contents of the last volume, but are compelled to postpone their insertion from want of room.

LONDON REPRINTS.

WE have much pleasure in stating, for the satisfaction of that portion of the reading public which cannot believe in any thing perusable unless it bears the British stamp, that the trans-Atlantic editors have lately honored us with a considerable share of their attention, and are continually reprinting various of our articles in their pages, without the slightest acknowledgment. We have been compelled to laugh heartily at the admiration these borrowed pages have caused in the critical perceptions of certain editors here, who fill their papers with long extracts from English publications, and highly commend the very articles which their critical sagacity entirely overlooked when originally published in their own country. There is at present a rage in America for reprints of London periodicals; the newspaper editors take the first cullings; the small booksellers republish the magazines entire, and the large traders form a volume of tales from the most interesting portion of their contents. But the deceived reader finds the reading matter a very second-hand and stale affair, and frequently recognizes an old friend in the much-lauded *English* production. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, for December, contains five long articles extracted from American Magazines; the number for January has three in successive order, from the Knickerbocker, the Gentleman's, and the New York Mirror, beside four or five more in various parts of the number; yet this work is reprinted in America, and much lauded for its originality.

The tale of "The Sister Nuns," which appeared in our number for August, has been copied, with some alterations, in the Monthly Magazine for January; the names of the characters are altered, and the localities changed, but the story is the same. The Londoner calls his tale "Juana, or the Noviciate." "The original Memoir of the Duchess of St. Albans," from our own pen, has been copied from our October number, and transplanted, without acknowledgment, into the pages of La Belle Assemblée. Our article upon "Improvvisatori," with a few alterations, has been printed in Chamber's Journal as original. A London newspaper copied a little *jeu d'esprit* from our pages, entitled "Cosmogonical Squintings." A New York paper recopied the paragraph from the London print, with a few lines expressive of admiration at the foreigner's facility in punning; and in this shape our article traversed the States. "The Convict and his Wife," a tale that originally appeared in our July number, having gone the rounds of the English press, has lately been reprinted in several of the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia papers, as a powerful article from a London Magazine; and a few verses from the pen of a gentleman in New York, on the amiability of character developed in the delineation of the Convict's Wife, *in the English tale*, were published in the various papers of the day.

We beg leave to say a word or two to some of our country friends, and then—"no more but this." We have observed, in more than one of our exchange papers, several long extracts from our "Notices of New Books" inserted in their editorial columns as original matter. This is a poor practice, and will, we trust, be immediately discontinued. We have no objection to any use being made of our contents if proper credit be given; and, in future, we request, that whatever may be extracted from our pages, will be acknowledged in the proper place by the editor, whether English or American. We beg leave to quote the lines addressed to Sir Hans Sloane, who was not very particular as to the means employed in furnishing the shelves of his museum—

It is our wish, it is our glory,
To furnish your nick-nackatory.
We only ask, whene'er you show 'em,
You'll tell your friends to whom you owe 'em.

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